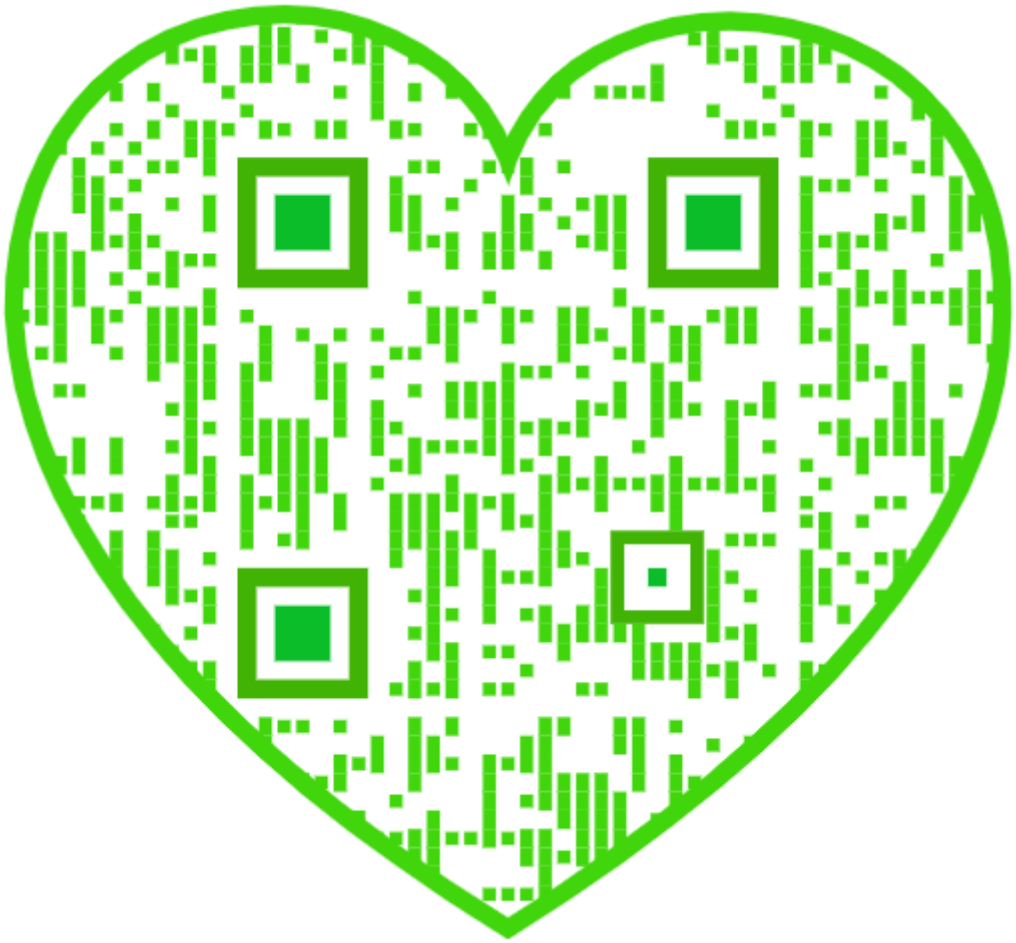

Curl.

Born 4th July 1856 - Died 24th Jan. 1869.

See Biography, pp. 417-425.

TEN THOUSAND MILES ON A BICYCLE

By KARL KRON

Author of "Four Years at Yale, by a Graduate of '69"

Mailed by the Publisher on receipt of money-order for Two Dollars payable at Station D.

PUBLISHED BY KARL KRON

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING, WASHINGTON SQUARE

NEW YORK

1887

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

My Bull-Dog

(THE VERY BEST DOG WHOSE PRESENCE EVER BLESSED THIS PLANET)

THESE RECORDS OF TRAVELS

WHICH WOULD HAVE BROKEN HIS HEART

HAD HE EVER LIVED TO

READ ABOUT

THEM

ARE LOVINGLY INSCRIBED

Copyrighted, 1884,
By Henry Streeter,
Towanda, Penn.

Manufactured, 1885-7,
By the Springfield Printing Company,
Springfield, Mass.

PREFACE.

Scope of the volume.

This is a book of American roads, for men who travel on the bicycle. Its ideal is that of a gazetteer, a dictionary, a cyclopædia, a statistical guide, a thesaurus of facts. The elaborateness of its indexing shows that it is designed less for reading than for reference,—less for amusement than for instruction,—and debars any one from objecting to the multiplicity of its details. No need exists for a weary wading through the mass of these by any seeker for special knowledge. The information which he wants can be found at once, if contained in the book at all; and the pages which do not interest him can be left severely alone.

Assumptions for a special class of travelers.

In reporting my own travels, I have assumed that the reader (as a bicycler who may plan to ride along the same routes) desires to know just what I was most desirous of having advance knowledge of, in every case; and I have tried to tell just those things, in the simplest language and the most compact form. I have accounted no fact too trivial for record, if it could conceivably help or interest wheelmen when touring in the locality to which it relates; and I insist that no critic, save one whose road-experience makes him more competent than I am to predict what such tourists want to know, has any right to censure me on this account, as "lacking a sense of perspective." My power to please these particular people, by offering them these microscopic details, can be proved by experiment only; but I object in advance to having any one meanwhile misrepresent me as endeavoring to please people in general. "The general reader" may justly demand of the critic that he give warning against a writer-of-travels, as well as against a novelist or verse-maker, who is so precise and exhaustive as to be tedious; but a chronicler who avowedly seeks to be precise and exhaustive, in compiling a special sort of gazetteer,—and who disclaims any desire of restricting its scope to points which are salient and notably significant and universally interesting,—may as justly demand of the critic that he do not condemn the work "because unsuited to the general reader."

Fair warnings for "the general reader."

As regards the latter all-powerful personage, I recognize that "his money is as good as anybody's"; and I intend, incidentally, to sell him a good many copies of the book; but I am bound that he shall buy it with his eyes open, if he buys it at all, and shall have no pretext for pretending that I catered to his taste in preparing it, or relied upon his patronage in making it a success. I aim, rather, to pique his curiosity by proving that profit may be gained, in defiance of him, from the support of a world of readers whose existence he never dreamed of; and I expect that, whenever his curiosity forces him to pay me tribute, in order to study the manners and customs of those readers who inhabit this new "world on wheels," he will be civil enough to remember the motive which induced his expenditure, and to refrain from reviling me as having baited him in by false pretences, or failed to give him his money's worth. As regards "the general reader," then, I say: "*Caveat emptor!* Having paid up, let him shut up! If I welcome him to my show, it is avowedly for no other reason than that his coin may help fill the yawning chasm at my banker's. I have not planned the performance to please him, nor have I varied my ideal of it one iota to avoid the danger of his derision. I shall be glad, incidentally, to win his good-will; but, if his ill-will be aroused instead, I protest against his proclaiming it in such way as to obscure this truth: that what I chiefly aim to win is the good-will of the 3000 wheelmen who have subscribed to my scheme in advance, and of the 300,000 wheelmen whom those subscribers represent."

Attempts at verbal attractiveness.

"Well-written and readable beyond the common" was the verdict which the reviewer of the *Times* passed upon my opening chapter, when it first appeared, in a magazine, four years ago; but I have not endeavored to make any of my regular touring reports "readable," to the uninitiated, save only

the one called "Straightaway for Forty Days." This, as a description of the first time in the earth's history when its surface was marked for as much as 1400 miles by the continuous trail of a bicycle, seemed worthy of exceptional treatment, by reason of the chance it gave for impressing the imagination of the unconverted with the peculiar charm, and the magnificent possibilities, of "wheeling large." I do not assert that my actual description possesses any such power,—but simply that, in this one case, I did endeavor to formulate my enthusiasm. The 305th page, in this description, has literary force enough to bring back clearly, before my own mind, the strangest scene in my long tour; and so, without asserting that other readers should accord it the graphic quality, I mention it as the only page on which I have in fact attempted to do any verbal scene-painting.

Amusement and instruction for non-cyclers.

As regards my two extraneous chapters (pp. 407-472), "the general reader" is quite as likely as the cycling reader to be amused by what I have said there concerning the dear dog that I loved and the queer house that I live in; while, as regards my statistics of roads, they necessarily have value to thousands of people who know nothing of the joys of cycling. Each year finds a larger number of Americans seeking recreation by pedestrian and equestrian tours, and by carriage-drives across long stretches of country; while even the "horsey" intellects of hackmen and teamsters (and their fashionable imitators who laboriously exhibit themselves on "tally-ho coaches") may have power to recognize some statements in this book as worth incorporating into their stock of stable knowledge. Indeed, as was said in the preface of "Roughing It," by Mark Twain, "information appears to stew out of me naturally, like the precious ottar of roses out of the otter." Were cycling destined to immediate disappearance, this volume (the only existing one of its kind) would none the less deserve a place in every American reference-library, as a veritable colossus of roads.

Simplicity of literary ideal.

As regards my style of expression, though I may not have mastered the difficult trick of calling a spade a spade, I have at least used every effort to master it, from the day in 1860 when I first took up the pen; and I have striven to win nothing else of the literary art. The putting of ideas into written form has ever been to me a painful process, which I have sought to shorten as much as possible. I have always kept quiet unless I had something to say; and, though this rule may not always have made my actual words seem to other people worth the saying, it has certainly prevented me from being classed with "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease." Chatterers, for the mere pleasure of listening to the noises of their own mouths, may perform an acceptable function in amusing folks who are too stupid even to chatter; but that function is not mine. I have about as little liking for "literary men" as has the elder Cameron of Pennsylvania, and am often tempted to apply to them the same damnatory adjective. In fact, I hardly know of a class of fellow-humans whom I like less,—except "the political machinists" of the Cameronian type, and perhaps, also, "the athletes" and "sporting men."

The bicycle's slowness its charm for the elderly.

My book aims to be practical rather than "literary," and my desire to see it serve as an effective instrument for "setting the world on wheels" forces me to be very explicit in showing that I am as different a person as possible from the "author" who is presumably conjured up in the minds of most men by the first sight of its title. I am not "an athlete," and have never attempted anything difficult upon the bicycle. Whatever tours I have taken with it,—whatever pleasures or advantages I have gained from it,—may be readily taken and gained anew by any man of average strength and activity. Whether or not I may be believed to resemble Goldsmith's more distinguished "Traveler" in being "remote, unfriended, solitary," it is certain that I resemble him in being "slow." The restless rush for the cemetery, which the English-speaking men of to-day seem absorbingly anxious to reach "in advance of all foreign competition," is a race I have no share in. If my book were big enough to momentarily block the progress of the generation now on the down-grade of life, I would wish it might in that moment say to them: "Look here at the bicycle! It is a slower and more comfortable vehicle than he hearse, into which you are all trying to crowd yourselves, with such unseemly haste!"

Quiet tourists (not showy racers) the true "knights of the wheel."

The solid significance of the bicycle as a health-preserver, as a freshener and prolonger of life for the elderly, as a traveling companion and aid to every-day locomotion,—has been obscured in the popular perception by the dust thrown up from the fervent wheels of the racing men, in the great tournaments promoted by "the trade." But the racers are nothing more than the foam and froth on the surface of Niagara's whirlpool: they are pretty to look at and convenient to chat about; yet, as the real power and mystery of the pool lie hidden in its depths, so the true spirit and permanent charm of cycling are best exemplified by the army of quiet riders who never display themselves upon a race-track. It is as their self-appointed representative that I presume to put forth this book, and it is upon my ability to represent them acceptably that its success depends. It makes no appeal to "racers and athletes," any more than to "literary men"; and such support as it may derive from those classes will be for reasons quite unconnected with "racing" and with "literature."

The plain story of an average man.

The value of my work, as a contribution to human knowledge depends largely upon the circumstance that (being simply a slow-going and observant traveler, of no more than medium stature and average physique) I am willing to serve my chosen public, with industry and care, as "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." Were I of gigantic size or phenomenal speed, my story could have less significance to men of common mold,—even if I could resist the temptation to brag about my prowess, depreciate my hated rivals and twine some "literary" laurel around my brow. Knowing no rivals in wheeling (or in anything else), I can afford to speak the truth squarely. As a part of my plan to prove that I am a slow-wheeler, I have given many foot-notes showing how other tourists on the same routes have wheeled faster; to prove that my mere riding 10,000 miles in five years was quite commonplace, I have given full details of the middle-aged Englishman who rode 10,000 miles in one year; to prove that the historical fact of my happening to be the earliest man who pushed a bicycle straight along the earth's surface "1400 miles in 40 days," was not notable as an exploit, I have given the marvelous record of Liverpool's boyish phenomenon, who wheeled straight across Great Britain, 861 miles in five days, with only ten hours' sleep.

Scientific and unobtrusive egotism.

There is, indeed, no boastfulness in this book, and precious little vanity. "Painfully egotistical" was the characterization applied by the paragrapher of a daily newspaper to some of my touring chapters, when they appeared in a cycling monthly,—and his words expressed a deeper truth than he intended for them. The precise, personal style of narrative, which I have adopted as most suitable for the purpose in hand, is certainly "painful" in the sense that a rigid adherence to it is extremely difficult. An idea of its difficulty—as shown by my experience in forcing other contributors for the book to be thus "egotistical"—may be gained from my preface to "Statistics from the Veterans" (p. 502), exhibiting the essential vanity of "bashfulness." It is not because I think myself a great man, that I feel free to give an abundance of personal details, which, if I were one, would interest the great world outside. It is rather because I think my personality of absolutely no account to that outside world,—because I think my details too tedious to be worth outsiders' studying, even as a basis for sarcasm and ridicule,—that I feel free to reveal myself unreservedly to the little "world on wheels." It is because of the strength of my special sympathy with the inhabitants thereof, that I have dared to disregard the usual conventions and talk to a multitude of personal strangers with as much familiarity as if they were intimate friends. I believe they will not misinterpret it, or misjudge it, or resent it. I believe they will see as clearly as I do that my "egotism" has not been dragged in for the sake of display or vaunting. It simply fills a needed function in illustrating "the enthusiasm of the wheel." As Uncle Remus says, "it hatter be dere; it's a part er der tale." Like the frank simplicity of Robinson Crusoe,—the blunt straightforwardness of a savage,—the chaste indecency of childhood,—its innocence robs it of offense: the necessary nature-of-things justifies its existence. Intent solely upon my story and not upon myself, I make such incidental mention of myself as the story seems to need. If I carry the confident air of a life which has done nothing to be concealed or

regretted, there goes along with it the conciliatory notion of a life which has won nothing worthy of public boast, and which expects no public honor in the future. "The personal element," as Professor Sill says, "need not be in the least an egotistic intrusion of self."

An autobiography between the lines.

Incidentally, then, the volume is a sort of autobiography, and its vitality would be destroyed if "the personal equation" could be eliminated. The complexity and far-reaching relationship of mundane affairs are oddly shown by this example of how sincerity and thoroughness, even when applied to so remote and impersonal an object as reporting the roads of a continent, have power to reflexively exhibit the reporter's habits and character. As regards myself, this truth became early evident, that the wheelmen who were pleased with my printed facts about touring, soon grew to have a feeling of acquaintanceship with the narrator of them, coupled with a friendly curiosity. While at work, in their thousand separate ways, men may hate their business-competitors and feel bored by non-competitors who insist on "talking shop"; but, at play, they are on common ground, and can never hear too much said in praise of the particular hobby which has the ability to delight their hearts. Reflecting on this, the notion gradually possessed me that my own popularity, as a representative spokesman among those players whose hobby is the bicycle, might be great enough to try to conjure with. Hence it happens that—considering how my life, with all its trials and troubles, has been a rather amusing experience—I now, on reaching the end of it (since the fun of the thing must needs be finished at forty), print this plain record of the things which have amused me most.

Praise not sought for, but money.

I do it as a duty,—"*pour encourager les autres*"; but I do it because I believe "the others" will pay me well for "encouraging" them. I do it to make money. Yet, as almost all books are written as a matter of vanity, I fear few people will believe me when I declare that this one is written as a matter of business; and that its chief significance, so far as concerns the outside world, is as a unique business enterprise, rather than as a literary curiosity. In the latter category I think it might also stand alone, as I am not aware of any previous "autograph edition" approaching in magnitude to 3600 volumes,—"each one specially numbered, signed and addressed to nearly that many individual subscribers,"—though possibly the records of bibliography *may* show such a phenomenon. But it is certain that from the day when the crew of Noah won the great human race, by boating in the Ark, this planet of ours has known no sport or pastime of such absorbingly personal interest as would enable an obscure and self-appointed representative of it to persuade 3000 strangers, scattered all over the globe, that they pledge their money to him for constructing a monumental record of their enthusiasm.

Unique power of the cycling enthusiasm.

Though all the other pages in this volume be judged of no importance, those serried columns of subscribers' names (pp. 734-796) will stand as an everlastingly significant record of the strength of human sympathy. Appealing simply to this sentiment,—working alone and single-handed with my pen (literally, left-handed, during the third year of the struggle),—paying no money to the press for advertisements, and offering no premiums or discounts or rewards of any sort to private canvassers, I have done a thing which the most powerful publishing house in the world, resorting to the vast machinery of the organized book-trade, would have been quite unable to do. No other American (with the possible exception of the man who founded the Pope Manufacturing Company, for the making of bicycles, at a time when all the wise-heads thought such conduct the wildest folly) has staked as much as I have thus staked upon a belief in the permanence and "potentiality" of cycling. I recognized it as an absolutely new thing under the sun, in the sense of binding its votaries together by a stronger personal sympathy than any sport previously known in the world. The men who like yachting and boating and ball-playing and fishing and shooting and horse-racing, and other less prominent diversions, have an incomparably smaller interest in one another as fellow-sportsmen. No competent and candid critic can deny that I have impressively proved this, when he seriously reflects upon the utter impossibility of any other unknown enthusiast's persuading 3000 strangers to each "put up a dollar," out of mere sentimental regard for any other sport.

The selling of 30,000 books less notable than the pledging of 3000 subscribers.

Hence I say that my longest tour on the wheel shrinks into insignificance beside this novel *tour de force*,—this strange showing of a world-wide brotherhood which gives advance-supporters to an unknown American book, not only in every State and Territory of the Union, but 400 of them outside it: in Canada and Great Britain, in Australia and New Zealand, in Continental Europe, in Asiatic Turkey, Persia and Japan. Whether or not I shall reap the expected reward for this exploit (by pleasing these 3000 strangers so well that they will quickly force a sale of 30,000 books for me), experiment only can decide; but I wish now to record the opinion that, if I do reap such reward, it will not seem to me so phenomenal a proof of the peculiarly personal power of cycling enthusiasm as does this preliminary exploit itself. I wish, too, that before any critic hastens, off hand, to condemn this expectation as a colossal conceit, he will carefully consider whether, from his knowledge of the human animal's indisposition to pledge money for anything unknown, my scheme for selling 30,000 books, by a simple appeal to the friendly sentiment of 3000 strangers, is really so unbusiness-like and unpromising and unreasonable, as was my first step for proving the substantial sympathy of those 3000.

Business necessity of my personal revelations.

I have a right to insist that that solid phalanx of supporters shall never be ignored in the judgment of any one who assumes fairly to judge the book which has been produced by their encouragement. While declaring that so great a phalanx could not have been summoned, by the mere push of a pen, in behalf of any other sport than cycling, I will not affect a mock-modest belief that even this phalanx of cyclers could thus have been summoned, in the absence of a prevailing opinion that there was a man behind the pen. I feel, therefore, that I ought not to be censured or ridiculed, because, as a mere matter of business, I devote considerable fine type, in Chapter xxxviii. (pp. 701-733), to telling them who this man is. Unless denial be made in advance that I have any right to persuade these people to serve me freely as book-agents, my mere attempt to placate them, by showing the sort of person they are serving, cannot be condemned. I insist that I am not trying there to exhibit myself to other people; and that "the general reader" is not bound there to search in pursuit of something else. If he be curious to study "the growth of an idea" which has (by imperceptible gradations, and in spite of my hatred of publicity and "business") led me into a scheme whose success now demands that I strive to make myself the most notorious inhabitant of the "wheel world," he can find the full details there given; but he must remember that I do not assume his curiosity in them, and do not give them for any other than a purely practical purpose. If I am to sell 30,000 books without resorting to the book-stores,—without granting discounts to cycling tradesmen or premiums to private agents,—without paying much advertising money to the wheel papers and none at all to the general press—it is plainly incumbent upon me to tell my prospective assistants exactly what I want them to do, and exactly why I hope for their help in victoriously violating the traditional rules of the book-business. The gist of my endeavor is to ensure conviction that the three years demanded by this book have been spent solely in their interest,—that I have constructed it with absolute personal independence and honesty:

"My motives pure; my satire free from gall; chief of my golden rules I this install:
'Malice towards none, and charity for all.'"

Typography and proof-reading.

It is due to my printers to say that, as they have obeyed the contract calling for close adherence to copy, even in the smallest details of punctuation, I alone am responsible for variations in "style." My excuse for these, is, not simply that the original act of writing has extended from '79 to '86, but chiefly that the electrotyping itself has extended through nearly two years. So, as my book has grown farther and farther beyond the limits first set for it, I have resorted more and more to abbreviations and condensed forms of expression. The proportion of fine type, too, has been vastly increased, and the indexes of names have been unpleasantly "jammed," in a similar effort to reduce the bulk. Even "Mr." has been banished, as not worth its room. By two personal readings of the proofs,

I have been able to "fill in" nearly every line which most books would have wasted in blanks; and, as my excellent proof-readers have perused each page four times, I think that few purely typographic errors can have escaped their well-trained eyes. As the eyes of a great majority of my other readers have not yet been dimmed by forty years' usage, I trust that even my finest type will not prove trying to them, for all of it is clear-cut and has been carefully put to press.

Imperfection of the indexes.

Though I hope my 76 pages of indexes, with their 22,806 references, may have power to arouse curiosity, as forming in themselves a sort of phenomenon, there is no other part of the book which falls so far below my own ideal of it. Its earliest inspiring cause, as I have explained on p. 702, was a wish for some approximately perfect indexing; but the growth of the main text from the "75,000 words" promised by my prospectus of Dec. 3, '83, to the "585,000 words" actually written when I stopped short at the limit of 800 pages, Dec. 31, '86 (see p. 590), was a means of defeating that wish: the material had become too bulky for ideal treatment, and the act of producing it had left me too tired for the attempt. After 350 hours' work had been spent, by assistants, under my direction, on the first draft of the "indexes of persons and places" covering the 45 pages ending with lxxix., I myself worked 98 h. in revising the same for the printer; the "contents-table" cost me 8 days of 87 h., and the "general index" 29 days of 144 h.,—a total, with 25 h. for proof-reading, of 354 h.,—and this total swallowed up my first four months of '87. The chapters which came latest in my reading for the general index (embracing pp. 472-590) were given much fewer references there than they deserved; for on April 19, the fourth anniversary of my book's conception, I decided that I "*must* rush this reading to a finish"; and I did. Of necessity, also, the 21,600 words in the "Addenda," written after the indexes were put in type (97 h.), receive slight recognition from the latter. The whole number of hours spent on the 908 pages of this book exceeds by far the number of study-hours in my four years' college course.

Suggestions to reviewers.

"The mob of gentlemen who write with ease" reviews which censure and short notes which tease, in the "literary departments" of journalism, will not think me inconsistent, I trust, in presenting them with the book, or with specimen chapters thereof, even while proclaiming that its chief significance is not "literary." It has been said of old-time that "the title, publisher's name and price of a new book or pamphlet, when clearly printed in a public journal, form alone a very valuable notice, both for reader and for author"; and I therefore hope that the reviewers whom I hurl my work at may be willing to advertise it thus briefly, even though they say nothing more. Such simple statement of fact will be accepted by me as fully covering every obligation in the case; but, if more be said, I have a right to ask that regard shall be paid to my own theory of my work. The theory may be called bad and the work bad, but I may not be fairly called to account for not working on some other theory. For reasons by no means "literary," I think many reviewers may find my facts suggestive and my opinions provocative of comment; but I expect from them merely "the sort of attention which is always bestowed upon a man who knows what he wants and shows that he means to have it."

Three hopes for the future.

The editor of a moribund magazine, to whom I once tried to sell the manuscript of my Kentucky chapter (in the humble hope that he might, by printing it, help hasten the deserved death, which soon happened), said, when he remailed the pages: "Though not without merit, they have a little too much of the Anabasistic flavor of *Enteuthen exelaunei stathmous pente* to interest the average reader." The remark was an eminently truthful one, and it offers me a fair excuse for saying that, as I am quite unambitious in regard to posthumous remembrance, my ghost will be quite content in case this present "Story of the Ten Thousand" shall last as long as Xenophon's. Nevertheless, as a living modern man, I shall be vastly disappointed if I fail to make more money from it than did that ancient Grecian from his immortal chronicle. Besides this prospective profit, there are two things which I hope for: first, that I may always keep my private life and my family name "out of the newspapers"; second, that I may always live "on the Square."

KARL KRON.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, N. Y., May 4, 1887.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

DEDICATION, **ii.**: To Curl, the Best of Bull-Dogs (b. July 4, 1856; d. Jan. 24, 1869).

PREFACE, **iii.-viii.**: Scope of the volume, iii. Assumptions for a special class of travelers, iii. Fair warnings for "the general reader," iii. Attempts at verbal attractiveness, iii. Amusement and instruction for non-cyclers, iv. Simplicity of literary ideal, iv. The bicycle's slowness its charm for the elderly, iv. Quiet tourists (not showy racers) the true "knights of the wheel," v. The plain story of an average man, v. Scientific and unobtrusive egotism, v. An autobiography between the lines, vi. Praise not sought for, but money, vi. Unique power of the cycling enthusiasm, vi. The selling of 30,000 books less notable than the pledging of 3000 subscribers, vii. Business necessity of my personal revelations, vii. Typography and proof-reading, viii. Imperfection of the indexes, viii. Suggestions for reviewers, viii. Three hopes for the future, viii. (Electro. in Oct., '86, except p. viii. Contains about 5000 words. See p. 710)

TABLE OF CONTENTS, **ix.-xx.**: Titles of the forty-one chapters, with 857 descriptive headlines for their principal paragraphs. (Electrotyped in Feb., '87; about 10,000 words.)

GENERAL INDEX, **xxi.-xxxiv.**: Alphabetical list of 1555 subjects, with 3330 references and many special alphabets. (Electro. in Apr. and May, '87; about 12,000 words.)

INDEX OF PLACES, **xxxv.-lxiv.**: List of 3482 towns, with 8418 references to the same; followed by these special lists: The U. S., Foreign Countries, lviii.; Rivers and Valleys, Mountain Peaks, lix.; Mountain Ranges, Hills, Islands, Lakes and Ponds, lx.; Creeks and Brooks, Waterfalls, Bays and other divisions of Water, Parks and Squares, Railroads, lxi.; Colleges, Public Buildings, lxii., Geographical Miscellany, Cycling Clubs, lxiii.; Canals, lxiv.

INDEX OF PERSONS, **lxv.-lxxxiii.**: List of 1476 family-names, with 3126 references to the same; followed by these special lists: Contributors' Records, lxxi.; Journalism of the Wheel, lxxii.; Literature of the Wheel, lxxiv.; Non-cycling Books, lxxvi.; Non-cycling Authors and Journals, lxxvii.; Bicycles, lxxviii.; Tricycles; Autobiographic and Personal, lxxix.; Wheeling Autobiography, lxxx.; This Book of Mine, lxxxi.; Philosophical and Social, lxxxi.; Incidents and Accidents, lxxxiii.; Women, lxxxiii. (Electro. in Mar. and Apr., '87.)

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA, **lxxxiv.-cvii.**: League Politics in '87. London Assurance: the retention of office by "Sec.-Ed. of C. T. C.," after confession of forgery, xci. "N. C. U." and "amateurism," xciii. Books and pamphlets, xcv. Journalism, ci. Notable mileage of '86, cvi. (Electro. in May, '87; 21,600 words.)

MAY FOURTH, 1887, **cviii.**: Verses of greeting to my 3000 co-partners.

I. ON THE WHEEL, **1-14**: The solitary wayfarer transfigured by his bicycle, 1. It introduces him to the friendly confidence of the average citizen, 3. Summary of answers for the curious, 4. Strangers' sympathy with one's hobby an ever-fresh delight, 5. Character-studies on the road, 6-8. Humors of the Erie tow-path, 9. The Great American Hog, 10. Women as horse-drivers, 10. Touring-routes outlined, 11. Railroads and baggage, 13. Country hotels and their ideals, 13. The glory and charm of bicycling, 14. (Electro. in Mar., '85; 7900 words. From *Lippincott's Magazine*, June, '82. See pp. iii., 657-8, 702, 710.)

II. AFTER BEER, **15**: A parody on George Arnold's verses. (Electro. in Mar., '85; 200 words. From *Puck*, Aug. 11, '80; reprinted in many papers.)

III. WHITE FLANNEL AND NICKEL PLATE, **16-22**: Absurdity of advice-giving about costume, 16. Moral advantages of white flannel, 16. Contents of my handle-bar luggage-roll, 17. Objection to bags and belts, 17. Covering for the head, hands and feet, 18. Benefits of velveteen, 19. Moral influence of nickel plate, 20. Addendum, 20-22. (Electro. in Mar., '85; 5000 words. Written in Dec., '81, for "Wheelman's Annual.")

IV. A BIRTHDAY FANTASIE, **23**: An imitation of T. L. Peacock's verses. (Electro. in Mar., '85; 300 words. From the *Bi. World*, Jan. 14, '81.)

V. FOUR SEASONS ON A FORTY-SIX, **24-34:** My broken elbow as a corner-stone for the League, 24. First riding-lesson, in Boston, 25. Early exploration of New York roads, 26. First tour almost coincident with "A Wheel Around the Hub," 26. Summaries of mileage (742 m. in '79), 27; (1474 m. in '80), 28; (1956 m. in '81), 29; (1827 m. in '82), 30. Separate roadway and riding-days, 31. Trips by rail and water, 31-33. Solitude a necessity of touring, 34. Its charm shown by a parody from Calverley, 34. (Electro. in Mar., '85; 6300 words. From the *Wheelman*, Feb., '83; reprinted by *Wheel World*, of London.)

VI. COLUMBIA, NO. 234, **35-48:** Unique experiences which makes its story worth telling, 35. My disclaimer of mechanical knowledge and of partiality, 36. Wear and tear of first 1500 m., 37. Durability of tires, 38. Spokes injured by careless polishing, 38. Breakings of backbone and neck, 39. Cranks, cone-bearings and new parts, 40. Costs of repairing, of "extras," of clothes and of transportation, 41. Last days of the machine, 42. New backbone and handle-bar, 43, 46. Miraculous escape from the mules, 44. Vain experiment at spoke-tightening, 46. Final wear of tires and pedals, 47. Plan of "rebuilding" abandoned in favor of "No. 234, Jr.," 47. Enshrined as a monument for wheelmen's homage, 48. (Electro. in Mar., '85; 8600 words, incl. 500 of fine type. First half, from *Wheelman*, Mar., '83; second half, from *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, Apr., '84; reprinted by *Wheel World*, July, 84.)

VII. MY 234 RIDES ON "NO. 234," **49-63:** Triolet for peace-offering, 49. Daily averages, 49. First long rides, 50. List of 50 m. records in '81, 51. Coasting, 51. Long stays in saddle, 52. A blazing strange trial on Long Island, 54. Falls and headers, 55. Encounters with road-hogs, horses and mules, 57. Thefts and mishaps, 57. Specimens of speed and of hill-climbing, 58. Weight, height, leg-measurement and sizes of wheels tried, 59. Advantages of an under-size machine, 60. Tests of physique in ante-bicycling days, 61. Habits of exercise, bathing and eating, 61. Long immunity from illness, 62. Sweating and drinking,—with some extra-dry rhymes for the abstemious Dr. Richardson, 63. (Electro. in Mar., '85; 8800 words. From the *Wheelman*, Apr., '83; verses reprinted by *Wheeling*, July 29, '85.)

VIII. AROUND NEW-YORK, **64-100:** Topography of Manhattan Island, 64. Social significance of localities, 65. System of numbering the streets and houses, 65. Block-stone pavements below Central Park, 66. Policemen and children as obstacles to sidewalk-riding, 67. Macadamized roadways around and above the Park, 68. East-side macadam and Blackwell's Island paths, 69. Morningside Park and High Bridge, 70. Central Bridge and Jerome Park, 71. Washington Heights and Kingsbridge, 72. Fordham and the Southern Boulevard, 72-3. Pelham Bridge and Ft. Schuyler, 73-4. Port Chester, White Plains and Tarrytown, 74-5. Vincent House to Yonkers and Kingsbridge, 75-7. Riverdale route to Yonkers, 78. Sawmill river route, 75, 79. Notable residences along the Hudson, 79. Spuyten Duyvil and Mt. St. Vincent, 80. Nyack and Englewood, 80. The Palisades, Ft. Lee and Weehawken, 81. Ferries to Hoboken and Jersey City, 82. Two routes to Newark, 82. Bergen Hill to Ft. Lee, 83. Bergen-Line Boulevard and the Hackensack marshes, 83. Ferries by which to enter or get around the city, 84. Route of Belt line horse-cars, connecting the ferry and steamboat docks, 85. Storage of wheels at the ferry baggage-rooms or on Warren st., 86. The big bridge, 86-7. Routes to and through Brooklyn, 87-8. Prospect Park and Coney Island, 89, 92. Jamaica and Astoria, 90. Ferries on East river, 91. Park Commissioners as obstructionists, 92-5. Statistics of Central Park and the new parks, 95-6. Clubs and club-rooms, 96-7. Fares on ferries and car lines, 97. The elevated railroads, 98. "Seeing" the city, 99. Maps, 99. Directories and guide-books, 100. (Electro. in Apr., '85; 23,000 words, incl. 2000 of fine type. First half, from *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, *Bi. World* and *Wheel*. Many corrections of and additions to the foregoing were written in Dec., '86, for the "summary," on pp. 582-6. See also pp. 150-8, 165-6, 168, 246-7, 770-5.)

IX. OUT FROM BOSTON, **101-114:** To Portsmouth and back, 101-2. Lexington, Waltham, Worcester and Springfield, 103-4. Pemberton Square, the hotels, club-houses and other landmarks, 104-6. Streets of the Back Bay district, 106. Route to Rhode Island, 107. Newport rides, 108. Providence to Worcester, 109. Springfield to Boston, 110-11. Road-books and maps, 112-13. Day's runs of 100 m. straightaway, 113-14. (Electro. in May, '85;

9600 words, incl. 3600 of fine type. First part, from *Bi. World*, Aug. 26, '81, and May 22, '85. See also pp. 114, 208, 246, 579, 766-7.)

X. THE ENVIRONS OF SPRINGFIELD, **115-128:** General advantages as a riding-district, 116. Eastward routes, 117. Northward routes, 118. Excursions from Northampton, 119. Westward routes, 120. Southward routes, 122. Chances for long stays in the saddle, without repetition, 123-6. Maps and guide-books, 126-7. Notable straightaway runs, 128. (Electro. in May, '85; 9600 words, incl. 3600 in fine type. First part, from *Wheelman*, Dec., '83. See "summary" of '86, pp. 579-80; also pp. 144-8, 179-83, 193-4, 208, 251-4, 768.)

XI. SHORE AND HILL-TOP IN CONNECTICUT, **129-149:** The Thames and its tributaries, 129. Experiences as boat-race manager at New London, 130. Along the shore, N. L. to New Haven, 131-2. Routes between N. H. and Hartford, 133-7. Notable rides between N. H. and N. Y., 138-9. Up the Naugatuck valley, 139-42. The hills of Litchfield, 143-4. The Farmington valley, 145. From the Hudson to the hills of Berkshire, 146-8. Maps, 148. Dr. Tyler's long run, 149. (Electro. in May, '85; 14,400 words, incl. 4290 in fine type. First part, from *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, June, '85. See "summary" of Dec., '86, pp. 581-2; also pp. 122-3, 179-80, 248-51, 253-4, 700, 769-70.)

XII. LONG ISLAND AND STATEN ISLAND, **150-158:** Greenport to Riverhead and the south shore, 150. North shore route, 151. Flushing to Yaphank and back in '81, 152-3. Long-distance riders of '83-4, 154. Maps and guide-books, 154-5, 158. My '81 explorations of Staten Island, 156. "B. Bugle's" '82 report, 157. (Electro. in June, '85; 6300 words, incl. 2700 in fine type. From *Bi. World*, Nov. 26, '80; May 20, '81; Mar. 24 and July 28, '82. See pp. 84, 86-92, 97, 583-6.)

XIII. COASTING ON THE JERSEY HILLS, **159-178:** Notable map by the State Geological Survey, 159, 175-6. Triangular outlines of the Orange riding-district, 160. Coasting, 161-2. Morristown and the Delaware Water Gap, 163-4, 173. Peterson, Hackensack and Ft. Lee, 165-8. Elizabeth and New Brunswick, 167, 172. Newark northward to Newburg, 169-71. "Z. & S." tour to Greenwood Lake, 170. Somerville, Trenton and Philadelphia, 172-3. Tow-path from Easton to Hackettstown, 173. Basaltic columns of Orange Mtn., 174-5. Maps and guides, 174-8. "League Road-book of Pa. and N. J.," 177-8. (Electro. in June, '85: 13,250 words, incl. 4850 in fine type. First part, from the *Wheelman*, June, '83. See "summary" of Dec., '86, pp. 583, 588-9; also pp. 80-85, 207, 776-8.)

XIV. LAKE GEORGE AND THE HUDSON, **179-198:** Hartford to Springfield, 179-81. Up the Conn. valley to Bellows Falls, 182-4. Rutland to Whitehall and the lake, 184-5. Maps and guide-books, with statistics and verses, 185-7, 198. Ten days in the Catskills, 187-9. From the lake down the valley to Hudson, 189-90. Outline for a round trip, 191. "Z. & S." tour to the lake, 192-3. Poughkeepsie to N. Y., 194. Fishkill to Hudson, 195. Swift records along the river, 197. "Big Four" tour, 198. The Wallkill and Ramapo valleys, 198. (Electro. in June, '85; 13,250 words, incl. 4850 in fine type. First part, from *Bi. World*, Oct. 7, Nov. 11, '81. See pp. 74, 81, 586-7.)

XV. THE ERIE CANAL AND LAKE ERIE, **199-208:** Initiation on the tow-path at Schenectady, 199. The Mohawk valley, 200. Canandaigua, 202. Niagara to Buffalo, 203. The Ridge road along Lake Erie, 204-6. Binghamton to Great Bend, 207. Port Jervis to Del. Water Gap and across New Jersey, 207. W. H. Butler's ride, Saratoga to Olean, 208. (Electro. in June, '85: 6450 words, incl. 1350 of fine type. From *Bi. World*, May 27, June 3, 10, 17, '81.)

XVI. NIAGARA AND SOME LESSER WATERFALLS, **209-223:** Utica to Trenton Falls, 209-10. Suggestions for the Adirondacks, 210-11. Syracuse to Seneca Falls, 212. Geneva Lake to Avon Springs, 213. The Genesee valley and the falls at Portage, 213-14, 217. Reports from Niagara, 215. "Big Four" route, Buffalo to Rochester, 215. Verses on the Genesee Falls and the Kaaterskill, 216. Rochester to Portage and Niagara, 216-17. Along the Erie r. r., Corning to Binghamton, 218-19. Along the Susquehanna, Towanda to Wilkesbarre, 219-20. Weather, hotels and baggagemen of this 400 m. tour, 221. Abstract of "Western New-York Road-Book," 221-3. (Electro. in June, '85; 10,800 words, incl. 5400 of fine type. From the *Wheelman*, Jan. '83. See pp. 586-8.)

XVII. KENTUCKY AND ITS MAMMOTH CAVE, **224-237:** How the Blue Grass Region welcomed me, on the first summer-day of '82, 224. Covington, Georgetown and Lexington, 225-6. The midnight moon lights my way to Harrodsburg, 227. Crawford's Cave and the battle-field of Perryville, 228. Rain, mud, and brook-fording, for a grocery-store supper at Lebanon, 229. Springfield, Bardstown and New Haven, 229-30. Across the clay gulches; the hardest day's journey in four years, 230-31. By train and wagon to Mammoth Cave, 231. An escort out from Louisville, 232. Frankfort, Georgetown, Paris and Millersburg, 233. Blue Lick Springs to Maysville, 233-4. General advice and special praise for the limestone pikes of the Kentucky hills, **234.** J. M. Verhoeff's summary of 450 m. of road explored by him (5 counties of Indiana and 9 of Kentucky) in brief trips from Louisville, 257. (Electro. in June, '85; 9200 words, incl. 2500 of fine type in the V. report. From the *Wheelman*, Oct., '83. See "summary" of Dec., '86, p. 590; also pp. 486, 783.)

XVIII. ALONG THE POTOMAC, **238-245:** Centennial inspiration of this '81 tour, 238. Frederick, Hagerstown and Williamsport, 239, 243. Benighted among the bed-bugs of "the brick house," 239. By canal-boat through the tunnel, 240. Tramping the muddy towpath (with hunger, solitude, fog and darkness as attendants) to Cumberland, 240. A path of pain, also, in returning: Harper's Ferry to Washington, 241. Description of the Chesapeake & Ohio canal, 242, 243-4. W. H. Rideing's sketch of "The Old National Pike," 242-3. An '83 tour of 1000 m. by a pair of Southern cyclers, 244. Ohio men's ride to Washington, 245. "Picturesque B. & O.," 245. (Electro. in June, '85; 5850 words, incl. 2850 of fine type. From the *Bi. World*, June 23, July 14, '82. See pp. 384, 497, 590, 782.)

XIX. WINTER WHEELING, **246-254:** Its general advantages, 246. New York to Port Chester, 246-7. Across Connecticut, 248-51. My 6000th mile finished in a snow-storm, 251. Christmas excursions around Springfield, 252. Blown to Hartford in January, 253. Bradley's chart of the Springfield riding-district, 254. (Electro. in June, '85; 4900 words, incl. 500 of fine type. From the *Wheelman*, May, '83.)

XX. IN THE DOWN-EAST FOGS, **255-281:** Independence the distinctive charm of bicycling, 255. Why I once sacrificed it for the pleasure of the discomforts which belong to "touring in a crowd," 256. Elwell's glowing prospectus, 257. The three dozen "participants" in this earliest of cycling excursions on a large scale, 257-8. Steamboat ride from Portland, 259. Start of the cavalcade at Eastport, and "first blood," 260. Good dinner and bad rain at Robbinston, 261. Alone I wheel to Calais, 262. Fascination of conquering the mud and storm, 263. Humors of "personal journalism" on the border, 263-4. A day's halt in the rain and fog, 265. The making of boots and language in New Brunswick, 265. Dancing through the stormy night, 266. Adieu to Calais and its charmers, from the steam-tug's foggy deck, 266. Second dinner at Robbinston, and a ghostly return-ride to Eastport, 267. Steaming through the mists to Lubec, 268. Voting for Grand Manan and getting Campobello, 269. An agreeable afternoon on that island, 270. Blazing sunshine, at last, for the ride to Machias, 271-2. The pleasures of I-told-you-so and of Sunday loitering, 272-3. My only "square" headers in eight years' riding, 273-4. Scenes from the homeward steamer's deck, 274. Mt. Desert as a place for gratifying the "club-run ideal," by a long and tiresome scramble for "mileage" over the rocks, 275. Details of our actual scramble, illustrative of the general report, "Six bent handle-bars out of a possible ten," 276-8. Morning jaunt to "the Ovens," 278. Happy finale of the tour, 279. Pictures of its scenes and of the "participants," 279. Explanation of my own rule against giving away my likeness, 280. The discomforts of notoriety, 280-81. A personal photograph worth publishing, 281. Map and guide to Mt. Desert, 281. (Electro. in June, '85; 16,900 words, incl. 2100 of fine type. Pp. 275-9 are from the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, July, '85, and pp. 280-1 from the *Bi. World*, May 22, '85. See "summary" of Dec., '86, pp. 573-5; also pp. 765-6.)

XXI. NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ISLANDS BEYOND, **282-294:** Mysteries of the customs rules and the express business, 282. Yarmouth to Weymouth in the rain, 282-3. A moist picnic of the Acadian French, 283-4. Digby, Annapolis and Kentville, 284-5. Grand Pré and Windsor, 286. A rainy ride through the forest to Halifax, 287. Environs of H., and

statistics of the coast route to Yarmouth, 288, 292. Short spins on the island of Cape Breton, 288. Description of Prince Edward Island, 290. Two days of pleasant struggling with its winds and rutty roads, 291. Impressions of Halifax and its "English atmosphere," 291. Summary of the fortnight's tour and its varied enjoyments, 292. Sweetser's guide-books, 293. (Electro. in June, '85; 8000 words, incl. 700 of fine type. From *Outing*, Apr., '84; reprinted in part by "Canadian W. A. Guide," Apr., '84, and Mar., '87. See pp. 330, 636, 790.)

XXII. STRAIGHTAWAY FOR FORTY DAYS, **294-309:** The down-grade from middle-age, 294. Long-distance touring as a cure for malaria, 295. Sympathy with the Indian's longing to "walk large," 295. Gradual growth of the idea that I might make a monumental trail "from Michigan to Virginia," 296. Mileage statistics of the actual tour, 296-7. Summary of the weather-changes, 297-300. Four rain-storms during my Canadian fortnight, with adverse winds, 297. Mud and moisture in crossing New York, 298. Picturesque snow-squalls in Pennsylvania, 299. Indian-summer haze in Virginia, 300. My surprise on being credited with "the first long trail in cycling history," 300. Swift riding in Ontario not a hindrance to scenic enjoyment, 301. Outline of the object-lessons which instructed me between the St. Lawrence and the Potomac, 302. Distinctive intellectual charm of conquering Nature herself, 303. Scenes and circumstances amid which I completed "the first American trail of a thousand miles straightaway," 304. The sensation of triumph, as voiced in the verses of "H. H.," 304. The strangest scene in all my travels (and the only one which this book attempts to reproduce by "word-painting"), 305. Falls, night-riding and mishaps of the forty days, 306-7. Pathological observations, 306-7. Clothes, shoes and baggage-supplies, 308. Malaria completely cured, but the love of touring insatiable, 307. My compliments to the players at national politics, and my praises of continental wheeling as an equally respectable game for the elderly, 309. The ideal of a quiet life, as portrayed by paraphrase of George Arnold's verses, 309. (Electro. in Oct., '85; 10,600 words, incl. 600 of fine type. First half, from *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, Nov., '85; second half, from *Wheel World*, of London, Dec., '85.)

XXIII. A FORTNIGHT IN ONTARIO, **310-332:** Chance for 100 m. of swift riding, from Windsor or Tecumseh to Clearville, 310-11. Crying need of a change in Canada's cumbersome customs regulations against bicycling, 311-12. My 100 m. run in 20 h.,—London, Goderich and Mitchell, 312-14. Pres. Bates's report in '83 of bad roads near Clearville and Hamilton, 314. C. H. Hepinstall's 100 m. straightaway, 314. Various tourists' reports of roads in Western Ontario, 315-16. Summary of my fortnight's mileage, 317. An 80 m. run to Toronto, ending in the frosty moonlight of early morn, 317-18. Records of Toronto road-riders, 318-19. Conflicting reports from the two Chicago touring-parties, '84 and '85, as to roads and scenery between Toronto and Kingston, 320. Details of first American straightaway road-race, Cobourg to Kingston, 321-2. Biography of the winner, Cola E. Stone, 322-3. Clerical wheelmen's Canadian tour of Aug., '85, 323-4. Other reports from Kingston, 324-5. Rough riding from K. to Prescott, to complete the run of 635 m.,—the longest ever made by me in 14 days, 325-6. Routes to Montreal and to Ottawa, and the environs of O., 326-7. Tour of F. M. S. Jenkins, Ottawa to Montreal and Sorel, 327-8. Quebec to Metane, 329. Excursions from Quebec, 330. The first bicycle trail in the Western World made at Montreal on "Dominion Day" of 1874, 330. Description of the "C. W. A. Guide-Book" and summary of its routes, 330-32. Maps, 331. (Electro. in Nov., '85; 18,900 words, incl. 15,300 of fine type. From *L. A. W. Bulletin*, Nov. and Dec., '85; enlarged from sketch in "Canadian W. A. Guide," Apr., '84. See "summary" of Dec., '86, p. 575, for Quebec-to-Montreal route; see also pp. 296-307, 500, 636, 789-90.)

XXIV. THOUSAND ISLANDS TO NATURAL BRIDGE, **333-352:** Kingston as an objective-point for tourists, 333. Ogdensburg to Watertown and Syracuse, 334-5. S. to Cazenovia, with reports from local riders, 336. The Otselic valley and Binghamton, 337. A hotel-clerk's lesson at Susquehanna, 338. Over the mtns. to Honesdale, 339. By tow-path to Port Jervis, 340. Reported routes thence to the Hudson and to Scranton, 340. From the Delaware to the Lehigh, 341. The Mahoning valley and the Schuylkill, 342. Fast riding from Reading to Chambersburg, 343-4. Poled across the Potomac at Williamsport, 344. Up

the noble "Valley pike" to Staunton, 344-6. Topography of the Shenandoah region, from G. E. Pond's "Campaigns of 1864," 346-8. Tour of Washington men in '82, from Harper's Ferry to the Natural Bridge and back to W., 348-9. My own pedestrian trip to the Bridge, 349-50. Suggested combination of r. r. routes to the Bridge and Luray Cavern, 350-1. Other reported roads in Virginia, 351. Military maps in "The Campaigns of the Civil War," 352. (Electro. in Nov., '85; 14,200 words, incl. 6500 of fine type. First part, from *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, Dec., '85. See pp. 298-308, 374-90, 486, 495-8, 578, 590.)

XXV. THE CORAL REEFS OF BERMUDA, **353-370:** A winter invitation from Maine, 353. Geography and topography of the islands, from various authorities, 354-6. Mark Twain's alluring account of the coral roads, 356-7. Our arrival at Hamilton on Sunday, 358. Sunset and moonlight along the North road to St. George's, 359. The South road, 360. The Middle road and Somerset, 361. My race for the return steamer, 362-3. Incidents, expenses and conditions of the ocean voyage, 364. Pleasant impression of the blacks, 364-5. Praise of "the incomparable loquot," 365, 367. Almanac, maps and guide-books, 366-7. Exact details of the process called "free entry" at the New York Custom House, 368-9. My companion appeals against our unjust tax, and wins a new decision from the Treasury Department, 369-70. This decision classes passengers' cycles as "personal effects," to be admitted without duty or delay, 370. Four names for wheelmen to hold in grateful memory, 370. (Electro. in Jan., '85, except the last 3 pp. in Dec.; 11,600 words, incl. 2900 of fine type. From *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, Jan., '85, except the last 3 pp. from *Outing*, Mar., '85; reprinted in *Tricycling Journal*, of London, and *Australian Cycling News*. The first 15 pp. were issued as a pamphlet —1000 in Jan. and 2000 in Feb., '85—for the attraction of subscribers. See pp. 706, 710, 790.)

XXVI. BULL RUN, LURAY CAVERN AND GETTYSBURG, **371-390:** An '84 tour, inspired by my hope of seeing "one good parade of the League," 371. Through Philadelphia and Delaware, 372. Stuck in the Maryland mud, 373. Good riding from the Susquehanna to Baltimore and Ellicott City, 373. By Clarksville pike to Washington, 373-4. Fairfax Court House and Centerville, 374. Across the Bull Run battle-fields to Warrenton, 375. Washington's environs, as reported by W. F. Crossman, 376. Baltimore's suburban routes, 377. Springfield clerks' tour, New York to Washington, 377. Susquehanna tow-path, Havre-de-Grace to Columbia, 378. My muddy advance from Warrenton and passage of the Rappahannock, 378-9. Sweet strawberries at Sperryville before I climb the mountain, 379. Thunder and lightning celebrate my four-miles' descent of the Blue Ridge, 380. Luray and its Cavern contrasted and compared to Mammoth Cave and Natural Bridge, 381-2. Over the Massanutten, 381-2. Broiled frogs' legs at Mt. Jackson, 383. Down the Shenandoah to Harper's Ferry, 383-4. From the Antietam to Gettysburg, 384-5. Sunday morning's reflections in the National Cemetery, 385-6. York, Columbia, Lancaster, Allentown and Easton, 386-7. The 1000 m. circuit which initiated "No. 234, Jr.," 388. H. S. Wood's swift ride from Staunton to Columbia, and other excursions, 388. His summary of the Philadelphia riding-district, including rules of Fairmount Park, 389-90. Artistic and literary treatment of the '63 *velocc*, 390. (Electro. in Dec., '85; 14,400 words, incl. 7200 of fine type. First part, from *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, Jan., '86; last paragraph was crowded out from p. 404 of "Bone-Shaker Days." See pp. 172-3, 238-45, 341-53, 486, 495-8, 578.)

XXVII. BONE-SHAKER DAYS, **391-406:** How the Wonderful Year, "1869," rolled in on a velocipede, 391. The load of obligations which bound me, a Senior in Yale College, to waste no time in trifling, 392. First experiences at the rink, and decision to resist its allurements, 393. A sidewalk vision-of-beauty on the two-wheeler scatters my prudence to the winds, 393. I submit to destiny and become a velocipedist, 394. The old white horse whose ghost I sent galloping through the newspapers, 395. Proof that the undergraduate world forms the only real and universally-recognized aristocracy in America, 396-7. Trustworthiness of "journalism," as shown by eight variations of the fictitious "horse story," 397-8. The bone-shaker welcomed at Yale in 1819 as well as in '69, 398-9. The *Yale Lit. Magazine's* careful chronicle of the three months which marked the rise, decline and fall of velocipeding at New Haven, 400-2. Other testimony, from Goddard's scrappy book and the newspapers of '69, 402-4

(see also p. 390). Post-collegiate reminiscences of the Pickering, 404-5. My final trial of the bone-shaker, in '72, at the Crystal Palace dog-show, 405. Narrow chance by which I failed of "importing the first rubber-tired bicycle into the United States," when I came home from England in April of '76, 406. (Electro. in Aug., '85; 10,700 words, incl. 3900 of fine type. First half from *Spgfld. Wheelmen's Gazette*, Sept., '85; last half from *Wheel World*, of London, Oct., '85; reprinted also by *Tricycling Journal*, Dec. 23, 30, '85; *Australian Cycling News*, Jan. 2, '86. Issued as a pamphlet, 1000 copies, for the attraction of subscribers, Nov. 12, '85.)

XXVIII. CURL, THE BEST OF BULL-DOGS, **407-425:** Origin, characteristics and environment, 407. The gentlest of hearts beneath a fierce exterior, 408. Personal appearances and "points," 409. General impression made upon strangers, as portrayed by the poet of *Puck*, 409. Leaping through the window-glass, with the cry of "Out! damned Spot!" 410. Relations with Black Jack, ostensible and secret, 410-11. The garden fence as a pretended barrier for bravery, 411. Verses of honor for "the outside dog in the fight," 412. Ruffianism towards a pair of canine weaklings, 412. Ears sensitive to bell-ringing, 413. The fatal fascination of fireworks, 413. Conventional resentment assumed for certain noises and movements, 413-14. Winter sport with snow-caves, sledding and skating, 414. Hatred of boating and swimming, 415. A furtive drinker, 415. Assumption of dignified indifference towards the cats, 416. Tricks in food-taking, 416. Demand for the front seat in every vehicle, 417. Exploits as a fence-jumper and hen-chaser, 417. Troubles as a fly-catcher and candy-eater, 418. Victorious over the woodchuck but vanquished by the bumble-bees, 418. Abashed by the elephant, 418. The wicked flea, 419. "Circling" as a conventional diversion, 419. Religious rites with the saw-horse, 419. A fetich of wonderful power, 420. Canine asceticism gratified by head-bumping, 421. Birth and name, 421. Politically a "War Democrat" in the stirring times of '61, 422. Rare lapses from virtue's path, 422. Health and strength impaired by poison, 422. Dislike of mirrors and bed-chambers, 423. Outward signs of seeing phantasms and visions in sleep, 423. Deliberateness of retiring for the night, 423-4. Waning prestige a token of old age, 424. Refusal to tarry in a world which might give greater esteem to "cycling" than to "circling," 424. Exceptional toleration for the poor creature who was fated to attend him on the final night, 425. Dead, at the post of honor, 425. (Electro. in July, '85; 11,000 words, incl. 325 of fine type. Written, July 27 to Aug. 2, '84, and rejected by all the magazine editors. A special edition of 1000 copies, on heavy paper, with cover and heliotype portrait, has been published and will be mailed for 25 c. each.)

XXIX. CASTLE SOLITUDE IN THE METROPOLIS, **426-472:** Rarity of "character" in buildings, 426. Chances for self-suppression in London and New York compared, 426-7. The only two modern cities whose immensity obliterates the sense of locality and renders individual isolation possible, 427. The metropolitan spirit of impersonality illustrated by a quotation from Howells, 427-8. Lightness of "social pressure" in the most-secluded Building of the least-censorious city on the globe, 428. Description of it, as "Chrysalis College," in Theodore Winthrop's novel of 1861, 428-9. Report by T. B. Aldrich, in 1866, 430. Three other accounts, in 1880, 431. History of Washington Square, with Henry James's sympathetic picture of it as "the most delectable," 432. The *Nation's* accurate description of the Square, in 1878, 433. Pictures and statistics of the Building, in various standard works, 434. Its corner-stone laid in 1833 and its chances of endowment destroyed by the business panic of '37, 433-4. A more massive and imposing collegiate pile than had previously been known in the Western World, 434-5. Dream of the founders about a "non-sectarian combination" upheld by the influence and cash of several powerful sects, 435. Popular confusion of identity between the "University of the City of N. Y.," the "University of the State of N. Y.," the "College of the City of N. Y." and that other and largest college in the city which is called a university by its friends, 436. No hope of great endowments, but no fear of actual starvation, 436-7. A meritorious institution, but dwarfed by the shadow of a mighty name, 437. How the two hundred students and instructors, who daily throng its halls, serve as a cloak for the identity of the thirty or forty permanent tenants, 438. Difficulty of espionage by day, and isolation of the janitor by night, 438. A peculiarity which made plausible the alleged concealment of "Cecil

Dreeme," 438-9. Sketch of Theodore Winthrop, 439-40. The mystery of solitude protects the Building from the incursions of the evil-minded, 440-1. As regards its relations to womankind, 441-4. "Castle" and "Custom" contrasted, 444. "Social pressure" in England, which obliterates individual freedom, 445-8. Testimony of Hamerton, Borrow and Nadal, 446-7. The latter's showing why "society" cannot exist in America, 448-9. Relentlessness of servants' tyranny over the wealthy, whether their environment be aristocratic or democratic, 449-50. Evils of hotel-life, 450. Disquieting social-shadows cast by the peculiar system of street-numbering in use on Manhattan Island, 451-2. Fifth Avenue, as described in '85 by J. H. Howard, jr., 453-4. Brief escapes from the "servitude to servants" gained by a resort to the woods, or to the constant changes of travel, 454. The only house in the world where the yoke of conformity need never be worn, 454. How the simple savagery of the Far West may be enjoyed, with less expense and discomfort, by the solitary camper-out on Washington Square, 455. An elegant and elaborate system of living also possible, without abandonment of impersonal conditions, 456. The janitor and his assistants, 457-61. Contrasts pointed by "the mighty concierge" who tyrannizes over Paris, 458-9. Lack of conveniences and of good business-management atoned for by safety and independence, 460-1. The inspiring fiction of sole ownership, 462. Rarity of personal contact among tenants, 463. The Nestor of the Castle, 464. Artists and college-bred men its chief admirers, 465. Pleasures of undergraduate life recalled without its labors, 466. Peace secured at the Castle without the sacrifice of companionship, 467. Hamerton's remarks on the compensations of solitude and independence, 467-9. Bohemianism and Philistinism contrasted, 469. Visit of the Prince of Wales, in 1860, to this "freest spot in free America," 469-71. Analogy between the Building and the Bicycle, 472. Poem by Robert Herrick, 472. (Electro. in Sept., '85; 31,700 words, incl. 11,700 of fine type. Written in Sept., '84, and Aug., '85; see p. 710. A special ed. of 1000 copies, on heavy paper, with cover and small picture of the Castle, has been published and will be mailed for 25 c. each.)

XXX. LONG-DISTANCE ROUTES AND RIDERS, **473-501:** Thomas Stevens and his 8000 m. trail, of 1884-5, from California to Persia, 473-4 (see also pp. 570-2, for adventures of '86, in Afghanistan, India, China and Japan, completing his round-the-world tour). San Francisco to Boston in '84, 475-80. Liverpool to Teheran in '85, 480-3. Comparisons between his three years' journey and my own three years' task of putting together this book, 483-4. Hugh J. High's '85 tour of 3000 m., Pennsylvania to Nebraska and back, 484-6. Long ride in '83 by Dr. H. Jarvis, 486-7. St. Louis to Boston in '85, by G. W. Baker, 487-8. Ohio-to-Boston tours of '80 and '81, 488. Illinois to Wyoming in '82, by Will Rose, 489. A July fortnight of '84 in California, by H. C. Finkler, 489-91. Yosemite Valley trip of '85, by the Rideout brothers, 491-2. Notable all-day runs in California, '79 to '85, 491-4. W. B. Page's summer excursions from Philadelphia, '82 to '85, 494-9 (see also pp. 574-8 for 1400 m. tour of '86). Elderly and "professional" tourists, 499. Southern trios' tours to Springfield in '85 and to Boston in '86, 500. M. Sheriff's Manchester-Montreal circuit of 700 m. in '84, 500. E. R. Drew's routes in Ohio, 501. W. P. Cramer's three days' straightaway, 501. (Electro. in Jan., '86; 26,000 words, incl. only 250 of coarse type. Stevens's ride to Boston, pp. 473-80, was printed in *Wheelmen's Gazette*, Jan., '87; and the rest of the story, pp. 480-4, 570-2, in Feb. issue.)

XXXI. STATISTICS FROM THE VETERANS, **502-530:** Difficulty of persuading men to prepare personal records, 502-3. C. E. Pratt, 503-4. J. G. Dalton, 504-5. L. J. Bates, 505-6. C. A. Hazlett, 506-7. W. V. Gilman, 507-8. L. H. Johnson, 508-9 (see also 530, 588). J. W. Smith's tabulation of 20,000 m., July, '80, to Dec., '85, 509. R. D. Mead, 509-10. N. P. Tyler, 510-11. H. W. Williams, 511-12. S. H. Day, 512-13. T. Midgley, 513-15. W. L. Perham, 515. T. Rothe, 515-16. A. S. Parsons, 516-17. W. Farrington, 517-18. E. A. Hemmenway, 517-18. B. B. Ayers, 518-19. N. H. Van Sicklen, 519. F. E. Yates, 519-20. G. J. Taylor, 520. T. B. Somers, 520-1. J. D. Dowling, 521-2. G. F. Fiske, 522-3. E. Mason, 523. W. R. Pitman, 523-4. H. E. Ducker, 524. I. J. Kusel, 524. A. Young, 525. E. H. Corson, 525 (see also 577, 670-1). A. Bassett and J. G. Dean, 525-6 (see also 663-5). H. B. Hart, 526 (see also 660, 678). My unanswered letter to C. D. Kershaw, 526. A. Ely and W. G. Kendall, 526. Greatest American mileage in '85: J. D. Macaulay's 6573 m. and C.

M. Goodnow's 5056 m., 527. J. Reynolds and wife, 528. W. E. Hicks's 4679 m. as a newsgatherer in '85, 528-9. J. W. Bell's long stay in saddle, 529. F. P. Symonds, 529. J. V. Stephenson, 529-30. L. B. Graves, F. A. Elwell, A. B. Barkman, W. T. Williams and E. P. Burnham, 530. Tri. record of 5957 m. in '85, by three merry wives of Orange, 530. (Electro. in Jan., '86; 25,500 words, incl. only 850 of coarse type. Pp. 501-7, from *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, Mar., '86.)

XXXII. BRITISH AND COLONIAL RECORDS, **531-572:** Request that English press-men show fair-play towards my foreign contributors, 531. E. Tegetmeier, a London journalist, reports 10,053 m. covered in '83, and 46,600 m. in 13 years, 531-3. H. R. Reynolds, jr., an Oxford graduate of '80 and a lawyer, rides 55,930 m. in 9 years, chiefly as an economical way of getting about, 533. "Faed," a wood-engraver, deaf and near-sighted, enjoys a daily open-air spin for 3 years, with only 75 exceptions, and makes a total of 19,388 m., 534-5. H. R. Goodwin, a Manchester jeweler, takes a 19 days' tour of 2054 m., 535-7. J. W. M. Brown, a Lincolnshire farmer, rolls up 53,343 m. in a decade, 537-8. H. J. Jones, of the Haverstock C. C., covers 3600 m. of separate road, in a 3 years' record of 16,016 m., 538-40. Alfred Hayes, a London leather-dealer, reports 30,000 m. in 9 years, incl. 15,000 m. on a single 46-in. bicycle and more than 160 successive Sunday rides, 540-1. R. P. Hampton Roberts's 16,060 m. of wheeling in 7 years, tabulated by months and supplemented by other mileage records of the Belsize B. C., 541-3. Reports from H. T. Wharlow, 23,325 m. in 6½ years; C. W. Brown, 17,043 m. in 4 years; and W. Binns, a Salford draper, 22,147 m. in 6½ years, 543. Monthly table of 12 years' riding, 40,319 m., by Rev. H. C. Courtney, Vicar of Hatton, 544. Seven years' record, 20,700 m., by J. S. Whatton, ex-capt. Camb. Univ. B. C., 544. F. Salsbury's 36 monthly tables of 17,499 m. in '82-'84, 544-5. "Average accounts" from F. W. Brock, of Bristol, and G. H. Rushworth, of Bradford, 545. Inexpensive 1100 m. tour in '85 of a Glasgow University graduate, Hugh Callan, who won the *Tit Bits* prize of $250 in '86, for best story of cycling experiences, and who intends to print a book about them, 545-6. Diary for a decade, 14,107 m., of an Irish country gentleman, Wm. Bowles, 546. H. Etherington, projector and proprietor of *Wheeling*, 546-8 (see also 689-90). H. Sturmey, editor of the *Cyclist*, 548-9 (see also 690-2). A. M. Bolton, author of "Over the Pyrenees," 549. C. Howard and R. E. Phillips, compilers of route-books, 550. G. L. Bridgman, S. Golder and G. T. Stevens, 551. Tour in '83, London to Pesth, of Ivan Zmertych, a young Magyar, 551. Hugo Barthol's circuit of 2750 m., June 8 to Aug. 31, '84, Saxony to Naples and back, 551-2. Road-riding reports from France, Holland and Hungary, 552-3, 558. Facile-medal riders of '84, 553. Liverpool long-distance men of '85, 553. Notable rides in '85 by C. H. R. Gossett, Mrs. J. H. Allen, and others, 554. London-to-Bath annual winners, '77 to '85, 554. Record of tours and races to and from John O'Groat's, '73 to '86, 554-7. Wonderful cross-country wheeling by G. P. Mills, 556-8. Daniel's long tri. ride in France, 558. AUSTRALASIAN REPORTS, **558-570:** Day's rides of 100 m. in Victoria, 558-9. Tours of the Melbourne B. C., '79 to '84, 560. Tours by Adelaide and Ballarat club-men, '84 and '85, 560-1. W. Hume's circuit of 530 m. in '83 and straightaway of 583 m., to Sydney, in '84, 561. Day's rides of 100 m., to close of '84, 561-2. Tri. tours in '85 by young ladies of Ballarat and Stawell, 562. G. R. Broadbent, a grandfather, wheels 17,600 m. in 3 years, 562. R. O. Bishop's 3 years' record of 13,352 m. in Victoria and Tasmania, 563. Mileage of T. F. Hallam, P. J. Bowen, and other riders of Hobart, 563-4. J. Copland's '84 tri. tour of 1282 m., Sydney to Melbourne and back, 564-5. S. to M. bi. rides by A. Edwards, G. L. Budds and J. F. Rugg, 565-6. The longest straightaway trail in Australia, 670 m., Stawell to Sydney, made in Mar., '86, by M. Thornfeldt and C. H. Lyne, 565-6. New Zealand's advantages for cycling, 566-7, 570 (see also 652). J. F. Norris's account of 242 m. tour in '82, and of 100 m. riders in '84, 567. J. Fitton's 700 m. tour at the close of '83, 567-8. Long rides from Christchurch by H. J. Jenkins and F. W. Painter, 568-9. W. H. Langdown's 12 months' record of 8940 m. on a single bicycle, including a tour of 558 m. in the autumn of '85, 569-70. Guide-books for the Antipodes, 570 (see also 695-6). Conclusion of T. Stevens's round-the-world tour: Persia, Afghanistan, India, China and Japan, Mar. to Dec., '86, 570-2. (Pp. 530-53 were electrotyped in Feb., '86; pp. 554-69 in Nov.; pp. 570-2 in Jan.,

'87; 37,350 words, incl. only 300 of coarse type. First 3 pp., in *Outing*, Aug., '84; last 3 pp. in *Wheelmen's Gazette*, Feb., '87.)

XXXIII. SUMMARY BY STATES, **573-590:** Maine index, 573. F. A Elwell's Kennebec and Moosehead Lake parties of '84-5, 573-4. W. B. Page's '86 tour, 574-5. Guides and maps, 575. New Hampshire index, 575. Various tourists' reports of wheeling in the White Mtns., '81 to '86, 575-7. Guides and maps, 577. Vermont index, 578. Various reports from the Green Mtns., Conn. Valley and Lake Champlain, 578-9. Massachusetts index, 579. My latest explorations around Springfield, at end of '86, 579-80. Reference-books, 581. Rhode Island and Connecticut indexes, 581. My '86 ride across Conn., with other reports, 581-2. New York index, 582. Corrections and changes for the Kingsbridge region, 582-3. New ferries and r. r. lines, 583-4. "Long Island Road-Book," 584. Latest reports about Central Park and Prospect Park, 585-6. Club-house changes, 586. Palisades route to Nyack, and good road thence to Suffern and Port Jervis, 586-7. Chautauqua Lake and Buffalo, 587-8. New Jersey index, 588. Recommendation of East Orange as a pleasant place for ladies' lessons in tricycling, 588. Best routes between Newark and New York, 588-9. Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland indexes, 589. District of Columbia, Virginia and Kentucky indexes, 590. Scheme for a straightaway race through the Shenandoah, 590. Kentucky routes by P. N. Myers, 590. Time and space cut short my roll of States, 590. (Written, Nov. 22 to Dec. 31, '86. Electro. in Dec., '86, and Jan., '87; 16,000 words, incl. only 300 of coarse type. See p. 710.)

XXXIV. THE TRANSPORTATION TAX, **591-600:** Important distinction between r. r. and s. s. baggage, 591. Power of each individual tourist to resist an extra-baggage tax on water-routes, 591. S. s. lines pledged by me to the free-list, 592. League's arrangements with a few s. s. agents, 593. Scheme of r. r. trunk lines granting concessions to League, 594. Alphabetical lists of r. r.'s which seek the patronage of bicyclers, 594. Rules and limits for handling bicycles on r. r. trains, 595. Tariff-charging roads, 596. Liberal policy of Southern lines, 597. Free carriage in Canada, 598. C. T. C. table of r. r. rates in Great Britain, 598. Practices of the British s. s. lines, home and foreign, 599. Customs regulations of France, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Mexico, Canada and the U. S., 599-600. (Electro. in July, '86; 8900 words, incl. only 50 of coarse type.)

XXXV. THE HOTEL QUESTION, **601-614:** My hatred of the bed-bug and humbug policy called "reduced rates," 601. Testimony of *Wheeling*, *Bi. World* and others against the C. T. C.'s cheap device for securing cold victuals and contempt, 602, 604. A plea for League influence in raising the standard of country taverns, 603. The special comforts and privileges needed by touring wheelmen, 602, 604, 606, 614. Landlords' estimate of patrons who ask for "the leavings," 605. A reformed formula for hotel certificate, 605. Distinction between city and country hostelries, 606. "Special rates" proper for special occasions only, 607. Analysis of the "C. T. C. tariff" for Great Britain and France, 607. Proof that it is more expensive than the standard $2 rate of America, 608. California's certificate against "League hotels," 609. List of towns whose hotel-keepers (146) have subscribed for this book, 609. Reasons why it should be kept for consultation in the hotel-offices of as many towns as possible, 610. Restaurants and lodging-places in New York City, 611. Index to hotels named in this book, 612. A plea for quiet bed-rooms and portable bath-tubs, 614. (Electro. in July, '86; 12,000 words. See later testimony against the "danger-board hotels" of the C. T. C., pp. 639-41.)

XXXVI. THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN, **615-633:** Organized at Newport, May 31, '80, to protect cyclers' rights upon the road, 615. Badges, 616. Annual meetings, '81 to '86, 616-18. Geographical statistics of membership, 617-18. Evolution of *L. A. W. Bulletin* from *Bi. World*, *Wheel* and amateur gazette, 618-20. Facts and opinions about this official weekly, 620. Two chief arguments for the attraction of members, 621. Summary of constitution, 622-4. Form of application for membership, including the definition of "amateur," 624. Road-books published by the State Divisions, 625. Pamphlet issues of the League, 625. Local election reform by the New York Division, 626. Seven annual boards of executive officers, 1880-87, 626. Committeemen and State officers in service Oct. 30, '86, 627. Expulsion of all the swift racers for offending against "amateurism," 628. Powerlessness of

the wheel and sporting press, 630. Abolition of "amateurism" needed before racers can be classed on their merits, 630, 633. MINOR CYCLING INSTITUTIONS, **631-52.** "American Cyclists' Union" formed, to help the Springfield tournament, 631. Definitions and road-racing rules, 632. Failure of its "promateur plan" and of its attempts against the League, 633. "Canadian Wheelmen's Association," 633-6. Membership statistics of the English "Cyclists' Touring Club," 636. Summary of its governing rules, 637. Uniform and badges, 639. Sufferers' testimony against its "danger-board hotels," 639. Financial standing as a "co-operative tailoring concern," 641. Its social status in America, 642. Alphabetical list of its councilors, in Apr., '86, 645. Local and general officers of the English "National Cyclists' Union," '84 and '86, 646. Objects and mode of government, 647. Financial dilemma caused by "amateurism," 648. Unanswerable logic of the abolitionists, 649. Publications, library, medal and danger-boards, 650. Wheelmen's unions in Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, New Zealand, Australia and Ireland, 651-2. (Electro. in Nov., '86; 34,800 words. First part, from "Wheelmen's Reference Book," pub. May, '86. See pp. 593-9, 677, 691.)

XXXVII. LITERATURE OF THE WHEEL, **653-700:** Argument for the free advertising of all books and papers devoted to cycling, 653. List of American and English journals, Aug. 1, '86, 654. American books and pamphlets in the market, Aug. 1, '86, 655. *Am. Bi. Journal*, *Wheelman* and the less-distinguished dead of the journalistic cemetery, 655-60. American Cycling Press in Aug., '86, 661-72. Detailed account of books, pamphlets and other advertising prints in America, 673-80. English books, maps and papers, 681-88. British and Australian journalism, 688-96. Continental publications, 697-700. General guides, 700. (Electro. in Aug. and Sept., '86, with corrections in Dec.; 42,750 words. See pp. xciv., 710.)

XXXVIII. THIS BOOK OF MINE, AND THE NEXT, **701-733:** Explanation and warning, 701. Unique pecuniary ideal, 701. Germ and conception, 702. Early notions and influences, 702. Arrangement with Col. Pope, 703. Moral support of prospectus, 703. A prophecy from Boston, 704. How "300" fixed me for "3000," 704. Success of preliminary canvass, 705. Formal promise to finish, 705. Attraction of English patrons, 706. *Gazette* help at Springfield, 706. Defense of the *Wheel's* free adv., 707. Press encouragement at Boston and elsewhere, 707. Ineffectiveness of "newspaper talk," 708. Indifference of "the trade," 709. Progress in writing and electrotyping, 710. Work of the Springfield Printing Co., 710. Col. Pope's reply to second proposal, 711. Condemnation from competent judges, 711. Harmlessness of my "Columbia" adv., 712. Independence of all Popes and powers, 713. Objections to gift-taking, 713. Need of private help and criticisms, 714. Costs and conditions of road-book making, 715. Proposals for "My Second Ten Thousand," 716. Request for personal statistics, 717. Hints to authors and publishers, 718. The cycling press and its "free adv.," 718. The doctrine of intelligent selfishness, 719. How I got leisure for touring, 720. *World* experiences as a non-competitor, 721. Elective honors of college, 722. Illustrations from genealogy, 722. Preference for small and special tasks, 723. Involved beyond my wishes, 724. Anecdote of Gen. Grant, 724. Delay and worry caused by "side-issues," 725. A political interruption, 726. The range of my acquaintance, 726. "Literary" types and comparisons, 727. The significance of "society," 728. My personal relations with cyclers, 729. Sincerity and its compensations, 730. The pleasures of speaking squarely, 731. Chances on the downgrade, 732. Straight words for the finish, 733. (Written in Sept. and electrotyped in Oct., '86; 29,400 words. Special ed. of 500 copies printed Dec. 3. See p. 710.)

XXXIX. THE THREE THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS, **734-764:** Alphabetical list of 3196 "copartners" in the publication of this book: A, 734; B, 735; C, 738; D, 741; E, 742; F, 743; G, 744; H, 745; I, J, 748; K, 749; L, 750; M, 751; N, O, P, 754; R, 756; S, 757; T, 760; U, V, 761; W, 762; Y, Z, 764. My "prospectus of Dec. 3, '83," was first published in the *Wheel* of Jan. 25, '84; and my first 1000 subscribers were enrolled on Apr. 9 (74 days later), 2000 on Oct. 18 (38 weeks), and 3000 on July 4, '85 (75 weeks). On the last day of Feb., '84, which was 5 weeks from the opening of the canvass, the sub. list stood at 599; and its monthly growth from that point may be shown as follows: Mar., 273—872; Apr., 281—1153; May, 193—1346; June, 85—1431; July, 113—1544; Aug., 257—1801; Sept., 147—1948;

Oct., 65—2013; Nov., 82—2095; Dec., 177—2272; Jan., 112—2384; Feb., 113—2497; Mar., 149—2646; Apr., 139—2787; May, 101—2888; June, 87—2975; July, 128—3103; Aug., 46—3149; Sept., 43—3192; Oct., 37—3229; Nov., 35—3264; Dec., 54—3318; Jan., 39—3357; Feb., 25—3382; Mar., 36—3418; Apr., 108—3526. From May 1 to Dec. 31, '86, there were 50 accessions, at $1.50, raising the total of the "autograph edition" to 3576. (Electro. in Feb., '86; about 19,000 words. See pp. 794-6, for supplementary list of 200 names.)

XL. DIRECTORY OF WHEELMEN, **765-799:** Names of 3200 subscribers, grouped according to residence-towns, which are alphabetized by States, in the following geographical order: Me., 15 towns, 45 subscribers, 765; N. H., 14 t., 50 s., 766; Vt., 14 t., 47 s., 766; Mass., 89 t., 341 s., 766; R. I., 5 t., 20 s., 769; Ct., 32 t., 171 s., 769; N. Y., 106 t., 671 s., 770; N. J., 55 t., 257 s., 776; Pa., 96 t., 382 s., 778; Del., 2 t., 4 s., 781; Md., 8 t., 81 s., 781; Dist. of Col., 2 t., 37 s., 782; W. Va., 4 t., 6 s., 782; Va., 10 t., 17 s., 782; N. C., 2 t., 6 s., 782; S. C., 2 t., 4 s., 782; Ga., 4 t., 11 s., 782; Fla., 2 t., 2 s., 783; Ala., 4 t., 12 s., 783; Miss., 3 t., 4 s., 783; La., 1 t., 5 s., 783; Tex., 6 t., 9 s., 783; Ark., 2 t., 7 s., 783; Tenn., 3 t., 26 s., 783; Ky., 15 t., 53 s., 783; O., 48 t., 154 s., 784; Mich., 21 t., 66 s., 785; Ind., 21 t., 60 s., 785; Ill., 25 t., 116 s., 786-7; Mo., 8 t., 25 s., 787; Ia., 14 t., 20 s., 787; Wis., 11 t., 16 s., 787; Minn., 13 t., 22 s., 787; Dak., 3 t., 5 s., 788; Neb., 2 t., 2 s., 788; Kan., 14 t., 21 s., 788; (Ind. Ter., 0); N. Mex., 1 t., 1 s., 788; Col., 4 t., 9 s., 788; Wy., 3 t., 9 s., 788; Mon., 3 t., 6 s., 788; Id., 2 t., 14 s., 788; Wash., 3 t., 3 s., 788; Or., 8 t., 28 s., 788; Utah, 2 t., 7 s., 788; (Nev., 0 t., 0 s., 789); Ariz., 1 t., 1 s., 789; Cal., 9 t., 22 s., 789; Ontario, 21 t., 79 s., 789; Manitoba, 1 t., 1 s., 790; Quebec, 1 t., 5 s., 790; New Brunswick, 2 t., 6 s., 790; Nova Scotia, 9 t., 37 s., 790; Bermuda, 3 t., 5 s., 790; Mexico, 1 t., 1 s., 790; England, 61 t., 138 s., 790; Scotland, 6 t., 12 s., 792; Ireland, 5 t., 7 s., 792; Continental Europe, 9 t., 9 s., 792; Asia, 4 t., 4 s., 792; Australia, 12 t., 86 s., 793; New Zealand, 5 t., 24 s., 794. *Supplementary List of Subscribers* (Feb. to Nov., '86), 794-6. *Trade Directory:* Alphabetical list of 122 subscribers in whose offices this book may be consulted, 796-7. Geographical list of the same, 798-9. (Electro. March to May, '86, except last six pages in Nov.; 22,000 words.)

XLI. THE LAST WORD, **800:** Pinaforic chant at the League's first annual banquet, Newport, May 31, '80. (Electro. in Nov., '86; 100 words.)

A summing-up of the estimates for the 41 chapters shows a total of 585,400 words, whereof 362,400 are in fine type ("nonpareil") and 223,000 in larger type ("brevier"). I have estimated the latter at 600 words to the page (44 lines of 14 words each), and the nonpareil at 900 words to the page (53 lines of 17 words each), except that the 66 pages devoted to subscribers' names have been credited with 18,400 words *less* than the latter estimate would give them. The half-dozen blank lines at the top of each chapter, and the short blanks at ends of paragraphs, are fully offset by the repetitions of chapter-titles at the tops of pages. Owing to the great number of abbreviations in last ten chapters, I think their number of nonpareil words exceeds the estimate,—for my actual count of p. 497 revealed 1088 words. On the other hand, the brevier words may fall a trifle short of the estimate,—for actual count of p. 358 revealed only 573. My printers have charged me with 372 brevier pages; and a multiplication of that number by 600 shows 223,200 words, or almost exactly the result gained by adding the chapter estimates. Of the 311,600 words in first 29 chapters (472 pp.), all but 92,600 are in brevier; while, of the 273,800 words in last 12 chapters (328 pp.), which may be classed as an appendix, only 4000 are in brevier. My own road-reports and wheeling experiences are almost all included in the 181,000 brevier words of the first 26 chapters (390 pp.), which also contain 77,000 nonpareil words, mostly given to others' reports and general information. In Chaps. 30-33 (pp. 473-590) are 104,850 words, almost wholly given to others' personal statistics; and Chaps. 34-37 (pp. 591-699) contain 97,550 words of general information. Of the 273,800 words in last 12 chapters, the 29,400 in Chap. 38 are the only ones personal to myself. Adding these to the 6800 brevier words of Chap. 27, and the 181,000 before specified, gives a total of 217,200 words which refer in some way to my own wheeling. Even if the 11,000 words about "Curl," and the 20,000 brevier words about "the Castle," be charged to me as "personal," my entire share in the book rises to only 248,200 words, which is much less than half its text (585,400).

GENERAL INDEX.

CHAPTER-TITLES are printed in small capitals and followed by Roman numerals referring to Table of Contents, where full analysis of chapter may be found. References are sometimes given in the order of their importance, rather than in numerical order. Such States of the Union as are not named here are indexed among "The United States," p. lviii. Other special indexes are made prominent by full-faced type.

Abbreviations of the U. S., with index for each State, lviii.

Abstinence from fire-water and tobacco, Cases of, 62, 128, 532, 537, 544.

Accidents (*see* "Incidents").

Address-list of 28,000 American cyclers, 661.

Advertising, Exclusion of from book, for sake of impartiality, 714; specimens of calendars and catalogues, 679; rates in cycling papers, 656, 696. (*See* "Free advertising.")

AFTER BEER (verses), 15.

Agriculture as a basis of prosperity, 301.

Allegory of the New Year, "1869," 391.

Alnwick Castle, Bone-shakers at, 391, 404.

"Amateurism" as defined by L. A. W., 624, 633; by A. C. U., 632; by C. W. A., 635; by N. C. U., 638. Folly of attempted social distinctions in racing, shown by *Wheeling* and J. R. Hogg, 628. Expulsion of all the swift racing men as social inferiors, 629, 649. Supporters of the scheme satirized by the London *Bat*, 650.

"American Cyclists' Union" (A. C. U.), 628-33: Advent of, as a refuge for the League's expelled "amateurs," 631. Constitution, officers and government, 631. Definitions of social standing, 632. Scheme for an "international alliance" of racing men, 633.

American Division of C. T. C., 636, 642-4.

Anecdote of Gen. Grant, 724.

Answers for the curious, 4.

Architecture of Fifth Avenue, 453; of the University Building, 428-34.

Aristocracy in America, 396, 448, 453.

Artists and illustrations, 258, 268, 270, 271, 279, 366, 390-1, 397, 407, 656-60, 662, 665-75, 679-80, 683-93.

Asia, T. Stevens's ride across, 480-3, 570-2.

Asphalt pavements, Superiority of, 584, 588.

Australia, 558-66: Books and papers, 570. "Cyclists' Union," 652. Journalism, 696. Road-races, 559-64. Subscribers to book, 558, 706, 793-4. Touring, 560-6.

Austria: C. T. C. Members, 636-7; roads, 481, 551, 558.

Authors and Books quoted by me, Index to, lxxvii.; Reciprocation and corrections asked for, 718.

Autobiographies of Wheelmen, 473-572; My difficulties in procuring them, 502-3; Index to, lxxi. Index to my own autobiography and history of book, lxxix.

Autumn scenic impressions in my 1400 m. tour, 299-305.

"Average man," My attempts to report wheeling of and for the, 502, 531.

Badges: C. T. C., 639; C. W. A., 635; Central Park, 94, 585; L. A. W., 616; N. C. U., 650.

Baggage-carrying, 13, 17, 308, 384.

Baggagemen: awed by nickel-plate, 20; Civil treatment of, 597; Fees for, 86, 96, 221, 596; Remedy for extortion, 595, 598.

Bags objectionable on a bicycle, 17.

Bartlett's (Gen. W. F.) manly message of forgiveness to the South, 386.

Basaltic columns at Orange, 174.

Bates (President), on political power of League, 621; on reform of League government, 626; on racing and amateurism, 629, 633. Biography of, 505-6.

Bath-tubs and quiet bed-rooms in country hotels, A plea for, 614.

Battlefields, Monuments and Landmarks: Annapolis, 285. Antietam, 384. Bergen, 169. Blue Lick Spring, 233. Brooklyn, 158. Bull Run, 375. Centerville, 374. Clinton, 132. Fisher's Hill, 345, 383. Forts Lee and Washington, 72. Gettysburg, 385-6.

Goshen, 143. Great Bethel, 439. Greenwich, 139. Harper's Ferry, 241, 384. Jersey City, 168. Lake George, 185-7. Leete's Island, 132. Lexington, 103, 386. Morristown, 163. Newburg, 171. New York, 158. Perryville, 228. Saratoga, 186. Sharpsburg, 384. Sheffield, 147. South Mountain, 238. Springfield, 127. Staten Island, 158. Tarrytown, 76. Ticonderoga, 186. West Springfield, 127. White Plains, 74. Winchester, 345, 383. Wyoming, 220. Yonkers, 78.

Bays and Gulfs, Index to, lxi.

Bed-bugs at the "danger-board hotels of the C. T. C.," 639-41; at the Maryland canal house, 239; in Australia, 566.

Bed-rooms, Sunlight, quiet, good air and bath-tubs wanted for, 602, 612, 614.

Beginners, Books of advice for, 678.

Belgium: C. T. C. members, 656. Cycling Union, 651, 700. Free entry for cycles, 599. Journals, 699. Tours, 522, 546, 549.

Belts, My dislike of, 18, 22.

BERMUDA, THE CORAL REEFS of, 353-70, xiv., 592, 790.

Bicycles, Index to makes of, lxxviii.

Bicycling: as a bridge to social intercourse, 5, 14, 729; as a chance for character-study, 3, 5, 10, 20, 729; as a cure for malaria, 292, 308; as an introduction-card, 14, 730; as a solace for the solitary, 14, 34, 255, 309, 729; as a source of health, 53, 258, 278, 295, 537, 565, 685-6, 688; as a token of sincerity, 14, 701, 729. Business advantages of, 501, 507, 510, 524, 528. Cost of four years, 41. Elation in long-distance riding, 303. Enthusiasm for, Unique power of the, vi., 484, 705. Freedom, the distinctive charm of, 255, 472. Gracefulness of, 6.

Biographies, Index to contributors', lxxi.

BIRTHDAY FANTASIE (verse), 22.

Birthdays, Index to, lxxi. Request for, 717-8.

Blue Ridge in a thunder-storm, My four-mile descent of the, 380.

Boat-race management at New London, 130.

BONE-SHAKER DAYS, 391-406, xiv., 523, 541, 543, 547.

BOOK OF MINE, AND THE NEXT (THIS), 701-331, xix., lxxxi.

Books and Pamphlets on Cycling: Lists of American, in the market Aug. 1, '86, 655. Descriptions and reviews of, 672-80. Continental publications, 696-700. English books and maps, 681-8. Record-keeping, Blanks for, 676-7. Index to all the foregoing, lxxiv. Index to authors, publishers and printers of the same, lxxvi.

Books quoted or referred to by me, Index to non-cycling, lxxvi.; index to authors of the same, lxxvii.

Boots and shoes, 18, 21.

BOSTON, OUT FROM, 101-114, x.: Books and papers of cycling, 654-9, 662-5, 673-80. Clubs, 105, 767, 793. Hotels and horse-cars, 105. Indifference to my subscription scheme, 704, 708. Irish sea-coast settlement, 372. Landmarks, 105-6. League parades at, 371, 616, 618. Maps and guides, 112-13. Pemberton and Scollay squares contrasted, 104-5. Police inefficiency at, 371, 616. Prince-of-Wales procession, 471. Road-book, 111, 677. Scene of my learning the bi. (March 28, 1879), 25.

Breeches vs. trousers as an "extra," 17, 22.

Bridges, Bicycling on the big, 87, 203, 225.

Bristed's (C. A.) admirable defense of individual freedom, 727-8.

BRITISH AND COLONIAL RECORDS, 531-72, xvii.

Brokerage in the New York Custom House explained in detail, 368-9.

Brooklyn: Clubs, 97, 586; Ferries, 87-8, 97; Prospect Park, 89, 92, 585; Routes to and through, 86-90.

Bugle calls and tactics, Books on, 679.

BULL RUN, LURAY CAVERN AND GETTYSBURG, 371-90, xiv., 348, 350-1.

California: Danger signal against League hotels in, 609. League road-book of, 625, 799. Touring routes, 475-6, 489-94. Welcome to T. Stevens, 572.

Camel-trails in Asia, 480.

Campobello, Our afternoon on, 270.

CANADA, MY FORTNIGHT IN, 310-32, xiii.: A. C. U.'s claim to, 631. Cursed by cheap hotels, 603, 320. Deplorable customs regulations, 311, 324, 575. New Brunswick references, 265, 270, 274, 790. Nova Scotia touring, 282-94. Prince Edward Island, 290. Quebec to Montreal, 575. Subscribers to this book, 789-90. Superiority of roads, 297. Support of C. T. C., 636-7. Tameness of scenery, 301.

"Canadian Wheelmen's Association" (C. W. A.), 633-636: Badge and motto, 635;

Constitution and government, 634; Definitions of social status, 635; Finances and membership, 635; Founders, 634; Monthly organ, 635, 659, 669-70; Road-book, 315-19, 326-7, 330, 636, 677. Railroads on free lists, 598.

Canals, Index to, lxiv. (*See* "Tow-path.")

CASTLE SOLITUDE IN THE METROPOLIS (*i. e.*, the University Building), 426-72, xv.

Cats' treatment by dogs, 409, 416, 425.

Cemeteries, Index to, lxiv.

Charm of bicycling, iv., 1, 14, 472, 729.

Cheap and nasty hotel-system not economical, 606; condemned by C.T.C. sufferers, 639-40.

Clergymen: Air of condescension, 727. Prizes for essays on wheeling, 658. Relationship to college foundations, 435. Tour in Canada, 323-4; in Europe, 499. Velocipedists in '69, 391, 403. Wheeling reports, 378, 512, 544, 564.

Clothes, 13, 16-22, 307-8, 475, 485, 494, 508, 546, 537, 552, 565.

Clubs (index, lxiii.): Directory of American, 765-90. Drill books for, 679. Goy's Directory to English, 688. Formation of proves the sociability of cycling, 14. Houses in Baltimore, 590; Boston, 105, 767; New York and Brooklyn, 96-7, 586; Philadelphia, 589; St. Louis, 652; Washington, 590.

Coaching on the old National Pike, 243; as imitated on the tally-ho, iv., 281, 396.

COASTING ON THE JERSEY HILLS, 159-78, xi.

Colleges (index, lxii.), as abodes of the only real aristocracy in America, 396; Conduct of youth at N. Y. U., 429; Endowments, 435-7; Finances of, 437; Newspaper treatment of, 397; Religious control of, 435.

Columbia College, References to, 131, 216, 436-7.

"COLUMBIA, No. 234," 35-48, x.: Axle, 37, 40, 45, 46. Backbone, 39, 40, 43. Bearings, 37, 40, 42. Brake, 40, 42. Bushing, 40. Cam-bolts, 40. Cranks, 36, 40, 46. Handle-bar, 43, 45, 46, 306. Head, 43. Hub, 40. Mileage memorial placard, 48. Neck, 38, 40. Nickeling, 38, 40, 43. Oil cups, 37. Overlapping, 43. Pedal-pins, 45, 47. Pedals, 37, 47. Rawhide bearings, 43, 336. "Rebuilding" plans abandoned, 47. Repairs, Cost of, 41. Rims, 45, 46, 350. Saddles, 37, 45. Spokes, 38, 45, 46, 350. Spring, 37, 43. Step, 39. Tires, 36, 37, 38, 47, 48. Wrecked by runaway mules, 44.

Concierge in Paris, Tyranny of the, 458.

CONNECTICUT, SHORE AND HILL-TOP IN, 129-149, xi., 248-54 (index, 581); League road-book of, 625. (*See* "New Haven," "Yale College.")

CONTENTS-TABLE, ix.-xx.

Contrasts between bicycling and other modes of long-distance travel, 303.

Contributors' Records, Index to, lxxi.; Rules for, 717.

Convicts as road-builders, 355, 563.

Corduroy, Praise of, 19, 21, 307.

Costumes for touring, 16-22, 307-8, 475, 485, 494, 508, 537, 552, 565.

Creeks and Brooks, Index to, lxi.

CURL, THE BEST OF BULL-DOGS, 407-25, xv.; Allusions to, 305, 393, 471; Photo-gravure of (facing title-page).

Custom-House rules as to cycles: Belgium, free entry ordered Feb. 6, '84, 599. Bermuda, discretionary, 358. Canada, prohibitory red-tape, Aug. 5, '81, 311. France, varying practice, 599, 600. Germany, varying practice, 599. Holland, free entry, 599. Italy, free entry ordered June 16, '85, 600. Mexico, ten cents a pound gross weight, 600. Switzerland, varying practice, 591. United States, free entry ordered Apr. 9, '84, 370; first classed as carriage, instead of machinery, May 29, '77, 25.

Customs officers, Experiences with, 282, 311, 324, 333, 358, 368-70, 518, 575.

"Cyclists' Touring Club" of England (C. T. C.), 636-646: "Amateurism," Definitions of, 638, 643. American support, 636, 642-4; allusions to, 619. Badges and uniform, 639. "B. T. C." as first named, 615, 636, 644. *Bi. World's* notices of, 602-4, 643-4. Canada, Slight support given by, 636, 643. Chief Consuls, 636, 645. "Co-operative tailoring concern," 641. Council of 125 is constituted, How the, 636-7. Councilors in Apr., '86, List of, 645. "Creed" of L. A. W. vs. C. T. C., 644. Custom-House reforms attempted, 599, 600. Danger-board hotels, 602-4, 639-41. Danger-boards, 643-4, 651. Divisions, Size of the 37, 636. Executive power all lodged in the Secretary, 642. Finance committee, 638. Finances in the U. S., 643. Financial report of '85 analyzed, 641. Foreign members, "Amateurism" of, 638. Forgery confessed in court by the Secretary-Editor,

lxxxix. *Gazette*, The official, 641, 687, 691, lxxxix. Government, Abstract of seventy rules for, 637-8. Handbook, 682, 637, 687. Hotel policy denounced by *Wheeling* and *Bi. World*, 602-4, 641; by other sufferers, 639-40; tariff shown in detail, 607. Humorous schemes for "a great future in the U. S.," 643-4. "International" pretensions, 644. League tolerates C. T. C. in U. S. only as a social sentiment, 642, 644. Life memberships, 644. London region supplies a third of the membership, 636. Maps, 682. Meetings, 637, 642. Membership statistics, 636. Journalism denounced, by the presiding judge of a London law-court, as "the lowest and vulgarest abuse," xci. N. C. U., Affiliations with, 638, 646, 648. Officers, Election of, 637; in U. S., 645; list of in Apr., '86, 646. Publications, 638, 642, 687-8, 691. Quorum, 642. Railroads, Tariff for, 598. Renewal list, 638, 688. Representative Councilors, 636, 645. Road-book promised for '87, 642, 687. Secretary-Editor, Appointment, salary and duties of, 637-8; autocratic power of, 642; complacency of, as to badges, hotels and *Gazette*, 639, 641, 691; portrait gallery of, 691; reprimanded in court for literary forgery, xci. State consuls in America, List of, 643. Tailoring and trading accounts, 641. Tariff of hotels, 607; r. r.'s., 598. Unimportant allusions, 601-8, 615-16, 619, 665, 667, 669, 681-88, 693-5, 699-700, 765. Usurpation of League functions resented, 644. Voting for officers, System of, 637. Weakness of perambulatory Council, 642. *Wheeling's* criticisms of, 602, 639, 641. Women members, 638.

Cyclometers: Butcher, 114, 127, 135, 147, 322, 374, 482, 500, 506-8, 511, 517, 519-21, 524, 526, 528, 529, 530. Church, 524. Excelsior, 128, 138, 189, 508-11, 524, 528, 666, 714. Hernu, 546, 555. Lakin, 378, 508, 524, 526-8, 797, 799. Lamson, 506. Livingston, 714. McDonnell, 138, 149, 237, 248, 325, 388, 484, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 515-7, 519-20, 524, 527-30, 553, 569, 575, 714. Pope, 24, 135, 508, 511, 513, 517, 520, 523, 581. Ritchie Magnetic, 172, 507, 511, 523. Spalding, 499, 508. Stanton, 508. Thompson, 517, 533. Underwood, 508. Wealemefna, 533, 532.

Distances, "U. S. Army" Table of, 680.

Delaware (index, 589).

Denmark: C. T. C. members, 636-7.

DIRECTORY OF WHEELMEN, 765-99, xx.

District of Columbia (index, 590).

Dog as a companion in touring, 562, 565.

Dogs, Anecdotes of, in biography of "Curl, the best of bull-dogs," 407-25.

DOWN-EAST FOGS, IN THE, xii., 255-81.

Down-East tours of '84-'85, 573-4.

Drill books for bugle, tactics and singing, 680.

Electrotyping, Dates of, ix.-xx., 710.

England and the English, 444-8, 530-69, 636-51, 688-96, 790-94. "Amateurism" satirized by the *Bat*, 650. Aristocracy in the newspapers, Treatment of, 396. Autobiographies of wheelmen, 531-45, 547-58. Book of bi.-tour made by Americans in '79, 673. Books and pamphlets on cycling, 681-8. Class distinctions, 446-7. Conventional attempts at "naturalness," 448. Crystal Palace dog show of '72, 405. Cyclists' Touring Club, 636-46, 681 (*see* special index, "C. T. C."). "Danger-board hotels of C. T. C.," Testimony of sufferers at, 604, 639-41. Diet of tourists, 537, 544. Evolution of bicycle from bone-shaker, 402. Halifax has an English atmosphere, 292. Hogg's (J. R.) exposure of "amateurism," 649. Humor in wheel literature, Ideal of, 693. Individuality, Obliteration of, 445-8. Journalism of cycling, 547-8, 688-95, 706. Land's End to John O'Groat's, 536, 554-7. London, 426-7, 436 (*see* special index). Longest 19 days' ride, 535-6. Longest year's record, 531-2, 558. Manners and customs in social life, 444-8. Maps, 681-7. My '76 tour which never took place, 406. Narrow-mindedness of business-men, 484. National Cyclists' Union, 646-51 (*see* special index, "N. C. U."). Newspaper gossiper sent to jail by Lord Coleridge, 280. Newspaper prattle about the nobility and gentry, 396. Prince of Wales's visit to America, 469-71. Racing, 532-44, 547, 553-4. Racing men, *Wheeling's* social classification of, 629. Railroad and s. s. rates for cycles, 598-9. "Rights and Liabilities of Cyclists," Law book on, 684-5. Road-books and guides, 550, 681-8. Road races, 532-44, 553-8. Self-suppression the supreme law, 445. Servitude to servants, 444-7. Snobbery of the middle classes shown by "amateurism," 650. "Society of Cyclists," Dr. Rich-

ardson's, 647. Social conditions shown by inn-keeping customs and ideals, 602; by abusive personalities of cycling press, 695. Subscribers to this book, Attraction of, 706; Names of, 790-2. Subscribers to *Wheelmen's Gazette*, 662. Sunday riding, Statistics of, 541-2. "Tri. Association" and "Tri. Union," in N. C. U., 647. Wheeling biographies, 472-3. Worship of wealth, 446. Wales, Touring in, 673, 681. Yates (E.) sent to jail for libel, 280.

"Er" a better termination than "ist," 673-4, 800.

ERIE CANAL AND LAKE ERIE, THE, 199-208, xi.

Evarts as a talker for business only, 724.

Exemption from duty for tourists' cycles entering the United States, How my Bermuda trip brought, 368-70.

Expenditures: Baggage and express, 41. Bermuda trip, 364. Custom-House charges, 599-600. Elbow-breaking, 35. Elwell's tour, 257. Fees to baggagemen, 86, 96, 221, 596. Horse-scaring in '69, 395. Mammoth Cave, 231. Nova Scotia hotels, 288, and tour, 292. Repairs of machine, 41. Riding-clothes, 41. Scotch tourist, 546. Velocipedes of '69, 400.

Fathers and sons as cyclers, 494, 517, 521, 524, 531, 564.

Fees: A. C. U., 631; C. T. C., 638, 643; L. A. W., 624; N. C. U., 647, 649; Baggagemen, 86, 96, 221, 596; Ferries, 96; Horse-car lines, 86.

Fifth Avenue, N. Y., 65, 451-4, 583.

First bicycle ride in America, 330; in United States, 406.

First "thousand-mile trail," 304, 532, 549, 551.

Food of long-distance riders, 480, 537.

Fording the New Zealand rivers, 568.

Foreign Countries, Index to, lviii.

FORTNIGHT IN ONTARIO, A, 310-32, xiii.

FORTY DAYS STRAIGHTAWAY, 294-309, xiii.

Four names for cyclers to honor, 370.

FOUR SEASONS ON A FORTY-SIX, 24-34, x.

France and the French: Autocratic rule of the concierge, 458. Books and papers, 698-9. Cycles at the custom house, 599, 600. C. T. C. members, 636. Hatred of originality, 468. Invention of cycling in olden time, 1. Lallement at Ansonia and New Haven, 139-42, 394. Long-distance rides, 552-3, 558. Maps, 682. Paris, Allusions to, 2, 99, 280, 403, 406, 426, 448, 458-9, 480, 545, 551, 558, 563, 611, 645, 651, 698-9, 792. Racing free from "amateurism," 628. Railroad rates, 599. Social ideals, 468. Stevens's ride, 480. Subscribers to this book, 792. Union Vélocipédique, 651, 698. Velocipeding in '68, 390, 403.

"Free Advertising": Explanation and defense of the policy, 653, 707, 718. Gained by authors and publishers from my scheme, 653, 718; by hotels which give their best treatment to wheelmen, 602, 607, 609, 612, 614; by hotels which subscribe for this book, 605; by r. r. and s. s. routes which class cycles as baggage, 591; by this book from the cycling press, 704-9, 718-19; by wheel literature, 653. Given by *Bi. World* as League organ, 618; by the Pope Mfg. Co. to the trade in general, 659, 679; by racing men to cycles which win, 628; by T. Stevens to the trade in general, 484; by tradesmen to cycling books and papers, 653. Neglected chance at Coventry, 684. St. Louis sarcasms in *Am. Wheelman*, 671.

"Froth and foam," Racers likened to, v.

Genealogy as a scientific study, 722.

Geographical miscellany (index, lxiii.).

Germany and the Germans: Barthol's (H.) 2800 m. tour of '84, 551-2. Books and papers, 697. C. T. C. members, 636-7. Cycles at the custom house, 599. Fiske's (G. F.) tour, 522. L. A. W. members, 617-18. Roads, 480-1, 522, 551-2. Stevens's (T.) ride, 480-1. Subscribers to this book, 792. Wheelmen's Union, 651, 697.

Ghostly wheelmen in the fog, 268.

Gloves, My preference as to, 18, 733.

Gossip, Distinctions between verbal and printed, 280; American collegians and English nobility lied about by newspapers for similar reasons, 296-7.

Grandfather's cycling record of 17,600 miles in three years, 1883-5, An Australian, 562.

Grandfather's luckless contract as a cycling-path builder, in 1825, My maternal, 180.

Grant's (Gen.) sagacity as to personal peril, Anecdote of, 724.

Great American Hog, The, 10, 596, 615, 621; Road law for checking, 584, 680.

GREETING: to my 3000 Co-partners (verses), xcvi.

Halifax, Pleasant impressions of, 292.

Hamerton's (P. G.) reflections on solitude and independence, 467-9.

Harvard College: Bartlett's (Gen. W. F.) noble speech at, in 1874, 386. Buildings, 434-5. Guide book to, 113. Jealousy of Yale, 25, 256. Newspaper lies about, 397. Stupidity as to boat-race management at New London, 131. Successful financial policy, 437. Unimportant allusions, 101, 103, 494, 514, 658, 665, 767. Velocipeding in '69, 403.

Hats and caps for touring, 18.

Health is won by cycling, Books showing how, 685-6, 688.

Healthfulness of cycling, Examples of the, 53, 258, 278, 295, 537, 565.

Hills and Mountains, Index to, lx.

Historical Statistics: Bermuda, 354-7. Brooklyn Bridge, 86. Central Park, 92-5. Long Island, 155. New Haven, 132; Velocipeding at, 400-2. New York City, Settlement of, 64; University of, 433-5, 437-8. Prince Edward Island, 290. Prospect Park, 89. Shenandoah Valley, 346-8. Staten Island, 155. Washington Square, 64-5, 432-4.

Hog who thinks the roads of this continent are his private property (*see* "*Porcus Americanus*").

Holland and the Dutch: C. T. C. members, 636-7. Cyclers' Union, 651, 700. Free entry for cycles, 599. Long day's ride, 553. Subscriber, 792. Tour, 522. Wheel literature, 700.

Holland (Dr. J G.) as "the American Tupper," Carl Benson's exposure of, 728-9.

Honor these four! 370.

Horseback traffic in Kentucky, 226; traveler in Europe beaten by bicycler, 558.

Horses, Cyclers' treatment of, 10; Runaways never caused by my bicycle, 57; Various allusions to, 237, 293, 321, 380, 395, 529, 566, 571.

HOTELS, THE QUESTION OF, 601-14, xviii., 639-41, lvii.: Alphabetical list of, 146. Bathtubs wanted at, 601, 602, 614. Clerk's insolence rebuked, 338. Constraint of life at, 450. Index to those named in this book, 612. Overcrowded by touring parties, 320. Recommendations of, 201, 221, 231, 238, 331, 345, 348, 381. Where this book may be consulted, 609. Women patrons of, 442, 450. Women waiters at, 13.

HUDSON AND LAKE GEORGE, 179-98, xi.

Humors of the Road: Acadians' picnic in the rain, 283. Astonishment at the novel vehicle, 8, 272, 379. Australians' greetings, 560. Binghamton B. C.'s contempt for my long-distance trophy, 308. Brave passenger and his apology, The, 380. Car-drivers' repartee, 105. Cartoons of velocipeding, 390. Coaching-club photographers take my back for a background, 281. Compliments from the Small Boy, 6, 13, 48, 54. Cooking chickens in Virginia, 350. Diffident introductions, 3. Dogs, 18, 140, 565. Facetiousness of the Erie canal lers, 8-9. Forced to mount the mail-coach, 560. Free-lunch at East Machias, 271. Frogging in the Shenandoah, 383. Goodbye chortle to the charmers of Calais, 266. Great American Hog, The, 10, 596, 615, 621. "Journalism" on the border, 263. Larrigans for the Blue Noses, 265. Martinetism on Mt. Desert, 275-8. Mistaken for an undertaker, 195. Newspaper lies about Rosenbluth's horse, 397; theories as to "riding in the rain," 263. Retorts courteous, 8-11, 265, 396, 568. Scissors-grinding, Request for, 225. Scouring the Connecticut River tow-path, in search of "my lost inheritance," 180. "Watching for the circus" (me in Me), 264. Women's wayside rudeness, 9, 11. World-wide advice to T. Stevens, 477.

Hundred mile road-race of '85 in Canada, 320-2; English annual, '77 to '85, 554, 532-3, 538; Reference to Boston, 516.

Hungarian tourists, 481, 551, 553, 792.

Ice velocipede of '69, 404.

"Impressions": Bermuda, 365. Gettysburg, 385-6. Halifax, 292. Litchfield, 142. London, 406, 425, 448. Luray, 381-2. Mammoth Cave, 232, 381. New York Harbor, 99. Pemberton Square, 104. Toronto, 318. Washington Square, 432-3.

Incidents and Accidents (*see* special index, lxxxiii.; also, "Humors of the Road").

India, T. Stevens's 1400 mile ride through, in the summer of '86, 571-2.

Indiana: League membership, 617-18. Roadbook, 625. Road-reports from 5 counties, 235. Subscribers, 785-6. Tours, 479, 486-8, 519. *Wheelmen's Record*, xciii.

Indian chief's longing, The, 295, 731.

India-rubber cloth for luggage-roll, 22; cups

and pouches, 18, 57; drinking-tubes, 22; overshoes, 21; soles unsuited for touring, 20.

INSTITUTIONS, MINOR CYCLING, 633-52, x.

Inventions and patents, 520, 526, 550.

Ireland and the Irish: Author in America, 674. Bull-dog fanciers, 406, 409. "C. T. C. hotels" denounced, 640. Dublin and Killarney, "Faed's" trips to, xcv. Journalism, 654, 695. Maps, 682-3. Members of C. T. C., 645-6, 688. Pamphlet of tour in England, 686. Racing governed by I. C. A., 652. Road-guides, 685. Soldiers in our civil war, 422. Straightaway ride, by W. M. Woodside, 499. Subscribers, 722. Touring report, 545. Wheeling statistics of W. Bowles, 545.

Islands, Index to, lx.

"Ist" inferior to "er" as a verbal ending, 673-4, 669, 800.

Italy: Barthol's (H.) tour, 552. Bolton's (A. M.) tour, 549. Cycles at the Custom House, 600. Railroad rates, 599. Subscribers, 792, 798. Tricycling in, Pennells' book of, 530, 687. Wheel literature, 700.

Japan: Stevens's tour, 572. Subscriber, 792.

Journalism of the Wheel, 654-700. Alphabetical index to all cycling and sporting papers quoted or referred to in this book, lxxii. American press of '86, 661-72. Argument for free advertisement of it, 653-4, and by it, 718-9. Australian papers, 696, 570. Belgian papers, 697. Bound volumes for libraries, 662-3, 691. Circulation, Statements and opinions about, 654, 656, 659, 661, 665, 669-70, 691, 693-4, 697, 707. "Consolidation," Fallacy concerning, 659, 668, 690. Dutch, 700. Editors, Suggestions to, 719. English press, Sketch of the, 688-95, 650, 547-9; French, 698-9; German, 697, 699; Hungarian, 697; Italian, 700; League policy unaffected by press clamor, 618-20, 630. List of 22 Am. and Eng. journals, Aug. 1, '86, 654. Norwegian, 700. Official organs, 618-21, 650, 720. Personal abuse, Specimens of, 694-5. Postal registration for second-class rates, 619-20, 667. "Reading-notices," Ineffectiveness of, 708-9, 718. Rivalry between "Coventry ring" and "*Wheeling* crew," 690, 694-5, 547-9. Spanish, 700. Sporting and outside papers support cycling, 672, 695-6. Southern papers (U. S.), 670, 672. Supplementary details, May 1, 1887, xciv. Swedish, 700. Touring reports less attractive than race reports, 716. Treatment of my subscription scheme, 704-9. Western papers (U. S.), 660-1, 669, 671-2. Writers, publishers and printers, Index to, lxxiii.

Journalism in general: Index to all non-cycling periodicals quoted as referred to in this book, lxxvii. Injury of printed gossip in "society papers," 281. Inventiveness of local editors on the Down-East border, 263-4. Lies told "for revenue only": against the nobility in England,—against the collegians in America, 396-7. Remarkable run by my white horse's ghost of '69, spurred by editorial scissors, from Maine to California, 397-8. Reminiscences of six years' Atlas-business, in holding up the *World*, 720-1. Suggestions to reviewers, viii. Tupperism and Greeleyism rebuked by Charles Astor Bristed, 727-8.

KENTUCKY AND ITS MAMMOTH CAVE, 224-37, xii. (index, 590).

Khorassan and Koordistan, T. Stevens's adventures in, 481, 483, 570.

LAKE GEORGE AND THE HUDSON, 179-98, xi.

Lakes and Ponds, Index to, lx.

Lakin cyclometer prize for 1885 mileage, 527-8.

Lallement at Ansonia, 139-41, 394.

Lanterns, 18, 516, 518.

Larrigan manufactory, 265.

LAST WORD, THE, 800.

Lawyers as wheelmen, 503, 511, 533.

LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN, xviii., 615-33: *Amateur Athlete* as official organ, 619, 667-8. "Amateur," Definition of, 624; racing men expelled by the, 629. Appointment of officers, 622, 624. *Bi. World* as official organ, 618, 663, 665. Badge, 616, 639. Bookmaster, 623, 627, 586. *Bulletin*, Expenses and receipts of, 620, 661, lxxxiv. California's certificate against League hotels, 609; road-book, 625. Chief Consuls, 617, 622, 623. Committees, 622, 627. Consuls, 624. "Creed" vs. C. T. C., 644. Defalcation of Secretary-Editor, lxxxiv. Elections, 623, 626. English editors' attempt to discredit its "time," 547, 626. Executive Committee, 622-3, 627, lxxxiv. Founded on my broken elbow, 24. Governmental reform, Pres. Bates on, 626. Hand-books, 625, 677. Hostility to C. T.

C. encroachments, 644. Hotels, Policy denounced, 601, 641. Hotels, Appointment of, by chief consuls, 624, 609. Incorporation proposed, 626. Life memberships, 624. New York Division, Election law and statistics of, 626. Marshals, 623, 627. Meetings, 623. Membership, Committee on, 622, 627; Geographical statistics of, 617-18; Mode of applying for, 624; Two arguments for, 621. Officers, Duties of, 621-24; Election of, 623, 626; Meetings of, 623; Names of, 626-28; Praise of, 618, 621. Offshoots: A. C. U. and C. W. A., 628, 633. "Organship" in '84, Bids of various papers for, 619. Parades, '80 to '86, 615-18, 21, 225, 371. Political power, Pres. Bates on, 621. Presidency, Argument against "rotating" the, 617. President, 616, 622-3, 627. "Professional," Definition of, 624. Publication of road-books, 625. Quorum, 622. Races at N. Y. and Boston, 616. Racing Board, 623, 627, 629-30, 633. Racing men expelled for "amateurism," 629. Railroads classing bicycles as baggage, 594. Representatives, 617, 622-3. Rights and Privileges, Committee on, 621-2, 627. Road-books of State Divisions, 625, 677, 581-2, 584. "Rotation," Protest against official, 618-21. Rules and Regulations, Committee on, 622, 627. Salary of Secretary-Editor, 622; of Sec.-Treas. N. Y. Div., 626. State Divisions, 622, 625-6; officers in service Oct. 30, '86, 627-8. Steamship routes on free list, 593. Subscribers to this book, Names of officers who are, 765-89. Touring Board, 623, 627. Transportation Committee, Appointment of, 622; names of, 627; effective work for r. r. concessions, 591; neglect of the water routes, 593. Treasurer, 617-19, 622, 627. Unimportant allusions, 94, 113, 119, 128, 154, 176-8, 199, 224, 242, 281, 371, 372, 488, 493, 504, 508, 510, 516-19, 523-6, 530, 603-8, 665, 667-8, 670, 675, 693, 704-5, 715, 717, 720, 765-89, 800. Washington parade, 371. *Wheel* as official organ, 619, 667. Vice-President, 616, 622, 623, 627. Votes controlled by, 615, 621. Voting for officers of, 623, 626, lxxxix.

Legal-Tender decision, Regret for the, 464.

Legislation against Cycling: Attempts in Ohio, 621; in New Jersey, 588, 725. Common law a defense, 584, 615, 680. Test case at Central Park, 93-5, 585, xc.

Library of N. C. U. at London, 650.

Litchfield as a typical village, 142.

Loadstone Rock, Comparisons to, 354, 724.

Log keeping by tourists, Books for, 676.

London (*see* "England," "C. T. C." and "N. C. U."): Books and papers of cycling, 681-8. Characterization of by Cowper, 406; by Dr. Johnson, 426, 436. C. T. C. takes one-third its members from region of, 636. Dog show of 1872, 405. Halifax as a reminder of, 292. Journals of cycling, 688-95, 654, 547-9. Maps, 681-2. Queen's progress through the mob, 441. Seclusion in, My, 405-6, 427, 471. "Secretary-Editor of C. T. C." rebuked for forgery and vulgar abuse, by Mr. Justice Wills, xcii. Society journalist sent to jail, by Lord Coleridge, 280. Subscribers to this book, 791. "Views" inferior to those of N. Y., 99, 452.

LONG-DISTANCE ROUTES AND RIDERS, 473-501, xvi.

LONG ISLAND AND STATEN ISLAND, 150-58, xi.; Road book and maps, 584, 625.

Loquot, The incomparable, 365.

Luggage-carriers, Lamson and Z. & S., 17, 22, 45, 714.

Luray Cavern, Praise of, 381-2.

Macadam in the U. S., The first, 242; Primitive mode of applying it on the Shenandoah pike, 345.

Machines, Breakage and repairs of, 37-41, 487, 492, 496, 498. Guides to, 550, 675, 683-7.

Maine (index, 573), Touring party in, 255-81.

"Maker's Amateurs": Expulsion of by L. A. W. and N. C. U., 629-30, 648-9. Classed as "promateurs" by A. C. U., 632. Definition of, 632.

Makes of bicycles and tricycles mentioned in this book, Indexes to, lxxviii.

Malaria cured by bicycling, 295, 308.

Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, 231-2, 381-2.

Manhattan Island, Geography of, 64; Entrance to, 84. (*See* "New York City.")

Maps: Adirondacks, 187, 211. Berkshire Co., Ms., 112. Boston, 113. Brooklyn, 99, 584. Buffalo, 588. Canada, 331. Catskills, 187. County, 99, 112, 177, 187, 682. Connecticut, 99, 112, 113, 148, 177, 293. England, 681-7. France, 682. Ireland, 682. Kentucky, 590. Lake George, 99. London, 681-2. Long Island, 99, 154, 584, 625. Maine, 575. Massachusetts, 112-13, 176.

Mt. Desert, 281. New Brunswick, 331. New England, 113, 331. New Hampshire, 577. New Jersey, 100, 159, 176-7. New York City, 100. Nova Scotia, 293. Ohio, 625. Ontario, 331. Orange, 175, 584, 588. Rhode Island, 581. Scotland, 681-3. Springfield, 126, 254. State, 112. Staten Island, 99, 158, 625. Vermont, 578. Virginia, 352. Westchester Co., 99, 100.

Maps Published by Adams, 100, 113, 149, 177, 331, 352-5. Barkman, 584, 625. Beers, 99, 126, 148-9, 174-5, 177, 187, 577. Bradley, 254. Bromley, 176. Collins, 683. Coltons, 99, 113, 149, 158, 177, 187, 293, 331, 352, 575, 577, 579, 581, 590. Cupples, Upham & Co., 112-13. Gill, 683. Heald, 154. Jarrold & Co., 683. Johnson, 352. Knight & Leonard, 245. Letts, 681-2. Mason & Payne, 681-2. Merrill, 198. Paul & Bro., 588. Philip & Son, 682-3. Smith, 176. Steiger, 100. Stoddard, 187, 211. Taintor, 198. Walker & Co., 113, 126. Walling, 576. Watson, 154.

Massachusetts (index, 579): Road-reports, 101-28. General Bartlett's message, as the representative soldier of, 386. Algernon Sidney's motto variously interpreted, 386, 466. Myself as a native of, 367, 372, 722.

MAY FOURTH, 1887 (verses), xcvi.

Medals for long-distance riding, 553, 559, 562.

Medical men's experience in wheeling, 510, 522; testimony for, 62, 658.

Memorial tributes to Gen. Bartlett and Maj. Winthrop, as typical Yankee heroes in the civil war, 386, 439.

Mexico: Cycles at the custom house, 600; subscribers to this book, 790.

Mileage statistics, Annual (American), 503-30; (Australasian), 562-9; (English), 531-58.

Misprint of price ($1.50 for $2), 732, 734, 799.

Mistresses and wives, 442-4.

Mountain Peaks and Ranges, Index to, lix.

Mt. Desert, Two days' wheeling on, 275-9.

Mules' perversity, 9, 44, 199, 208, 379.

Music and songs for wheelmen, 679, 686, 693.

My Autobiography, Index to, lxxix.

My bull-dog's life and adventures, 407-25.

My prize essay (which didn't take the prize), "ON THE WHEEL," 1-14, 657-8, 702, iii.

"My Second Ten Thousand," Proposals for, 716-7, 211, 501, 573, 590.

MY 234 RIDES on "No. 234," 49-63, x.

Nadal's (E. S.) impressions of social life in London and New York, 447-9.

Names: Alphabetical lists of 1476 persons mentioned in the main text of this book, lxv.-lxxi.; of 3400 subscribers, 734-64, 794-6; of 3482 towns, lxviii.-lxxviii.

"National Cyclists' Union" of England (N. C. U.), 646-651: "Amateurism," Definition of, 638; financial dilemma produced by, 648; proposed abolition of, 649; vacillation in treatment of, 630, 649. "B. U.," as first named, 647. Championship meetings and gate-money, 649. Council of Delegates, 647. Danger-boards, 651. Executive Committee in '86, 646; in '87, lxxx.; functions of, 648; logical criticisms of, by J. R. Hogg, 649; threatened libel-suits against, 630, 649. Financial gains in '85 and losses in '86, 648. Libel suits, Danger of, 630, 649. Librarian's appeal for donations, 650. Local Centers, officers of, in '84, 646; finances of in '86, 648; functions of, 648, 651. Medals for record-breaking, 651. Membership, 647; Dissatisfaction of, 649. Mismanagement of '86 races, 648. "Objects" officially defined, 647. Officers, Election of, 647; Names of, 646, xciii. Publications, 650. Quorum, 647-8. Races of '86 mismanaged, 648. Racing-register proposed, 649. Record-medals, 651. Reference library, 650. Representation, Mode of, 647-8. Reserve-fund, 648-9. *Review*, The official quarterly, 650. Roads, Efforts for improved, 647, 650. "T. A." and "T. U." absorbed, 647. Unimportant allusions, 615, 686, 693, 695. *Wheeling's* criticisms, 629-30, 648-51, xciii.

National Pike, The Old, 242-3.

Natural Bridge and Luray Cavern, Suggestions for visitors to, 349-51, 382, 495.

Negroes' amusement over bicycling, 272, 379; dread of the medicine-men, 431; neat appearance at Bermuda, 364.

New Brunswick: Larrigans at St. Stephen's, 265, 270. Our afternoon on Campobello, 270, 515. Tour to St. John, 274.

New Hampshire (index, 575): Tours among the White Mountains, 575-7.

New Haven: Bone-shaker days of 1869 at, 391-405. East-Rock Park (verses), 136. Lallement at, 139, 394. Plan of, 132. Roads around, 132-3, 138, 149. Velocipeding at, 391-405. (*See* "Yale College.")

New Jersey (index, 588): Road-reports, 159-78. State Geological Survey and Official Atlas, 159, 176.

New South Wales: Cyclists' Union, 652. Journalism, 564. Subscribers, 793. Touring, 564-6.

Newspaper lying, A celebrated case of, 395-8; A circumstantial case, 263-4. American and English ideals of compared, 396-7.

Newspapers as factories for the making and spreading of gossip by steam machinery, 281.

NEW YORK CITY: 64-100, x.; 426-72, xv. (index, 582): Appletons' Dictionary, 100. Artists' studios, 430. Battery, 98. Big Bridge, 86. Blackwell's Island, 69. Books and papers of cycling, 584, 654-5, 665-9, 674, 677. Brooklyn, 87-90, 97. Central Park, 67, 93, 95, 585. Club-houses, 96-7, 586, 772-4. Directories, 100. Elevated r. r., 98, 584. Fees on horse cars and ferries, 86, 96. Ferries, 81, 85, 87, 88, 91, 168, 583. Fifth Avenue, 65, 451-4, 583. Fort Lee ferry as entrance, 84. Geography, 64-5. High Bridge, 70, 583. Hotels and restaurants, 611. Lightness of "social pressure," 427-8, 448-9. League parade and banquet, 617. Maps and guides, 99-100. Novelists' limitations, 448-9. Obelisk, Erection of the, 465. Pavements, 66, 584. Police rules, 67, 452. Prince of Wales's visit, 469-71. Public spirit, or "sense of locality," Lack of, 427, 436. Races of League in '81 a failure, 616. Restaurants, 611. Sidewalks, 67. Social life, Limitations of, 448-52. Storage, of wheels, 86, 96. Street-system, 65, 451, 586. Subscribers to this book, 772-5. "Thirtieth Street," Contrasted ideals of, 452. Trade addresses, 100. Views from Trinity spire, 99. Velocipeding in '69, 403. *Wheel's* support of my canvass, 704-8.

New York State (index, 582): Road-reports, 150-8, 179-223, 246-8.

New Zealand: "Cyclists' Alliance," 652. Journalism, 696. Population, railroads and telegraph, 570. Subscribers, 794. Touring and road-riding, 567-70.

NIAGARA AND SOME LESSER WATERFALLS, 209-223, xi., 202, 586.

Nickel plate, Advantages of, 19-22.

Night riding, 493, 498, 516, 533, 537, 539, 553-8.

Norway: Cycling paper, 700; touring, 549.

NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ISLANDS BEYOND, 282-94, xii.

Obituary of Cola E. Stone, 323.

"Object-lessons" in long-distance tours, 301-3; in neat riding costume, 19.

Oceans and Sounds, Index to, lxi.

Ohio: Attempted legislation against cycling, 621. Cycling monthly, 526, 660. League books and maps, 625, 677. Mileage reports, 526. Railroads, 594. Touring reports, 245, 479, 488, 501, 519.

Omnibus roof-riding, 99, 406, 584.

ONTARIO, A FORTNIGHT IN, 310-32, xiii. (*See* "Canada.")

Outside Dog in the Fight (verses), 412.

Parades of League, 615-18; badly managed at Boston and Washington, 371; Cincinnati velveteen at Chicago, 224.

Paris: Autocracy of the concierge, 458-9. Cycling literature, 698-9, 792. The invisible countess, 280. Velocipeding in '68, 390, 403, 406. "Views" and "fickleness" contrasted with New York's, 99, 586.

Park Commissioners, Contests with N. Y., 92-95, 585-6, xciii.

Parks and Squares, Index to, lxi.

Patch (Sam) at Genesee Falls, 215.

Pathology: cramps, 59-60; fæces, 307, 536; fever, 552; saddle-soreness, 307, 537; thirst, 63, 537.

Pennsylvania (index, 589): Scenic impressions of my autumn ride across, 302-3, 341-4. Senator Cameron as a phrase-maker, iv. (*See* "Philadelphia.")

"Personal" quality of the wheel, as regards its rider, 592.

Personal statistics, Specimens of, 473-572; Request for, 717.

Personifications: Bicycle, 246. Church, 324, 447. Custom, 444. Death, 254, 259, 732. Devil, 8, 482. Evil One, 401. Fame, 465, 728. Fate, 45, 62, 92, 396, 731. Fortune, 380. Freedom, 472. Globe, 304. God, 481. Government, 447. Justice, 459. Life, 44, 472, 733. Memory, 136. Moon, 444. Nature, 25, 54, 63, 303, 382. Neptune, 364. New Year, 390, 399. North, 386, 439. Old Year, 391, 590. Past, 309. Providence, 457. Safety, 505. Saw-horse, 420. Scythe-Swinger, 725. Seventy, 44. South, 385, 386. Sun, 444. Time, 391, 465, 472, 656, 725. Truth, 63. Universe, 304. Velocipede, 401-2. West, 386.

Persons named in this book, Index to 1476 (exclusive of the 3400 subscribers named on pp. 734-99), lxv.-lxxi.

Philadelphia: "Association for Advancement of Cycling," 589. Books and papers of cycling, 654, 660, 674. Riding routes, 164, 377, 398-9, 495, 497, 499, 522.

Philosophical and Social (index, lxxxi.).

Photographing, Amateur, 260, 269, 271, 546.

Pictures and sketches, 279, 475, 493, 534, 552, 556, 656-60, 662, 665-75, 683-93.

Poetry and Verses (*see* "Quotations"): Æneas to Dido, 305. After Beer, 15. Apostrophe to the Wheel, 246. Birthday Fantasie, A, 23. Boating at Bermuda, 353-4, 367. Bull-Doggerel, 409, 411-12, 420, 425. Carmen Bellicosum, 186. Carpe Diem, 472. Champion Bull-Dog, 409, 411. Cui Bono? 309. Drink Hearty, 63. East Rock, 136. Gather the Roses while ye May, 472. Greeting to my Co-partners, xcvi. Holyoke Valley, 136. In the Yacht Kulinda, 353-4, 367. Kaaterskill Falls, 216. Last Word, The, 800. May Fourth, 1887, xcvi. Outside Dog in the Fight, The, 412. Pinaforic Chant, 800. Quashiboo, 444. Springt der Sam Patsch, 216. Sursum Corda, 701. Touring Alone, 34. Triolet to "Two-Thirty-Four," 49. Triumph, 304. Velocipede, 401. Wheeling Large, 309. Wheelocipede, 390.

Political allusions, 309, 370, 386, 421-2, 442, 450. 460, 464, 547, 585, 724, 726-7.

"Politics": as affected by wheelmen's votes, 585, 615, 621; as contrasted to wheeling, 309: as related to N. Y. parks, 92, 585.

Pope Mfg. Co.: Advertising pamphlets and calendars, 678-80. *Bi. World* rupture, 664. Columbia bicycles and tricycles mentioned in this book (index, lxxviii.), 24-63. Offices in four chief cities, 799. Portraits and biographies of its president, Col. A. A. Pope, 680; my estimate of his business-standing and sagacity, 712, vi. Prizes for essays and pictures on wheeling, 657-8, 702. Support of my publication scheme, 703, 711-13, 799. *Wheelman*, published by, 659-60.

Porcus Americanus (the Horse-driving Hog, who assumes the highways of this continent as his own private property), 10, 57, 596, 615, 621; road law for, 584, 680, 684-5.

Portraits, Lists of wheelmen's, 675, 680, 685-6, 689, 691, 693.

Portraits, The exchanging of, 280.

Postage of *C. T. C. Gazette*, 641; of *L. A. W. Bulletin*, 619-20.

POTOMAC, ALONG THE, 238-45, xii.

PREFACE (5000 words) iii.-viii.

Price misprinted ("$1.50" for "$2"), 732, 734, 799.

Prince of Wales's visit to the room where this book was written, 469-71.

Prize competitions, Literary, artistic, 657-8.

"Professional," as defined by L. A. W., 624, 633; A. C. U., 632; C. W. A., 635; N. C. U., 638. (*See* "Amateurism.")

"Promateur," A. C. U. definition of, 632.

Proverbs: 604, 680, 702, 722, 727; (Latin) 62, 280, 444, 429, 459, 680.

Pseudonyms, Request for, 718.

Public Buildings, Index to, lxii.

Publishers' reciprocation and corrections asked for, 718-9.

Quashiboo Bull (verses), 444.

Queensland: Cycling, 652. Subscribers, 793.

Quorum: L. A. W., 622; A. C. U., 631; C. T. C., 642; N. C. U., 647-8.

Quotations: French vi., 1, 24, 722, 727. German, 216. Greek, viii., 457, 718, 724. Italian, 640. Latin, iii., 62, 130, 280, 305, 386, 429, 437, 444, 459, 466, 505, 680. Verses, vii., 34, 36, 136, 186-7, 216, 246, 266, 304, 305, 309, 323, 353-4, 367, 391, 402, 406, 409, 411, 412, 420, 425, 430, 444, 447, 459, 465-6, 472, 505, 615, 701, 727-31.

Races: Australia, 559-67; England, 532-58; for 100 miles, 513; not known in bone-shaker days, 399; on the road, 127, 320-2; participants' allusions to, 509, 516, 523, 529, 537: straightaway courses in Canada and Shenandoah Valley, 297, 590.

Racing, Government of in America, 622, 627-30. Australia, 652; Canada, 633-6; England, 629-30; France, 628, 651; Germany, 651; Ireland, 652; New Zealand, 652. Social insignificance of, v. Speed more desirable than social subtleties, 629, 630. Statistics, American books of, 675, 680. Trade promotion of, v., 716.

Railroads (*see* "TRANSPORTATION TAX," 591-600, x.; also index, lxi.): Cycling on the tracks of, 26, 73, 121, 128, 183, 190, 193, 194, 197, 212, 237. Latest free list, xc. Tasmania, 563. New Zealand, 570.

Rain, Riding in the, 263, 534.

Record-keeping, Blank books for, 676, xcv.

Records of Contributors, 473-572 (indexes, xvi., xvii., lxxi.); Suggestions for preparing, 717.
Restaurants in New York, 611.
Revolutions of bi. wheels, Statistics of, 563.
Rhode Island (index, 581).
Rights and liabilities of wheelmen, Legal treatises on the (American), 584, 680; (English), 684-5.
Rinks for velocipeding in 1869, 393-4, 400-3.
Rivers and Valleys, Index to, lix.
Road-books: "American Bicycler," The, the earliest, 674. Berkshire County, Ms., 700. Boston, 111, 655, 677. California, 625. Canada, 330, 636, 677. Cape Ann, 655. Connecticut, 582, 677. Costs and conditions of making, 715. C. T. C., 642, 687. England, 681-2. Essex County, Ms., 112, 655, 677. Gloucester, Ms., 655. Indiana, 625. Kentucky, 590, 678. Long Island, 584, 625, 655, 678. Maryland, 589. Massachusetts, 581, 625, 677-8. Michigan, 677. New Jersey, 177, 589. New York, lxxxix., 584, 625, 678 (221). Ohio, 625, 677. Pennsylvania, 177, 589. Springfield (map), 254. Vermont, 579. Western New York, 221, 677.
Road-records, Log-books for, 676-7. Suggestions for keeping, 717.
Roads: Asia Minor, 481-2. Bermuda, 355-7. China, 572. England, 531-58, 681-2. France, 480, 552, 558. Germany, 480, 551-2. India, 571-2. Japan, 572. Persia, 481-2, 570. Danger-boards on bad hills in England, 643-4, 648, 651. Defense by me of American roads as suitable for touring, 11; of Canadian as superior to U. S., 297, 300, 330 (opposing testimony, 320, 324). Improvement and maintenance of, as shown in "Agricultural Reports of Massachusetts," 680; "N. C. U." pamphlets, 647. Legal books as to wheelmen's rights on the, 584, 647, 680, 684. Sign-boards less needed than road-books, 644. Superiority of asphalt, 584, 588.
"Rotation" in office, My protest against, 617-18.
Russia: Book of touring from, 687. Czar's absolutism, Allusions to the, 458, 724. T. Stevens's proposed route through, 570. Subscriber, 792, 799.
Sardine industry in Maine, The, 270, 274.
Scenic descriptions, Attempts at, 99, 104, 224, 227, 268, 292, 299, 301-5, 357, 365, 380-2, 428-34.
Scotland and the Scotch: Books of roads and tours, 684-6. C. T. C. Council, 645-6. H. Callan's touring report, 545. Journals, 695, xciv. Maps, 681-3. Road-races to John O'Groat's, 553-7. Subscribers, 792.
Separate roadway, English estimates of mileage on, 532-54; My own, 31.
Servants as rulers of society, 445-50, 458-9, 729.
Shoes, Mileage statistics of, 21, 719.
Sidewalk riding, Rules about, in New Haven, 395, 402; in N. Y., 67; in Prospect Park, 92, 586-7.
Small Boy's relation to cycling, The, 13, 48.
Snow and ice cycling, 246-54, 404, 475-6, 491-2, 507, 522, 527, 555, 559, 570.
Social and Philosophical (index, lxxxi.).
"Society of Cyclists," Evolution of the, from the English "T. U.," 647.
Solitude and independence, as described and illustrated by P. G. Hamerton, 467-9.
Songs and music for cyclers, 655, 679, 686, 693.
South, Political allusions to the, 386, 724.
South Australia: Cyclists' Union, 652. Reports of tourists, 560-1. Subscribers, 793.
Southern type of county-towns, 303.
Spain: A. M. Bolton's story of cycling in, 549, 683. *Velocipedo* published at Madrid, 700.
SPRINGFIELD, THE ENVIRONS OF, 115-128, xi., 251-3, 579-80: Bicycle Club forms "A C. U." to provide "amateurs" for its tournament, 631. Birthplace of myself and my ancestors, 722. "Coventry ring" journals of England profess to doubt fast racing "time," 547. Maps and guides, 126-7, 254. Printing Company and its contract to manufacture this book, viii., 706, 710-11, 797. *Wheelmen's Gazette*, 661-2, 706-7. "Wheelmen's Reference Book," 675, 710.
Squares and Parks, Index to, lxi.
"Star" bicycle excels in coasting, 270, 274.
STATES, SUMMARY BY, 573-90, xviii. Index and abbreviations of, lviii. Representation of in League, 617, 618, 628. Residences of subscribers to this book, classified geographically by, xx., 765-89 (705).
STATISTICS FROM THE VETERANS, 502-30, xvi. (*See* "Historical Statistics.")
Steamships (*see* "TRANSPORTATION TAX," 591-600, x.; also "Ferries").

Stevens's (T.) Tour round the World: San Francisco to Boston, 473-80; Liverpool to Teheran, 480-3; Persia, Afghanistan, India, China and Japan, 570-2.
Stockings, Mileage statistics of, 21, 208, 729.
STRAIGHTAWAY FOR FORTY DAYS, 294-309, xiii.
Straightaway courses for long-distance racing, Best American, 297, 590.
Straightaway day's rides of 100 m. (American), 113-14, 121, 128, 138, 154, 312, 314, 319, 321-3, 378, 480, 493, 498, 515; (Australasian) 559-67; (English) 534, 536, 547, 551, 553-7.
Straightaway rides of 3 and 4 days, Longest American, 498.
Straightaway stays in saddle, 53, 122, 128, 138, 148, 183, 202, 258, 313, 319, 343, 388, 493, 499, 510, 514, 516, 522, 527, 530, 534, 539, 540-1, 546, 559, 575.
SUBSCRIBERS, THE THREE THOUSAND, 734-64, xix.; Allusions to, vi., vii., 64, 353, 472, 484, 558, 569, 573, 701-20, 732. Geographical directory of, 765-94, (705). Supplementary list of latest 200, with "trade directory," 794-9.
"Swells" not patrons of cycling, 695.
Switzerland: Custom House rules, 599. Cycling Union, 650. C. T. C. Division, 637. Englishmen's tour, 532, 542. Subscriber, 792.
Tables of mileage, 509, 535, 540, 542, 544, 573-4.
Tasmania: Cyclists' Union, 652. Excursionists' r. r. guide, 563. Road-racing and touring, 563-4. Subscribers, 794.
Taylor's (G. J.) patent crank lever, 520.
Thames and its tributaries, The, 129, 681.
THOUSAND ISLANDS TO NATURAL BRIDGE, 333-52, xiii.
Tires, Excellent service of, 37-38, 47, 521, 538.
Tool carrying, 18, 22.
Toronto, Impressions of, 318.
Touring parties' reports, 183, 187, 192, 197, 198, 215, 216, 218, 244, 245, 257-79, 314-15, 320-5, 348, 377, 500, 501, 513, 542, 560, 580.
Touring Routes: Adirondacks, 211, 587. Australia, 564-6. Baltimore, 377, 589. Berkshire Hills, The, 121, 142-3, 147-8, 193-4, 208, 581, 700. Boston to Portsmouth, 101-2; to Providence, 107; to Springfield, 103, 110, 117, 128, 181, 208. Buffalo, 588. California, 475-6, 489-94. Catskills, 187-9, 488, 493. Conn. River, 117-20, 179-84, 578-80. England, 532-41, 553-8. Europe, 480, 522, 545, 551-3, 558. Hudson River, 71-2, 75-82, 146-8, 169-72, 187-98, 510, 582-3, 586-7. Ireland, 546. Kennebec Valley, 573-4. Lake-shore, 170, 203-6, 301, 310. Long Island, 84, 86-92, 150-4. Louisville, 232-7. Mohawk Valley, 197, 199-202, 208. Mt. Desert, 275-9, 574. Newport, 108. New York to Boston, 73, 103, 110, 117, 122, 128, 131-9, 149, 179-81, 246-54, 580-2; to Philadelphia, 82, 84, 158, 167, 172, 389-90, 588-9. New Zealand, 567-9. Ontario (condensed from guide), 315-6, 331-2. Orange and Newark triangle, 159-62, 583, 588. Outline tours, 11-12, 296-301. Philadelphia, 388-90. Providence to Worcester, 109. St. Lawrence River, 325-30, 500, 575. St. Louis to Boston, 487-8, 525. St. Louis to Staunton, 485-6. San Francisco to Boston, 475-80. Scotland, 553-7. Seashore, 90, 108, 132, 138-9, 150-8, 274, 283. Shenandoah Valley, 204, 296, 344-51, 382-4, 388, 494, 590. Springfield, 115-128, 579-80. Staten Island, 156-8. Toronto to Kingston, 295-8, 301, 306, 318-25. Washington, 376. Western New York (condensed from guide), 221-3, 587. White Mtns., 575-7. Yosemite Valley, 491-2.
Tourists: Books of reports by, 489, 549, 673, 683-7, 696. Clothes and equipments for, 16-22. Duty of demanding that wheels be classed as baggage by all s. s. agents, 591. Freedom of choice as to scene of tour, where no extra-baggage tax is levied, 592. Hotels, Special attentions and privileges needed at, 602-4, 614. Reports wanted from, 717. Toilet articles needed, 17. Wishes disregarded by perfunctory advocates of "League hotel policy," 601.
Tours from '79 to '82, Outline of my personal, 11-12, 26-33.
Towns named in this book, Alphabetical list of 3482, with 8418 references, xxxv.-lvii.
Towns supplying 3200 subscribers to this book, Geographical list of 887, 765-94; index to, xx.
Tow-path touring, 9, 44, 173, 180, 189, 190, 192, 199-202, 207-8, 212, 239-42, 244-5, 304-5, 340, 342-3, 378, 384, 479, 488.
Trade Directory: Alphabetical list of 122 subscribers at whose offices this book may be consulted, 796-7. Geographical list of

same, 798-9. Significant omissions of the indifferent, 709.
Trade in Cycles: Agent's guide for the, 679, 685. Benefit received from circulation of *Wheelman*, 659. Indifference to my book, 712. Statistics of 1877, 656.
Training, Books on, 674-5, 684-6.
TRANSPORTATION TAX, THE, 591-600, x.; fees on N. Y. ferries and horse-cars, 86, 96; touring, 221. Latest r.r.'s on free list, xci. Storage charge for wheels at English railway stations, 598; in N. Y., 86.
Tricycles, Index to makes of, lxxix.
"Tricycle Union" and "Tricycle Association," History of the defunct English, 647.
Tricycling: Books on, 684-7; Ladies' lessons at Orange, 588. Long rides, 509. Mileage, 509, 511, 517, 523, 525-6, 530. Racing, 523. Tours in Australia, 562-6; England, 534, 543, 554; France, 558, 600; Italy, 509, 600, 687.
Triumph, defined by "H. H." (verses), 304.
Uniform, Two essentials of a club-, 19; Price of C. W. A., 635; Profits of C. T. C., 541; Wanamaker's L. A. W., xc.
Unions (Cycling) in Europe and Australia, 651-2.
United States, Abbreviations of the, with index of chief references, lviii. Geographical roll of the, from Maine to California, with alphabetical list of residences of subscribers to this book, 734, 765-89.
UNIVERSITY BUILDING, THE, 426-72, xv.: Architecture described by several observers, 428-34, 439. Business management, 457, 461. Collegians' conduct, 428, 459, 466. Danger of fire, 460. Defects as a lodging-house, 456. Eminent residents, 431, 434, 464-5, 470. Historical statistics, 433-5, 437-8. Janitor, 438, 443, 456-80, 461-2. Lack of *camaraderie*, 462. Pictures, 430, 434. Prince of Wales's visit in 1860, 469-72. Seclusion of tenants, 438-9, 454-6, 463-4. Servants, 456-8. Women residents and visitors, 441-4.
Valleys and Rivers, Index to, lix.
Vandalism and vanity in Mammoth Cave, 381.
Velocipeding in 1869, 390-406.
Velveteen, Excellences of, 19, 21.
VETERANS, STATISTICS FROM THE, 502-30, xvi.
Victoria: Cyclists' Union, 652. Journals, 695-6, 558. Road races, 559-62. Subscribers, 558, 706, 793-4. Touring, 560-3, 565.
Virginia (index, 590), University, 350, 435.
Washington City (index, 590, lvi.).
Washington Square (index, lxi.): as it appeared in 1835, 1860 and 1878, 432-3; as a camp in the desert, 455; as scene of elbow-breaking, 24; as the real center of the world, 64-65; my proposed battle-field for the beer, 16; its Philadelphian namesake, 494, 497.
Waterfalls, Index to, lxi.
Weather, Pointers as to, 209, 221, 256, 297-300; Summary of weather changes in my 1400 m. ride, 297-300.
WHITE FLANNEL AND NICKEL PLATE, 16-22, ix.
Wind as a factor in riding, 253, 263, 290, 297-9, 313, 326, 556, 570.
WINTER WHEELING, 246-54, 491, xii.
Winthrop (Maj. T.) as a typical hero of the civil war, Tribute to, 439.
Women (*see* special index, lxxxiii.).
Xenophon's fame as a standard, viii.
Yacht Kulinda, In the (verses), 353-4, 367.
Yachting in the Paleocrystic Sea (verses), 23.
Yachtings by wheelmen, 504, 532.
Yale College: Advent of the bone-shaker in 1869, 391-5. Bicycle races, 660. Boat-race management at New London, 131. Books about, 133, 405, 466, 711, 722. Buildings in 1830, 434-5. Class biographies, 732. Class of 1837, 464. Directory of New York Graduates, 464. President Dwight on the Connecticut Valley roads in 1803, 127. Graduates alluded to, 25, 113, 140, 304, 424, 439, 447, 464, 494, 657, 727, 728, 732. Graduates as tenants of the University Building, 465-6. Harvard's rivalry, 25, 256. Libraries on sub.-list, 770. Velocipeding in 1819 and 1869, 398-402. Utopian ideal, 465.
Yankee, Types of the, 36, 386, 439, 722.
Zmertych's (I.) tour, London to Pesth, 551.

Comparing the 675,000 words in this book with the 220,000 in my "Four Years at Yale" (728 pp., $2.50), I see that the price, at same rate, would be $7.50; while, at rates of T. Stevens's book (547 pp. of 230,000 words, $4), or "Gen. Grant's Memoirs" (1232 pp. of 300,500 words, $7), the price would be $11.75, or $15. The pages of any single chapter will be mailed for 25 c.

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Abbotsboro, Pa., 388. Abbottstown, Pa., 386. Aberdeen, Md., 497. Aberdeen, *Scot.*, 555, 599, 645, 792. Abington, *Eng.*, 536. Abington, Md., 497. **Abington,** Ms., 766. Academy, Pa., 609, 778. **Adams,** Ms., 193, 700. **Adams Center,** N. Y., 344-5. Adamstown, Pa., 387. **Addison,** N. Y., 218. ***Adel,** Ia., 787. Adelaide, *Ont.*, 332. Adelaide, *S. Aus.*, 560-5. Adelong Crossing, *N. S. W.*, 565. ***Adrian,** Mich., 785. Adrianople, *Tur.*, 482. Agawam, Ms., 122, 128, 146, 179, 180-1, 251, 580. Agra, *Ind.*, 572. Ailsa Craig, *Ont.*, 332. Airolo, *It.*, 552. ***Akron,** O., 501, 595, 609, 784. Akron, Pa., 387. Alabama, N. Y., 222; Alamoochy, N. J., 163. ***Albany,** N. Y., 11, 29, 32, 51, 75, 76, 85, 154, 187, 190-2, 197-8, 209, 221, 378, 471, 479, 487-8, 501, 507, 523, 583-4, 593-4, 597, 604, 656, 770. ***Albia,** Ia., 501, 787. ***Albion,** Ill., 485. ***Albion,** Ind., 785. ***Albion,** N. Y., 217, 222, 488. Albury, *N. S. W.*, 564-5. Alconbury, *Eng.*, 540-1, 553. **Alden,** N. Y., 208, 215, 222. Aldenville, Pa., 339. Aldie, Va., 348. Alexander, N.Y., 222. Alexandria, Ky., 590. ***Alexandria,** Va., 373, 376, 465. **Alexandria Bay,** N. Y., 333-4. Alfred, *Ont.*, 328. Aliabad, *Per.*, 571. Allahabad, *Ind.*, 572. **Allegany,** N. Y., 223. **Allegheny City,** Pa., 778. Allendale, N. J., 169. Allenford, *Ont.*, 316. **Allentown,** N. Y., 220. ***Allentown,** Pa., 339, 387, 778. **Alliance,** O., 594. Alliston, *Ont.*, 316. Allowaystown, N. J., 521. Allston, Ms., 766. **Almond,** N. Y., 217, 218, 223. Alpine, N. J., 81, 586. Altenburg, *Aust.*, 481. Altnamain, *Eng.*, 536. Alt Oetting, *Ger.*, 481. **Alton,** Ill., 501, 594. Alton Bay, N. H., 577. **Altoona,** Ia., 479. **Altoona,** Pa., 496, 530, 609, 778. **Alvarado,** Cal., 493. Alvinston, *Ont.*, 332. **Amenia,** N.Y., 143, 146-7, 188. **Amesbury,** Ms., 102, 766. **Amherst,** Ms., 113, 114, 120, 142, 186, 523, 579, 766. Amherst, *N. S.*, 289, 790. **Amity,** Or., 788. Amityville (L. I.), N. Y., 150-4, 584. Amosville, Pa., 379. **Amsterdam,** *Hol.*, 545. **Amsterdam,** N. Y., 197, 200, 208, 216. Ampthill, *Eng.*, 553. Ancaster, *Ont.*, 314. Ancona, *It.*, 552. **Andover,** Ms., 112, 208, 223, 579, 766. ***Angelica,** N. Y., 217. **Angola,** N. Y., 479. Angora, *Tur.*, 481-2, 792. Anita Springs, Ky., 236. Annapolis, *N. S.*, 282, 284-5, 609, 790. ***Ann Arbor,** Mich., 501, 595, 609, 628, 785. Annisquam, Ms., 512. **Annville,** Pa., 343. **Ansonia,** Ct., 139, 140, 142, 769. Antietam, Md., 352, 384. Antigonish, *N. S.*, 289, 790. Antwerp, *Bel.*, 532, 545, 599. **Antwerp,** N. Y., 334. Apalachin, N. Y., 218. **Appleton City,** Mo., 787. *Appomattox, Va., 346. Ararat, *Vict.*, 560-2, 566, 696. Arcadia, Mo., 528. Arcola, N. J., 165-6, 169. Ardmore, Pa., 389, 609, 778. Argyle, *N. S.*, 293. *Argyle, N. Y., 193. Arkona, *Ont.*, 332. Arkport, N. Y., 222. Arkwright, *Ont.*, 316. **Arlington,** Minn., 787. Arlon, *Bel.*, 545. **Armada,** Mich., 785. Arnheim, *Bel.*, 545. Arnprior,*Ont.*, 327. Arran, *Ont.*, 315. Arthur, *Ont.*, 316. Arva, *Ont.*, 312. ***Asheville,** N. C., 500. Ashford, *Eng.*, 790. Ashford, N. Y., 75, 79, 80. **Ashland,** Ky., 590, 783. Ashland, Ms., 111. **Ashland,** N. H., 577. ***Ashland,** O., 784. **Ashland,** Pa., 778. **Ashland,** Va., 351. **Ashmore,** Ill., 489, 786. **Ashtabula,** O., 12, 28, 31, 50, 205, 479, 487, 488, 594. Ashton, R. I., 109. Ashton, Md., 373, 376, 497. Ashton-under-Tyne, *Eng.*, 645. Ashuelot, N. H., 579. Ashville, N. Y., 587. Asterabad, *Rus.*, 571. **Astoria** (L. I.), N. Y., 28, 32, 97, 98, 153, 584. ***Astoria,** Or., 788. ***Atchison,** Kan., 594. **Athol,** Ms., 488, 579. Athole, *Scot.*, 556. **Athens,** N. Y., 770. Atherton, *Ont.*, 332. **Atkinson,** Ill., 479. ***Atlanta,** Ga., 352, 594, 597. **Attica,** N. Y., 216, 222. ***Auburn,** Cal., 476. ***Auburn,** Ind., 785. ***Auburn** N.Y., 201, 208, 212, 770. Auckland, *N. Z.*, 566, 567, 568, 794. Augsburg, *Ger.*, 481. **Augusta,** Ky., 590, 609, 783. ***Augusta,** Me., 573, 574, 597, 609, 765. Auma, *Ger.*, 552. ***Austin,** Tex., 783. **Aurora,** Ill., 609, 786. Aurora, N. Y., 215. Aurora, *Ont.*, 316.

Ausable Chasm, N. Y., 211. Auxy-le-Chateau, *Fr.*, 558. Avenal, *Vict.*, 565. Avendale, *Vict.*, 565. Avon, Ct., 145. **Avon**, N. Y., 222. Avondale, N. J., 166, 167, 169, 583. Avondale, O., 784. Avon Springs, N. Y., 30, 213, 218. Ayer Junction, Ms., 123. Aylmer, *Ont.*, 315, 319, 327, 331, 332, 634. Ayr, *Ont.*, 317. Ayr, *Scot.*, 686.

Babylon (L. I.), N. Y., 150, 152-4. Baddeck, *N. S.*, 289. Baden, *Ont.*, 316-7. Bad Lands, Wyo., 477. **Bainbridge**, N. Y., 498. Baku, *Rus.*, 571. Balcony Falls, Va., 347, 350. Baldock, *Eng.*, 540. Baldwin, Ill., 528. Baldwin, N. Y., 186. Bale, *Switz.*, 599. Ballarat, *Vict.*, 559, 560-2, 793. Ballardsville, Ky., 236. ***Ballston**, N. Y., 197, 208. **Baltimore**, Md., 29, 31, 238, 241-4, 349, 373, 376-7, 390, 427, 486-7, 497, 513, 523, 575, 585, 589, 592-4, 609, 627-8, 643, 652, 781. Bangor, *Eng.*, 645. ***Bangor**, Me., 278-9, 397, 515, 523, 574, 592, 661, 765. **Barboursville**, W. Va., 351. ***Bardstown**, Ky., 229, 230, 234, 237, 527, 609, 783. **Bar Harbor**, Me., 274, 278, 279, 515, 574. Barkhamsted, Ct., 144. Bar-le-Duc, *Fr.*, 480. Barnesville, Pa., 245. Barnet, *Eng.*, 539, 540, 541. Barr, Col., 501. **Barre**, Vt., 578, 766. Barrie, *Ont.*, 316. Barrington, *N. S.*, 288. Barryfield, *Ont.*, 325. Barrytown, N. Y., 510. **Bartlett**, N. H., 576-7. Bartleyville, N. J., 164. Barton, N. Y., 219. Bartow, N. Y., 31. Bartville, Ill., 479. Basle, *Switz.*, 532, 545, 552. Batainitz, *Slav.*, 481. ***Batavia**, N. Y., 208, 215, 217, 222, 487, 501, 770. Bath, *Eng.*, 4, 532, 538, 544, 551, 554, 567, 645, 790. ***Bath**, Me., 577. Bath, N. H., 578. Bath, *Ont.*, 325. **Battle Creek**, Mich., 785. **Battle Mountain**, Nev., 476. ***Bay City**, Mich., 785. Bayfield, *Ont.*, 313, 314, 332. Bayonne, N. J., 158. Bay Ridge (L. I.), N. Y., 90, 583. **Bay Shore** (L. I.), N. Y., 152. Bay Side (L. I.), N. Y., 150. Bealton, *Ont.*, 332. Beamsville, *Ont.*, 315. Beard, Ky., 236. Bear Wallow, Ky., 230. **Beaver Falls**, Pa., 514-5, 778. Beaufort, *Vict.*, 560. Beaumont, *Ont.*, 330. Beccles, *Eng.*, 539. Becket, Ms., 121, 193. Bedford, *Eng.*, 532, 540, 541, 557, 645. Bedford, *N. S.*, 287. ***Bedford**, Pa., 496, 530, 609, 778. Bedfordshire, *Eng.*, 532. Bedford Springs, Pa., 244, 496. Beech Cliff, Pa., 778. Beeston, *Eng.*, 790. Beeston Castle, *Eng.*, 536. Bei Bazaar, *Tur.*, 482. ***Bel Air**, Md., 244, 373, 377. Bela Palanka, *Tur.*, 481. **Belchertown**, Ms., 113, 144, 579. Belfast, *Ire.*, 499, 645. ***Belfast**, Me., 574, 765. Belfast, N. Y., 217, 223. Belfort, *Fr.*, 599. Belgrade, *Serv.*, 481. Belgrave, *Ont.*, 332. Belhaven, *Ont.*, 316. Bellefontaine, Mo., 525. ***Bellefontaine**, O., 501. Belleville, N. J., 84, 166. Belleville, *Ont.*, 297, 317, 319, 320, 321, 322, 324, 325, 327, 331, 635, 789. **Bellevue**, O., 479. **Bellows Falls**, Vt., 11, 29, 31, 118, 119, 181, 183, 184, 578, 766. Bellport (L. I.), N. Y., 150, 153. Bell's Corners, *Ont.*, 327. **Bellville**, O., 784. Belmont, Cal., 493. Belmont, Me., 574. *Belmont, N. Y., 223. Belmont, Pa., 339, 389. **Beloit**, Wis., 787. Belone, Kan., 485. ***Belvidere**, Ill., 786. Bemis Heights, N. Y., 186, 190. Benalla, *Vict.*, 565. Benares, *Ind.*, 572. Benkleman, Neb., 501. Bennettsville, Ind., 235. ***Bennington**, Vt., 186, 191, 193, 594, 627, 766. Beowawe, Nev., 477. **Berea**, O., 784. Bergen, *Den.*, 599. Bergen, N. Y., 215, 222. **Bergen Point**, N. J., 84, 156, 158, 168, 169, 583. Bergerac, *Fr.*, 558. ***Berkeley Springs**, W. Va., 496. Berkhamsted, *Eng.*, 473, 480. Berkshire, Ms., 193. Berlin, Ct., 128, 136, 137, 138, 149, 191, 581. Berlin, *Ger.*, 426, 552, 646, 651, 697, 792. Berlin, *Ont.*, 316, 317. Bernardston, Ms., 31, 38, 119, 182, 576 (723). Berne, *Switz.*, 545. Bernville, Ind., 485. ***Berryville**, Va., 244, 383, 384, 497, 782. Berthier, *Ont.*, 330. Berwick, *N. S.*, 285, 293. **Berwick**, Pa., 497, 778. **Berwyn**, Pa., 389. Besançon, *Fr.*, 545. Bethany, Ct., 582. **Bethel**, Me., 576-7. **Bethel**, Vt., 578. Bethlehem, N. H., 577. **Bethlehem**, Pa., 387, 389, 778. Bethunville, N. Y., 211. **Beverly**, Ms., 655, 677, 766. **Beverly**, N. J., 173, 522, 776. Bic, *Que.*, 329, 330. **Biddeford**, Me., 575, 627. Biggleswade, *Eng.*, 540-1, 557-8, 645. Billabong, *N. S. W.*, 564-5. Billerica, Ms., 113. **Bingham**, Me., 573-4. ***Binghamton**, N. Y., 21, 28, 31, 206, 218, 219, 302, 308, 337, 338, 340, 501, 627, 770. Birchton, *Ont.*, 327. Bird-in-Hand, Pa., 378. Birdshaw, Pa., 484. Birjand, *Per.*, 571. ***Birmingham**, Ala., 783. **Birmingham**, Ct., 139, 140, 142, 769. Birmingham, *Eng.*, 480, 532, 539, 546, 554, 642, 645, 646, 647, 684, 688, 695, 790. Birr, *Ont.*, 313. Bishop's Gate, *Ont.*, 332. Bishop Stortford, *Eng.*, 541. Bitter Creek, Wyo., 477. Blackheath, *Eng.*, 686. **Black River**, N. Y., 594. Black Rock, N. Y., 52,

203. Bladensburg, Md., 244, 376. Blair Athole, *Scot.*, 536. Blairstown, N. J., 163, 207. **Blairsville**, Pa., 496. Blakeley, Pa., 341. Blandford, Ms., 121, 208. Blanshard, *Ont.*, 332. Blaubeuren, *Ger.*, 481. Blawenburg, N. J., 172, 377. **Bloomfield**, Ky., 237. **Bloomfield**, N. J., 38, 56, 158, 159, 162, 776. Bloomingdale, N. J., 170. ***Bloomington**, Ill., 501, 529, 595-6, 786. **Blossburg**, Pa., 778. Blue Bonnets, *Ont.*, 328. Blue Canyon, Cal., 476. Blue Lick Spring, Ky., 233. Blue Stores, N. Y., 192, 196. Blythe, *Ont.*, 332. Boardville, N. J., 170. Bodmin, *Eng.*, 536. Bogalong, *N. S. W.*, 561. ***Boise City**, Id., 609, 788. Bokhara, *Rus.*, 570. Bolac, *Vict.*, 561. Bold Bridge, *Eng.*, 557. Bologna, *It.*, 552. Bolton, N. Y., 186. Bonar, *Eng.*, 536. Bonn, *Ger.*, 697. Bookham, *N. S. W.*, 565. **Boonsboro**, Md., 242, 349. **Boonton**, N. J., 84. ***Boonville**, Mo., 787. **Boonville**, N. Y., 201. Bordeaux, *Fr.*, 552, 599, 699. **Bordentown**, N. J., 323, 522, 609, 776. Bordentown, *S. Aus.*, 561. Borough Bridge, *Eng.*, 554. Borrisoleigh, *Ire.*, 546. Boscawen, N. H., 577. Boston, Ind., 485. ***Boston**, Ms., 2, 4, 12, 21, 25-9, 31, 33, 36, 48, 51, 58, 85, 94, 101-17, 126-8, 133, 138, 151, 181-3, 204, 208, 249, 258-60, 276, 279, 282, 288-9, 292-3, 320-2, 324, 356, 366-7, 370-2, 376, 378, 384, 386, 388, 427, 431, 446, 468-71, 473-5, 479-80, 485, 487-9, 492, 499, 500, 503-5, 507-8, 511-14, 516-18, 522-6, 552, 570, 573-4, 577, 579-80, 582, 584, 587, 592-4, 597, 600, 602, 607, 609, 615-17, 625-7, 631, 643-4, 646, 653, 655-8, 662, 664, 668, 673-4, 676-7, 680, 687, 703, 705, 707-8, 711, 712, 713, 766. Boston, *Ont.*, 332. Boston Corners, N. Y., 188. Bound Brook, N. J., 167, 172, 377, 776. Bowmansville, *Ont.*, 319, 325. Bowmansville, N. Y., 217. Bowna, *N. S. W.*, 565. Bowning, *N. S. W.*, 566. Boucherville, *Ont.*, 328. Boulogne, *France*, 599. ***Bozeman**, Mon., 788. **Braceville**, Ill., 786. **Braddock**, Pa., 485. Bradford, *Eng.*, 517, 545, 644-5, 790. **Bradford**, Vt., 578. Brady Island, Neb., 478. Brampton, *Ont.*, 319. Branchville, Ct., 138. Branchville, N. J., 164, 510. **Brandon**, Vt., 579. Branford, Ct., 30, 132-3, 149, 511, 769. Brantford, *Ont.*, 314, 317, 331, 332, 634. **Brattleboro**, Vt., 11, 29, 33, 51, 119, 182, 191, 579, 609, 766. ***Brazil**, Ind., 486. Bread Loaf (Inn), Vt., 578. Bremen, *Ger.*, 592. Brentwood, Cal., 500. Breslau, *Ont.*, 316, 317. Brewerton, N.Y., 335. Brewster, N. Y., 188. Brick Church, Md., 373. **Brick Church**, N. J., 776. Bridestow, *Eng.*, 536. Bridgehampton (L. I.), N. Y., 155. Bridgeworth, *Eng.*, 536, 554. ***Bridgeport**, Ct., 30, 51, 133-4, 138, 158, 237, 248, 249, 485, 491, 500, 769. Bridgeton, Me., 574, 577. Bridgetown, *N. S.*, 284-5. Bridgewater, *Eng.*, 536, 555-6. **Bridgewater**, Ms., 767. Bridport, *Eng.*, 646. Brighton, *Eng.*, 480, 533, 547, 598, 646, 647, 682. Brighton, Ms., 29, 31, 107, 109, 111, 113, 114. Brighton, N. Y., 770. Brighton, *Ont.*, 319, 320, 321, 325, 789. Brightwood, D. C., 349, 376, 497. Brightwood, Ms., 767. Brimfield, Ms., 129. Brisbane, *Queensl.*, 652, 793. **Bristol**, Ct., 582, 769. Bristol, *Eng.*, 536, 545, 550-1, 556, 642, 646, 647, 790. **Bristol**, Pa., 164, 173, 778. ***Bristol**, R. I., 107, 108, 142, 581. Bristol Arms, *Ont.*, 319. **Brockport**, N. Y., 217, 222. **Brockton**, Ms., 106, 109, 112, 516, 767. **Brocton**, N.Y., 587. Brockville, *Ont.*, 326-7, 333. Brodheadsville, Pa., 341. Bromley, *Eng.*, 790. Bronico, *It.*, 552. **Brookfield**, Ms., 104, 114. Brook Haven (L. I.), N. Y., 150, 153. **Brookline**, Ms., 609. **Brooklyn**, Ia., 479. ***Brooklyn**, N. Y., 27, 32, 33, 57, 85-92, 97, 99, 100, 111, 148, 153, 155, 246, 252, 524, 583-6, 625, 628, 655, 678, 770. Brookville, Md., 376. **Brookville**, Pa., 778. Brown's Gap, Va., 348. Brownsboro, Ind., 236. Brownsboro, Tex., 783. Brownsville, Md., 245. **Brownsville**, Pa., 496, 609, 778. Brucefield, *Ont.*, 313. Brush, Col., 501. Brushville, N. Y., 214. Brumfield, Ky., 228, 234. **Brunswick**, Me., 765. Brunswick, *Ger.*, 687. Brussels, *Bel.*, 645, 651, 699. **Bryn Mawr**, Pa., 389-90, 495. Buangor, *Vict.*, 560. Buckden, *Eng.*, 541. Buckhorn, *Ont.*, 332. Buckingham, *Eng.*, 539. Buckland, Va., 375. **Bucksport**, Me., 278, 574. Bucksville, Pa., 497. ***Bucyrus**, O., 488, 784. Budapest, *Hung.*, 481, 551, 792. Buelville, N. Y., 336. Buffalo, Ky., 230. ***Buffalo**, N. Y., 9, 12, 28, 50, 52, 178, 198, 203-6, 208, 214-17, 221-3, 315, 317, 320, 321, 475, 479-80, 487-8, 501, 524, 573, 587-8, 594, 609, 617, 620, 627, 771. Buffalo Gap, Va., 486. Bull Run, Va., 375. Bunder Guz, *Rus.*, 571. Bungay, *Eng.*, 539. Buninyong, *Vict.*, 559, 563. Bunker Hill, Ms., 386. Bunker Hill, Va., 348, 388. Bureau,

Ill., 489. Burford, *Ont.*, 317. Burgoyne, *Ont.*, 315-16. Burke, N. Y., 771. ***Burlington**, Ia., 485-6, 787. **Burlington**, N. J., 390, 522. ***Burlington**, Vt., 578, 594-5, 766. Burntisland, *Scot.*, 536. Bury, *Eng.*, 790. Bury St. Edmunds, *Eng.*, 645, 790. Bushkill, Pa., 207, 299, 341, 497. **Bushnell**, Ill., 485-6. **Butte**, Mont., 788. Byron Center, N. Y., 215.

Cabin John Bridge, D. C., 376, 497. Cacouna, *Ont.*, 329-30. Cahir, *Ire.*, 546. ***Cairo**, Ill., 595. Calais, *Fr.*, 558, 599. ***Calais**, Me., 262-8, 573, 609, 765. Calcutta, *Ind.*, 571-2. Caldwell, N. J., 58, 161-2, 609, 776. Caldwell, N. Y., 11, 29, 32, 186, 191-2, 211, 510, 771. **Caledonia**, N. Y., 208, 222. Caledonia, *Ont.*, 332. Caledonia Springs, *Ont.*, 327-8. **Calistoga**, Cal., 490. Callan, *Ire.*, 792. **Calumet**, Mich., 785. Camac (L. I.), N. Y., 158. Cambridge, *Eng.*, 533, 539, 541, 544, 557, 646, 790. ***Cambridge**, Ms., 29, 51, 101, 103, 113, 402-3, 435, 485, 517, 627, 657, 767. Cambridge, N. Y., 193. **Cambridge**, O., 245. **Cambridgeport**, Ms., 516, 517, 767. ***Camden**, N. J., 173, 218, 389-90, 521-2, 776. Camden, *N. S. W.*, 565-6. Cameron, N. Y., 218. Camillus, N. Y., 208, 212. Campbellsburg, Ind., 236. Campbellton, *Ont.*, 329. Campbelltown, *N. S. W.*, 565. Campbelltown, *Tas.*, 564. Camperdown, *Vict.*, 559-60. Campobello, *N. B.*, 270, 279. Campton Village, N. H., 577. Canaan Four Corners, N. Y., 148. Canaan, Ct., 700. Canaan, N. Y., 197. ***Canandaigua**, N. Y., 28, 30, 31, 33, 58, 201-2, 208, 212, 213, 297, 479, 488, 772. **Canajoharie**, N. Y., 200. **Canastota**, N. Y., 208, 336. Candleman's Ferry, Va., 383, 497. Caneadea, N. Y., 214, 217. **Canisteo**, N. Y., 217, 218. Canmer, Ky., 230. Canterbury, N. Y., 510. Canterbury, *Eng.*, 530, 687. Canton, *Chi.*, 572. Canton, Ct., 145. **Canton**, Ill., 786. ***Canton**, O., 501, 595, 609, 784. **Canton**, Ms., 27. **Canton**, Pa., 499, 778. Cape Town, *S. Af.*, 696. Capon Springs, W. Va., 495-7. Cap Rouge, *Que.*, 330. Capua, *It.*, 552. Caramut, *Vict.*, 561. **Carbon**, Wyo., 477. **Carbondale**, Pa., 340. Cardiff, *Eng.*, 683, 790. Caribridge, *Scot.*, 556. Carlin, Nev., 477. Carlisle, *Eng.*, 545, 554, 642, 687. ***Carlisle**, Pa., 45, 303, 344, 485. Carlow, *Ont.*, 315. Carlstadt, N. J., 83-4, 166-7, 588. ***Carmi**, Ill., 786. Carpenter, Pa., 778. Carnavon, *Eng.*, 790. ***Carson**, Nev., 478. Carter, Wyo., 477, 480. Carrollton, N. Y., 223. **Casey**, Ia., 478. Cashel, *Ire.*, 546. **Cassadaga**, N. Y., 587, 772. Cassburn Corners, *Ont.*, 328. **Castile**, N. Y., 222. Castlemaine, *Vict.*, 560-1. Castlemartyr, *Ire.*, 546, 792. Castleton, N. Y., 148, 190, 197. **Castleton**, Vt., 184. Castres, *Fr.*, 552. **Castroville**, Cal., 490. Catford Hill, *Eng.*, 790. Cathcart, *Ont.*, 317. ***Catlettsburg**, Ky., 486, 590. **Catonsville**, Md., 373. ***Catskill**, N. Y., 187-8, 191, 198. **Cattaraugus**, N. Y., 223. Catterick, *Eng.*, 545. Cauheme, *Reun.*, 481. Cave City, Ky., 31, 231-2, 234, 597, 609, 783. Cawnpore, *Ind.*, 572. Caxton, *Eng.*, 540-1. Cayuga, N. Y., 33, 208. **Cazenovia**, N. Y., 43, 219, 296, 298, 302, 336, 609, 772. Cedar Grove, N. J., 166. **Cedar Rapids**, Ia., 594. Center Harbor, N. H., 576. Centerport (L. I.), N. Y., 151. Centertown, Mo., 485. Centerville, Cal., 493. Centerville, Ct., 135, 138, 149, 249, 581. Centerville, Ky., 233. Centerville, N. J., 164. Centerville, N. Y., 335, 497. Centerville, Va., 374. **Central City**, Neb., 478, 489. Central Square, N. Y., 335. Chadd's Ford, Pa., 388, 390. Chaplin, Ky., 237. ***Chambersburg**, Pa., 303, 344, 485, 495, 497-8, 609, 778. **Champaign**, Ill., 786. Chancellorsville, Va., 347, 352. Chao-choofoo, *Chi.*, 572. Chappaqua, N. Y., 76. Charing Cross, *Eng.*, 531. Charing Cross, *Ont.*, 332. ***Chariton**, Ia., 787. Charlesbourg, *Ont.*, 330. ***Charleston**, Ill., 786. ***Charleston**, S. C., 355. ***Charleston**, W. Va., 351. **Charlestown**, Ind., 235. **Charlestown**, Ms., 767. **Charlestown**, N. H., 575-6. ***Charlestown**, W. Va., 383-4. ***Charlotte**, N. C., 500, 782. Charlotte, N. Y., 333. Charlottetown, *P. E. I.*, 289-91, 592. ***Charlottesville**, Va., 348, 350-1. Chartiers, Pa., 594. Chateau Richer, *Que.*, 330. Chatham, *Eng.*, 598. Chatham, N. J., 163, 174, 776. **Chatham**, N. Y., 148, 197, 500, 609, 772. Chatham, *Ont.*, 331-2. Chatsworth, *Ont.*, 316. ***Chattanooga**, Tenn., 501, 783. Chautauqua, N. Y., 223, 587. ***Cheboygan**, Mich., 785. Chelmsford, *Eng.*, 645. **Chelsea**, Ms., 525, 530, 663, 767. Chelsea, *Ont.*, 327. ***Chelsea**, Vt., 578. Chemnitz, *Ger.*, 552. **Chemung**,

N. Y., 218. Chenango Forks, N. Y., 336-8. Cherbourg, *Fr.*, 599. **Cheshire**, Ct., 30, 31, 48, 134-5, 138-9, 250, 581, 609, 769. Cheshire, *Eng.*, 645-6. Cheshire, Ms., 193. Chesterville, Ill., 485. Chestnut Hill Reservoir, **Ms.**, 29, 114. Chester, *Eng.*, 539. Chester, Ms., 121, 194. Chester, N. J., 173. Chester, *N. S.*, 288, 293. Chester, N. Y., 340, 587. **Chester**, Pa., 244, 372, 377, 390, 778. **Chesterton**, Ind., 479. Cheticamp, *N. S.*, 289. ***Cheyenne**, Wyo., 475, 478, 489, 609, 628, 788. ***Chicago**, Ill., 2, 21, 30, 31, 33, 38, 50, 61, 113, 223, 225, 231, 242, 245, 296, 310, 312, 314, 317, 320-1, 324, 426, 436, 474, 475, 478-80, 487-9, 499, 501, 506, 508, 517-19, 523-4, 529, 574, 585, 594-6, 598, 616, 627, 643, 655, 672, 677, 679, 683, 711, 712, 786. Chichester, *Eng.*, 694. **Chicopee**, Ms., 31, 38, 118, 123-6, 181, 580, 767. **Chicopee Falls**, Ms., 124-5, 181, 767. Chiltern, *Vict.*, 565. Chinese Camp, Cal., 491. **Chittenango**, N. Y., 336, 488. Chittenden, Ky., 225. Christchurch, *N. Z.*, 567-9, 652, 696, 794. Christiania, *Nor.*, 700. Churchville, N. Y., 215. **Churchville**, Md., 373. Cicero, N. Y., 335. ***Cincinnati**, O., 31-3, 113, 223, 225-6, 234, 488, 501, 594, 595, 597, 678, 784. Cincinnatus, N. Y., 336-7, 772. Cinnaminson, N. J., 776. Cirencester, *Eng.*, 790. Clacton, *Eng.*, 559. Clandeboye, *Ont.*, 312-13, 332. Clapton, *Eng.*, 534. **Claremont**, N. H., 574, 579. Clarence, *Eng.*, 544. Clarence, *Ont.*, 327-8. Clarendon, *Ont.*, 328. Clarendon, *Vict.*, 559. ***Clarion**, Pa., 778. Clark's Ferry, Pa., 496. Clark's Summit, Pa., 341. Clarksville, Md., 373, 376, 497. **Clarksville**, Mo., 322. Clashmore Inn, *Scot.*, 536, 555. Claverack, **N. Y.**, 197. **Clay Center**, Kan., 485-6. ***Clearfield**, Pa., 204, 530, 593, 609, 778. **Clear Spring**, Md., 243, 344. Clearville, *Ont.*, 310-12, 314. Clearville, Pa., 496. Clemensport, *N. S.*, 285. Clermont, N. Y., 196. ***Cleveland**, O., 315, 479, 487-8, 500, 501, 526, 592, 594-5, 627, 643-5, 784. Cleveland's Mill, Cal., 490. Clifton (S. I.), N. Y., 377. **Clifton Forge**, Va., 350. **Clinton**, Ct., 132. **Clinton**, Ms., 128. **Clinton**, N. Y., 772. Clinton, *Ont.*, 313, 315, 332. Clipper Gap, Cal., 476, 480. Closter, N. J., 80. Cloudman, Cal., 491. **Cloverdale**, Cal., 490. **Clyde**, N. Y., 488. Clyde, *N. S.*, 293. Coal Dale, Pa., 778. **Coatesville**, Pa., 388, 495. Coblentz, *Ger.*, 545. Cobourg, *Ont.*, 198, 204, 297, 319-21, 323, 325, 523. Cochecton, N. Y., 570. Cockshutt, *Ont.*, 332. Coffee Run, Pa., 244. Cohasset, Ms., 112. **Cohoes**, N. Y., 191-3, 772. Colac, *N. S. W.*, 561, 565. Colac, *Vict.*, 560-1, 563. Colborne, *Ont.*, 319, 325. Colchester, *Eng.*, 541, 647. Coldbrook, Ms., 579. **Cold Spring**, N. Y., 194, 197, 500. Cold Spring Harbor (L. I.), N. Y., 28, 584, 772. ***Coldwater**, Mich., 785. Colebrook, Ct., 144, 146. Coleraine, Ms., 579. Colesville, Md., 376, 497. **Colfax**, Cal., 476. **Colfax**, Ia., 479. College Hill, O., 784. Collinsby, *Ont.*, 325. Collingswood, *Ont.*, 316. **Collinsville**, Ct., 145. ***Colorado Springs**, Col., 788. Colosse, N. Y., 335. Columbia, N. J., 164. **Columbia**, Pa., 317, 378, 386, 388-9, 486, 499, 609, 778. ***Columbia**, S. C., 782. ***Columbus**, Ga., 782. ***Columbus**, Ind., 785. ***Columbus**, Miss., 783. Columbus, N. Y., 587. ***Columbus**, O., 245, 487-8, 501, 595, 627, 784. **Concord**, Ms., 103, 112, 597, 767. ***Concord**, N. H., 576-7, 766. Conewango, N. Y., 223. Coney Island, N. Y., 27. **Conneaut**, O., 479. **Connellsville**, Pa., 496. Conrad's Store, Va., 348. Conroy, *Ont.*, 332. **Conshohocken**, Pa., 389. Constance, *Switz.*, 552. Constantinople, *Tur.*, 474, 480-3, 552, 571, 609, 792. **Conway**, Ms., 767. Conway, N. H., 515, 577. Conyngham, Pa., 498. Como, *Italy*, 468. Como, *Ont.*, 328. Cook's Bay, *Ont.*, 316. Coolatoo, *Vict.*, 560. Cookston, *Ont.*, 316. Cooksville, *Ont.*, 318-19. Cooma, Cal., 492. ***Cooperstown**, N. Y., 197, 215, 378. **Cooperstown**, Pa., 389. Copake Falls, N. Y., 188. Copenhagen, *Den.*, 599, 645. Cordelia, Cal., 491. **Corinne**, Utah, 477. ***Corinth**, Miss., 352. Cork, *Ire.*, 546, 645. ***Corning**, N. Y., 30, 216-19, 501, 772. Cornish, N. H., 577. Cornwall, Ct., 143. Cornwall, N. Y., 171, 194, 197, 772. Cornwall, *Ont.*, 327. Cornwall, Vt., 579. Cornwall Bridge, Ct., 510. **Cornwall-on-Hudson**, N. Y., 609, 772. ***Corpus Christi**, Tex., 783. **Corry**, Pa., 587, 609, 778. ***Cortland**, N. Y., 772. ***Corydon**, Ind., 235. Cote St. Antoine, *Que.*, 328. Cote St. Luke, *Que.*, 328. Coteau du Lac, *Que.*, 575. Cottage, N. Y., 223. ***Council Bluffs**, Ia., 478, 489, 595. Court House Station (S. I.), N. Y., 155. Courtland, *Ont.*, 332. Coven-

try, *Eng.*, 480, 532, 546, 551, 554, 557, 654, 683, 688, 690, 692, 694-6, 790. ***Covington,** Ky., 30, 225, 351, 590, 678, 783. ***Covington,** Va., 486. **Coxsackie,** N. Y., 190. Coyote, Cal., 492. Craig's Meadows, Pa., 341. Cranberry, O., 488. Crane's Flats, Cal., 491. Crane's Village, N. Y., 479. Crawford, *Scot.*, 556, 576. Crawford House, N. H., 576-7. Cresson Springs, Pa., 496. Crocker's, Cal., 491. Croton, N. Y., 194. Croton Falls, N. Y., 188, 772. Croydon, *Eng.*, 480, 533, 790. **Crown Point,** N. Y., 186. Crum's Point, Ind., 479. Cuddebackville, N.Y., 340, 587. Culbertson, Neb., 501. ***Culpeper,** Va., 348, 350. ***Cumberland,** Md., 12, 29, 31, 238, 240-46, 782. Curwensville, Pa., 609, 778.

***Dallas,** Tex., 628. Dalton, Ms., 121, 193. **Dalton,** N. Y., 222. Dalwhinnie, *Scot.*, 556. Damascus, Md., 376. *Danbury, Ct., 769. Danforth, *Ont.*, 316. **Dansville,** N. Y., 33, 213-14, 218, 772. ***Danville,** Ill., 489. Danville, N. J., 164. **Danville,** Pa., 778. Darby, Pa., 372, 390. Darien, Ct., 139, 248. Darkesville, W. Va., 244. Darlington, *Vict.*, 559. Darmian, *Per.*, 571. Dauphin, Pa., 496. ***Davenport,** Ia., 478-9, 489. Daventry, *Eng.*, 556. **Davisville,** Cal., 490-1. Dayton, Ky., 628, 783. ***Dayton,** O., 501, 594-5, 784. **Dayton,** N. Y., 221, 223, 772. Dealton, *Ont.*, 310, 332. ***Decatur,** Ill., 485-6. ***Dedham,** Ms., 29, 33, 102, 107, 112. Deerfield, Ms., 119, 182, 579, 767. Deer Park, Md., 486. Deeth, Nev., 480. ***Defiance,** O., 609, 784. De Kalb, N. Y., 334. ***Delaware,** O., 784. Delaware, *Ont.*, 331, 332. Delaware Water Gap, Pa., 28, 163-4, 172, 189, 207, 341, 378, 497. Delfshaven, *Hol.*, 553. Delhi, *Ind.*, 572. ***Delhi,** N. Y., 497-8. Delhi, *Ont.*, 332. Delle, *France*, 599. De Mossville, Ky., 590. **Dennison,** O., 784. **Dennysville,** Me., 264, 266, 271. ***Denver,** Col., 501, 628, 788. Denville, N. J., 163, 170, 207. **Derby,** Ct., 140, 142, 769. Derby, *Eng.*, 539, 645-6, 790. Derringallum, *Vict.*, 560. Deschambault, *Que.*, 575. ***Des Moines,** Ia., 479, 489, 595, 787. ***Detroit,** Mich., 21, 48, 204, 210, 225, 296-8, 300, 304-5, 311, 315, 321-3, 333, 505, 592, 594-5, 625, 628, 677, 785. Devon, Pa., 389, 609, 778. **De Witt,** Neb., 485. De Witt, N. Y., 479. **Dexter,** Me., 515, 574, 765. Dexterville, N. Y., 223. Dieppe, *Fr.*, 480, 552, 599, 600. Digby, *N. S.*, 282, 284-5, 592. Dingman's Ferry, Pa., 164. Dingwall, *Scot.*, 556. Disco, Ill., 485-6. Diss, *Eng.*, 538, 790. **Dixon,** Cal., 491. **Dobbs Ferry,** N. Y., 77-9. Docking, *Eng.*, 537-8. Dodgeville, Ms., 107. Doncaster, *Eng.*, 539-40, 790. **Dorchester,** Ms., 517-8, 527, 767. Dorset, *Eng.*, 646. Dorval, *Ont.*, 328. Doshan Tepe, *Per.*, 483. Doup's Point, Ky., 236. ***Dover,** Del., 781. Dover, *Eng.*, 551, 598-9. ***Dover,** N. H., 575. **Dover,** N. J., 163-4, 173. **Dover Plains,** N. Y., 582. Dover Point, Me., 575. **Downingtown,** Pa., 389. ***Doylestown,** Pa., 778. Drakestown, N. J., 164. Drakesville, N. J., 163, 207. Dreaney's Corners, *Ont.*, 324. Dresden, *Ger.*, 114, 427. **Drifton,** Pa., 497-9. Dublin, *Ire.*, 642, 645-6, 652, 654, 686, 695, 792. Dublin, *Ont.*, 313. Dulaney, Kan., 788. Dulaney, Ky., 783. ***Duluth,** Minn., 787. Dumfries, *Scot.*, 554-5, 645, 686. Duna Pentele, *Hun.*, 481. Duna Szekeso, *Hun.*, 481. Dunbar, *Scot.*, 554. Dunchurch, *Eng.*, 557. Dundas, *Ont.*, 318. Dundee, *Scot.*, 792. Duncan, Neb., 478. **Duneannon,** Pa., 496. Dunedin, *N. Z.*, 567, 652, 794. Dunellen, N. J., 172. Dungarvan, *Ire.*, 546. Dunkeld, *Ont.*, 315. **Dunkirk,** N. Y., 28, 31, 58, 223, 772. Dunstable, *Eng.*, 541. Durham, *Eng.*, 545, 645. Durham, *Ont.*, 316. Dusseldorf, *Ger.*, 545. **Dutch Flat,** Cal., 476.

Eagle, *Ont.*, 312. Ealing, *Eng.*, 790. **Earlham,** Ia., 479. E. Almond Centre, N. Y., 217. E. Attleboro, Ms., 107. **E. Aurora,** N. Y., 208, 222. E. Avon, N. Y., 213, 216. E. Berlin, Ct., 769. E. Bethel, Vt., 578. E. Bloomfield, N. Y., 202, 212, 216, 218. Eastbourne, *Eng.*, 532, 544, 790. E. Brimfield, Ms., 767. E. Brookfield, Ms., 110, 128. E. Brookfield, Vt., 578. E. Bridgewater, Ms., 376. E. Cambridge, Ms., 767. E. Canaan, Ct., 146. E. Chatham, N. Y., 148, 208. E. Fryeburg, Me., 577. E. Gainesville, N. Y., 222. E. Greenwich, N. Y., 193. ***E. Greenwich,** R. I., 512, 581, 769. **Easthampton,** Ms., 118-20, 580, 767. E. Hartford, Ct., 123, 149, 582. E. Haven, Ct., 149. E. Lee, Ms., 148, 208. E. Leon, N. Y., 223. E. Longmeadow, Ms., 124-5, 254, 580. E. Long Branch, N. J., 776. E. Lyme, Ct., 131. **E. Lynde, Pa.,**

387. **E. Machias,** Me., 271. Eastman Springs, *Ont.*, 327. E. New York (L. I.), 584. E. Northwood, N. H., 577. E. Orange, N. J., 508, 588, 643, 776. ***Easton,** Md., 593. ***Easton,** Pa., 173, 342, 378, 387, 497, 609, 778. **Eastport,** Me., 257-8, 260, 265, 267-8, 274, 276, 279, 282-3, 573, 592. **E. Portland,** Or., 788. E. Providence, R. I., 107. E. Randolph, Vt., 578. E. Rochester, N. H., 525, 654-5, 670, 766. E. Saginaw, Mich., 785. E. Schodack, N. Y., 208. E. Springfield, Pa., 205. E. Stroudsburg, Pa., 341. E. Tarrytown, N. Y., 76. E. Wallingford, Vt., 579. E. Windsor Hill, Ct., 123, 254, 769. Eastwood, *Ont.*, 317. Eaton-Socon, *Eng.*, 540-41. Echo, Utah, 477. Echuca, *Vict.*, 560. Eckley, Col., 501. Eddington, *Vict.*, 566. Eden Center, N. Y., 223. **Edgerton,** O., 479. Edgewater, N. J., 81, 83. Edinburgh, *Scot.*, 533-4, 544, 554-6, 599, 642, 645-7, 686, 792. Edinburg, Va., 346, 388. Edward's Corner, N. Y., 223. Edward's Ferry, Va., 497. Edwardville, Ind., 235. Edwardsville, Kan., 485. ***Effingham,** Ill., 488. Eggerstown, Ill., 488. Eketahuna, *N. Z.*, 568. Elaine, *Vict.*, 559. Elbeuf, *Fr.*, 480. **Elbridge,** N. Y., 208, 212. **Elgin,** Ill., 786. ***Elizabeth,** N. J., 156, 158, 164, 167, 172, 175, 177, 583, 627, 776. Elizabethport, N. J., 29, 32, 156, 158, 583. ***Elizabethtown,** Ky., 237. **Elizabethtown,** N. Y., 211. Elk Grove, Cal., 491. Elkhorn, Neb., 489. ***Elko,** Nev., 477. ***Elkton,** Md., 244, 372, 497. ***Ellicott City,** Md., 349, 373, 376-7, 497. Ellington, *Eng.*, 540. **Ellington,** N. Y., 223, 772. Ellis, Ms., 107. ***Ellsworth,** Me., 278, 574. **Elmira,** Cal., 476, 491. ***Elmira,** N. Y., 216, 218, 501, 594, 772. Elmsford, N. Y., 75, 76. Elmwood, Ct., 136-7, 250. Elsinore, *Ont.*, 316. Ely, *Eng.*, 532, 539. ***Elyria,** O., 479, 609, 784. Elze, *Ger.*, 522. **Emmitsburg,** Md., 385, 388. ***Emporia,** Kan., 660, 788. Enfield, Ct., 253. Enfield, *Eng.*, 790. Enfield, Ms., 123, 125, 181, 580. **Englewood,** N. J., 30, 51, 80-1, 84, 166-8. Ennis, *Ire.*, 646. Enniskellen, *Ont.*, 315. Ephratah, Pa., 387. Epping, *Eng.*, 539-40. Eramosa, *Ont.*, 318. ***Erie,** Pa., 12, 28, 31, 50, 58, 85, 202, 204-6, 222, 311, 317, 487-8, 501, 594-5. Erin, *Ont.*, 316. Erlanger, Ky., 225. Erzeroum, *Tur.*, 482. Esbjerg, *Den.*, 599. Eski Baba, *Tur.*, 482. Essex Center, *Ont.*, 310-11. Eszek, *Slav.*, 481. Eton, *Eng.*, 533. ***Eugene City,** Or., 788. **Evans Mills,** N. Y., 334. ***Evanston,** Wyo., 477. ***Evansville,** Ind., 595. **Everett,** Pa., 244, 496. Exeter, *Eng.*, 533, 536, 554. ***Exeter,** N. H., 575, 766. Exeter, *Ont.*, 313-5, 324, 332. Eydkuhneu, *Rus.*, 687. Eye, *Eng.*, 539.

Fabyan House, N. H., 576-7. Fakenham, *Eng.*, 537-8. ***Fairfax C. H.,** Va., 374, 376. *Fairfield, Cal., 491. **Fairfield,** Ct., 138-9, 148, 248. Fairfield, Ky., 237. **Fairfield,** Me., 765. Fairfield, N. J., 84, 169. Fairfield, *Ont.*, 310, 789. Fairfield, Pa., 385. Fairfield, Va., 349, 495. Fair Haven, Ct., 133, 138, 149. **Fair Haven,** Vt., 184. Fairmount, *Ber.*, 362. **Fairmount,** Ind., 236. Fairview, Md., 243. Fairview, N. J., 84. Fairyland, *Ber.*, 361. Falkirk, *Scot.*, 404. Fall Brook, Pa., 594. Falling Waters, W. Va., 344, 348. **Fall River,** Ms., 31-2, 85, 101, 108, 593, 767. **Falls Church,** Va., 374, 376. Falls City, Pa., 245. ***Faribault,** Minn., 787. Farmers' Crossing, Ky., 485-6. Farmersville, Ms., 109. Farmingdale (L. I.), N. Y., 58, 150-3. Farmington, Cal., 491-2. **Farmington,** Ct., 137, 145, 149, 581. **Farmington,** N. H., 576-7. Farms Village, Ct., 145. Farnborough Station, *Eng.*, 646. Farrah, *Afg.*, 571. Farringdon, *Eng.*, 532. Father Point, *Que.*, 329. Fayette, N. Y., 336. Fayetteville, Pa., 495. Featherston, *N. Z.*, 568-9. Feeding Hills, Ms., 123, 125-6, 144, 146. Fergus, *Ont.*, 316. ***Fernandina,** Fla., 597, 628, 783. Fern Creek, Ky., 236. Fielding, *N. Z.*, 568. Fife, *Scot.*, 792. Fillmore, N. Y., 217. Finchville, Ky., 236. Finchley, *Eng.*, 531-2. ***Findlay,** O., 483, 784. Fisher's Hill, Va., 345, 498. Fishersville, Ms., 109. **Fish'kill-on-Hudson,** N. Y., 194-5, 258, 582. ***Fitchburg,** Ms., 114, 500, 523, 579, 594, 597, 767. **Fitzwilliam,** N. H., 766. Five Stakes, *Ont.*, 312. Flanders, Ct., 131. Flanders, N. J., 164. Flatts, *Ber.*, 359-61, 366. ***Flemington,** N. J., 733. Flesherton, *Ont.*, 316. Flint, *Eng.*, 645. ***Flint,** Mich., 595. Florence, *It.*, 429, 552. Florence, Ky., 225. **Florence,** Ms., 119, 767. Florida, N. Y., 772. Florin, Pa., 779. Floyd, N. Y., 210. Flume, N. H., The, 61, 576. **Flushing** (L. I.), N. Y., 12, 29, 31-2, 51-2, 90-1, 152-3, 155, 772. Foggia, *It.*, 552. Folkestone, *Eng.*, 599. ***Fonda,** N. Y.,

200, 208, 211. Fontenoy, *Fr.*, 480. Footscray, *Vict.*, 559. Fordham, N. Y., 72, 772. Fordham Landing, N. Y., 583. Fordwich, *Ont.*, 314. Forest Hill, *Eng.*, 645. Forks of Kennebec, Me., 573-4. Forres, *Scot.*, 645. Forrest, *Ont.*, 332. Ft. Albert, *Ber.*, 360. **Ft. Bridger,** Wyo., 477. ***Ft. Dodge,** Ia., 595. **Ft. Edward,** N. Y., 29, 51, 58, 189, 191-3. **Ft. Hamilton,** N. Y., 90. Ft. Hunter, N. Y., 200. Ft. Jefferson, Mo., 484. **Ft. Leavenworth,** Kan., 628, 788. Ft. Lee, N. J., 30, 32, 72, 81-5, 165, 583, 612. Ft. Loudon, Pa., 485. Ft. Miller, N. Y., 190. Ft. Morgan, Col., 501. Ft. Niagara, N. Y., 222. Ft. Plain, N. Y., 200, 208, 488. Ft. Porter, N. Y., 588. Ft. St. George, *Ber.*, 358. Ft. St. George, N. Y., 583. Ft. Schuyler, N. Y., 74, 246. Ft. Sidney, Col., 475. Ft. Steele, Wyo., 478. ***Ft. Wayne,** Ind., 487, 595, 786. Ft. William, *Ont.*, 789. Ft. Worth, Tex., 783. **Fostoria,** O., 784. **Fowlerville,** N. Y., 214. **Foxboro',** Ms., 107. **Framingham,** Ms., 29, 51, 113-14, 117, 514, 680, 767. Francestown, N. H., 575. Franconia, N. H., 576-7. **Frankford,** Pa., 388-9. ***Frankfort,** Ky., 51, 225, 232-4. **Frankfort,** N. Y., 200. Frankfort, *Ger.*, 552, 700. Franklin, N. J., 161-2, 169. Franklin, N. Y., 498. ***Franklin,** Tenn., 352. **Franklin Falls,** N. H., 577. **Franklinville,** N. Y., 208. Franktown, *Ont.* 327. ***Frederick,** Md., 29, 31, 33, 238, 242-3, 349, 376-7, 487. Fredericksburg, Ind., 235. **Fredericksburg,** Va., 352. Fredericktown, Ky., 230. ***Fredericktown,** Mo., 787. Freedom, N. H., 577. **Fredonia,** N. Y., 50, 205-6, 223, 587, 772. Freeport, *Ont.*, 316. Freibourg, *Ger.*, 552. ***Fremont,** Neb., 478. ***Fremont,** O., 479. Fressingfield, *Eng.*, 539. Freudenstadt, *Ger.*, 481. **Friendship,** N. Y., 223, 772. Frizinghall, *Eng.*, 790. ***Front Royal,** Va., 351. **Frostburg,** Md., 243. **Fryeburg,** Me., 576-7. Fulda, *Ger.*, 552. Fullerton, *Ont.*, 332. **Fultonville,** N. Y., 200. Funkstown, Md., 244. Ferriman, *Per.*, 571.

Gainesville, N. Y., 222. Gainesville, Va., 375. Galena, Ind., 235. Galt, *Ont.*, 317, 324, 491. ***Galveston,** Tex., 783. **Gambier,** O., 784. Gananoque, *Ont.*, 317, 325-6, 333. Gang Mills, N. Y., 210. Gan près Pau, *Fr.*, 792. Garden City (L. I.), N. Y., 152, 530. **Gardiner,** Me., 573. **Gardner,** Ms., 579, 767. ***Garnett,** Kan., 788. Garrison's, N. Y., 29, 193, 609, 772. Garstane, *Eng.*, 556. Garwood, N. Y., 222. Gasport, N. Y., 217. Gateshead-on-Tyne, *Eng.*, 790. Gauley's Bridge, W. Va., 351, 486. Gaylord's Bridge, Ct., 582. **Geddes,** N. Y., 201, 212. Geelong, *Vict.*, 559-61, 563. Gelvington, Ky., 590. **Geneseo,** Ill., 479, 489. ***Geneseo,** N. Y., 213. **Geneva,** N. Y., 208, 213, 772. Geneva, O., 488. Geneva, *Switz.*, 545. Genoa, Ill., 786. Genoa, *It.*, 552. **Georgetown,** D. C., 12, 241-2, 374, 376, 497, 782. ***Georgetown,** Ky., 51, 226, 233-4. **Georgetown,** N. Y., 337. Georgetown, *N. S.*, 290. Georgetown, *Ont.*, 318-19. Gera, *Ger.*, 551-2. Germantown, Ky., 590. Germantown, *N. S. W.*, 565-6. Germantown, N. Y., 197, 498. Germantown, Pa., 389, 779. Gerry, N. Y., 587, 772. ***Gettysburg,** Pa., 242, 303, 347, 352, 385-6, 388, 486, 495, 499, 779. Ghalikue, *Afg.*, 571. Ghent, N. Y., 197. **Gilroy,** Cal., 490, 492-3. **Girard,** Pa., 12, 205-6, 479, 488, 779. Girtford, *Eng.*, 540-1. Glasgow, *Scot.*, 534, 545-6, 555, 645-7, 695, 698, 792. **Glassboro,** N. J., 390, 522. Glenbrook, Cal., 490. Glendale, Ms., 148. Glenfield, Pa., 779. Glen House, N. H., 577. Glenrowan, *Vict.*, 566. **Glen's Falls,** N. Y., 186, 189, 191-3, 609, 772. Glen Station, N. H., 577. Glenville, Ct., 138. Glenwood, Md., 782. Glenwood, Pa., 341. Gloucester, *Eng.*, 536, 539, 554-7, 645. **Gloucester,** Ms., 505, 512, 609, 655, 674-5, 767. **Gloucester,** N. J., 390, 522. Goderich, *Ont.*, 204, 301, 313-5, 323-4, 331, 789. ***Goldendale,** Wash., 788. Gold-hill, Cal., 476. Gold Run, Cal., 476. Golspie, *Scot.*, 556. **Gordonsville,** Va., 348, 350-1. **Gorham,** Me., 515. **Gorham,** N. H., 576-7. Goshen, Ct., 143. ***Goshen,** Ind., 236, 479. ***Goshen,** N. Y., 340, 587. Goshen, Va., 351, 486. Göttingen, *Ger.*, 522. Goulburn, *N. S. W.*, 561, 564-6, 793. **Gouverneur,** N. Y., 334. Govanstown, Md., 377. Grafton, Ms., 103, 378. Grafton, *Ont.*, 319. Granby, Ct., 145, 581. ***Grand Island,** Neb., 478, 489. Grand Metis, *Que.*, 329. Grand Pré, *N. S.*, 284, 286. ***Grand Forks,** Dak., 603, 788. ***Grand Rapids,** Mich., 505, 519, 575, 785. Granger, Wyo., 477. Graniteville (S. I.), N. Y., 157. Grant, N. Y., 210. Grantham, *Eng.*, 540-1, 553. Granville, Ms., 144, 146. Granville, *N. S.*, 284-5.

Gravesend, *Eng.*, 599. Gravesend (L. I.), N. Y., 90. Gravois, Mo., 525. ***Grayson**, Ky., 351, 485. Gray's Summit, Mo., 485-6. **Great Barrington**, Ms., 148, 700. Great Bend, N. Y., 28, 31, 207, 338, 341. Great Berkhamsted, *Eng.*, 473, 480. Great Bethel, Va., 439. **Great Falls**, N. H., 627, 766. Great Falls, Va., 241, 376. Greenbush, N. Y., 190-1, 197. ***Greencastle**, Ind., 485-6. **Greencastle**, Pa., 46, 296, 303, 344, 495. **Greene**, N. Y., 336, 498. ***Greenfield**, Ms., 11, 27, 29, 31, 51, 119, 182-3, 194, 378, 500, 579, 767. Greenland, Pa., 244. Greenock, *Scot.*, 792. **Greenpoint** (L. I.), N. Y., 91. **Greenport** (L. I.), N. Y., 12, 28, 32-3, 150-5. ***Green River**, Wyo., 477. ***Greensburg**, Ind., 786. ***Greensburg**, Ky., 229. ***Greensburg**, Pa., 529, 779. Green's Farms, Ct., 138. Green Tree, Pa., 389. Greenville, Ind., 235. Greenville, Me., 574. **Greenville**, Mich., 785. Greenville, N. J., 776. **Greenville**, Pa., 341, 779. ***Greenville C. H.**, S. C., 782. Greenville, Va., 349. **Greenwich**, Ct., 138-9, 248, 581-2, 609, 769. **Greenwich**, N. Y., 772. Greenwood, N. Y., 171. Grenoble, *Fr.*, 698. Gretna Green, *Scot.*, 553, 556-7. Grimsby, *Ont.*, 315. **Grinnell**, Ia., 488-9, 787. **Griswold**, Ia., 478. Groton, Ct., 153. Grotto, *It.*, 552. Grotzka, *Serv.*, 481. Groveland, Cal., 491. Groveport, O., 785. Grovesend, *Ont.*, 331. Groveton, Cal., 492. Groveton, N. H., 576. Groveton, Va., 375. Guelph, *Ont.*, 315-7, 319, 331. Guildhall Falls, N. H., 577. **Guilford**, Ct., 132. Guillimbury, *Ont.*, 316. Gulf Mills, Pa., 389. Gundagai, *N. S. W.*, 565-6. Gunnersbury, *Eng.*, 645. Gunning, *N. S. W.*, 561, 565-6. Guttenberg, N. J., 81, 83, 168. Guymard Springs, N Y., 497. Guysboro, *N. S.*, 289.

***Hackensack**, N. J., 30, 84, 165-6, 168-9, 776. **Hackettstown**, N. J., 164, 173, 776. Haddonfield, N. J., 390, 522, 776. Hadley, Ms., 120. ***Hagerstown**, Md., 29, 238-9, 242-5, 303, 344, 346, 348, 350-1, 384, 387-8, 486-7, 495, 609, 782. Hagersville, *Ont.*, 332. Halle, *Ger.*, 522. Halleck, Nev., 477. Halifax, *N. S.*, 282, 286-9, 292-3, 355, 364-5, 592, 609, 790. Haigler, Neb., 501. ***Hailey**, Id., 609, 788. Hamburg, *Ger.*, 551, 599. Hamburg, Ind., 235. **Hamburg**, N. Y., 223. Hamburg, *Ont.*, 317. **Hamburg**, Pa., 342. Hamden, Ct., 134. Hamilton, *Ber.*, 355, 358-9, 361-2, 592, 609, 790. ***Hamilton**, O., 501, 594-5, 785. Hamilton, *Ont.*, 314-5, 317, 324, 331-2, 593, 634, 789. Hamilton, *Vict.*, 560-61, 563, 793. **Hamilton**, Va., 244, 497. Hammersmith, *Eng.*, 551. Hammondsville, N. Y., 211. Hammonton, N. J., 522. **Hampton**, N. H., 102, 512. Hampton Court, *Eng.*, 4, 532, 545, 548. **Hancock**, Md., 239-40, 242, 244-5, 496. Hancock, Vt., 578. Hanover, Ct., 134. Hanover, *Ger.*, 522, 651. **Hanover**, N. H., 766. Hanover, N. J., 163-4. Hantsport, *N. S.*, 286. Hanwell, *Eng.*, 646. Hanley, *Eng.*, 665. Hardington, N. J., 522. Hardensburg, Ind., 235. Hardwick, Ms., 579. Harford, Md., 377. **Harlem**, N. Y., 30, 32-3, 55, 57, 249, 582, 612, 772, 774. Harlingen, N. J., 172. Harpenden, *Eng.*, 553. **Harper**, Kan., 788. **Harper's Ferry**, W. Va., 29, 31, 240-2, 347-8, 350, 384, 496. ***Harrisburg**, Pa., 244, 303, 343, 352, 496, 498, 779. **Harrison**, Me., 574. ***Harrisonburg**, Va., 346-8, 382, 388, 497-9, 628, 782. ***Harrodsburg**, Ky., 51, 226-7, 234, 236. Harrogate, *Eng.*, 636, 642. Harrold, *Eng.*, 540. ***Hartford**, Ct., 11, 12, 26-7, 28, 30-2, 37, 39, 42-3, 46-7, 118, 122-3, 125, 128, 133, 136-8, 145, 148-9, 173, 179-81, 183, 191, 234, 249-51, 253, 372-3, 377-8, 388, 401, 501, 510, 523, 524, 580-2, 593, 609, 615, 625, 627-8, 632, 655, 675, 677, 769. Harud, *Afg.*, 571. Harwich, *Eng.*, 599. Hastings, *Eng.*, 641, 682. ***Hastings**, Minn., 487. Hastings, N. Y., 335. Hastings, *N. Z.*, 569. Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y., 75, 77, 586. Hatte Bay, *Que.*, 329. Hatfield, *Eng.*, 540-1, 790. Hatfield, Ms., 119, 182-3. Hatton, *Eng.*, 543. ***Havana**, Ill., 485-6. Havant, *Eng.*, 790. Haverford College, Pa., 389, 779. **Haverhill**, Ms., 523, 577, 767. Havre, *Fr.*, 599. **Havre de Grace**, Md., 244, 372, 377-8, 497. Hawkesbury, *Ont.*, 327-8. **Hawley**, Pa., 340, 609, 779. Hawthorne, *Ont.*, 327. Hawtrey, *Ont.*, 332. Hayden's, Ct., 31, 181, 251. Haydenville, Ms., 119, 767. **Hazelton**, Kan., 788. **Hazleton**, Pa., 498, 779. **Healdsburg**, Cal., 490. Hebron, *N. S.*, 283. Hebronville, Ms., 107. Hecla, Pa., 498. Heidelberg, *Ger.*, 522, 545, 552. ***Helena**, Mont., 788. Helensburgh, *Eng.*, 646. **Hempstead** (L. I.), N. Y., 138, 150-2, 154. ***Henderson**, Ky., 590, 609, 783. ***Henderson**, Minn., 787. Hendrysburg,

O., 485. ***Hennepin**, Ill., 489. Herat, *Afg.*, 482, 571. Hereford, *Eng.*, 539. ***Herkimer**, N. Y., 208. Hermouli, *Roum.*, 481. Hertford, *Eng.*, 540-1. Hespeler, *Ont.*, 317. Hettingen, *Bel.*, 545. Heuvelton, N. Y., 334. Hicksville (L. I.), N. Y., 51, 152-3. Highgate, *Eng.*, 540. Highland Creek, *Ont.*, 319. Highland Mills, N.Y., 171, 609, 772. **Highland Park**, Ill., 787. Highlands, N. Y., 172, 198. High Top Gap, Va., 348. High Wycombe, *Eng.*, 645, 790. Hilliard, Wyo., 477. Hillsboro, N. H., 575. Hillsburg, *Ont.*, 316. Hillsdale, N. Y., 188. Hill's Valley, Cal., 490. Hind Head, *Eng.*, 777. Hinds Corners, Pa., 339. Hingham, Ms., 112. **Hinsdale**, Ms., 121. **Hinsdale**, N. H., 579. Hinsdale, N. Y., 152-3. Hitchin, *Eng.*, 540-1, 557-8. Hitchcockville, Ct., 144. Hobart, *Tas.*, 560, 563-4, 652, 794. **Hoboken**, N. J., 32, 82-3, 85, 168, 172, 583, 776. Hodnet, *Eng.*, 555. Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y., 32. Hoguestown, Pa., 343. Hohokus, N. J., 169. Hokitika, *N. Z.*, 569. **Holland**, N. Y., 222. Holland Patent, N. Y., 210, 213. Holland's Landing, *Ont.*, 316. ***Hollister**, Cal., 492. **Holliston**, Ms., 767. Hollowville, N. Y., 188. ***Holly Springs**, Miss., 783. Holmesville, *Ont.*, 313. Holmsdale, *Scot.*, 556. Holycross, *Ire.*, 546. Holyhead, *Eng.*, 686. **Holyoke**, Ms., 31, 58, 117-8, 120, 123-6, 135, 183, 191, 251, 524, 527, 609, 767. **Homer**, Mich., 323. **Homestead**, Ia., 479. Homestead, N. J., 83-4. Homestead, Pa., 779. ***Honesdale**, Pa., 44, 302, 339-40, 501. Hope, N. J., 164. Hopedale, Ms., 767. Hoptown, Cal., 490. Hoosick Corners, N. Y., 193, 510. **Hoosick Falls**, N. Y., 193. **Hornellsville**, N. Y., 30, 216-7, 222. **Horseheads**, N. Y., 216. Horton, *N. S.*, 286. Housatonic, Ms., 148. ***Howard**, Kan., 788. **Howard**, Minn., 787. Huddersfield, *Eng.*, 645. Hudson, Col., 501. ***Hudson**, N. Y., 29, 32, 51, 121, 190, 192, 195-8, 258, 488, 510, 609, 772. Hudson, *Ont.*, 328. Hughsonville, N. Y., 194-5. Hulett's Landing, N. Y., 29, 32. Hull, *Ont.*, 327. Hull, *Eng.*, 545, 599. Humboldt, Nev., 476. Hummelstown, Pa., 343. **Hunter**, N. Y., 505. Hunter's Point (L. I.), N. Y., 28, 31-2, 58, 91, 96-7, 99, 151, 153. Huntingdon, *Eng.*, 539, 541. ***Huntingdon**, Pa., 244, 779. *Huntington, Ind., 786. **Huntington**, Ms., 121, 194. **Huntington** (L. I.), N. Y., 151. Hurunui, *N. Z.*, 567-9. Hutonburg Corners, *Ont.*, 327. **Hyde Park**, Ms., 767. Hyde Park, N. Y., 497.

Ichtiman, *Roum.*, 481. Idlewild, N. Y., 197. **Ilion**, N. Y., 200, 208. ***Independence**, Mo., 485-6. ***Indiana**, Pa., 610, 779. ***Indianapolis**, Ind., 485-8, 501, 595, 610, 628, 786. ***Indianola**, Ia., 787. Indian Castle, N. Y., 479. **Indian Orchard**, Ms., 29, 104, 110, 117, 124-6, 181, 252. Ingleside, Ms., 125. Ingersoll, *Ont.*, 324, 332. Invermay, *Ont.*, 316. Inverness, *Scot.*, 536, 554. Inwood, N. Y., 72. Iona, *Ont.*, 312. ***Iowa City**, Ia., 479, 489. **Iowa Falls**, Ia., 628, 789. Ipswich, *Eng.*, 532, 538-9, 599. Ipswich, Ms., 112, 510, 512. Ireland Parish, Ms., 118, 125. Ireland Point, *Ber.*, 358. Irkutsk, *Rus.*, 570. Ironsides, *Ont.*, 327. Irving, N. Y., 204, 527. **Irvington**, Ind., 786. **Irvington**, N. Y., 75, 79, 162, 164, 174-5, 198. **Irwin**, Pa., 779. **Ishpeming**, Mich., 785. Isle Madame, *N. S.*, 289. Isle Parent, *Que.*, 328. **Islip** (L. I.), N. Y., 150, 152. Ismidt, *Tur.*, 481-2, 570. ***Ithaca**, N. Y., 497-8, 772.

Jackman's Plantation, Me., 574. ***Jackson**, Mich., 501, 685. Jackson, N. H., 577. Jacksonville, Cal., 491. Jacksonville, Vt., 579. Jacktown, O., 486. Jagodina, *Serv.*, 481. ***Jamaica** (L. I.), N. Y., 90, 151-4, 772. **Jamaica Plain**, Ms., 575, 767. Jaman's Gap, Va., 347. **Jamestown**, N. Y., 221, 587, 610, 772. **Jamestown**, O., 785. **Jamestown**, Pa., 206, 223, 485. Jarvis, *Ont.*, 332. ***Jefferson**, Ia., 628, 787. ***Jefferson**, Wis., 787. ***Jefferson City**, Mo., 486. Jeffersontown, Ky., 236. ***Jeffersonville**, Ind., 235, 595. **Jeffersonville**, O., 245. **Jenkintown**, Pa., 779. Jenksville, Ms., 104, 110, 117, 126, 181, 252. Jericho (L. I.), N. Y., 151-2. Jerome Park, N. Y., 71, 73, 582. Jersey, *Ont.*, 316. ***Jersey City**, N. J., 30, 51, 82, 85, 97, 149, 156, 168, 342, 388, 510, 583, 628, 776. **Jersey Shore**, Pa., 779. John O'Groat's, *Scot.*, 297, 532, 536, 544, 548, 553-7, 685. Johnsonburg, N. J., 163, 207. Johnston Corners, *Ont.*, 315. ***Johnstown**, N.Y., 196. **Johnstown**, Pa., 496, 530, 779. ***Joliet**, Ill., 501, 524. Jonesport, Me., 274. Jordan River, *N. S.*, 293. Jordanville, Ct., 131. Jugiong, *N. S. W.*, 564-6. ***Junction City**, Kan., 788.

Kaaterskill, N. Y., 216, 582. Kaklu, *Per.*, 571. Kalora, *Vict.*, 563. Kamouraska, *Que.*, 329-30. ***Kankakee**, Ill., 787. **Kansas City**, Mo., 473, 486, 595, 787. Karapoi, *N. Z.*, 568-9. Kariez, *Per.*, 571. Karrthia, *Aust.*, 552. **Katonah**, N. Y., 772. ***Kearney**, Neb., 475, 478, 480. **Keeseville**, N. Y., 211. Keilor, *Vict.*, 563. **Kellogg**, Ia., 479. **Kelseyville**, Cal., 490. Kelton, Utah, 477. Kendal, *Eng.*, 536, 555. **Kendallville**, Ind., 479. Kennebec, Me., Forks of the, 573-4. **Kennedy**, N. Y., 223. **Kennett Square**, Pa., 779. Kensington, *Eng.*, 554, 645. Kentville, *N. S.*, 285. Kernstown, Va., 345. Kessock, *Eng.*, 536. Keswick, *Eng.*, 646, 791. Keswick, *Ont.*, 316. Kettering, *Eng.*, 540. Kettle Pt., *Ont.*, 332. Khoi, *Per.*, 482. Killarney, *Ire.*, 546, 652. Kimbolton, *Eng.*, 539. Kincardine, *Ont.*, 315, 789. **Kinderhook**, N. Y., 148, 198, 610, 772. Kin-gan-foo, *Chi.*, 572. **Kingsbridge**, N. Y., 64, 66, 78, 98, 582-3. Kingston, *Eng.*, 544. Kingston, N. J., 377. ***Kingston**, N. Y., 188, 198. Kingston, *Ont.*, 204, 297, 300, 317, 319-26, 333, 523, 610, 789. Kingston, Pa., 220. Kingston, *S. Aus.*, 560. Kingussie, *Scot.*, 555-6. Kingsville, *Ont.*, 301, 310. Kintnersville, Pa., 497. Kintore, *Ont.*, 332. Kioto, *Jap.*, 792. Kirkton, *Ont.*, 332. **Kittery**, Me., 101, 246, 575. Kiu Kiang, *Chi.*, 572. Knight's Ferry, Cal., 491-2. Knotty Ash, *Eng.*, 557. Knowlton, N. J., 164. ***Kokomo**, Ind., 786. Kresgeville, Pa., 341. Kurrachee, *Ind.*, 571. Kutztown, Pa., 387. Kyamba, *N. S. W.*, 565. Kyneton, *Vict.*, 559, 561-3.

Laceyville, Pa., 219. Lachine, *Que.*, 328. La Chute Mills, *Ont.*, 789. Lackawaxen, Pa., 340. **Lacona**, N. Y., 335. **Laconia**, N. H., 576-7. ***La Crosse**, Wis., 787. Lafaram, *Rus.*, 571. ***La Fayette**, Ind., 525, 786. ***Lagrange**, Ind., 236. Lahore, *Ind.*, 572. Laird, Neb., 501. ***Lake City**, Col., 788. ***Lake George**, N. Y., 609, 772. Lake Pleasant, Ms., 378. Lakeville, Ct., 143, 147. Lakeville, N. Y., 193. Lakewood, N. Y., 223. Lambeth, *Ont.*, 331, 519. **Lamoille**, Ill., 479. **Lamonte**, Mo., 475. Lancaster, *Eng.*, 554. **Lancaster**, Ms., 579. ***Lancaster**, N. H., 575-7, 676, 766. **Lancaster**, N. Y., 208, 215. ***Lancaster**, Pa., 164, 244, 317, 323, 378, 386, 388-9, 486, 495-6, 779. Landisville, Pa., 389, 779. Land's End, *Eng.*, 297, 532, 536, 548, 551-7, 685. Lanesboro, Ms., 121. Lanesville, Ky., 235. Langenweddingen, *Rus.*, 687. Langford, *Eng.*, 558. Lansdowne, *Ont.*, 325. **Lansing**, Mich., 501, 505, 595, 785. **Lansingburg**, N. Y., 193. **Laona**, N. Y., 223, 587. ***Laporte**, Ind., 479. Laprade, *Fr.*, 552. ***Laramie**, Wyo., 473-4, 478, 480, 788. Larrabee's Point, Vt., 579. La Salle, N. Y., 215. **Latrobe**, Pa., 610, 779. Laurel, Md., 377. Laurel Hill, Pa., 485. Laumont, *Fr.*, 558. Launceston, *Tas.*, 560, 563-4. Lausanne, *Switz.*, 545. ***Lawrence**, Kan., 485, 788. ***Lawrence**, Ms., 112, 514, 768. ***Lawrenceburg**, Ind., 236. Lawrencetown, *N. S.*, 285. Lawrenceville, N. J., 377, 777. Laytonsville, Md., 376. Leadenham, *Eng.*, 539. ***Leadville**, Col., 643, 788. Leamington, *Ont.*, 310. ***Lebanon**, Ky., 229, 234, 610, 783. Lebanon, N. Y., 197. ***Lebanon**, O., 785. *Lebanon, Pa., 303, 343, 485, 779. **Lee**, Ms., 121, 146, 148, 208, 610, 768. Leeds, *Eng.*, 636, 645-6, 791. ***Leesburg**, Va., 497. Leestown, Pa., 342. Lee's Summit, Mo., 486. Leete's Island, Ct., 132. Leeuwarden, *Hol.*, 553. Leghorn, *It.*, 700. Lehighton, Pa., 299, 341, 610. Leicester, *Eng.*, 532, 539, 553, 642. Leicester, Ms., 103, 110, 114. Leipsic, *Ger.*, 114, 651. Leith, *Scot.*, 645. Leitersburg, Md., 385. Le Mans, *Fr.*, 699. Lemay Ferry, Mo., 525. Lempster, N. H., 575. Lenox, Ms., 148, 700. Lenox, N. Y., 208. Lenox Furnace, Ms., 148. **Leominster**, Ms., 579. Leon, N. Y., 223. Leonardsville, N. Y., 772. **Le Roy**, N. Y., 208, 221, 479, 487, 772. Lesinore, *Ire.*, 546. Lethbridge, *Vict.*, 559. Level, Md., 373. Level, O., 785. Lewes, *Eng.*, 539. ***Lewisburg**, W. Va., 351, 486. **Lewiston**, Me., 765. **Lewiston**, N. Y., 222. Lewiston, *Ont.*, 325. ***Lewistown**, Ill., 485-6. ***Lewistown**, Pa., 244, 496. **Lewisville**, Ind., 485. ***Lexington**, Ky., 226, 233-4, 501, 527, 783. Lexington, Ms., 29, 51, 103, 386, 517, 768. ***Lexington**, Va., 347, 349-51, 495. Leytonstone, *Eng.*, 791. **Lima**, N. Y., 208, 213. ***Lima**, O., 488, 501. **Limekiln**, Pa., 389. Limerick, *Ire.*, 792. Limerick, Me., 577. **Lime Rock**, Ct., 769. Lincoln, *Eng.*, 539. ***Lincoln**, Ill., 486, 489. Lincoln, *Ont.*, 322. Lincoln Park, N. J., 777. Linlithgow, *Scot.*, 645. *Linn, Mo., 485. **Lisbon**, N. H.,

577. **Lisle**, N. Y., 497-8. L'Islet, *Que.*, 329-30. Listowell, *Ont.*, 314-5. ***Litchfield**, Ct., 141-5, 148, 581. Little, Ky., 236. Little Boar's Head, N. H., 512. Little Falls, N. J., 30, 84, 165, 167, 169. **Little Falls**, N. Y., 200, 202, 208, 488, 772. Little Metis, *Que.*, 329-30. Little Mount, Ky., 236. Little Neck (L. I.), N. Y., 151-3, 155. ***Little Rock**, Ark., 783. **Littleton**, N. H., 61, 576-7. ***Little Valley**, N. Y., 223. Liverpool, *Eng.*, 99, 406, 473-4, 480-2, 527, 532, 553, 556-7, 570, 592, 636, 642, 645-7, 686, 791. Liverpool, *N. S.*, 288. Liverpool, *N. S. W.*, 561, 565-6. Livingston, N. Y., 220. Llandaff, *Eng.*, 558. Llandyssul, *Eng.*, 791. Lloyd's Neck (L. I.), N. Y., 151. Lodge Pole, Neb., 478. Lockerbie, *Scot.*, 536. ***Lock Haven**, Pa., 779. Lockland, O., 785. ***Lockport**, N. Y., 216-7, 222, 325, 501, 772. ***Logansport**, Ind., 786. London, *Eng.*, 63, 99, 129, 280, 292, 353, 365, 402-6, 426-8, 436, 444, 448, 464, 467, 470-2, 474-5, 480-1, 517, 524, 530-41, 544, 547-8, 550-1, 553-8, 567, 598-9, 602, 611, 627, 636, 642-7, 654, 656-9, 662, 670, 681-91, 693, 695-6, 698-9, 791, 798. London, *Ont.*, 204, 312, 314-5, 319, 321, 331, 332, 634-5, 654, 669, 789. Londsboro, *Ont.*, 332. **Long Island City**, N.Y., 97, 99. Longmeadow, Ms., 123-4, 181, 254, 580. Longneuil, *Que.*, 328. Longwood, *Que.*, 331. Lookout, Wyo., 478. **Lorain**, O., 595. L' Original, *Que.*, 328. Lorraine, *Ger.*, 480. ***Los Angeles**, Cal., 789. Loughboro, *Eng.*, 539. Louisburg, *C. B.*, 289. ***Louisville**, Ky., 31, 33, 51, 225, 231-7, 486, 501, 525-6, 530, 590, 595, 597, 628, 783. Loup, *Fr.*, 545. Louvain, *Fr.*, 699. Lovell, Me., 577. Lovelock's, Nev., 476, 480. ***Lowell**, Ms., 112, 378, 500, 508, 517, 597, 660, 768. Lower Lachine, *Que.*, 328. Lowestaft, *Eng.*, 539. **Lubec**, Me., 264-70, 279, 516, 573, 610, 765. Lucan, *Ont.*, 312, 314. Lucindale, *S. Aus.*, 560. Lucknow, *Ont.*, 315, 332. **Ludlow**, Vt., 579. Lunenburg, *N. S.*, 288. **Lunenburg**, Vt., 577. ***Luray**, Va., 244, 346-51, 381-2. Luthfield, *N. Z.*, 568. Lutton, *Eng.*, 537. **Lyme**, Ct., 131, 792. **Lynchburg**, Va., 346. Lyndhurst, N. J., 166. Lynn, *Eng.*, 537-8, 557. **Lynn**, Ms., 101, 516, 573, 597, 631, 768. Lynn, *Ont.*, 326. Lyons, *Fr.*, 698. Lyons, Ill., 479. ***Lyons**, Kan., 628. ***Lyons**, N. Y., 772.

McCainsville, N. J., 163, 207. McCook, Neb., 501. ***McConnellsburg**, Pa., 485. ***Machias**, Me., 270-4, 279, 575, 592. Machiasport, Me., 257, 273-4, 279, 573. McIntyre's Corners, *Ont.*, 332. McKinstryville, N. Y., 198. **McMinnville**, Or., 788. ***Macomb**, Ill., 787. ***Macon**, Ga., 782. **McVeytown**, Pa., 244. **Madison**, Ct., 132, 523. ***Madison**, Ind., 595, 786. Madison, N. H., 577. **Madison**, N. J., 30, 163, 174, 777. **Madison**, N. Y., 772. **Madison**, O., 479. *Madison, Va., 348. Madrid, *Sp.*, 700. Madrone, Cal., 490, 492. Magnolia, Ky., 230-1. Mahwah, N. J., 169. Maidenhead, *Eng.*, 567, 792. Maidstone, *Eng.*, 646. Mainz, *Ger.*, 552. Maitland, *N. S.*, 283. Maitland, *Ont.*, 326. Maketoke, *N. Z.*, 568. **Malden**, Ms., 29, 101, 768. Malden Bridge, N. Y., 208. Malmesbury, *Vict.*, 560. Malvern, *Eng.*, 645. Malvern, *Ont.*, 316. Malvern, Pa., 389. **Mamaroneck**, N. Y., 247. Manassas Gap, Va., 348. Manchester, *Eng.*, 468, 535, 539, 550, 642, 645-7, 683, 688, 792. Manchester, Ms., 113. Manchester, Me., 627. Manchester, Mo., 322, 525, 528. ***Manchester**, N. H., 500, 575-6, 766. Manhasset (L. I.), N. Y., 151. Manhattanville, N. Y., 32. Mannheim, *Ger.*, 552. Mannsville, Pa., 335. Manotick, *Ont.*, 327. **Mansfield**, Ms., 107, 109, 768. ***Mansfield**, O., 785. **Mansfield**, Pa., 779. Mantes, *Fr.*, 480. Maplewood, N. H., 577. **Marblehead**, Ms., 112, 281, 515, 768. **Marcellus**, N. Y., 208, 479. Marcy, N. Y., 210. Margate, *Eng.*, 599. ***Marietta**, O., 595. **Marietta**, Pa., 244. Mariner's Harbor (S. I.), N. Y., 772. Marion, N. J., 82, 168, 582. Marion, Pa., 495. Markdale, *Ont.*, 316. Markham, N. Y., 223. Markham, *Ont.*, 316. Market-Deeping, *Eng.*, 539, 541. **Marlboro**, Ms., 514. Marlboro, N. Y., 172. Marlboro, Vt., 579. Marlenheim, *Ger.*, 481. Marlow, *Que.*, 574. Marlton, N. J., 390. Marmande, *Fr.*, 552. Marseilles, *Fr.*, 698. ***Marshall**, Mich., 324, 785. ***Marshall**, Minn., 787. ***Marshalltown**, Ia., 787. Marshfield, Ms., 113. **Martinsburg**, N. Y., 201. ***Martinsburg**, W. Va., 242, 244, 300, 303, 344-5, 349, 388, 495-8, 590, 782. Martinsville, N. Y., 217. Marulam, *N. S. W.*, 564-6. ***Marysville**, Kan., 485. Marysville, *Vict.*, 560. Maskinonge, *Que.*, 575. **Massillon**, O., 487, 501,

625, 627-8, 785. Masterton, *N. Z.*, 568-9. Matane, *Que.*, 329. Matlin, Utah, 477. Mattituck (L. I.), N.Y., 150, 152, 155. **Mattoon**, Ill., 489. ***Mauch Chunk**, Pa., 220, 299, 342, 530, 779. Mayfield, Cal., 492. Mayence, *Ger.*, 545. ***Maysville**, Ky., 30, 32, 39, 233-5, 501, 590. ***Mayville**, N. Y., 206, 223, 488, 587. Mazinan, *Rus.*, 571. ***Meadville**, Pa., 779. Meaford, *Ont.*, 316. **Mechanicsburg**, Pa., 779. Mechanicsville, Md., 376. **Mechanicsville**, N. Y., 190, 192. **Mechanicsville**, Pa., 341. ***Media**, Pa., 390. Medina, Kan., 485. **Medina**, N. Y., 217, 222. ***Medina**, O., 501, 785. Medina, *Ont.*, 332. **Medford**, Ms., 516, 768. Meiningen, *Ger.*, 552. Melbourne, *Ont.*, 331. Melbourne, *Vict.*, 559-66, 570, 652, 654, 695-6, 706, 793. Melpetas, Cal., 490. Melton Mowbray, *Eng.*, 547. ***Memphis**, Tenn., 628, 632, 654, 670, 783. Mendham, N. J., 173. **Mendota**, Ill., 479. **Menekaunee**, Wis., 787. Meningie, *S. Aus.*, 560. Menlo Park, Cal., 492. Mentor, O., 785. ***Mercer**, Pa., 779. Merchantville, N. J., 390. **Meriden**, Ct., 11, 28, 31, 110, 128, 133-5, 137-3, 149, 191, 250-1, 377, 510, 581, 610, 769. Meredith, *Vict.*, 559. Merion Square, Pa., 389. Merioneth, *Eng.*, 645. **Merrick**, Ms., 768. Merrick (L. I.), N. Y., 152. Merrimac, Ms., 768. Merrittville, N. J., 171. Merv, *Rus.*, 570. Meshed, *Per.*, 570-1. Meshoppen, Pa., 32, 219. Metcalfe, *Ont.*, 327. Meteghan, *N. S.*, 283-4. Metuchen, N. J., 167, 377. Metz, *Ger.*, 599. Mexico, *Mex.*, 790. Mexico, Pa., 244. **Meyersdale**, Pa., 244. Mianus, Ct., 248. ***Middlebury**, Vt., 197, 578-9. Middle Forge, N. J., 170. **Middleport**, N. Y., 217. Middleport, Pa., 342. Middlesex, Vt., 578. ***Middletown**, Ct., 769. **Middletown**, Ind., 236. Middletown, Ia., 484, 485, 486. **Middletown**, N. Y., 198, 340, 498, 587, 772. **Middletown**, O., 785. **Middletown**, Pa., 345, 351, 496. Middletown, R. I., 108, 581. Middleville, N. J., 162. Midway, Va., 349, 495. Mifflin, Pa., 244, 498. Milan, *It.*, 552, 792. **Milford**, Ct., 110, 134, 138, 140, 142, 249. Milford, *Eng.*, 546. **Milford**, Ms., 768. **Milford**, N. H., 579, 766. ***Milford**, Pa., 164, 198, 299, 587, 779. Millbank, *Ont.*, 325. Millbrae, *Cal.*, 492-3. **Millbridge**, Me., 274. Millburn, N. J., 162, 164, 172, 175. **Millbury**, Ms., 109, 768. Mill City, Nev., 476. Mill Creek, Pa., 389. **Millersburg**, Ky., 233. **Miller's Falls**, Ms., 768. Miller's Station, Ind., 479. **Millerstown**, Pa., 385. **Millersville**, Pa., 779. **Millerton**, N. Y., 188. Mill Grove, N. Y., 217. Millhaven, *Ont.*, 325. **Milltown**, Me., 266. Mill Village, *N. S.*, 293. **Millville**, Ms., 109. **Millville**, N. J., 390, 520, 777. Millwood, Pa., 494. **Milton**, Ms., 29, 102, 517, 768. Milton, N. H., 577. Milton, N. Y., 172. **Milton**, Vt., 500. Milton Falls, N. H., 577. Milton Lower Falls, Ms., 58, 106, 109. ***Milwaukee**, Wis., 259, 487, 501, 519, 524, 595, 628, 643, 787 **Mine La Motte**, Mo., 787. Mineola (L. I.), N. Y., 151, 153. ***Minneapolis**, Minn., 324, 530, 595, 628, 787. Miramarc, *Aust.*, 552. Mirfield, *Eng.*, 792. **Mishawaka**, Ind., 479. Mitchell, *Ont.*, 204, 313, 314, 317, 324, 332. Mittagong, *N. S. W.*, 561, 564-6. Mittineague, Ms., 120, 122-3. ***Mobile**, Ala., 2. **Moline**, Ill., 479, 489, 787. Moncton, *N. B.*, 598. Monmouth, *Eng.*, 539. ***Monmouth**, Ill., 787. ***Monmouth**, Or., 783. Mono Center, *Ont.*, 316. Monroe, N. J., 163. **Monroeville**, O., 488. **Monson**, Me., 574. Montauk (L. I.), N. Y., 155. **Montclair**, N. J., 160-2, 167, 777. **Monterey**, Cal., 490, 492, 494. Monterey, Ms., 488. Monterey, Pa., 385. ***Montgomery**, Ala., 610, 627, 670, 707, 783. **Montgomery**, N. Y., 198. **Monticello**, N. Y., 510. Monticello, Va., 351. Montinagny, *Que.*, 328. Montowese, Ct., 133, 149. ***Montpelier**, Vt., 500, 578. Montpellier, *Fr.*, 481, 699. Montreal, *Que.*, 185, 187, 293, 326-8, 330-1, 333, 500, 504, 575, 578, 592, 598, 634-5, 646, 669, 790. ***Montrose**, Pa., 594, 779. Montville, Me., 574. **Monument**, Col., 477. Moolap, *Vict.*, 559. Moonambel, *Vict.*, 566. **Moorestown**, N. J., 177-8, 390, 521, 522, 777. **Mooresville**, Ind., 235. Mooresville, Pa., 343. Moose River Plantation, Me., 574. Morecambe, *Eng.*, 645. Morehouseville, N. Y., 211. **Morestown**, Vt., 578. Morges, *Swits.*, 545. Morpeth, *Ont.*, 310, 315. Morris, Ct., 142. **Morrisania**, N. Y., 96. ***Morristown**, N. J., 30, 84, 163-4, 173, 175, 333, 501, 610, 777. Mortlake, *Eng.*, 646, 792. Mortlake, *Vict.*, 559-61. Moscow, Ia., 479. Moscow, *Rus.*, 792. Mosholu, N. Y., 78. Mott Haven, N. Y., 73. **Mountain**

View, Cal., 492. Mountain View, N. J., 165, 169-70. Mt. Carbon, Pa., 342. Mt. Carmel, Ct., 134-5, 249, 486, 581. ***Mt. Carmel**, Ill., 486, 787. Mt. Crawford, Va., 346. **Mt. Desert**, Me., 130, 274-7, 279, 281, 511-13, 515, 573. Mt. Eden, Cal., 493. Mt. Eden, Ky., 236. Mt. Ephraim, N. J., 390, 522. Mt. Forest, *Ont.*, 316. Mt. Gambier, *Vict.*, 560. Mt. Hermon, N. J., 164. **Mt. Holly**, N. J., 777. Mt. Hope, N. J., 164. Mt. Hope, *Ont.*, 332. **Mt. Jackson**, Va., 346, 348, 382-3. **Mt. Joy**, Pa., 496. **Mt. Kisko**, N. Y., 76, 187. **Mt. Morris**, N. Y., 58, 213. **Mt. Pleasant**, Pa., 339, 779. **Mt. Pulaski**, Ill., 485. Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y., 78, 80. Mt. Salem, *Ont.*, 331. Mt. Sidney, Va., 346, 351-2, 486. Mt. Stewart, *P. E. I.*, 890-1. Mt. Uniacke, *N. S.*, 287. **Mt. Vernon**, N. Y., 79, 138, 583, 772. **Mt. Vernon**, O., 501, 785. Mt. Vernon, *Ont.*, 317. Mt. Vernon, Va., 376. Mt. Washington, Ky., 236. Much Wenlock, *Eng.*, 792. Mullica Hill, N. J., 390. Mumford, N. Y., 222. Mundarloo, *N. S. W.*, 564. Munich, *Ger.*, 481, 651, 697. Murchison, *Vict.*, 562. Murphy's Corners, *Ont.*, 332. Murray, N. Y., 222. Mustapha Pasha, *Tur.*, 482. **Myerstown**, Pa., 343, 610, 779.

Nagasaki, *Jap.*, 572. Nancy, *Fr.*, 139, 480, 545. Nanuet, N. Y., 586. ***Napa**, Cal., 490. Napanee, *Ont.*, 319-22, 324-5, 506. **Naperville**, Ill., 479. Napier, *N. Z.*, 568. Naples, *It.*, 551-2, 600. ***Napoleon**, O., 479. Narracoorte, *Vict.*, 560. ***Nashua**, N. H., 128, 137, 500, 507-8, 575, 627, 643, 766. ***Nashville**, Tenn., 231, 352, 500, 595, 597, 783. **Nassau**, N. Y., 479. **Natick**, Ms., 111-12, 114, 208. Natural Bridge, Va., 348-51, 525, 610, 782. **Naugatuck**, Ct., 141, 582. Navenby, *Eng.*, 539. Navoo, *Ont.*, 332. **Nazareth**, Pa., 779. **Needham**, Ms., 29, 33, 768. **Neenah**, Wis., 787. **Negaunee**, Mich., 785. Nenagh, *Ire.*, 546. Nevis, N. Y., 196. ***New Albany**, Ind., 235, 486, 595. New Albion, N. Y., 223. New Almaden, Cal., 789. Newark, *Eng.*, 539-41. ***Newark**, N. J., 29-33, 51-2, 55, 58, 82, 84, 121, 156, 159-60, 162-4, 166-70, 172, 174-5, 177, 207, 220, 317, 372, 387-8, 501, 509-10, 583-4, 587-9, 610, 632, 654, 669, 711-12, 777. ***Newark**, O., 785. New Baden, Ill., 485. New Brighton (S. I.), N. Y., 32, 156. **New Britain**, Ct., 128, 134, 136-8, 142, 145, 149, 250, 377, 581-2, 770. ***New Brunswick**, N. J., 167, 172, 342, 377, 499, 777. **Newburg**, Ind., 237. ***Newburgh**, N. Y., 74, 121, 146, 171, 194, 197, 340, 498, 582, 610, 702, 772. Newbury, *Eng.*, 567. ***Newburyport**, Ms., 101-2, 512, 518. New Castle, Ala., 783. **Newcastle**, Cal., 476. **Newcastle**, Del., 522. Newcastle, *Eng.*, 593, 642, 644, 646-7. ***New Castle**, Ind., 236, 786. Newcastle, *Ont.*, 319-20, 325. *New Castle, Pa., 779. Newcastle-on-Tyne, *Eng.*, 554, 646, 687-8, 792. **New Concord**, O., 245, 485. New Dorp (S. I.), N. Y., 158. Newfield, N. J., 522. Newfoundland, N. J., 610, 777. **New Hartford**, Ct., 143-5. ***New Haven**, Ct., 12, 27, 30-3, 50, 54, 61, 99, 113, 127-8, 132-6, 138-40, 142, 144-5, 148-9, 151, 171, 246, 249-50, 377-8, 391, 394, 398-9, 401, 404, 435, 438, 464-5, 501, 510-11, 522-3, 581-2, 593, 627, 643, 722, 770. Newhaven, *Eng.*, 480. **New Haven**, Ky., 229, 234. New Holland, Pa., 486. New Hurley, N. Y., 198. Newington, Ct., 136-7, 250. **New Lebanon**, N. Y., 488. **New Lenox**, Ms., 148. ***New London**, Ct., 32, 85, 129-31, 145, 148, 150, 153, 581, 593, 597, 610. New Longbach, *Aust.*, 481. Newmarket, *Eng.*, 539. Newmarket, Md., 377. Newmarket, *Ont.*, 316, 789. New Market, Va., 244, 346-8, 351, 381-3, 388, 495, 498. **New Milford**, Ct., 142, 582, 770. **New Milford**, Pa., 341. ***New Orleans**, La., 2, 140, 500, 501, 527, 595, 597, 628, 654, 670, 783. New Oxford, Pa., 351, 486, 495. New Paltz, N. Y., 198. New Philadelphia, Pa., 342. New Plymouth, *N. Z.*, 568-9. Newport, Del., 3-2. ***Newport**, Ky., 590, 784. **Newport**, N. H., 500. **Newport**, Pa., 496. ***Newport**, R. I., 12, 24, 28, 31-3, 37, 108, 150, 516, 523, 526, 581, 615-6, 625, 800. **Newport News**, Va., 595. Newportville, Pa., 377. New Preston, Ct., 770. **New Rochelle**, N. Y., 91, 138, 247, 627, 772. Newry, *Eng.*, 792. New Sarum, *Ont.*, 331. New Tacoma, Wash., 788. ***Newton**, Ia., 479. **Newton**, Ms., 31, 185, 517, 530, 631, 768. ***Newton**, N. J., 777. Newton Corners, N. Y., 211. Newton Lower Falls, Ms., 111, 114. **Newtonville**, Ms., 631. Newtonville, *Ont.*, 319, 325. Newtown, Ct., 151, 582. Newtown (L. I.), N.Y., 58, 90. **Newtown**, Pa., 345. New Utrecht (L. I.), N. Y., 90. Neusatz, *Serv.*, 481. ***New York City**, N. Y., 2, 11, 12, 25-6, 29, 31-3, 38, 42, 46-7, 51, 53-4, 64-6, 82,

84-5, 87-92, 94-7, 99, 100, 105, 109, 112-3, 128, 132, 138, 150-9, 166, 168, 171, 177, 183, 187, 189-90, 193, 197-8, 207, 209, 234, 238, 242, 246, 249, 252, 258, 264, 275, 279, 288, 296, 298, 305, 308, 312, 320, 323, 331, 345, 350, 352-6, 363-70, 372, 374, 377-8, 384, 388, 391, 399, 402-4, 407, 427-38, 448-54, 458-9, 464-6, 469, 472, 474, 481, 487, 494, 499-501, 504, 510, 522, 524, 563-70, 572, 582-8, 592-4, 597, 610-11, 615-20, 625-[illegible], 643, 654-7, 659, 662, 667, 672, 678, 680, 687, 700, 705, 708, 711-2, 728, 730, 733, 772-5, 779. **New York Mills**, N. Y., 336. Nezmely, *Hun.*, 481. **Niagara Falls**, N. Y., v., 12, 28, 31, 50, 52, 55, 199, 202-4, 214, 216, 225, 232, 293, 296, 315, 317, 323-5, 331, 333, 382, 488, 500-1, 582, 586, 593, 610, 775. Niantic, Ct., 130. Nicetown, Pa., 377. Niles, N. Y., 223. **Niles**, O., 594, 785. Nisch, *Serv.*, 481-2. Nishapoor, *Per.*, 571. Nissouri, *Ont.*, 332. **Noank**, Ct., 770. Noblesboro, N.Y., 211. ***Noblesville**, Ind., 625, 786. Norfolk, Ct., 143-4, 700. **Norfolk**, Va., 352, 782. Normandy, Ky., 236. Norman's Cross, *Eng.*, 532, 539, 541, 553-4. ***Norristown**, Pa., 389, 779. **N. Adams**, Ms., 193-4, 500, 700. N. Adelaide, *S. Aus.*, 560, 793. N. Amherst, Ms., 120. Northampton, *Eng.*, 539, 792. ***Northampton**, Ms., 31, 114, 118-21, 127, 183, 191, 324, 610, 768. N. Andover, Ms., 768. N. Anson, Me., 574. N. Becket, Ms., 121. **N. Bend**, Neb., 478. N. Blandford, Ms., 121, 208. **Northboro**, Ms., 29, 51, 103, 111, 113-4, 117, 514. Northbridge, Ms., 109. **N. Cambridge**, Ms., 103. N. Canaan, Ct., 143. N. Collins, N. Y., 223. **N. Conway**, N. H., 576-7. **N. Creek**, N. Y., 211. N. Dighton, R. I., 581. **N. East**, Md., 782. N. East, *Ont.*, 313. **N. East**, Pa., 50, 205-6, 371. N. Easton, Ms., 581. Northfield, Ct., 142. **Northfield**, Ms., 517. Northfield, N. J., 163, 175. **Northfield**, Vt., 578. N. Fork, Ky., 233. N. Fork, Va., 382. N. Hadley, Ms., 579. N. Hatfield, Ms., 31, 119, 182-3. **N. Haven**, Ct., 133-5. N. Hoosick, N. Y., 193. N. Lisbon, N. H., 576. N. London, *Eng.*, 534, 543. N. Otselic, N. Y., 337. N. Petersburg, N. Y., 193. N. Pitcher, N. Y., 337. **N. Platte**, Neb., 478, 489. **Northport** (L. I.), N. Y., 151, 159. **N. Pownal**, Vt., 193. N. Randolph, Vt., 578. N. Shields, *Eng.*, 645-6, 792. N. Turner, Me., 574. N. Vallejo, Cal., 491. **Northville**, N. Y., 155, 211. N. Walpole, Ms., 107. N. Walsham, *Eng.*, 646. N. Weare, N. H., 500. N. Wilbraham, Ms., 110, 117. **Norwalk**, Ct., 133, 143, 248, 657. ***Norwalk**, O., 488, 785. **Norway**, Me., 574. Norway, *Ont.*, 319. ***Norwich**, Ct., 129-30, 593, 770. Norwich, *Eng.*, 538-9, 683. **Norwich**, N. Y., 151, 336. Norwich, O., 245. Norwich, *Ont.*, 332. Norwood, Ms., 107, 376. **Norwood**, N. Y., 775. Norval, *Ont.*, 318-19. Notre Dame du Portage, *Que.*, 329-30. Nottingham, *Eng.*, 539, 553, 646-7. Nukhab, *Per.*, 571. **Nunda**, N. Y., 214. **Nyack**, N. Y., 30, 32, 51, 75, 80, 198, 586-7.

Oakfield, N. Y., 222. Oak Hall, Ky., 233. Oakham, *Eng.*, 539. ***Oakland**, Cal., 475, 490, 492-3, 789. Oakland, Ind., 485. ***Oakland**, Md., 487. Oakland, N. J., 170. Oakville, Ct., 142. Oamaru, *N. Z.*, 794. Oberkirch, *Ger.*, 481. **Oberlin**, O., 501, 785. Ockham, *Eng.*, 547. **Oconomowoc**, Wis., 501. ***Ogallala**, Neb., 478, 489. ***Ogden**, Utah, 475, 480, 788. **Ogdensburg**, N. Y., 48, 296, 298, 303, 317, 326, 333, 582, 594. Ohinemutu, *N. Z.*, 567. Ojata, Dak., 788. Okehampton, *Eng.*, 536, 554. Old Hamburg, Ky., 236. Old Lyme, Ct., 131. Old Orchard Beach, Me., 575. **Olean**, N. Y., 208, 222-3, 775. **Olmstedville**, N. Y., 211. ***Omaha**, Neb., 475, 478, 480, 489, 628, 788. Onehunga, *N. Z.*, 568. **Oneida**, N. Y., 28, 31, 201-2, 208, 212, 220, 336, 479. Operngasse, *Aust.*, 645. Ophir, Cal., 476. Oporto, *Port.*, 599. Opunake, *N. Z.*, 569. Oramel, N. Y., 217. Oran, N. Y., 336. Orange, Ind., 786. **Orange**, Ms., 114, 579, 768. **Orange**, N. J., 27, 29, 30, 33, 51-2, 82, 161-4, 174-5, 207, 220, 509, 584, 588-9, 610, 678, 711, 777. ***Orange**, Va., 348. **Orange Valley**, N. J., 777. Orangeville, *Ont.*, 316. Oranmore, *Ire.*, 645. Oregon, Pa., 387. Orillia, *Ont.*, 316. Oriskany, N. Y., 201, 210. ***Orlando**, *Flor.*, 783. Orleans, *Fr.*, 558. **Orono**, Me., 515. **Orrville**, O., 785. Orwell, *Ont.*, 331. Orwigsburg, Pa., 342, 498, 779. Oshawa, *Ont.*, 319. ***Oshkosh**, Wis., 787. ***Oskaloosa**, Ia., 643, 787. Osprey, *Ont.*, 318. *Ossipee, N. H., 575-7. Ostend, *Bel.*, 522, 551, 599. **Oswego**, Ill., 479. ***Oswego**, Kan., 788. ***Oswego**, N. Y., 219, 333, 775. **Otego**, N. Y., 775. Otis, Ms., 121, 479. **Otisville**, N. Y., 340. ***Ottawa**, Kan., 788. Ottawa, *Ont.*, 312, 327-31, 635, 789. ***Otter-**

ville, Mo., 485-6. ***Ottumwa**, Ia., 672, 787. Overbrook, Pa., 389-90. **Ovid**, Mich., 687, 785. ***Owensboro**, Ky., 590, 784. **Owosso**, Mich., 785. Oxford, *Eng.*, 533, 539, 514, 646. **Oxford**, Md., 486, 593, 782. **Oxford**, Pa., 386, 388. Oyster Bay (L. I.), N. Y., 151.

***Paducah**, Ky., 590, 784. Pahiatau, *N. Z.*, 568. Paignton, *Eng.*, 551, 792. Painted Post, N. Y., 218. Paisley, *Ont.*, 315. Palenville, N. Y., 188, 498. Palermo, Me., 574. **Palisade**, Nev., 477. **Palmer**, Ms., 110, 117, 128, 181, 208, 479, 768. Palmyra, Ind., 235. Palmyra, Pa., 343. Palo Alto, Cal., 492. **Panama**, N. Y., 587. ***Paoli**, Ind., 235, 237. Paoli, Pa., 378, 388-9. Paradise, Pa., 496-7. Paradise, R. I., 108. Paradox, N. Y., 211. Paris, *Fr.*, 2, 99, 280, 403, 406, 426, 448, 458-9, 480, 545, 551, 558, 586, 611, 645, 651, 698-9, 792. ***Paris**, Ill., 485-6. ***Paris**, Ky., 233-5. ***Paris**, Me., 515, 765. Paris, *Ont.*, 317, 325, 332. Parkville (L. I.), N. Y., 775. Parrsboro', *N. S.*, 289. Parsippany, N. J., 163, 207. **Passaic**, N. J., 169, 777. **Patchogue** (L. I.), N. Y., 150, 153-5. ***Paterson**, N. J., 30, 33, 84, 164-70, 216, 588-9, 777. Pau, *Fr.*, 558, 651, 699, 792. Paulus Hook, N. J., 168. **Pavilion**, N. Y., 222. Pawling, N. Y., 188. **Pawtucket**, R. I., 106-9, 580-1, 628, 769. Paxton, Ms., 579. Peconic, N. Y., 775. Pecowsic, Ms., 580. **Peekskill**, N. Y., 194, 627, 775. Pekin, *Chi.*, 570. Pekin, N. Y., 222. **Pelham**, N. Y., 247. Pelton's Corners, *Ont.*, 332. **Pemberton**, N. J., 777. Penfield, Pa., 610, 779. **Penacook**, N. H., 577. **Pennington**, N. J., 173. Penrith, *Eng.*, 536. Penryn, *Eng.*, 646. Penshurst, *Vict.*, 563. Penzance, *Eng.*, 554-5, 645. ***Peoria**, Ill., 489, 501, 787. Pepperell, Ms., 128. Père Marquette, *Ont.*, 595. Perry, Me., 261. **Perry**, N. Y., 222. Perrysburg, N. Y., 223. **Perrysburg**, O., 479. Perrysville, Pa., 372-3, 377. Perryville, Kan., 485-6. **Perryville**, Ky., 226-9. Perryville, N. Y., 188. Perth, *Ont.*, 327. Perth, *Scot.*, 536, 556. Perth, *Tas.*, 563. **Perth Amboy**, N. J., 155, 158, 377, 777. Peru, Ms., 121. Pescara, *It.*, 552. Pesth, *Hun.*, 551. **Petaluma**, Cal., 490, 789. Peterboro, *Eng.*, 538-9, 541, 557-8. Peterboro, *Ont.*, 598. Petersburg, N. Y., 193. Petersburg, *Ont.*, 317. ***Petersburg**, Va., 351. Petersfield, *Eng.*, 544. Peterswardein, *Slav.*, 481. Peterthal, *Ger.*, 481. Pfalzburg, *Ger.*, 480. **Philadelphia**, N. Y., 334. ***Philadelphia**, Pa., 29-33, 158, 164, 168, 172-3, 175, 177-8, 220, 237, 242, 244-5, 258, 303, 351, 354, 372, 377-8, 388-9, 406, 426, 434, 453-4, 457, 485, 487, 491, 496-500, 504, 521-2, 526, 530, 574, 577-8, 581, 584-5, 589, 593-4, 596, 605, 610, 618-20, 624-8, 643, 652, 654-5, 660, 674, 677-9, 686, 779-80. Philippopolis, *Roum.*, 481. Philipsburg, Pa., 341. **Phillipsburg**, N. J., 173. Phœnicia, N. Y., 498. Pickering, *Ont.*, 317. Picton, *N. S. W.*, 565-6. Pictou, *N. S.*, 289, 592. Piedmont, O., 487. Piedmont, Wyo., 477. Piermont, N. Y., 80-1, 586-7. Pierrepont Manor, N. Y., 335. Pigeon Cove, Ms., 512. **Pike**, N. Y., 216. Pike, *Ont.*, 322. Pimlico, *Eng.*, 645. ***Pine Bluff**, Ark., 610, 783. Pine Bluff, Wyo., 478. Pine Brook, N. J., 84, 162-70, 207. **Pine Grove**, Pa., 498. Pinneo, Col., 501. Pinos Altos, N. Mex., 788. Pipersville, Pa., 497. ***Pipestone**, Minn., 787. Pirot, *Serv.*, 481. Pisa, *It.*, 552. Pitman Grove, N. J., 390. ***Pittsburg**, Pa., 485, 495-6, 530, 587, 591-6, 672, 780. ***Pittsfield**, Ms., 112, 121, 126, 144, 148, 170, 188, 197, 500, 700, 768. **Pittsfield**, N. H., 577. **Pittsford**, Vt., 579. **Pittston**, Pa., 30, 32, 341. Pittstown, N. Y., 193, 219, 220. **Plainfield**, N. J., 164, 172, 177, 388, 777. **Plainville**, Ct., 137, 142, 145, 250, 582. **Plano**, Ill., 479. Plantagenet, *Que.*, 328. Plantsville, Ct., 250, 770. ***Plattsburg**, N. Y., 186, 211, 775. ***Plattsmouth**, Neb., 478. Pleasant Corners, Pa., 342. Pleasant Gap, Mo., 787. Pleasant Hill, Ky., 226. Pleasant Valley, N. J., 32. Pleasant Valley, Pa., 341. Pleasantville, N. Y., 96, 187. ***Plum Creek**, Neb., 478, 480, 489. Plymouth, *Eng.*, 645-6. ***Plymouth**, Ind., 786. ***Plymouth**, Ms., 112. ***Plymouth**, N. H., 576-7. "Podunk," 607. Point Claire, *Que.*, 328. Point Fortune, *Que.*, 328. Point Levi, *Que.*, 330, 575. **Point of Rocks**, Md., 51, 241-2. Pompton, N. J., 30, 164-70. Pont-a-Mousson, *Fr.*, 139. Pontoise, *Fr.*, 558. Pontook Falls, Me., 576. Pontypridd, *Eng.*, 683, 792. Poplar Hill, *Ont.*, 332. Poplar Springs, Md., 349. Portage, N. Y., 30, 214-7, 222, 582. Port Arthur, *Ont.*, 789. Port Burwell, *Ont.*, 331. Port Carbon, Pa., 342. **Port Chester**, N. Y., 54, 73, 75, 79, 91, 139, 247-8,

532, 587. Port Clinton, Pa., 299, 342. **Port Deposit**, Md., 372-3, 377. Port Dickinson, N. Y., 338. Port Dover, *Ont.*, 332. Port Elizabeth, *S. Af.*, 696. Port Elgin, *Ont.*, 304, 315, 331, 340, 789. Port Hastings, *N. S.*, 289. Port Hawkesbury, *N. S.*, 289-90. **Port Henry**, N. Y., 211, 775. Port Hope, *Ont.*, 319, 324-5, 530. ***Port Huron**, Mich., 332, 595. **Port Jefferson** (L. I.), N. Y., 158. **Port Jervis**, N. Y., 28, 31, 46, 189, 198, 207, 219, 296, 298-9, 305, 307-8, 340, 378, 497, 501, 510, 582, 587, 610, 775. Port Kent, N. Y., 211. Portland, Ky., 235. ***Portland**, Me., 111, 257-60, 268, 273-5, 279-80, 503, 515-6, 573-5, 592, 594, 596, 610, 616, 627, 766. **Portland**, N. Y., 206, 775. **Portland**, Or., 492, 788. **Portland**, Pa., 164. Port Latour, *N. S.*, 288. Port Mulgrave, *N. S.*, 289. Port Republic, Va., 347-8. **Port Richmond** (S. I.), N. Y., 84, 156-8. Port Rush, *Ire.*, 499. Port Ryerse, *Ont.*, 332. Portsmouth, *Eng.*, 539, 547, 636, 645, 647, 792. ***Portsmouth**, N. H., 12, 29, 31, 33, 101-2, 112, 192, 334, 500, 506-7, 512, 516, 575, 577, 610, 766. ***Portsmouth**, O., 785. Portsmouth, *Ont.*, 325. Port Stanley, *Ont.*, 331. **Portville**, N. Y., 223. Potter, Neb., 478. Pottersville, N. Y., 211. **Pottstown**, Pa., 351, 484, 486, 578, 780. ***Pottsville**, Pa., 296, 342, 498, 780. ***Poughkeepsie**, N. Y., 29, 31-3, 99, 121, 142-3, 146-7, 171-2, 188, 194-8, 404, 498, 510, 523, 582, 775. Powell's Gap, Va., 348. Prague, *Aust.*, 552, 697. Prees, *Eng.*, 536. Prescott, *Ont.*, 296-8, 301, 317, 326-7. Pressburg, *Hun.*, 481, 551. Preston, *Eng.*, 536-7, 556, 645. ***Preston**, Minn., 787. Preston, O., 785. Preston, *Ont.*, 317. Priest's, Cal., 491. ***Princeton**, Ill., 479, 489, 787. ***Princeton**, Ky., 784. **Princeton**, Ms., 610, 768. **Princeton**, N. J., 377, 434, 777. Princeton, *Ont.*, 324. Proctor, Vt., 579. Profile House, N. H., 577. Promontory, Utah, 477. Prompton, Pa., 339. Prospect, *Ber.*, 361. Prospect, Ind., 235. **Prospect**, N. Y., 210. Provins, *Fr.*, 480. Providence, Ind., 235. ***Providence**, R. I., 12, 85, 104-9, 378, 523, 581, 593, 597, 607, 628, 643, 769. Pughtown, Pa., 496. Puhoi, *N. Z.*, 567. **Pulaski**, Pa., 335. **Punxsutawney**, Pa., 610, 780. Purcellville, Va., 497. Putney, Vt., 29, 51, 119, 182-3, 191.

Quakertown, N. J., 522. Quarry, Utah, 477. Quebec, *Que.*, 293, 297-8, 327-33, 574-5, 578, 592, 598. Queenscliffe, *Vict.*, 560. Queensville, *Ont.*, 316. Quincy, Ms., 106, 109. Quogue (L. I.), N. Y., 154-5.

Rahway, N. J., 158, 167, 172, 678, 778. Ramseys, N. J., 169. Ramsgate, *Eng.*, 599. Randall Bridge Corner, N. Y., 223. **Randolph**, N. Y., 215, 223, 775. ***Rawlins**, Wyo., 475, 478, 480. ***Ravenna**, O., 785. **Ravenswood** (L. I.), N. Y., 91. Raymertown, N. Y., 193. Ray's Hill, Pa., 485. **Reading**, Ms., 768. **Reading**, Pa., 242, 296, 299, 302-3, 342-3, 387, 389, 522, 578, 596, 780. Readville, Ms., 27. Reamstown, Pa., 387. **Red Bank**, N. J., 778. Redburn, *Eng.*, 539. Redding, Ct., 138. Redditch, *Eng.*, 646, 792. Redfern, *N. S. W.*, 565, 696, 793. **Red Hook**, N. Y., 196. ***Redwood City**, Cal., 492. Reilly's Crossing, *Que.*, 328. **Reistertown**, Md., 377. Relay, Md., 377. ***Reno**, Nev., 476-7, 492. Rensselaer Falls, N. Y., 334. **Reynoldsburg**, O., 245, 485. Rezonville, *Fr.*, 599. **Rhinebeck**, N. Y., 29, 194-6, 198, 378, 493. Ricely, *Eng.*, 539. **Richmond**, Ind., 488, 786. ***Richmond** (S. I.), N. Y., 157. Richmond, *Ont.*, 327, 332. **Richmond**, Va., 228, 347, 351-2, 593, 628, 782. Richmond Hill (L. I.), N. Y., 775. Richville, N. Y., 334. Ridgefield, Ct., 138. Ridgefield, N. J., 30, 84, 165-6, 168, 778. Ridgeville, Md., 377. Ridgeville, O., 479. ***Ridgway**, Pa., 780. Rigaud, *Que.*, 328. Rimini, *It.*, 552. Rimouski, *Que.*, 329-30. Ripley, *Eng.*, 537. Ripton, Vt., 578. Riverdale, Ill., 519. Riverdale, N. Y., 80. **Riverhead** (L. I.), N. Y., 31, 150, 152-5, 775. Riversdale, *Ont.*, 315. **Riverside**, Cal., 491, 789. Riverside, N. Y., 211. Riverside, Va., 350. Riverton, Ct., 144, 770. Rivière Ouelle, *Que.*, 328, 330. Roach's Point, *Ont.*, 316. ***Roanoke**, Va., 350. Robbinston, Me., 261-3, 265-7, 274, 279. Robesonia, Pa., 343. **Rochester**, N. H., 577-8, 610, 766. ***Rochester**, N. Y., 12, 198, 202, 215-7, 222, 320, 333, 488, 501, 594, 775. **Rockaway**, N. J., 163, 170, 207. Rock Creek, Wyo., 478. Rock Enon Springs, Va., 495-7. **Rockford**, Ill., 787. Rock Glen, N. Y., 222. ***Rock Island**, Ill., 475, 478-9, 489, 595. ***Rockland**, Me., 279, 515, 574. Rockland Lake, N. Y., 775. Rocklin, Cal., 476. **Rock Springs**, Wyo., 477, 643, 788. **Rockville**, Ct., 770. Rockville,

Va., 347, 376. Roggen, Col., 501. Rome, Ill., 485. Rome, *It.*, 2, 427, 552, 600, 700, 713. **Rome**, N. Y., 201, 208, 210-11, 336, 594, 776. Romford, *Eng.*, 792. ***Romney**, W. Va., 345. **Rondout**, N. Y., 340. Ronneburg, *Ger.*, 552. Roselle, N. J., 158, 778. Roseville, N. J., 509. **Roslyn** (L. I.), N. Y., 91, 151. Rothenburg, *Ger.*, 481. Rotherham, *N. Z.*, 569. Rothrocksville, Pa., 387. Rotterdam, *Hol.*, 553, 599. Rouen, *Fr.*, 480, 698. Round Lake, N. Y., 378. Round Plains, *Ont.*, 332. Rowley, Ms., 29, 31, 101-2. Roxbury, Ct., 142. **Roxbury**, Ms., 109, 114, 768. Royalton, Vt., 578-9. Royerville, Md., 486. Royston, *Eng.*, 541. Ruggles, O., 785. ***Rushville**, Ind., 628, 786. Rushworth, *Vict.*, 566. Russell, Ms., 121, 208. **Russiaville**, Ind., 786. Rutherford, N. J., 166-7, 778. ***Rutland**, Vt., 11, 29, 31, 119, 184-5, 191-2, 194, 578-9, 594, 610, 627, 766. Rutledge, N. Y., 223. Ryckman's Corners, *Ont.*, 332. **Rye**, N. Y., 247. Rye Beach, N. H., 512. Rye Patch, Nev., 476.

Saalfeld, *Ger.*, 552. Sabbath Day Point, N. Y., 186, 211. Sackville, *N. B.*, 790. ***Saco**, Me., 575. ***Sacramento**, Cal., 476, 491. Sadieville, Ky., 31, 51, 226. ***Sageville**, N. Y., 211. St. Albans, *Eng.*, 539, 553. **St. Albans**, Vt., 500, 766. St. Andre, *Que.*, 330. St. Andrews, *N. B.*, 274. St. Andrew's, N. Y., 196. St. Anne's, *Que.*, 326-8, 330, 575. St. Armand, *Que.*, 500. St. Catherine's, *Ont.*, 324, 326, 634-5. ***St. Charles**, Mo., 525. St. Charles, *Ont.*, 322. ***St. Clairsville**, O., 245. ***St. Cloud**, Minn., 610, 787. St. Cloud, N. J., 163-4. St. Come, *Que.*, 575. St. Fabian, *Que.*, 329. St. Flavie, *Que.*, 329. St. Foy, *Que.*, 330. St. Gallen, *Switz.*, 792. St. George, *Que.*, 575. St. George's, *Ber.*, 353, 355, 359, 362, 610, 790. St. Gothard, *Switz.*, 552. St. Helena, Cal., 470. St. Helens, *Eng.*, 558. St. Heliers, *Eng.*, 792. St. Henry, *Que.*, 575. St. Ives, *Eng.*, 539. St. Jean Port, *Que.*, 330. St. John, *N. B.*, 274, 282, 293, 635, 790. St. John, *Ont.*, 312, 314. ***St. Johns**, Mich., 785. St. Johns, *Que.*, 500. ***St. Johnsbury**, Vt., 184, 192. **St. Johnsville**, N. Y., 200, 208. St. Joseph, *Que.*, 574-5. ***St. Joseph**, Mo., 595, 787. St. Joseph's, *Ont.*, 327-8. St. Lambert, *Que.*, 500. **St. Louis**, Mich., 785. **St. Louis**, Mo., 243, 321-3, 436, 485-7, 501, 525, 529, 575, 594-5, 627-8, 632, 643, 652, 654, 671-2, 677, 679, 787. St. Luce, *Que.*, 329. **St. Mary's**, Kan., 788. St. Mary's, *Ont.*, 331-2, 789. St. Matthew's, Ky., 236. St. Neotts, *Eng.*, 539, 541. ***St. Paul**, Minn., 486-7, 595, 627, 788. St. Peters, *C. B.*, 289. St. Peters, *P. E. I.*, 291. St. Petersburg, *Rus.*, 2. St. Pierre, *Que.*, 330. St. Roch, *Que.*, 330. St. Simon, *Que.*, 329. St. Stephen, *N. B.*, 265-6. St. Thomas, *Ont.*, 301, 312, 314-5, 319, 330-1, 634-5, 783. St. Valier, *Que.*, 330. **Salamanca**, N. Y., 206, 223. ***Salem**, Ind., 235. ***Salem**, Ms., 16, 29, 31, 101-2, 112, 512, 529, 673, 768. ***Salem**, N. J., 390, 521. ***Salem**, N. Y., 193. ***Salem**, Or., 783. ***Salem**, Va., 348. Salford, *Eng.*, 543, 792. ***Salinas**, Cal., 490, 494. Salisbury, Ct., 147, 700. Salisbury, *Eng.*, 539, 645. Salmon Falls, N. H., 766. Salmon River, *N. S.*, 283. Salop, *Eng.*, 645. ***Salt Lake City**, Utah, 788. Saltville, N. Y., 222. Samarkand, *Rus.*, 570. Sandhurst, *Vict.*, 562-3, 566, 612, 793. ***Sandusky**, O., 595. Sandwich, Ill., 479. **Sandy Creek**, N. Y., 335. **Sandy Hill**, N. Y., 189. **Sandy Spring**, Md., 376. San Felipe, Cal., 489. ***San Francisco**, Cal., 2, 48, 204, 397, 431, 473-5, 480, 489, 492-3, 499, 570, 572, 595, 625, 627-8, 632, 661, 672, 789. ***San Jose**, Cal., 489-94, 789. **San Juan**, Cal., 490. San Lorenzo, Cal., 490, 493. ***San Luis Obispo**, Cal., 789. San Pablo, Cal., 475. ***San Rafael**, Cal., 490. **Santa Clara**, Cal., 491-2. ***Santa Cruz**, Cal., 490-2. ***Santa Fe**, N. Mex., 594. ***Santa Rosa**, Cal., 490. Santee Agency, Neb., 788. **Saratoga**, N. Y., 186, 192-3, 197-8, 208, 211, 378, 497, 523, 578, 627, 776. Sardinia, N. Y., 222. Sarengrad, *Slav.*, 481. Sarnia, *Ont.*, 332. Sasseraw, *Ind.*, 572. Saugatuck, Ct., 138-9. Saumur, *Fr.*, 645. Saundersville, Ms., 109. ***Savannah**, Ga., 292, 592. Saverne, *Ger.*, 481. Savin Rock, Ct., 138, 400, 402. Saybrook, Ct., 132. **Sayre**, Pa., 780. Sayville (L. I.), N. Y., 12, 51, 54, 150, 152-3. Scarboro', *Eng.*, 792. Scarboro', *Ont.*, 316. Schellsburg, Pa., 485. ***Schenectady**, N. Y., 9, 12, 28, 32-3, 199-202, 208, 479, 488, 610, 776. **Schenevus**, N. Y., 776. Schodack, N. Y., 29, 51, 190, 342, 510, 552. Schuylersville, N. Y., 71, 186, 190, 192, 246, 610, 776. **Schuylkill Haven**, Pa., 498. **Scio**, N. Y., 223. Sciota, Pa., 341. Scotch Plains, N. J., 172.

Scotland, *Ont.*, 332. Scott Haven, Pa., 780. ***Scranton**, Pa., 340, 501, 610, 780. Seabright, N. J., 778. Seabrook, N. H., 102. Seaforth, *Ont.*, 313, 315, 324, 332. Seal Harbor, Me., 276-7. **Searsport**, Me., 574. ***Seattle**, Wash., 788. Sebringville, *Ont.*, 317. Seistan, *Per.*, 571. Selkirk, *Scot.*, 556. Semendria, *Serv.*, 481. Semon's Gap, Va., 348. Senate, N. Y., 208, 212. **Seneca Falls**, N. Y., 203, 212, 776. Sennen, *Eng.*, 555. Serra Capriola, *It.*, 552. Setauket (L. I.), N. Y., 158. Sevenoaks, *Eng.*, 645. ***Seward**, Neb., 485-6. **Sewickley**, Pa., 780. **Seymour**, Ct., 140. Seymour, *Vict.*, 564. Sezanne, *Fr.*, 480. Shady Side, N. J., 81, 83. Shaftesbury, *Eng.*, 536. Shakers, Ct., 254. Shakers, Ky., 226-7. Shakers, N. Y., 197. Shakespeare, *Ont.*, 316-7. Shanghai, *Chi.*, 572. Shap Fells, *Eng.*, 536. Sharington, *Que.*, 500. Sharon, Ct., 143, 147. Sharon, Ms., 27, 106, 109. Sharon, N. Y., 215. Sharon, *Ont.*, 316. Sharon Springs, N. Y., 197, 378. Sharood, *Per.*, 571. **Sharpsburg**, Md., 384. **Sheakleyville**, Pa., 780. Shed's Corners, N. Y., 337. Sheerness-on-Sea, *Eng.*, 645. Sheffield, *Eng.*, 539, 557, 792. **Sheffield**, Ill., 479. Sheffield, Ms., 143-4, 147, 579, 700. Shefford, *Eng.*, 646. Shelburne, *N. S.*, 288. Shelburne, *Ont.*, 316. Shelby, N. Y., 222. ***Shelbyville**, Ind., 786. ***Shelbyville**, Ky., 232, 236-7, 527. **Sheldon**, Ill., 787. Shellsburg, Pa., 485, 497-8. **Shepherdstown**, W. Va., 224, 384, 610, 782. ***Shepherdsville**, Ky., 237. Sherbrooke, *Que.*, 328. Sheridan, N. Y., 223. Sherifabad, *Per.*, 571. Sherman, Col., 477. **Sherman**, N. Y., 587, 776. Sherman Center, N. Y., 587. **Shippensburg**, Pa., 344. Shoemakersville, Pa., 342. Shoreham, Vt., 579. Short Hills, N. J., 30, 162-3, 174. **Shreve**, O., 785. Shrewsbury, *Eng.*, 539, 554, 642. Shrewsbury, Ms., 110, 113, 117, 208, 514. Shrewsbury, N. J., 778. ***Sidney**, Neb., 478, 489. Sidney, *N. S.*, 289. ***Sidney**, O., 501, 785. **Silver Creek**, N. Y., 50, 201-5, 222, 483, 610, 776. Silver Lake, N. Y., 222. Silver Spring, Md., 376. Simcoe, *Ont.*, 315, 331-2, 598, 634-6, 655, 677, 789. Simpach, *Aust.*, 481. **Simpsonville**, Ky., 232, 236, 485. Simsbury, Ct., 123, 125, 145. **Sinclairville**, N. Y., 223, 776. Singac, N. J., 84, 165. **Sing Sing**, N. Y., 76, 194. ***Sioux City**, Ia., 787. Sivas, *Tur.*, 482. Sittingbourne, *Eng.*, 547, 792. Sixteen Acres, Ms., 124. ***Skowhegan**, Me., 373-4, 515. Sligo, Md., 349, 374, 376. Sloatsburg, N. Y., 171. Smithfield, *Eng.*, 539. Smithfield, Ky., 236. Smith's, *Ber.*, 790. Smithsboro, N. Y., 219. Smith's Creek, Cal., 490. Smith's Falls, *Ont.*, 327. Smith's Ferry, Ms., 31, 118-20, 126-7, 321, 579. Smith's Mills, N. Y., 223. Smithtown (L. I.), N. Y., 158. Smithville, Ky., 237. **Smithville**, N. J., 671, 778. **Smithville**, O., 245. Snakeshanks, *Tas.*, 563. Snicker's Ferry, Va., 383. Snydersville, Pa., 341. Sofia, *Bul.*, 481. ***Solon**, Me., 573-4, 610, 766. Somerset, *Ber.*, 358, 361. Somerset, *Eng.*, 645, 646. ***Somerset**, Pa, 496. **Somerville**, Ms., 768. ***Somerville**, N. J., 164, 172, 377, 610, 733, 778. Somerville, Va., 334. Sorel, *Que.*, 328-9. Souris, *N. S.*, 290. S. Abington Station, Ms., 512-3, 768. S. Amana, Ia., 479. **Southampton** (L. I.), N. Y., 155. Southampton, *Ont.*, 315. ***S. Bend**, Ind., 479. **S. Bethlehem**, Pa., 780. **Southboro'**, Ms., 114, 514. **S. Boston**, Ms., 768. **Southbridge**, Ms., 768. S. Bridgewater, *Tas.*, 563. S. Canaan, Ct., 143. S. Canton, Ms., 109. **S. Chicago**, Ill., 519. **S. Deerfield**, Ms., 119, 182-3. S. Dover, N. Y., 582. S. Egremont, Ms., 148, 700. Southfield, N. Y., 171. **S. Framingham**, Ms., 21, 103, 111, 128, 258, 513, 575, 768. **S. Gardner**, Ms., 768. **S. Hadley**, Ms., 119-20. S. Hadley Falls, Ms., 120, 126, 580, 768. **Southington**, Ct., 139, 250. S. Jersey, Pa., 390. S. Kilvington, *Eng.*, 792. S. Lee, Ms., 148. S. Lyme, Ct., 130. S. Meriden, Ct., 134. S. Mountain, Md., 349. S. New Market, N. H., 575, 766. S. Norfolk, Ct., 143. **S. Norwalk**, Ct., 138-9. **S. Orange**, N. J., 160, 162, 509. S. Otselic, N. Y., 336-7. S. Oyster Bay (L. I.), N. Y., 150, 152, 154. **S. Paris**, Me., 574. S. Pitcher, N. Y., 337. S. Platte, Neb., 478. **Southport**, Ct., 138, 139. S. Pownal, Vt., 193. **S. Royalton**, Vt., 578. S. Scituate, Ms., 768. Southsea, *Eng.*, 599. S. Vallejo, Cal., 491. S. Vernon, Vt., 183. Southwell, *Eng.*, 539. S. West Harbor, Me., 574. Southwick, Ms., 121, 123, 125, 144. 146, 579. S. Yarra, *Vict.*, 563, 794. Spanish Point, *Ber.*, 358, 361. Sparkill, N. Y., 80, 506-7. ***Sparta**, Wis., 787. Speier, *Ger.*, 552. **Spencer**, Ms., 103, 110, 114, 768. **Spencerport**, N. Y., 217.

Sperryville, Va., 352, 379. Spezia, *It.*, 552. Spiegeltown, N.Y., 193. Spofford's Point, N. Y., 96. ***Springfield**, Ill., 486, 501, 524, 610, 787. Springfield, *Ire.*, 546. ***Springfield**, Ky., 229-30, 234. ***Springfield**, Ms., 11-2, 26-33, 42, 46, 58, 61, 103-4, 109, 113-29, 138, 144-6, 149, 151, 171-2, 179-83, 191, 193-4, 196, 208, 251-4, 259, 294-5, 321-3, 333, 353, 371, 376-7, 388, 391, 400, 404, 470, 488, 491, 493, 500-1, 508, 510, 519, 523-5, 527, 547, 569, 579, 580-2, 593, 597, 603, 605, 607, 610, 617, 619, 627-8, 631-3, 654, 660-6, 672, 675, 677, 679, 703, 706, 709-10, 712, 722, 768. Springfield, N. J., 164. ***Springfield**, O., 245, 485, 488, 501, 627, 785. Springfield, *Ont.*, 318. **Springfield**, Vt., 766. **Springville**, N. Y., 157. Staatsburg, N. Y., 196. Stafford, *Eng.*, 539, 792. Stafford, N. Y., 222. Staffordville, *Ont.*, 332. Stamboul, *Tur.*, 482. Stamford, *Eng.*, 539-41, 645. **Stamford**, Ct., 48, 138-9, 248-9, 582, 610, 770. Stamford River, *Eng.*, 792. Stanhope, N. J., 51, 163, 173, 207. Stannardsville, Va., 348. ***Stanton**, Ky., 590. **Stapleton** (L. I.), N. Y., 156. Stark Water, N. H., 576. ***Staunton**, Va., 46, 48, 242, 296, 300, 305, 317, 335, 345-51, 376, 382-3, 388, 495, 497, 500, 610, 782. Stawell, *Vict.*, 561-2, 565-6, 696. Stayner, *Ont.*, 316. **Steelton**, Pa., 244. Stemlersville, Pa., 341. ***Steubenville**, O., 485. Stevenage, *Eng.*, 541. Stiermark, *Aust.*, 552. **Stillwater**, N. Y., 186, 190, 192, 610, 776. Stockbridge, Ms., 148, 510, 700. Stockholm, *Swe.*, 700. Stockport, N. Y., 527-8, 776. ***Stockton**, Cal., 491-2. **Stockton**, Me., 574. Stone, *Eng.*, 480. **Stoneham**, Ms., 769. Stoneham, *Ont.*, 330. Stonehenge, *Eng.*, 539. Stone House, Nev., 476. **Stonington**, Ct., 85, 593. Stony Creek, Ct., 132. Stony Kill, N. Y., 194. Stony Point, *Ont.*, 332. Stouffville, *Ont.*, 316. Stow, Ms., 579. **Stowe**, Vt., 579. Stoyestown, Pa., 485. Strafford, N. H., 577. Strasburg, *Ger.*, 481, 545, 552, 697. Strasburg, Mo., 485. **Strasburg**, Va., 244, 345, 347-8, 350-1, 610, 782. **Stratford**, Ct., 37, 138, 142, 249. Stratford, *Eng.*, 645. Stratford, *N. Z.*, 569. Stratford, *Ont.*, 315, 317, 324, 332, 635. Strathallan, *Ont.*, 317. Strathburn, *Ont.*, 331. Strathroy, *Ont.*, 319, 332. Streetsville, *Ont.*, 318. Strenburg, *Aust.*, 481. ***Stroudsburg**, Pa., 296, 299, 302, 341. **Stuart**, Ia., 478. **Stuyvesant Landing**, N. Y., 190, 192. Suckasunny, N. J., 164. Suez, *Eg.*, 571. Suffern, N. Y., 169, 171, 192, 198, 582, 587, 610, 776. **Suffield**, Ct., 122-3, 125, 146, 770. Suisun, Cal., 475, 491. Summerdale, N. Y., 587. Summerside, *P. E. I.*, 290. Summit, Cal., 476. Summit, N. J., 669, 778. Summit, Pa., 245. **Summit Hill**, Pa., 323. Summit Point, W. Va., 782. Sunderland, *Eng.*, 545, 635. Sunderland, Ms., 579. Surbiton, *Eng.*, 551. **Susquehanna**, Pa., 219, 296, 338, 780. Sutton, *Ont.*, 316. Swainsville, N. Y., 222. Swansea, *Eng.*, 645-6. **Swedesboro**, N. J., 390. Swift Run Gap, Va., 348. ***Sycamore**, Ill., 787. Sydenham, *Eng.*, 405, 792. Sydney, *N. S. W.*, 561, 562, 564-6, 570, 652, 696, 793. Syosset (L. I.), N. Y., 151, 530. ***Syracuse**, N. Y., 12, 30, 32-3, 44, 50-1, 201-2, 208, 212, 219, 298, 300, 305-6, 335-6, 343, 346, 479, 488, 577, 594, 776. Szeksard, *Hun.*, 481.

Tabbas, *Per.*, 571. Tabreez, *Per.*, 482. Ta-ho, *Chi.*, 572. Tain, *Scot.*, 645. Takapo, *N. Z.*, 568. Talbot, *Ont.*, 332. Talbot, *Vict.*, 560. **Tamaqua**, Pa., 299, 302, 342, 497-8. Tamworth, N. H., 576. Tannersville, N. Y., 188, 498. Tappan, N. Y., 30, 80. Tara, *Ont.*, 315. Tarawera, *N. Z.*, 567. Tarcutta, *Vict.*, 561. Tariffville, Ct., 145. **Tarrytown**, N. Y., 27-32, 50-3, 75-80, 91, 98-9, 139, 171, 187, 193-5, 198, 258, 275, 281, 343, 404, 582, 587, 610, 776. Tarsus, *Per.*, 482. Tartar Bazardjik, *Roum.*, 481. Tashkent, *Rus.*, 570. Tatham, Ms., 252. Taunton, *Eng.*, 554. ***Taunton**, Ms., 12, 28, 31, 33, 106, 109, 511, 769. Tavistock, *Ont.*, 315-7. Taylor, N. Y., 336. *Taylorsville, Ky., 236-7. Taylorsville, Pa., 341. Taylorworth, *Ont.*, 327. Tecoma, Nev., 477. Tecumseh, *Ont.*, 301, 311. Teheran, *Per.*, 473-4, 480, 482-3, 570-1, 792. Telegraph, Mo., 525. Telford, Pa., 388-9. **Templeton**, Ms., 579, 769. Tempsford, *Eng.*, 541. Tenafly, N. J., 80. Terang, *Vict.*, 559-61, 563. Terrace, Utah, 477. ***Terre Haute**, Ind., 486-7, 595, 786. Terryville, Ct., 142. Thamesford, *Ont.*, 324, 332. Thamesville, *Ont.*, 331-2. **Thomaston**, Ct., 142, 770. ***Thomasville**, Ga., 782. Thompson, Pa., 339. **Thompsonville**, Ct., 32-3, 122, 125, 181. Thorndale, *Ont.*, 332. Thorndike, Ms., 104, 117, 181. Thornhill, *Ont.*, 316. Thornton, N. H., 577. Thorold, *Ont.*, 789. Thrapston, *Eng.*, 540. Three Rivers, Ms.,

29, 104, 117. Three Rivers, *Que.*, 500. Throgg's Neck, N. Y., 74, 246. Thurso, *Ont.*, 328. Thurso, *Scot.*, 555. **Ticonderoga**, N. Y., 29, 51, 185-6, 211, 578. Tiffin, Ia., 479, 488. Tiflis, *Rus.*, 571. Tignish, *N. S.*, 290. Tilghman's Island, Md., 782. **Tioga**, Pa., 594. Tioga Center, N. Y., 219. **Tiskilwa**, Ill., 489. **Titusville**, Pa., 610, 781. Tiverton, *Ont.*, 315. Tiverton, R. I., 108. Tivoli, N. Y., 510. Togus, Me., 573. Tolchester, Md., 589. ***Toledo**, O., 479, 488, 501, 595, 785. *Tolland, Ct., 149. Tolland, Ms., 144. **Tomah**, Wis., 787. Tompkinsville (S. I.), N. Y., 32, 155, 157. Tomsk, *Rus.*, 570. **Tonawanda**, N. Y., 52, 203, 215, 217. ***Topeka**, Kan., 594, 788. Torbet-i-Haiderie, *Per.*, 571. Toronto, *Ont.*, 300-1, 305, 315-20, 324-6, 331, 333, 530, 593, 598, 633-5, 669, 789. **Torrington**, Ct., 144. **Tottenville** (S. I.), N. Y., 155, 158, 377. ***Towanda**, Pa., ii, 30, 32, 219, 610, 781. ***Towson**, Md., 377. Tracadie, *N. S.*, 289. Tralee, *Ire.*, 695, 792. **Tremont**, N. Y., 73, 583. **Trenton**, Ill., 485. ***Trenton**, N. J., 99, 164, 173, 522, 610, 778. Trenton, N. Y., 210, 582. Trenton, *Ont.*, 319, 321, 323. Trenton Falls, N. Y., 30, 33, 210, 212, 334, 336. Trexlertown, Pa., 387. Triangle, N. Y., 498. Trieste, *Aust.*, 552. Trochsville, Pa., 341. Trois Pistoles, *Que.*, 329-30. Trouville, *Fr.*, 480. ***Troy**, N. Y., 85, 190-1, 208, 310, 378, 594, 776. **Truckee**, Cal., 476. Truro, *N. S.*, 289, 536, 790. Tubby Hook, N. Y., 72, 80. Tübingen, *Ger.*, 481. Tuckahoe, N. Y., 79, 776. Tuckertown, *Ber.*, 360. ***Tucson**, Ariz., 789. Turners, N. Y., 587. **Turner's Falls**, Ms., 183. Tuscarora, N. Y., 214. Tuscarora, Pa., 342. ***Tuskegee**, Ala., 783. Turin, *It.*, 427, 552, 700. Tuxedo, N. Y., 587. Tuxford, *Eng.*, 540. Twin Mountain House, N. H., 577. Two Bridges, N. J., 169. Tyngsboro, Ms., 508.

Uddevalla, *Swe.*, 593, 792. Uhlersville, Pa., 497. ***Ukiah**, Cal., 490. Ulm, *Ger.*, 481. Umballa, *Ind.*, 572. **Unadilla**, N. Y., 498. Underwood, *Ont.*, 315. ***Union**, Mo., 486. **Union**, N. Y., 218. Union Forge, Pa., 498. ***Uniontown**, Pa., 245, 496, 610, 781. **Unionville**, Ct., 145. Upper Bartlett, N. H., 576. Upper Hull, *N. Z.*, 569. Upper Lachine, *Que.*, 328. Upper Lisle, N. Y., 337. Upper Montclair, N. J., 167, 778. Upper Red Hook, N. Y., 196. **Upperville**, Va., 496. Upton, Ky., 31, 231. ***Urbana**, O., 501. Utica, Ind., 235. ***Utica**, N. Y., 12, 32-3, 201-2, 208-10, 213, 220-1, 334, 336, 479, 488, 594, 610, 776. Utrecht, *Hol.*, 645, 651, 708, 792. **Uxbridge**. Ms., 109.

Valatie, N. Y., 148, 197. Valley Creek, Pa., 389. Valley Station, Ky., 237. Valois, *Que.*, 328. Vanceboro, Me., 596. ***Vandalia**, Ill., 595. Vandalia, O., 485. Vanderbilt's Landing (S. I.), N. Y., 32. Van Deusenville, Ms., 148. Van Hornesville, N. Y., 776. Varennes, *Ont.*, 328. Vaudreuil, *Que.*, 328. Venaken, N. J., 172. Venice, *It.*, 552. Ventimiglia, *It.*, 600. Vercheres, *Que.*, 328. Verdi, Nev., 476. Verdun, *Fr.*, 599. Vernon, Ct., 576, 770. Verona, N. J., 161, 164-5, 167, 175, 201, 208. Verplank's Point, N. Y., 776. ***Versailles**, Ky., 233, 236. Versailles, N. Y., 223. Vestal, N. Y., 218. ***Vicksburg**, Miss., 610, 628, 783. **Victor**, Ia., 479. Vienna, *Aust.*, 406, 426, 481, 552, 558, 651, 697. Vienna, N. J., 164. Vienna, Va., 376. ***Vincennes**, Ind., 235, 595. **Vineland**, N. J., 390, 522. **Vineyard Haven**, Ms., 769. Violet Town, *Vict.*, 564-6. Vitry le François, *Fr.*, 480. Vittoria, *Ont.*, 332. Voiron, *Fr.*, 698. Volusia, N. Y., 587.

***Wadena**, Minn., 788. **Wadsworth**, Nev., 476. ***Wahpeton**, Dak., 788. Waiau, *N. Z.*, 568-9. Waikari, *N. Z.*, 568. Waipawa, *N. Z.*, 569. **Wakefield**, Ms., 112, 575, 769. Wakefield, N. H., 577-8. Walden, N. Y., 198, 776. Walkerton, *Ont.*, 315. Wallacetown, *Ont.*, 312, 314. Wallam, *Vict.*, 564. **Wallingford**, Ct., 133-4, 149, 581. **Wallingford**, Vt., 766. Walmore, N. Y., 222. Walnut Grove, N. J., 164. Walpole, Ms., 107, 113. **Waltham**, Ms., 29, 51, 103, 579, 769. Walton, *Eng.*, 599. Walton, Ky., 225. Wanaque, N. J., 170. Wandsford, *Eng.*, 539. Wandsworth Common, *Eng.*, 792. Wanganui, *N. Z.*, 568, 570. Wangaretta, *Vict.*, 564-5. Wannon Falls, *Vict.*, 560, 563. **Wappinger's Falls**, N. Y., 194-5, 776. Wardsville, *Ont.*, 331. Ware, *Eng.*, 541. **Ware**, Ms., 29, 51, 104, 110, 113-4, 117, 181, 579. **Warehouse Point**, Ct., 580, 582, 559. **Warren**, Ms., 104, 110, 114, 117, 181. ***Warren**, O., 785. **Warren**, R. I., 107-8, 323, 581, 769. **War-**

rensburg, N. Y., 211. ***Warrenton**, Va., 350, 352, 374, 376, 610, 782. Warrington, *Eng.*, 480, 556. Warrnambool, *Vict.*, 559-61, 563, 794. ***Warsaw**, N. Y., 222. Warwick, *Eng.*, 537. Warwick, *Ont.*, 332. ***Washington**, D. C., 22, 25, 28-9, 31, 33, 37, 51, 58, 116, 173, 198, 241-2, 244, 258, 296, 323, 346-52, 370-4, 376, 377-8, 382, 384, 388, 464, 484, 488, 495, 497, 499, 501, 508, 511, 513-5, 523-4, 588, 591, 610, 652, 658, 617, 619, 627-8, 724, 733, 782. Washington, Ms., 121, 193. Washington, N. H., 575. **Washington**, N. J., 610, 778. **Washington**, O., 245. **Washington**, Pa., 245, 379, 496, 781. Washington Corners, Cal., 490, 493. Washington Heights, Ill., 388. Washington Heights, N. Y., 33, 583. Washington Hollow, N. Y., 510. **Waterbury**, Ct., 140, 142, 582, 770. **Waterbury**, Vt., 766. Waterford, *Ire.*, 546. **Waterford**, N. Y., 190-2. Waterloo, N. J., 163, 173. ***Waterloo**, N. Y., 207-8, 212. Waterloo, *Ont.*, 316. Waterloo, Pa., 379. Watersford, Ind., 237. Watertown, Ct., 142. ***Watertown**, N. Y., 201, 210, 594, 776. Watertown, *Ont.*, 333, 336. Watertown, Pa., 334. ***Watertown**, Wis., 787. Waterville, Ct., 582. **Waterville**, Kan., 485. **Waterville**, Me., 573-4, 610, 766. Watford, *Ont.*, 332. ***Watkins**, N. Y., 216, 498, 776. Watsessing, N. J., 160. **Watsonville**, Cal., 490, 492. **Waverly**, N. Y., 30, 32, 50, 51, 218-9. Waverly, Pa., 341. "Waybackville," 607. Wayland, Ms., 769. **Wayland**, N. Y., 216. Waymart, Pa., 310. **Wayne**, Me., 574. Wayne, N. J., 165. Wayne, Pa., 30, 389. **Waynesboro**, Pa., 385, 388, 610, 781. **Waynesboro**, Va., 350-1. ***Waynesburg**, Pa., 610, 781. Weedon, *Eng.*, 553, 557. **Weedsport**, N. Y., 776. Weehawken, N. J., 81, 85. Weirs, N. H., 576-7. **Weissport**, Pa., 341, 781. Welcome, *Ont.*, 319. **Wellesley**, Ms., 29, 103, 113, 769. Wellingore, *Eng.*, 539. Wellington, *Eng.*, 536, 556. Wellington, *N. Z.*, 566, 568-70, 660, 794. Wellington, *S. Aus.*, 560-1. **Wells**, Nev., 477. ***Wellsboro**, Pa., 610, 781. **Wellsburg**, N. Y., 218. Wells River, Neb., 489. Wells River, Vt., 576-8. Wellstown, N. Y., 211. **Wellsville**, N. Y., 217, 223. Welwyn, *Eng.*, 541, 792. Wendover, *Ont.*, 328. Wenham, Ms., 101. Werefordsburg, Pa., 496. Werribee, *Vict.*, 559. Wesley, N. Y., 223. W. Ansonia, Ct., 770. W. Avon, N. Y., 213. W. Baden, Ind., 235. W. Becket, Ms., 121, 208. W. Bethel, Vt., 578. **W. Bloomfield**, N. Y., 208, 212. **Westboro**, Ms., 110-1, 128, 610, 769. W. Brattleboro, Vt., 182. W. Brimfield, Ms., 26, 31, 110, 117, 128, 208. Westbrook, Ct., 132. W. Brookfield, Ms., 29, 104, 117. **W. Chester**, N. Y., 99, 246. ***W. Chester**, Pa., 244, 388-9, 781. W. Claremont, N. H., 576. W. Cornwall, Ct., 147. W. Cornwall, Vt., 578. W. Coventry, N. Y., 497-8. **Westerly**, R. I., 769. W. Farms, N. Y., 95. **Westfield**, Ms., 120-6, 144, 149, 192, 488, 527, 769. **Westfield**, N. J., 172, 588, 778. **Westfield**, N. Y., 50, 55, 58, 205-6, 222, 313, 488. **W. Gardner**, Ms., 500. W. Granby, Ct., 145. W. Hampton (L. I.), N. Y., 154. W. Hartford, Ct., 137. **W. Haven**, Ct., 128, 134, 138, 140, 149, 249. W. Henniker, N. H., 508. W. Livingston, N. J., 163. W. Long Branch, N. J., 778. W. Milan, N. H., 576. ***Westminster**, Md., 377, 782. **Westminster**, Ms., 579. Westminster, *Ont.*, 331. Westminster, Vt., 184. Westmoreland, N. Y., 776. W. Nassau, N. Y., 208. **W. New Brighton** (S. I.), N. Y., 157, 776. **W. Newton**, Ms., 113. **W. Newton**, Pa., 781. Weston, Ct., 139. Weston, *Eng.*, 694. W. Orange, N. J., 610, 778. W. Ossipee, N. H., 576. **W. Philadelphia**, Pa., 781. **W. Point**, Ga., 594, 610, 783. W. Point, Ind., 237. **W. Point**, N. Y., 194, 198. Westport, Ct., 138-9, 248-9. **W. Randolph**, Vt., 578, 610, 627, 651, 672, 766. W. Roxbury, Ms., 107. **W. Rutland**, Vt., 184. W. Saugerties, N. Y., 188. W. Springfield, Ms., 29, 30, 42, 51, 58, 110, 117, 120, 122-3, 125-7, 179, 181, 183, 194, 252-3, 581, 769. **W. Springfield**, Pa., 205-6, 479. W. Stockbridge, Ms., 148, 208. W. Suffield, Ct., 146. W. Sydney, *N. S. W.*, 793. **W. Troy**, N. Y., 192. **Westville**, Ct., 140, 394, 582. Westville, *N. S.*, 790. W. Warren, Ms., 110, 114. W. Woodstock, N. Y., 336-7. W. Worthington, Ms., 121. Weymouth, *Eng.*, 685, 689. **Weymouth**, Ms., 769. Weymouth, *N. S.*, 283-4, 790. Whately, Ms., 119. Wheatley, *Ont.*, 310. Wheaton, Md., 376. Wheatville, N. Y., 222. ***Wheeling**, W. Va., 242-3, 245, 487-8, 501, 595, 610, 628, 782. Whippany, N. J., 163-4. Whitby, *Ont.*, 319-20, 789. Whitchurch, *Eng.*, 536. **Whitefield**, N. H.,

577. **Whitehall**, N.Y., 11, 29, 119, 184, 186, 191-2, 776. White Horse, Pa., 390. ***White Plains**, N. Y., 71, 74-6, 138-9, 583, 702. **White River Junction**, Vt., 500, 576, 578. **Whitestown**, N. Y., 201, 210, 213. White Sulphur Springs, N. Y., 192, 217. **White Sulphur Springs**, W. Va., 351, 382. Whiting, Me., 271. **Whitinsville**, Ms., 769. **Whitney's Point**, N. Y., 337. Whitneyville, Ct., 135. Whitneyville, Me., 272. Whittlesea, *Eng.*, 539. ***Wichita**, Kan., 788. **Wichita Falls**, Tex., 783. Wick, *Scot.*, 536, 555, 556, 645. Wickliffe, *Vict.*, 563. Wicklow, *Ont.*, 321. **Wilbraham**, Ms., 114. ***Wilkesbarre**, Pa., 30, 32, 220, 340-1, 781. Willett, N. Y., 337. Willey House, N.H., 576-7. William's Bridge, N.Y., 96. **Williamsburg**, Ms., 119, 121. Williamsburg (L. I.), N. Y., 91, 153. Williamsford, *Ont.*, 316. **Williamsport**, Md., 29, 51, 238-9, 242, 244, 303, 344, 347, 349, 384, 388, 495, 497-8. ***Williamsport**, Pa., 781. ***Williamstown**, Ky., 31, 225-6. **Williamstown**, Ms., 112, 121, 579, 610, 700, 763. **Williamstown**, N. J., 522. **Williamstown**, N. Y., 192-3. Williamstown, Vt., 578. Williamsville, *Ont.*, 325. Willimansett, Ms., 124-5, 580. ***Willimantic**, Ct., 129, 770. Willow Grove, Pa., 497. Willow Island, Neb., 478. ***Wilmington**, Del., 244, 372, 377, 388, 390, 497, 522, 589, 628, 781. ***Wilmington**, N. C., 782. **Wilmington**, Vt., 579. Wilmot Center, *Ont.*, 317. Wilmot Corners, N. Y., 210. Wilsonville, Ind., 236. Wilton, Ct., 138. Wincanton, *Eng.*, 539. Winchelsea, *Ont.*, 332. ***Winchester**, Ky., 485. **Winchester**, N. H., 579. ***Winchester**, Va., 47, 244, 345-8, 350, 388, 494-9, 578, 782. Windham, Ct., 148. Windham, N. Y., 187. Windsor, Ct., 145, 251. Windsor, *N. S.*, 259, 286, 289, 293, 610, 770. **Windsor**, N. Y., 204. Windsor, *Ont.*, 296, 310-11, 314, 333. **Windsor**, Vt., 575, 578-9. **Windsor Locks**, Ct., 122, 125, 145, 180, 251, 377, 580, 582. Winfield (L. I.), N. Y., 90. Wingham, *Ont.*, 332. ***Winnemucca**, Nev., 476. Winnipeg, *Man.*, 487, 635, 790. ***Winona**, Minn., 487, 788. Winona, Wis., 787. Winslow, *N. S.*, 291. **Winsted**, Ct., 142-4. ***Winterset**, Ia., 787. **Winthrop**, Me., 574. Wisbeach, *Eng.*, 538, 557. Witham, *Eng.*, 792. **Woburn**, Ms., 769. Wodonga, *Vict.*, 565-6. Wolfville, *N. S.*, 285. Wollaston, *Eng.*, 540. Wolverhampton, *Eng.*, 539, 516, 645. **Womelsdorf**, Pa., 343. **Woodbridge**, Cal., 491. Woodbridge, Ct., 149. **Woodbridge**, N. J., 158, 166. ***Woodbury**, N. J., 390, 522. Woodbury (L. I.), N. Y., 150-1. Woodford, *Ont.*, 316. *Woodland, Cal., 491, 789. Woodstock, N. H., 577. Woodstock, *Ont.*, 315-7, 324, 331, 634-5, 789. ***Woodstock**, Va., 244, 346, 383, 388, 498, 782. ***Woodstock**, Vt., 573. **Woodstown**, N. J., 390, 521-2, 778. **Woodsville**, N. H., 578. Woodville, *N. Z.*, 569. **Woonsocket**, R. I., 109, 581. Worcester, *Eng.*, 539, 645. ***Worcester**, Ms., 12, 27, 29, 31, 51, 103, 109-14, 117, 128-9, 208, 258, 479, 488, 513-4, 523, 576, 579, 594, 600, 607, 627, 680, 769. Worthington, Ky., 236. Worthington, Ms., 121. Wray, Col., 501. Wrentham, Ms., 107. Wrexham, *Eng.*, 539. **Wrightsville**, Pa., 386. Wyalusing, Pa., 219. **Wyanet**, Ill., 479. **Wyoming**, Ill., 787. Wyoming, N. J., 158, 162. Wyoming, Pa., 220, 781. Wysocking, Pa., 219.

***Xenia**, O., 501, 785.

Yantic, Ct., 530, 582, 770. Yaphank (L. I.), N. Y., 29, 31, 33, 150-3. Yarmouth, *Eng.*, 636. Yarmouth, Me., 660, 766. Yarmouth, Ms., 532. Yarmouth, *N. S.*, 282-4, 286, 288, 293, 579, 790. Yarmouth, *Ont.*, 331. **Yarmouthville**, Me., 766. Yass, *N. S. W.*, 564-5. Yeovil, *Eng.*, 536, 645. Yokohama, *Jap.*, 572. **Yonkers**, N. Y., 26, 39, 53, 58, 75-9, 81, 95, 98, 100, 187, 194, 197, 376, 523, 583-4, 586, 610, 776. York, *Eng.*, 533, 544, 645-6, 792. ***York**, Pa., 242, 377, 386, 495, 497, 610, 781. York Mills, *Ont.*, 316. Yorkshire, N. Y., 208, 223. ***Yorktown**, Va., 238. ***Yorkville**, Ill., 479. ***Youngstown**, O., 627, 785. Youngstown, Pa., 485.

***Zanesville**, O., 245, 785. Zaribrod, *Bul.*, 481. Zurich, *Switz.*, 552.

"U.S. Official Hotel Directory for '85, or Hotel Red Book" (8vo, 703 pp., incl. 73 adv. pp.; cloth, $3; weight 3 lbs.), by the Hotel Pub. & Adv. Co., of 265 Broadway, N.Y., "gives a complete and reliable list of hotels in the U. S. and Canada, large and small, leading and otherwise, and also summer and winter resorts. It likewise gives the names of r. r.'s and water routes, reaching or passing the town or city wherein the hotels are located." See hotel lists, pp. 609, 612.

THE UNITED STATES.

This alphabetical list of the States and Territories of the Union is given chiefly for the sake of showing their abbreviations. The geographical order in which the States are inserted in the "Directory of Wheelmen" (765-91) may be found on p. 734, also on p. xx; and, in the latter case, the number of towns and of subscribers representing each State in the "Directory" are likewise shown. On p. 617 may be seen the League representation of each State, June 1, '84; and on p. 618 the increase of the same, Jan. 1 and Sept. 1, '86. P. 628 shows the League officers of State Divisions, Oct. 30, '86; and p. 631 shows the apportionment of States into "racing districts of the A. C. U." Full indexes of the 13 States in which I have done the most touring (Me. to Va. and Ky.) are pointed out by the star (*); and the General Index may be consulted for additional references to many of the other States. Numerals higher than 764 refer to subscribers to this book:

Ala., Alabama, 2, 352, 670, 783. **Ariz.**, Arizona, 789. **Ark.**, Arkansas, 352, 783. **Cal.**, California, 2, 473-6, 489-94, 500, 519, 609, 661, 672, 789, 799. **Col.**, Colorado, 177, 501, 788. **Ct.**, Connecticut, *581, 769-70. **Dak.**, Dakota, 177, 487, 788. **Del.**, Delaware, *589, 781. **D. C.**, District of Columbia, *590, 782. **Fla.**, Florida, 177, 352, 597, 783. **Ga.**, Georgia, 177, 352, 500, 610, 782. **Id.**, Idaho, 788. **Ill.**, Illinois, 31, 224, 244, 258, 478-80, 485-9, 519, 524-5, 658, 672, 677, 786-7, 799. **Ind.**, Indiana, 31, 235-7, 479, 486-8, 519, 785-6. **Ia.**, Iowa, 478-80, 486-7, 501, 672, 787. **Kan.**, Kansas, 99, 485-6, 500, 788. **Ky.**, Kentucky, 224-37, *590, 783-4. **La.**, Louisiana, 2, 140, 500-1, 527, 595, 597, 654, 670, 724, 783. **Me.**, Maine, *573, 765-6. **Md.**, Maryland, *589, 781-2. **Ms.**, Massachusetts, *579, 766-9. **Mich.**, Michigan, 42, 99, 177, 210, 296, 311, 323, 476, 490-2, 609, 660, 729, 785. **Minn.**, Minnesota, 487, 519, 530, 570, 787. **Miss.**, Mississippi, 352, 783. **Mo.**, Missouri, 93, 322-3, 473, 485-7, 500, 524-5, 671-2, 787. **Mont.**, Montana, 454, 519, 788. **Neb.**, Nebraska, 478-80, 484-6, 489, 501, 570, 788. **Nev.**, Nevada, 476-7. **N. H.**, New Hampshire, *575, 766. **N. J.**, New Jersey, *588, 776-8. **N. Mex.**, New Mexico, 788. **N. Y.**, New York, *582, 770-6. **N. C.**, North Carolina, 51, 176, 352, 500, 782. **O.**, Ohio, 28-32, 39, 57, 99, 205, 234, 240, 242, 245, 479-80, 485, 487, 500, 501, 519, 594, 625, 660, 677-8, 784-5. **Or.**, Oregon, 492, 519, 788. **Pa.**, Pennsylvania, *589, 778-81. **R. I.**, Rhode Island, *581, 769. **S. C.**, South Carolina, 54, 352, 782. **Tenn.**, Tennessee, 176, 352, 500, 670, 672, 783. **Tex.**, Texas, 352, 500, 783. **Ut.**, Utah, 477, 520, 788. **Vt.**, Vermont, *578, 766. **Va.**, Virginia, *590, 782. **Wash.**, Washington Territory, 455, 519, 788. **W. Va.**, West Virginia, 31, 42, 242, 245, 344, 352, 384, 486-7, 500, 590, 782. **Wis.**, Wisconsin, 177, 258, 487, 524, 787. **Wy.**, Wyoming, 473, 475, 477, 479-80, 489, 570, 788.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

References higher than 764 are to subscribers outside the U. S., the numbers of whom are also shown on p. xx. Details for several countries may be found in General Index: Acadia, 286. Afghanistan, 571. Angora, 481-2. Asia, 480-3, 570-2, 792. Australia, 558-70, 652, 695-6, 706, 793-4. Austria, 232, 481, 558, 636-7, 792. Bavaria, 480-1. Belgium, 522, 546, 549, 599, 651, 699, 700. Bermuda, 353-70, 592, 790. Brittany, 542. Bulgaria, 481. Canada, 265, 282-334, 598, 603, 633-7, 669-70, 677, 789-90. Cape Breton, 288. China, 312, 474-5, 477, 491, 572. Croatia, 481. Denmark, 636-7. Egypt, 453, 571. England, 403-6, 426, 444-50, 469-72, 531-58, 598-9, 636-51, 654, 681-95, 790-2. France, 480, 522, 530, 552, 557, 599, 600, 628, 636, 651, 682, 698-9, 792. Germany, 546, 552-3, 636-7, 651, 697, 792. Holland, 522, 553, 599, 636-7, 651, 700, 792. Hungary, 474, 481, 792. India, 571-2. Ireland, 499, 546, 640, 652, 665, 682-3, 688, 792. Italy, 530, 549, 551-2, 599, 600, 687, 700, 792. Japan, 572, 792. Khorassan, 570. Koordistan, 481, 483. Manitoba, 635, 790. Mexico, 2, 600, 790. New Brunswick, 265, 331, 515, 790. New S. Wales, 564-5, 652, 793. N. Zealand, 566-9, 652, 794. Normandy, 480, 542. Norway, 549, 700. Nova Scotia, 282-94, 331, 355, 364-6, 497, 592, 790. Ontario, 296-334, 598, 633-6, 789. Persia, 473, 480-3, 570-1, 792. Prince Edward Island, 290-2. Quebec, 327-30, 574-5, 592, 790. Queensland, 652, 793. Roumelia, 474, 481. Russia, 570-1, 687, 724. Saxony, 551-2. Scotland, 545, 553-9, 645-6, 681-6, 695, 792. Servia, 474, 480-1. Slavonia, 474, 481. South Africa, 696. South Australia, 560-1, 652.

793. Spain, 549, 683, 700. Styria, 481. Sweden, 549, 700, 792. Switzerland, 530, 532, 542, 549, 552, 599, 637, 650, 792. Tasmania, 559, 563-4, 652, 794. Turkey, 481-2, 474, 571, 792. Victoria, 558-66, 652, 706, 793-4. Wales, 508, 530, 533, 536, 539, 544, 546, 550, 790-2.

RIVERS AND VALLEYS.

Agawam, 122-3, 179, 252. Ammonoosuc, 576-7. Amoor, 570. Androscoggin, 575-6. Arques, 480. Avon, 289. Bear, 477. Beaver, 515. Bigelow, 129. Blackberry, 143. Blackstone, 109. Blanche, 329. Brandywine, 372, 378. Bronx, 74, 75. Byram, 73. Cassadaga, 587. Cazenovia, 214. Charles, 106, 514. Chestnut Ridge, 485. Chicopee, 110, 117, 129. Colebrook, 144. Conemaugh, 496. Connecticut, 11, 32, 61, 117-28, 145, 172, 178-84, 191, 194, 198, 251-4, 575-82. Cornwallis, 285. Cowpasture, 486. Croton, 76. Cumberland, 302, 347. Danube, 481. Delaware, 28, 44, 163-4, 172-3, 189, 198, 207, 299, 302, 340, 342, 372, 378, 390, 497, 522, 587. East (N. Y.), 64, 86, 97-8, 583. Eden, 223. Elk, 479. Elkhart, 479. Elkhorn, 478. Farmington, 137, 144-6, 581. Fenton, 29. French, 129. Ganges, 572. Gatineau, 327. Genesee, 30, 214-17. German, 173. Green, 230, 477. Hackensack, 82, 165-6, 168-9, 589. Harlem, 25, 27, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 91, 95-8, 247, 582-4. Harud, 571. Hills, 490. Hillsboro, 290. Holyoke, 135. Hoosick, 193. Hop, 128. Housatonic, 112, 138, 140, 143-4, 147, 188, 700. Hudson, 11, 44, 51, 64-91, 95, 97, 142-3, 146, 148, 153, 164-6, 179-98, 210, 322, 340, 431, 498, 500, 505, 523, 583-4, 586-7. Humboldt, 476-7. Illinois, 489. Indian, 327. Inn, 481. Jackson, 486. James, 346-7. Jock, 327. Juniata, 496. Kanawha, 347. Kansas, 486. Kennebec, 353, 573-4. Kentucky, 227. Kowai, 568-9. Lehigh, 299. Ligonier, 485. Little, 223. Loire, 542. Luray, 347, 351, 381. Magalloway, 575. Mahoning, 342. Mamaroneck, 74. Maritza, 481-2. Maumee, 479. Medicine Bow, 478. Merrimac, 102, 500. Metis, 329. Middle (Ct.), 129. Middletown, 243, 349. Mississippi, 198, 347-8, 473, 478-80, 487, 489. Missouri, 475, 478-9, 486, 489. Mohawk, 12, 13, 32, 85, 197, 199, 202. Monocacy, 349. Morava, 481. Mt. Hope, 129. Nana, 490. Natchaug, 129. Naugatuck, 139-42, 582. Nepperhan, 75-8, 98. Niantic, 131. Nissiva, 481. Ohio, 39, 245, 485, 515, 590. Oneida, 335. Opequon, 347, 497. Orange, 271. Oregon, 455. Otselic, 302, 337. Ottawa, 327-8. Page, 347, 351. Passaic, 82, 159, 165, 166, 588. Patapsco, 377. Patuxent, 349. Pawcatuck, 129. Peabody, 577. Pekang, 572. Pemigewasset, 576. Penobscot, 574. Petane, 568. Platte, 478, 486, 489. Pleasant, 146. Pompton, 165. Potomac, 17, 29, 51, 55, 238, 245, 300, 303, 344, 347, 376, 383-4, 488, 496-7. Quinebaug, 129. Quinnipiac, 134. Ramapo, 171, 198, 587. Rappahannock, 379. Rench, 481. Rhine, 481, 522. Rideau, 327. Rigaud, 328. Roanoke, 347. Rock, 479. Russian, 490. Saco, 576. Sacondaga, 211. Sacramento, 476, 490. Saddle, 165, 169. Saguenay, 293. St. Croix, 263. St. Lawrence, 187, 198, 204, 210, 293, 301-3, 326, 329, 330, 333, 500. Salinas, 490. Salmon, 145, 289. Salt, 237. San Benito, 489. Santa Clara, 490. Saugatuck, 128, 138. Sawmill, 75-9. Schroon, 211. Schuylkill, 299, 389-90, 522. Seaconnet, 108. Seine, 480. Semmering, 552. Shenandoah, 46, 154, 238, 241-2, 296, 300, 303, 346-7, 388, 486, 491-500, 590. Shepaug, 143. Still, 128. Strasburg, 347. Susquehanna, 218, 302-3, 308, 338, 343, 372-3, 378, 381, 386, 498, 589. Tartijoux, 339. Thames, 129, 131, 681. Trough Creek, 244. Truckee, 476. Tuolumne, 491. Virginia, 346, 382. Wabash, 486. Waipara, 568-9. Wallkill, 198. Wells, 489, 576. White, 578. Willimantic, 129. Winooski, 578. Wissahickon, 389. Wyoming, 220. Yosemite, 491.

MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Ararat, 482. Bald, 575. Bald Eagle, 496. Battle (Nev.), 476. Big Sewell, 486. Black, 186. Blanc, 354. Blue (Pa.), 498. Buck, 498. Carmel, 134-5, 486, 581. Catoctin, 349. Cone, 485. Dogwood, 486. Elk, 478. Evergreen, 148. Gambier, 560. Green (Me.), 278. Hamilton (Cal.), 490. Hedgehog (Ct.), 145. Holyoke (Ms.), 120, 135. Horton (N. S.), 286. Jefferson, 382. Jenny Jump, 164. Kineo, 574. Kaaterskill, 498. Langton (Ber.), 359-62. Little North, 497. Little Sewell, 486. McGregor, 192. Mansfield (Vt.), 578-9. Marcy, 186. Nescopeck, 498. North (N. S.), 284-5. Orange, 158, 174. Otter (Peaks of), 347. Pcatinny, 170. Pittsfield, 197. Plymouth, 142. Pulaski, 485. Razorback, 565-6. Rummerfield, 219. San Juan, 494. St. Gothard, 187. St. Helena

(Cal.), 490. Sargent (Me.), 278. Shenandoah, 582. Schooley's, 173. Simplon, 187. South, 349. Storm King, 197. Sugarloaf, 182. Tom (Ms.), 118-20, 127, 183, 252, 579. Vesuvius, 552. Washington, 237, 515, 525, 575-7, 670-1. Wilcox, 145.

MOUNTAIN RANGES.

Adirondack, 185-7, 210-11, 587. Alleghany, 243, 245, 347, 350, 477, 485-6, 496, 500, 518. Apennine, 551. Balkan, 481. Black Hills, 478. Blue Creek, 477. Blue Ridge, 238, 243, 346-8, 374, 379-81, 495-7, 500. Catskill, 187-8, 198, 216, 488, 497. Elburz, 571. Erz, 552. Fruskagora, 481. Green, 184, 198, 574-8. Hartz, 114, 522. Himalaya, 477. North (N. S.), 284-5. Laurentian, 327. Little Savage, 244. Massanutten, 347-8, 350-1, 381-2. Mud Creek, 486. North (N. S.), 284-5. Orange, 158, 174. Pilot, 576. Promontory, 477. Pyrenees, 549. Red Dome, 477. Rocky, 455, 478, 481. Sierra Nevada, 243, 476, 492. South (N. S.), 284. Taghconic, 147. Wachung, 174. Wahsatch, 477. White, 61, 192, 198, 293, 503, 513, 576-8, 676.

HILLS.

Albanian, 552. Alconbury, 540. Alum Rock, 490. Ames's, 124. Armory, 117. Barndoor, 145. Barryfield, 325. Batesford, 559. Bear Ridge, 139. Belmont, 389. Bengal, 572. Bergen, 82-4, 166, 168, 588. Berkshire, 121, 126, 581, 583, 700. Blue, 109, 516, 577. Box, 567. "Breakneck" (N. Y.), 71, 582. Cave, 236. Chaplain, 228. Chestnut, 102, 106, 111, 114, 128, 523. Chicopee, 124. Columbia Heights, 88, 97. Corey, 525. Corydon, 235. Crescent, 124. Cumberland, 103. Druid, 239. Eagle Rock, 175. East Rock, 135. Edgewater, 165-6. Ewingsville, 118, 126. Fisher's, 345-6, 498. Foundry, 142. Fox, 170. Gallows, 81. Gates's, 118-9, 183, 579. Gibbs, 361. Glacier, 491. Grimes's, 158. Hampstead, 403. Hanging, 250. Hog-pen Ridge, 139. Hotham, 562. Indian Rock, 389. Knapton, 360. Laurel, 485. Marlboro, 567. Mono, 316. Moore's, 327. Mullica, 390. Old Ford, 389. Orange, 169. Palisades, 77, 79, 81, 586-7. Panama Rocks (N. Y.), 587. Pine, 121. Pleasant, 226. Prospect, 362. Ray's, 485. Red, 237. Remataka, 568. Richmond, 316. Rideau, 327. Riverdale, 78, 80, 583. Rocky, 102. Round, 285, 496-7. Sandy, 58-9, 189, 192. Seebach, 317. Shinnecock, 155. Shrewsbury, 514. Sidling, 243. Snake, 169. Turkey, 123, 146. Washington Heights, 64, 72, 75, 388, 583. West, 540. Windsor, 122.

ISLANDS.

Antigua, 592. Atlantic, 355. Barbadoes, 592. Bermuda, 353-70, 530. Blackwell's, 69, 70, 90, 469. Brady, 478. Campobello, 260, 265, 269. Cape Breton, 289, 290, 331, 366. Capri, 552. Coney, 27, 47, 83, 155, 523, 583-5. Dominica, 592. Glen, 91. Grand, 478, 489. Grand Manan, 258-9. Hebrides, 467. Ireland (Ber.), 355, 358. League, 244. Long (N. Y.), 12, 28, 29, 51, 58, 63-4, 88, 90, 97, 99, 148, 150-9, 177-8, 284, 530. Long (N. S.), 286. Magdelene, 331. Mt. Desert, 5, 574. Manhattan, 52, 64, 69, 70, 72, 84, 116, 154, 158, 168, 187, 427. Martinique, 592. Montreal, 575. Newfoundland, 170, 293, 366. Parent, 328. Perrot, 575. Prince Edward, 289-92, 331, 592. Rhode (R. I.), 108. St. George's, 355. St. Helena, 355. St. Kitts, 592. St. Lucia, 592. Sandwich, 492. Sochia, 552. Somers, 364. Staten, 28, 30, 57, 64, 84, 88, 97, 99, 150, 155-9, 177-8, 377, 583. Thousand, 333. Trinidad, 592. West Indies, 355. Wight, 517. Willow, 478. Wolf, 333.

LAKES AND PONDS.

Androscoggin, 575. Bantam, 142-3. Bloody, 185. Blue, 490. Bond, 316. Bras d'Or, 289. Cayuga, 212. Champlain, 32, 185-6, 211, 500, 578-9. Chautauqua, 206, 223, 488, 587. Clear, 490. Conesus, 216. Croton, 194. Crystal, 170. Deschene, 327. Eagle, 278, 281. Echo, 170. Erie, 39, 171, 203-6, 225, 310, 331-2, 588, 596. Garland, 283. George, 11, 29, 32, 51, 57, 171, 179-98, 211, 578. Governor's, 288. Great Salt, 477. Greenwood, 170, 584. Hemlock, 216. Huron, 204, 301, 313, 315, 332. Lauderdale, 193. Mahopac, 582. Mashapaug, 129. Memphremagog, 198. Michigan, 479. Mirror, 491. Mohonk, 198. Moosehead, 574-5. Napa, 491. Ontario, 204, 214, 222, 301, 310, 314, 320, 333, 593. Otsego, 197. Piseco, 211. Pleasant, 211, 378. Quinsigamond, 110. Rocky Hill, 120. Rogers, 131. Round, 378. St. Clair, 301, 311. Saltonstall, 133. Saratoga, 192. Schroon, 211. Seneca, 212. Silver, 155, 216, 222. Simcoe, 316. Southwick,

125. Superior, 331. Thousand Islands, 333. Tuscaches, 327. Twin, 147. Two Mountains, 328. Whitney, 135, 148, 249. Winnipiseogee, 293, 576.

CREEKS AND BROOKS.

Antietam, 347, 384. Block, 121-2. Bloody Run, 185. Buffalo, 222. Bull Run, 375. Cattaraugus, 204. Cub Run, 374-5. Elk, 236. Furnace, 129. Harrod's, 236. Kiwaka, 568. Mill, 121. Newton, 91. North, 211. Overpeck, 165. Plum, 237. Pole, 478. Queen's, 327. Roaring, 129. Rondout, 198. Spuyten Duyvil, 64, 71-2, 78-80, 583. Smith's, 490. Sunswick, 90. West Canada, 210. Yellow, 477.

WATERFALLS.

Bridal Veil, 491. Chaudière, 327. Clifton (N. J.), 170. Franklin, 577. Genesee, 214, 216. Guildhall, 577. Great Falls of Potomac, 376, 497. Haines, 216. Hemlock, 509. Horseshoe (Niagara), 202. Kaaterskill, 216. Kezah (Me.), 577. Montmorenci, 330. Mosey, 574. Nevada, 491. Niagara, 28, 202, 214-16, 293, 382, 488, 586. Paterson, 167. Pontook, 576. Portage, 214. Sciota, 341. Seneca, 208, 212. Trenton, 210, 212, 334-6. Vernal, 491. Wannon, 560, 563. Wappinger's, 194-5. Yosemite, 491.

BAYS AND OTHER DIVISIONS OF WATER.

Adriatic Sea, 532. Atlantic Ocean, 48, 64, 176, 405, 467, 473, 513. Alexandria Bay, 209. Basin of Minas, 286-9. Bedford Basin, 287-8. Bic Bay, 329. Bosporus, 482. Boston Harbor, 113, 282. Canso, Strait of, 289. Caspian Sea, 571. Chedabucto, 289. Chesapeake, 352, 377. Cold Spring Harbor (L. I.), 150. Fresh Kills (S. I.), 157. Fundy, 169, 284. Georgian, 315-16. Gowanus, 88. Grassy, 358, 362, 365. Great South (L. I.), 155. Gulf Stream, 364-5. Hamilton Harbor, 358. Harrington Sound, 359-60. Hell Gate, 90, 98. Katskill (Lake George), 186. Kill van Kull, 84, 155. Long Island Sound, 61, 64, 74, 85, 90, 96, 128-9, 142, 249. Mahone, 288, 293. Mediterranean Sea, 593. Morris Cove, 133. Mt. Hope, 108. The Narrows, 64, 158. Newark, 84, 155, 583. New York, 64, 84, 155. Northwest Arm, 287. North West Bay (Lake George), 186. Owen Sound, 215-16. Pacific Ocean, 48, 473, 492, 570, 572. Paleocrystic Sea, 23. Passamaquoddy, 268. Pelham, 73, 96, 249. Providence, 108. Sag Harbor (L. I.), 155. St. Lawrence Gulf, 592. Sanbornton, 577. St. Margaret's, 288. St. Mary's, 284. Somes Sound, 277, 281. Staten Island Sound, 155. Tappan Sea, 80. Tracadie Harbor, 291.

PARKS AND SQUARES.

Battery, N. Y., 98-9, 433, 583. Bidwell, Buffalo, 203. Blue Grass, Ky., 224. Boston Common, 105-6. Bowling Green, N. Y., 433. Bronx, N. Y., 95-6. Brooklyn City, 88-9. Central, N. Y., 64-8, 70, 85, **92-5**, 98, 100, 187, 197-8, 376, 403, 432, 451, 453, 465, **585**. Chestnut Hill Reservoir, Boston, 102, 106, 111, 114, 128, 523. Chicago, 224. City Hall, N. Y., 86, 100. Claremont, N. Y., 96. Copley Sq. (called "Trinity"), Boston, 27, 106. Crotona, N. Y., 96. Druid Hill, Balt., 238, 781. East Rock, New Haven, 135-6. Edgewater, N. Y., 96. Fairmount, Phila., 389, 679. Fleetwood, N. Y., 73. Front, Buffalo, 588. Gilmour's, 327. Hampden, Springfield, 117, 579-80. Harvard Sq., 101, 103. International, Niagara, 199, 586. Jerome, N. Y., 71-3, 75, 138, 582. Lincoln, Buffalo, 203. Llewellyn, N. J., 160-1, 175. Manhattan Sq., N. Y., 95. Mary's, N. Y., 96. Morningside, N. Y., 70, 95. Mt. Morris, 64. Pelham Bay, N. Y., 96. Pemberton Sq., Boston, 104-5, 110, 128, 662. Pleasure Ridge, 237. Pt. Pleasant, 287. Prospect, Brooklyn, 27, 87-9, **92**, 94, 97, 583, **585-6**. Public Garden of Boston, 105-6, 114. Public Gardens of Halifax, 287. Riverside, N. Y., 68, 94, 585. Rowley Green, 102. Van Cortlandt, N. Y., 95-6. Washington Athletic, 573. Washington Square, N. Y., 16, 23-6, 28, 33, 51-2, 54, **64-5**, 82, 91, 98, 101, 168, 191, 207, 368, 388, 391, 428-31, **432-4**, 451, 453, 455, 464-6, 470, 583-6, 611, 774. Washington Square, Phila., 494, 497. Westfield Green, N. Y., 206. West Springfield Common, 120. Woodward's Garden, San Francisco, 492.

RAILROADS (See pp. 591-8).

Baltimore & Ohio, 238, 242, 245, 350. Boston & Albany, 26, 128, 479. Buffalo, N. Y. & P., 222. Chesapeake & Ohio, 350-1. Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, 486. Concord, 500. Conn. River, 127, 198. Canadian Pacific, 328. D., L. & W., 82, 588. Erie, 82,

85, 165, 198, 216-18, 222-3, 304-5. Fall River & Newport, 198. Grand Trunk, 328. Hudson River, 190, 192, 195, 198. Intercolonial, 285, 329. Lehigh Valley, 219, 221. Long Island, 154. Missouri Pacific, 486. N. J. Central, 82, 85. New London Northern, 129. N. Y. Central, 192, 198, 201, 209. N. Y., P. & O., 222. New Zealand, 569-70. Pacific, 475. P. D. & E. (Ill.), 486. Pennsylvania, 82, 389, 588. Prince Edward Island, 291-2. Richmond & Alleghany, 350. Union Pacific, 473. Valley Branch of B. & O., 350. Vermont Central, 184. Wabash, 486. West Shore, 83-4, 168, 589.

COLLEGES.

Acadia, 285. Amherst, 113, 142. Bowdoin, 565. Butler Univ., 786. Cambridge Univ., 429, 434, 544, 544, 557, 791. "Chrysalis," 428-9. Columbia, (131), 216, 436-7. Cornell Univ., 772. Dartmouth, 508, 766. Dickinson, 344, 512. Drew Theol. Sem., 344. Eton, 533. Georgetown, 233. Glasgow Univ., 545. Haileybury, 544. Harvard, 25, 101, 103, 113, 131, 256, 386, 397, 403, 434-5, 437, 494, 514, 658, 665, 767. Haverford, 25, 389, 503, 779. Iowa, 323, 669. Kentucky Wesleyan Univ., 233. Kenyon, 784. King's (Cam.), 429, 434. King's (N. S.), 286. Knox, 658. Lafayette, 173, 669. Lehigh Univ., 780. Maine Agricultural, 257, 277. Middlebury, 196. New York, 436. New York Univ., 428-44, 454-72. Oxford Univ., 469, 471, 533. Pennsylvania Univ., 388, 494. Princeton, 434, 777. Rutgers, 159. Swarthmore, 508. Toronto Univ., 318. Trinity (Cam.), 544. Trinity (Hartford), 136. Virginia Univ., 350, 435. West Point, 194. Williams, 185. Yale, 113, 127, 131-3, 140, 256, 304, **390-405**, 424, 434-5, 439, 447, 464-6, 494, 657, 660, 711, 722-3, 728, 732, 770.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Agricultural Hall, London, 547-8. Alexandra Palace, London, 535. Alnwick Castle, 390, 404. Alumni Hall, Yale, 398-9. Armory, Springfield, 114, 124-5, 580. Arsenal, N. Y., 95. Benedick, N. Y., 65, 440. Bicycle Club Houses: Baltimore, 590, 781; Boston, 105-6, 767; Brooklyn, 97, 586; New York, 96, 586; Philadelphia, 589; St. Louis, 652; Washington, 590. Boston Cyclorama, 385. Capitol, Albany, 192. Capitol, Washington, 371-2, 501. Centennial Buildings, Phila., 389. Cheshire Academy, Ct., 134, 250. "Chrysalis College," 428-9. Citadel, Halifax, 287, 292. City Halls: Boston, 105; Brooklyn, 88; Buffalo, 52; New Haven, 133; New York, 48, 78, 82, 85, 88, 99, 100, 499; Philadelphia, 389; Springfield, 117, 120, 124-5; Yonkers, 78. Cosmian Hall, Florence, Ms., 119. Court Houses: Boston, 105; Brooklyn, 90; New York, 48. Crystal Palace, London, 405. Custom Houses: Boston, 105; New York, 369. Elm City Rink, 401. Equitable Building, N. Y., 97. Faneuil Hall, Boston, 105. Grace Church, N.Y., 66. Grand Central Depot N. Y., 99. Greystone, N. Y., 79-80. Insane Asylum, Baltimore, 377. Institute of Technology, Boston, 106, 582. Kentucky State House, 233. Lick Observatory, Cal., 490. Litchfield Mansion, N. Y., 585. Ludlow St. Jail, N. Y., 86. Lyndehurst, N. Y., 79-80. Manor House, Yonkers, 78. Massachusetts State House, 104, 113, 116. Mechanics' Pavilion, Portland, Or., 492. Memorial Hall, Dedham, Ms., 107. Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, 318. Monastery, N. J., 83, 589. Morgan School, Clinton, Ct., 134. Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, 120. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, 106. Music Hall, New Haven, 398, 400. Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J., 434. Nat. Hist. Museum, Boston, 106. Naval Hospital, N. Y., 88. Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J., 83, 170, 174, 589. Penn. Military Academy, Chester, 372. Phillips Academy at Andover, 208. Post Offices: Boston, 105; Cleveland, 500; New York, 48; Paris, 453. Pottstown Opera House, 484. Rosalie Villa, Chicago, 529. Royal Courts Chambers, London, 550. "Rubbish Palace," 428-9. St. Botolph's Corner, 102. St. Croix Hall, Calais, Me., 265. Shenandoah Academy, Va., 345. Soldiers' Home, D. C., 376. Springfield City Library, 126. State Fishery, N. Y., 222. State Hospital, Worcester, Ms., 110. Stewart's Cathedral, Garden City, L. I., 152. Sunnyside, N. Y., 79. Trinity Church, Boston, 106. Trinity Church, N. Y., 87, 99, 437. Tuileries, Paris, 390. University Building, N. Y., 65, 428-44, 454-72. Union Depot, Worcester, Ms., 514. U. S. Armory, Springfield, Ms., 114, 124-5. Villa of D. O. Mills, Millbrae, Cal., 492. Williamsburg Savings Bank, Brooklyn, 92.

GEOGRAPHICAL MISCELLANY.

Adirondack Wilderness, 186-7, 587. Adrianople Plains, Tur., 482. Black Forest, Ger., 481. Blue Grass Region of Ky., 224-7, 232-3. Brooklyn Bridge, 36-9. Brooklyn Navy Yard, 88, 246. Cape May, 593. Cat Hole Pass, Ct., 137. Crawford's Cave, Ky., 228. Croton Reservoir, N. Y., 70, 95. Desert of Despair, 571. Devil's Hole, Bermuda, 360. Flume, N. H., 61, 576. Forest of Dean, 540, (198). Forks of the Kennebec, Me., 573-4. Forty Mile Bush, N. Z., 568. Forty Mile Desert of Nevada, 476. Furca Pass, 532. Great American Desert, 477. Great Plains of Utah, 475. Hanging Rocks of Newport, 108. High Bridge on the Harlem, 70-72, 583. Holborn Viaduct, 554. Hoosac Tunnel, Ma., 191, 194, 488. Horse Shoe Curve, 496. Hudson River Tunnel, 433. Kittery Navy Yard, 101, 246. Laramie Plains, 478. Lewistown Narrows, Pa., 496. Luray Cavern, Va., 348, 381-2. Mammoth Cave, 231-2, 381-2. Manawatu Gorge, N. Z., 568. Meeling Pass, 572. Middlesex Notch, Vt., 578. Milldam, Boston, 106. Norambega, 279. Northern Maine Wilderness, 575. Obelisk of Alexandria, 465. Ottawa Long Soult Rapids, 328. Ovens, Mt. Desert, 279. Ox Bow of the Conn., 120. Pack Saddle of the Conemaugh, 496. Paulus Hook, N. J., 168. Red Desert of Wyoming, 477. Royal Dockyard at Bermuda, 358. Shades of Death, Va., 243. Stony Rises, 561. Streatham, Plains, 561. Weka Pass, 568-9. West Shore Tunnel, 589. Weyer's Cave, Va., 382. Williams Monument at Lake George, 185.

CYCLING CLUBS.

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Adrian, 785. Æolus, 769, 777. Akron, 784. Albany, 679, 770. Albert, 793. Allegheny Co., 772. Allston, 766. Alpha, 778. Amateur, 792. Amherst Coll., 113. Anfield, 553, 557-8. Ann Arbor, 785. Ararat, 561. *Ariel, 775, 789. Atalanta, 777. Auburn, 785. Auckland, 794. Augusta, 783. Avondale, 784. Ballarat, 561, 793. *Baltimore, 781. Bay City, 789. Batavia, 770. Bath, 544. Beaver Valley, 515, 778. *Bedford, 97, 596, 770, 775. Belleville, 325, 793. Belsize, 531-2, 541-2, 791. Berkshire Co., 768. Binghamton, 218, 308, 770. Birmingham, 783. Birchfield, 790. Bloomington, 786. Bordelais, 562. Boscobel, 768. *Boston, 25, 105-6, 109, 504-5, 514, 516-18, 523, 525-6, 615, 656, 679, 766, 793. Brighton, 784. Brisbane, 793. Brixton, 554. Bromley, 554. Brooklyn, 97, 586, 770, 775. Brunswick, 777. Buckeye, 784. Buffalo, 771. Calais, 765. California, 789. Cambridge Univ., 544, 791. Camden, 776. Canandaigua, 772. Canonbury, 542, 554, 791. Canton, 778, 784. Cape Town, 694. Capitol, 348, 376, 515, 590, 652, 782. Carlton, 561-2, Carmi, 786. Cazenovia, 336, 772. Centaur, 543, 789. Chambersburg, 778. Champion City, 245, 785. Charlestown, 767. Charlotte, 782. Chatham, 772. Chelsea, 679, 767. Chemeketa, 788. Cheshire, 769. Cheyenne, 788. Chicago, 225, 296, 320, 519, 529, 573, 679, 786. Christchurch, 567, 652, 794. Cincinnati, 224, 784. *Citizens, 96-7, 523, 586, 612, 773. City, 563, 767. Clarence, 544. Clarion, 778. Clearfield, 778. Cleveland, 326, 660, 784. Cohoes, 772. Coldwater, 785. College Hill, 784. Colorado, 788. Columbia, 776, 778, 782. Columbus, 782. Connecticut, 769. Cornell Univ., 772. Cornetia, 770. Corning, 772. *Cortlandt, 775. Coventry, 790. Crescent, 783. Dakota, 788. Danbury, 769. Dayton, 784. Delaware, 775. Derby, 769. Detroit, 311, 322, 505, 785. Dorchester, 527. Druid, 781. Dunkirk, 772. Eaglehawk-United, 793. East Saginaw, 785. Elgin, 786. Elizabeth, 164, 660, 776. Elmira, 772. Elyria, 784. Emporia, 788. Essex, 164, 777. Eureka, 793. Eurota, 787. Facile, 156. Fall River, 767. Falls City, 783. Faribault, 787. Fitchburg, 767. Florence, 767. Forest, 789. Ft. Schuyler, 776. Ft. Wayne, 786. Fostoria, 784. Frisco, 787. Galveston, 783. Garden City, 493, 789. Germantown, 779. Glen, 776. Goderich, 789. Golden City, 789. Greenfield, 767. Greenwich, 772. Hackensack, 776. Hagarstown, 782. Hamilton, 789, 793. Harlem, 96, 586, 772, 774. Harrisburg, 779. Haverford Coll., 779. Haverhill, 767. Haverstock, 538-41, 791. Heights, 97, 770. Helena, 788. Henderson, 783. Hermes, 529. Hobart, 563. Holyoke, 767. *Hudson, 772. Hudson Co., 776. Huntingdon, 779. Indiana, 785. Indianapolis, 786. Indianola, 787. *Ixion, 96-7, 164, 197, 524, 586, 667, 774. Jackson, 785. Jamestown, 772. Junior, 377, 781. Kankakee, 787. Kansas City, 787. Kennebec Co., 765.

Kent, 790. Kenton, 783. Kentucky, 783. Keystone, 780. *King's Co., 97, 586, 770. Kingston, 789. Kiswaukee, 786. La Crosse, 787. La Fayette, 781, 736. Lafayette Coll., 173, 669. Lancaster, 779. Laramie, 788. Lawrence, 514, 660, 763, 788. Lehigh Univ., 780. Leroy, 772. Lexington, 783. Liverpool Cycle Buglers', 791. Lombard, 694. London, 533, 514, 568, 791. London Scottish, 553. Long Island, 97, 586, 771. Louisville, 527, 783. Lowell, 517, 768. Macon, 782. Madison Co., 787. Malden, 763. Manchester, 500, 766. Manhattan, 187. Mansfield, 779. Marblehead, 768. Marmion, 563, 794. Maryland, 590, 652, 781. *Massachusetts, 105-6, 113, 258, 279, 504, 508, 512, 517, 679, 767, 774. Massillon, 785. Mauch Chunk, 779. Medina Co., 785. Melbourne, 558-9, 561-3, 706, 793. Memphis, 783. Mercury, 772, 785, 787. Meriden, 128, 133, 769. Merrimac, 768. Metropolitan of Iowa, 787. Middlesex, 554, 567. Middletown, 769, 772. *Milford, 768. Millbury, 768. Millville, 777. Milwaukee, 519, 767. Missouri, 787. Monmouth Co., 778. Montclair, 777. Montgomery, 783. Montreal, 330, 504, 790. *Montrose, 779. Morris, 776-7. Mountain, 779. Nacionel, 790. Nashua, 508, 766. Nashville, 783. New Britain, 770. Newburg, 772. New Haven, 660, 770. New Jersey, 777-8. New London Co., 770. New Orleans, 500, 783. *New York, 24, 96, 504, 586-7, 772-3. Niagara Falls, 775. Noblesville, 786. Nonantum, 768. Normamby, 793. Norristown, 779. North Adelaide, 793. Northampton, 127, 768. North London, 534, 543, 791. North Otago, 794. North Road, 557. Oakland, 492, 789. Old Dominion, 782. Olean, 775. Omaha, 788. Orange, 509, 530, 725, 768, 776-7. Oregon, 788. Oskaloosa, 787. Oswego, 775. Ottawa, 327, 330, 789. Ottumwa, 787. *Ovid, 660, 785. Owl, 529, 776. Oxford Univ., 568. Pahquioque, 769. Park City, 783. Passaic Co., 778. Pawtucket, 769. Penn City, 500. *Pennsylvania, 589, 652, 780. Peoria, 783, 787. Pequonnock, 769. Perth Amboy, 777. *Philadelphia, 589, 652, 779. Pickwick, 567. Pilot, 793. Pine Tree, 765. Pioneer, 567, 569, 794. Port Elgin, 315, 789. Portland, 259, 275, 766. Portsmouth, 785. Pottstown, 484, 780. Preston, 566. Princeton, 787. Princeton Coll., 777. *Providence, 769. Ramblers, 787, 789, 793. Randolph, 215, 775. Reading, 780. Redfern, 565. Rhode Island, 121. Rochester, 775. Rockford, 787. Rockingham, 766. Rockville, 770. Rome, 201, 700, 776. Roselle, 778. Rovers, 784. Rush Co., 786. *Rutland, 766. St. Catherine, 326. St. Cloud, 787. St. John, 790. St. Louis, 487, 785. St. Louis Star, 787. St. Mary's, 789. St. Thomas, 314, 789. *Salem, 768. Salt Lake, 788. Sandhurst, 562. San Francisco, 489, 789. Saratoga, 776. Schenectady, 776. *Scranton, 340, 780. Seaside, 782. Sefton and Dingle, 791. Simcoe, 789. Sittingbourne, 792. Somerville, 768. Sparta, 787. *Springfield, 114-15, 149, 182, 254, 508, 524, 547, 661, 768, 793, 799. Stamford, 770. Star, 315, 351, 766, 768, 782. Stoneham, 769. Surrey, 543, 547, 564. Susquehanna, 780. Swallows, 791. Sydney, 564, 793. Syracuse, 776. Tasmanian, 563. Taunton, 769. Temple, 547. Terre Haute, 786. Thorndike, 766. Titusville, 781. Toledo, 785. Toronto, 319-20, 789. Tremont, 517, 767. Trenton, 778. Troy, 776. Trumbull, 785. Truro, 790. Turin, 700. Tuskegee, 783. Unadilla, 772. Valley, 785. Valley City, 785. Vermont, 766. Vernon, 772, 785. Victor, 779, 783. Victoria, 560. Waitemata, 794. Wakefield, 769. Walden, 776. Wanderers, 789. Wappingers, 776. Warrnambool, 559, 794. Washington, 374, 782. Waterbury, 770. *Weedsport, 776. Wellington, 794. Wellsboro, 781. Westboro, 769. Westminster, 782. West Point, 783. Weymouth, 769. Wheeling, 782. Whirling, 781. Wilkesbarre, 781. Williamsport, 781. Wilmington, 782. Winnipeg, 790. Winona, 787. *Wood River, 788. Woodstock, 789. Woodstown, 778. Worcester, 769. Woronoco, 769. Xenia, 785. Yale, 660, 770. Youngstown, 785. Zanesville, 785.

CEMETERIES.

Greenfield, L. I., 152. Greenwood, L. I., 90, 469. Machpelah, N. J., 84, 589. Mt. Auburn, Ms., 103. National, Pa., 384-5. Pine Hill, Ms., 120. Sleepy Hollow, N. Y., 76. Woodlands, Pa., 390. Woodlawn, N. Y., 71, 138, 583.

CANALS.

Chesapeake & Ohio, 12, 29, 32, 39, 51, 239-245. Conn. River, 180. Delaware & Hudson, 44, 189, 340. Erie, 8, 28, 32, 57, 197-208, 216-17, 488. Juniata, 496. Morris, 173, 207. Raritan, 167, 172. Susquehanna, 377-8.

THE following list is designed to give the family name of every person mentioned in this book, and also of many who are alluded to without being named. References to such allusions are enclosed in parenthesis. Quotation-marks cover pseudonyms and names of fictitious persons. The star (*) points to birthdays. The list contains 1476 names and 3126 references.

Aaron, 177-8, 619-21, 624, 627, lxxxiv.(604, 707, 764). Abbott, 556, 595. Abercrombie, 185. Ackerman, 404. Adam, 444, 568, 645, 684, 720. Adams, 100, 113, 149, 177, 217, 243, 331, 538, 553-4, 557-8, 687. "Adolescens," 500. "Æneas," 305. "Agonistes," 690. Ahern, 592. Albert-Edward, 469-71. Albone, 557-8. Albutt, 645. Aldrich, 431. Alexander, 331. "Algernon," 641. Allan, 592. Allen, 151, 186, 339, 348, 554, 674, 688. Alley, 627, 657. Alm, *628. "Amaryllis," 442. Ames, 124. Amherst, 127, 185. Amis, 610. Ammen, 352. "Ananias," 349, 495. Anderson (232). Anderton, 537. André, 76, 80, 169. Andrews, 645. App, 500. Appleton, 65, 81, 87, 96, 100, 155, 198, 431, 434, 611-12, 700. Appleyard, 4, 551, 557. Archibald, 470. Aristides, 718. Arming, 564. Armstrong, 466. Arnold, 15, 169, 309, 728. "'Arry," 641. Ash, 564. Ashby, 347, 348. Ashmead, 646. "Asmodeus," 14. Atkins, 111, 655, 677. Atkinson, 645, 693. Atwater, 628 (180, 423, 722-3). Aube, 458. Aurelius, 466. Austin, *628. Auten, 668. Auty, 644. Avery, 674. Ayers, *518-9, 531, 594, *647-8, 675, 716 (703).

"Baby," 553, 558. Bacon, 173. Bædeker, 293, 640. Bagg, 183, 201, 209-10, 610 (130-1, 722-3). Bagot, 560, 696. Bailey, 493. Baird, 560, 668 (620). Baker, *487. Baldwin, 384, 578, 582, 609, 658 (395). Bale, 696. Ball, 554. Ballantyne, 635. Bancroft (23, 406, 726). Baney, 610. Bannard (2). Baquie, 628. Bar, 609. "Bard," 506. Bardeen, (212). Bardwell, 610. Barkman, *530, 584-5, 597, 625, 655, 677. Barlow, 561. Barnard, 631. Barnes, 323, 600, 635, *658-9. Barnett, 235, 245, 609. Barrett, 609. Barrick, 376. **Barrow,** 553, 689. Barthol, 551-2. Bartlett, *386, 628. Barton, 201, 210-11. Bartram, 562, 645 (369). Bashall, 645. "Basil," 215-16, (427-8). Basilone, 700. Bason, 562. Bassett, *525, *627, 663-5, 675 (603, 629-30, 704, 711). **Bastian,** 500. Bates, 314, 319-20, *505, 610, 621, 626, 629, 633, 657 (311, 673). Batchelder, 575, *676-7. Baughman, 244. Baxter, 201, 600, 657. Bayley, 628. Bayliss, 546. Beach, 77, 188. Beal, *628. Beasley, 599. Beazley, 553. Beck, 554. Beckers, 575. Beckwith, *627, 666-7, 675 (633). Beddo, (232). Beebe, 609. Beecher, 403. Beers, 99, 108, 126, 177, 187, 466, 577, 701 (727, 733). Beekman, 585. Begg, 635. Bell, *529, 553. Belcher, 653. Benassit, 698. Benjamin, 355, 483, 661. Bennett, 492, 561, 627. Benson, 530. Bentley, 499 (131). Benton, 510. Bernhard, 154. Berruyer, 638. Bettison, 530. "Bibliopil," 699. Bidwell, 96, 586, 594, 627-8. Bien, 174-5. Biederman, 661. Bigelow, 523, *657. Biglin (368-9). Bingham, 645, 651, 700. Binns, 482, *543. Bird, 293. Bishop, 431, 559, 563-4, 652, 728. Bittenger, 643. Black, 561. Blackhall, 635. Blackham, 658. Blackwell, 542, 554. Blacque, 83. Blaine (726). Blake, *628. Blanchard, 646. Blatchford, 113. Bley, *493. Blyth, 658. Blythe, 635. Bogardus, 493. Bolton, 548, 683. Bonami, 698. "Bones," 431. Bonnell, 628. Booth, 493, 632. Borrow, 446. Bosworth, 658. Bouchette, 331. Bouchier, 562. Bourdon, 554. Bousted, 634. Bowen, 221-2, 563, 588, 677. Bowles, 115, *546. Bowman, 158, 492. Braddock, 243. Bradford (463, 607). Bradley, 254, 579. Bradney, 645. Brady, 174. Bragg, 228. Brevoort, 611. Brewster, 370, 591, 627, 643, 657. Bridgman, *551. Brierley, 330, 631-5, *669. Briggs, 119, 559, 563. Brigham, 114. Bristed, *727. Bristol, 658. Broadbent, 562. Brock, 382, 545. Brockett, 177. Brooke, 609, 645. Brooks, 679 (412). Bromley, 176. Brown, 141, 170, 177, 185, 384, 471, *537, 543, 553, 557, 600, 627, 680. "Brown," 92, 499, 502, 605, 718. Browning, 655. Bruce, 470, *628. Brunelleschi, 429. Bryan, 700. Bryant, 216, 667, 700. Bryson, 645. "Bucephale," 238, 242. Buchanan, 686. Buckingham, 555 (363). Budds, 565. Buell, 228, 658 (121, 181, 191, 197). Buik, 645. "Buff," 424. Bull, 221, 222, "402," 587, 588, 594, 627, 677 (215, 217). Bullinger, 100. Bunce, 700. Bunner (36, 44, 246, 727). Burbank, 16, 111, 506, 673, 677. Burchard (460). Burgoyne, 127, 186. Burke, 727. Burn, 645, 652, 665, 695. Burnett, 645. Burnham, 530,

675, 693. Burr, 157. Burrill, 627. Burston, 558-9, 560. Burt, 632. Bury, 647, 687. Busby, 598. Butcher, 114, 127, 135, 147, 320, 322, 374, 500, 506-8, 511, 517, 519-21, 524, 526, 528-30 (714). Butler, 208, 517, 554, 627. Buzzard, 560. "Byng," 428. Byron (1, 224).

Cable, 331. Caldcleugh, 645. Callahan, 493. Callan, *545. Callander, 553. Calverley, 34, 466, 472. Calvert, 560. Cameron, iv. Campbell, 127, 330, 488. Campling, 537. Canary, 47, 133, 693. Candleman, 383. Canfield, 215. Candy, *628. Cann, 547. Caples, 492. Carl, 101. Carley, 610. Carman, 326. Carney, 573. Carpenter, 643. Carroll, 631. Carter, 144, 384, 560. Carver (259, 274, 286). Cary, 542, 681, 731. Case, 73, 583, 646. Cassell, 687. Castiglione, 280. Catherwood, 657. "Cerberus," 458. Chadwick, 158. Chamard, 628. Chambers, 652, 675. Champe, 169. Champlain, 185. Chandler, 128, 370, 673 (25, 261). Chase, 628, 658. Chapin (464). Chatfield (405). Chatham, 444. Chickering, 322l Child, 577. Childs, 389. Chinn, 112, 655, 677 (258, 281). Christopher, 646. Chubb, 315. Church, 524 (726). Churchill, 656, 663, 672, 678-9,(428.). Cist, 352. Clapp, 627, 727. Clare, 331. Clark, 132, 589, 610, 627, 643 (475). Clarke, 244, 560, 570, 581, 628, 678-9 (168, 727). Clay, 243, 342. Clegg, 689. Clemens (iv., 356, 640). "Clericus," 688. Cleveland (547, 726). Close, 645. Cobb, 106, 109, 646. Coddington, 631. Coe, 114. Coffee, 668. Coffin, 628. Cole, 559, 650. Coleman, 646. Coles, 610. Coleridge, 14, 280. Collamer, 590, 627. Collins, *128, 138, 315, 668-9, 685. Colombo, 611. Colt, 464. Colton, 99, 113, 149, 158, 177, 187, 293, 321, 352, 575, 577-9, 581, 590. Columbus, 429 (3). Colvin, 211. "Comus," 706. "Condor," 506. Conkling, 643. Conway, 553, 557. Cook, 159, 174, 316, *493, 553, 609, 645, 675, 687. Cooper, 170, 553, 555, 569, 645, 686. Copland, 564, 696 Corbin, 137, 658. Corcoran (422). Cordingley, 686, 690-1. Corey, 321, *627, *679. Cornwallis, 169, 186, 238. Corson, 22, *525, 577, 655, *670-1 (257, 267, 269-71). Cortis, 4, 684. Coselino, 493. Costentenus, 239. Coster, 635. Cotterell, 644. Coventry, 683. Couch, 645. Courtney, 519, 543, 645. Cousens, 645. Couser, *197. Cowan, 324. Cowen, 490. Cowles (421). Cowper, 406. Cox, 320, 352, 538, 560-1. Coy (400). Craft, 118, 579, 580. Craigie, 645. Craigin, 488. Cramer, 501. Crane, 670. "Crapaud," 141. "Crapoo," 141. Crawford, 228, 590. Crawshay, 645. Cripps, 675. Crist, 675. Crocker, 610. Croll, 559. Crooke, 553, 557. "Crookshanks," 489. "Crorcroran," 422. Crosby, 609. Crossman, 376. Cruger, 194. "Cruncher," 410. "Crusoe," v. "Cuff," 506. Cummings, 627. Cunard, 592. Cunningham, 221, 503, 517, 523, 653, 656, 666-7, 712. Cupples, 112, 113, 655. "Curl," 407-25. Currier, 112. Curtain, 491. Curtin, 645. Curtis, 519. Cutten, 567.

"**Daggeroni,**" 429, 439. Daguerre, 431. Dalton, *504, 655, 674. Dana, 403. Daniel, 553, 558. Daniels, 407. Dante, 429. Darnell, *244, 496, 589. Davies, 645. Davis, 127, 403, 563, 698. Day, 127, 281, *512, 557, 581, 658 (258, 272, 277). Dean, 325, 526, 602, 663-5 (719). Dear (379). De Baroncelli, 645, 651, 688, *698-9. "De Bogus," 429, 439. De Civry, 552-3, 697, 699. Decrow, 133. "Dedlock," 466. De Forest (452, 724, 727). Defoe (v.). De Garmo, 400. De Gline, 700. De Ligne, 645. Delisle, 611. Delmonico, 611. "De Molletts," 429, 439. Demosthenes, 457, 724. "Densdeth," 429. Derrington, 646. De Senancour, 468. Destree, 561. De Villers, 699. Dickens, 349, 466, 728 (354, 410, 724). Dickinson, 90, 344, 512. "Dido," 305. Diederich, 679. Dieskau, 185. Dignam, 669. Dimock, 293 (274, 286). Dinsmore, 666. Diogenes, 14. Disraeli (724). Dixon, 493. Dodge, 610, 657. Donly, 330, 598, *634, 655, 669, 677. Doolittle, *319, *634. Dorion, 336. Dorr, 366-7. Doubleday, 352, 385. Doughty, 154. Douglass, 330, 390. Downey, 389, 610. Dowling, *521. Downs, 658. Draper, 431, 470. Draucker, 609. Dray, 646, 651. "Dreeme," 429, 431, 438-41. Drew, 501, 507, 512. Drullard, 573. Drummond, 646. Drury, 688. Drysdale, 356. Dubois, *627, 697, 699. Ducker, *524, *561, 580, 615, 631, 655, 661-2, 675, 693, 710. Duncan, 552, 558, 687, 697, *699. Dunn, 625, 627-8. Dunsford, 567. Durrant, 687. Duryea, 388. Duyckinck, 434, 439. Dwight, 127.

Eager, 634. Eakin, 669. Eakins, 330-1, 634. Early, 347. Eastman, 577. Easton, 639. Eddy, 327. Edlin, 4. Edward, 223. Edwards, 499, 564, 645, 695, 696 (706). Efendi, 481. Egali, 481. Egan, 667 (154). Egleston, 578. Ehrlich, 217. Eldred, 114, *377, 378. "Elias," 679. Elizabeth, 453.

Elmer, 609. Elwell, *530, 573, 574, *627 (257, 269, 353-4, 358, 362, 365, 368-70). Ely, 187, 526, 643, 660 (386). Emerson, 721, 732. Empson, 560. Engleheart, 553. English, 610, 646, 675. Enslow, 351. Entler, 610. Ericsson, 593. Ernberg, 389. Ernst, 697. Erskine, 684. Etherington, 524, *546-8, 648, 685, *689, 692-3. Euripides, 466. Evans, 211, 320-1, 334, 378, 609, 645, 669 (386). Evarts, 724 (464). Everest, *628. Everett (179, 189, 191). Everts, 581. Ewell, 347.

"**Faed,**" 534, 543, 551, 641, 643, 647. Fair, 553. Fairfield (109, 714). Falconer, 555, 686. Faraday, 403. Farnsworth, 559. Farr, 527. Farran, 685. Farrar, 575, 645. Farrell, 597, 628. Farrington, 517, 645. Favre, 698. Feldtmann, 645. Fell, 553, 628. Fenoglio, 700. Fenwick, 635. Ferguson, 628. Ferris, 470. Fessenden, 323. Field, 80. Fields, 15. Finkler, 489, 492. Fish (276). Fisher, 345, 660. Fisk, 448. Fiske, *113, 142, *522. Fitton, 566, 567. Flaglor, 475. Fleig, 612. Fleming, 245, 500, 657. Fletcher, 553, 556-7, 646. Florence, 344. Floyd (214). Folger, 370. Fontaine, 284, 523. Foote, 559. Force, 352. Fortner, 558. Foster, 93, 513, 635, 655, *667, 674, 679. Foulkes, 562. Fourdrinier, 663, *665. Fowler (224). Fox, 686, 688-9, 693 (474). Franklin, 386, 702. Fraser, 329, 553. Frazer, 331, 645. Freer, 201. Fremont, 421. Friburg, 529. Fuller, 574, 645 (410). Furnivall, 675. Fussell, 685. Fyffe, 560.

Gadd, 645. Gade, 570. Gaines, c. r., 379. Gamage (464). Gambitz, 494. Gamble, 553, 556. Gambrinus, 612. Garfield, 93, 724. Garrard, *698. Garrett, 282, 688. Garrison (708). Gates, 118-9, 183, 186, 579, 587. Gault, 560-1. Gebert, 698. Geddes, 559-60. "Geesee," 281. Genslinger, *670. George, 217, 561, 564. Getty, 610. Gibb, 645. Gibbes, 668. Gibbs, 351-367. Gibbons, 691. Gibson, 489, 493, 625. Gifford, 658. Gilbert, 562 (465). Gill, 127, 560, 683. Gilman, 236, 503, 507, 576, *627, 643, 663-4, 666. Gilmor, 347. Gimblette, 646. Giotto, 429. Glen, 650. Gnædinger, 634. Goddard, 402-3, 673, 688. Godet, 355. Goetze, 21. Golder, 551. Goldsmith (iv.). Goodman, 326, 615, 635, 655, 675. Goodnow, *527. Goodwin, 300, *535-7, 543, 553-4, 558. Gordon, 244, 322. Gorman, 244. Gormully, 683. Gornall, 696. Gorringe, 465. Gorton, 546. Gossett, 554. Gould, 79. Gowdy, 527. Goy, 688. Goyne, 562. Grace, 96. Gracey, 658. Grant, 465, 724-5, 729, 732. Graves, 114, 119, 324, 530, 627. Gray, 561. Greatrix, 325. Greeley, 499, 727. Green, 138, 621, 646. Greene, 327, 352. Greensides, 561. Gregory, 348, 564. Griffin, 646, 683, 685, 689, 690. Griffith (384). Griggs, 609. Grimes, 581. Groom, 645. Grout, 545. Guerney, 553. Gulick, *627, Gurney, 644. Guy, 552.

"**Hal,**" 618. Hale, 731. Hall, 75, 236, 560 (461). Hallam, 559, 563-4. Halsall, 657. Hamel, 330. Hamerton, 309, 446, 468-9, 731 (722). Hamlin (202, 727). Hamilton, 658, 675, 687. Hand, 340. Handford, 560. Hanlon, 403. Hansman, 348-9. Harding, 127, 187-8. "Hardrider," 506. Harman, 554. Harper, 158, 242, 355, 390-1, 402-4, 475, 483, 700. Harrington, 41. Harris, 164, 627-8, 643, 645 (v., 24, 321, 380). Harrison, 328, 553, 563, 663-4. Harrod, 236. Harston, 560. Hart, 526, 589, 620, 645, 655, *660, 674, 678. Haslett, *628. Haskell (733). Hathaway, 628 (259). Hawley, 658. Hay, 645, 695. Hayes, 236, 322, 539, *540, 543, 581, *627. Haynes, 217, 546, 625. Hazleton, 559-60. Hazlett, 114, 121, 149, 244, 314, 506, 513-14, 518, 675 (102, 179, 673). Heald, 154. Heard, 645, 679. Heath, 503, 628, 685, 656. Heckman (289). "Heep," 424-5. Helmer, 216. Hemmenway, *517. Hendee, 629, 675, 693 (123, 254). Hepinstall, 314, 319. Herbert, 645. Hernu, 546, 555. Herrick, 472 (195, 295). Herring, 597. Hesketh, 645. Hetherington, 330. Heymer, 574. Hibbard, 598, 627, 655, 679. Hicks, 528-9. Higgins, 336 (239). High, 351, 484, *485, 498, 552, 589-90, 675. Higinbotham, 529. Hildebrand, 645. Hill, 111, 152, 401, 500, 627. Hillier, 547-8, 643, 686-7, 689-90, 692-3, 694. Hills, 557, 639, 645. Hinchcliffe, 645. Hitchcock, 675. "Hoad," 398, 400-1. Hoadley, 400. Hodges, 664, 674, 704 (6-7-18). Hodgins, 695. Hodgman, 562. Hoffman, 323. Hoffmaster, 211. Hogg, 628, 645, 649, 695. Holcombe, 323-4. Holland, 513, 527, 581, 728. Hollister, 492. Holmes, 645. Holt, 429, 439 (703). Holton, 610. Homer, 390, 430. Hooker, 347. Hope, 560. Horsman, 100. Houghton, 386, 402, 504, 658. Housser, 635. Hovey, 201. Howard, 127, 348, 453, 542, 549, *550, 666-7, 681-2, (198, 320, 659). Howell, 675. Howells, 215, 428. Howland, *656-7 (659). Howitt, 404. Hubbard, 482, 696. Hudson, 185. Hughes,

553, 645. Hugo, 429. Hull, 529. Hume, 561, 565. Humphrey, 352. Hunt, 222 (304). Hunter, *670, 675. Huntingdon, 677. Huntington, 582, 625, 628. Huntley, 675. Huntsman, 557. Hurd, 402. Hurlbert (431, 441, 463, 720-1).

Illingworth, 645. Imboden, 347. Ingall, 599, 645. Inwards, 689. Iliffe, 548, 550, 648, 684-87, 689-92, 694. Irons, 646. Irving, 79. Irwin, 559, *628. "Isabel," 215-6 (427-8). Ives, 675. "Ixion," 508, 673, 688.

"**Jack,**" 410-25. Jackson, 347, 643. Jacques, 698. Jacquin, 611. Jacquot, 651, 699. Jaman, 347. James, 432, 543. Jarrold, 683. Jarvis, *486. Jefferson, 339, 351, 435. Jeffery, 683. Jeffries, 546. Jenkins, *187, *327, 330, 559, 567-8, *627, 635, *666-8, 677 (617, 619, 704-8). Johnson, 185, 323, 347, 352, 408, 427, 436, 470, 508, 513, 588, 625, *628, 643, 645, 677, 679, 765 (161). Johnston, 470, 634. "Jonathan," 402. Jones, 69, 283-4, 538, *539, 627, 645, 684, 719 (368). Joshua, 733. Joslin, *197 (22, 107, 171). Joy, 560. Judd, 582, 685, *689, 692. "Juggernaut," 444. Jumel, 72. "Jupiter," 688.

Karn, 634. Kattell, 218. Keam, 562. Keefe, 561, 565. Keen, 547, 686. Keith-Falconer, 555. Kellogg, 493. Kelly, 690 (706). Kemble, 728. Kemmann, 697. Kendall, 112, 526, *627, 675, 686. Kendrick, 182. Kenworthy, 645. Kerr, 598. Kerrow, 553. Kershaw, 526. Ketcham, *197. Kiderlen, 553. Killits, 349. Kinch, 588, 658. King, 113, 126-7, 672, 698. Kirkpatrick, *627, 677. Kirkwood, 575. Kluge, 675. Knapp, 675. Knight, 562, 645, 688. Knowlton, 336. Knox, *628, 658. Knox-Holmes, 645. Koch, 554. Kohont, 553. Kolp, *340. Kostovitz, 481, 551. Kron, 23, 48, 63, 279, 326, 367, 526, 671, 679, 706, 720. Krug, 523. Kurtz, 668. Kusel, *524.

Ladish, 671. Lafon, 156. Laing, 645. Laird, 628. Lakin, 378, 508, 526-8. Lallement, 139-42, 394. Lamb, 114, 434. Lamson, 17, 22, 41, 45, 616, 714 (260-1, 269, 273). Landy, 675. Lane, 330 (399). Lang, 686, 722. Langdown, *569. Langer, 697. Langley, *530, 635 (319). Lansdown, 327. Lansing, 656. Larette, 693. Larkin, 127. Lathrop, 127. Lawford, 504. Lawrence, 93, 295. Lawton, *627. Lazare, 666. "Leander," 216. Lee, 558, 679. Leeson, 645. Leete, 132. Léger, 699. Lennox, 554-5, 645, 686. Leo (714). Leonard, 609. Leslie, 323. Lester, 557. Letts, 681-2. Lewellyn, 559. Lewis, 7, *524, 623, 631, 652, 696 (463). Lillibridge, 128, 578. Lincoln, 127, 422, 447, 465, 724-5. Line, 554. Lippincott, 1, 168, 658, 702. Lister, 560. Little, 471, 561, 680. Livingston, 594, 627 (714). Lloyd, 151, 553. Locket, 645. Logan, 609, 645. Long, 560. Longfellow, 430. Longman, 687. Longstreth, 618. Loomis, 527. Lord, 237. Lording, 561. Lossing, 700. Louis (24). Lovering, 525, 679. Low, 523, 548, 659, 689, *690. Lowry, 569. Luke, 645. Lyne, 566, 696. Lyon, 218. Lyons, 470.

Macaulay, *527. McBride, 319, 634. McCall, 378. McCandlish, 548, 689, *690. McCann, 527. McCaw, 326. McClellan (422). McClintock, 680. McClure, 515, 656, 658 (702). McCook, 228. McCormack, 523. McCray, 655. McDonnell, 128, 138, 149, 237, 248, 325, 388, 484, 508-13, 515-17, 519-20, 524, 527-30, 553, 569, 575, 714. McGarrett, 114, 631. "McGillicuddy," 433. MacGowan, 197, 579. McInturff (345, 383). McKee, 41. McKenzie, 660. Mackey, 100. McManus, 611. McMaster, 186. McMillan, 587. McNathan, 670. McNeil, 582. McNicoll, 598. MacOwen, 619, 674. Macown, 325. McRae, 652. Macredy, 640, 645, 652, 695. McTigue, 315. MacWilliam, 548, 689, 693. Maddox, 645. Mahan, 351. "Mahher," 422. "Major," 658. Manny, 666. Marchegay, 698. "Margery," 506. Markham, 223. Marriott, 553-5, 557, 646, 685. Marsden, 627. Marshal, 578. Marston, 659. Martin, 281, 564, 652. Marvin, *660, 675, 687. Mason, 121, 323, 523, 559-60, 645, 681-2. Mathews (438, 457-61). Matheys, 245. Matthews, 500, 587. Maveety, 323. Maxwell, 245, 500. May, 567. Maynard, 610. Mayor, 553. Mead, 164, *509. Meagher (422). Meeker, 493. Menzies, 686. Mercer, 553, 557, 686. Merrill, 198, 401, 476, *492, 609. Mershon, 678. Meyer, 547, 645. Meyers, 668, 675-8. Midgely, 111, *513, 515 (258, 274, 276-7, 279). Miles, 672. Miller, 244, 561, *627, 634, 643, 655, 675, 679 (338, 630). Milner, 542-3, 599. Mills, 492, 553, 555-8, 645, 686 (v., 338, 630). Mitchell, 645. Mobley, 242. Moigno, 698. Monk, 645. Monod, 400-2. Montcalm, 185. Moody, 560, 652. Moore, 172, 210, 327, 535, 548, 554-5, 685, 689, *690, 691-3 (729). Moorhouse, 557. Moran, 245. Morgan, 499, 610.

Molière, 722. **Morley**, 645. Morris, 645, 683. Morrison, 177, 535, 670, 693. Morse, 431, 434, 470. Mosby, 347, 379. Moses, 733. Mott, 470, 561. Mountfort, 567. Mudd, 627, 660. Mudge, 663-4. Munger, 321-2, 675. Munroe, 198, 615, 626, 627, 720 (24). Myers, 245, 500, *590, 628, *678.

Nadal, 447-9 (444, 721). Nairn, 540, 551, 686, 689-90, 692-3. "Nauticus," 684. Needham, 564. Neilson, 675. Nelson, 660. Neuhoffer, 562. Neve, 686. Newcastle, 470. Newman, 186. Nicholson, 175. Nimmo, 560. Nisbet, 695. Nix, 553. Nixon, 554-6. Noah, v. Noon, 153. Norris, 567, 610. Northrup, 587. Nungesser, 83. Nunn, 645.

O'Brien, 391, 658. "Octopus," 690. Ogden, 198. Oliver, 627, 645, 666-7. Ollapod, 696. Olmsted, 93, 95, 335. O'Mara, 327. O'Neil, 327. Ord, 645. O'Reilly, 657. O'Rourke, 171. Orr, 635. Osborn, 197. Osborne, 660. Osgood, 15, 293, 386, 504, 575, 577. Otis, 674. Overman, 662-5, 676, 673. "Owl," 667. Oxborrow, 538, 553, 555.

Padman, 560-61. Page, 493-*4, 574, 578, 589-90. Pagis, 651, 698. Pagnioud, 699. Painter, 567-9. "Pakeha," 566, 569. Palfrey, 352, 385. Palmer, 149, 589, 628, 687. Pangborn, 245. Paritschke, 697. Park, 678. Parker, 105, 562, 569, 610. Parmely, 579. Parmenter, 488. Parry, 793. Parsons, 127, *516-17, 616, *627. Patch, 167, 215-16. Paterson, 532, 537-40, 542, 681. Pattison, 645. Patton, 500, *670. Paul, "442," 588. Payne, 634, 681-2. Peabody, 515. Peacock, 23. Pean, 553. Pearce, 686. Peavey, 576. Peck, 100. Peirce, 627. Pellecontre, 698. Pelton, 332. Pennell, 530, 616, 627, 655, 687. Percy, 100. Perham, *515, 573 (257, 277, 279). Perigo, 100. "Perker," 566, 567. Perkins, 628, 645. Perreaux, 698. Peterkin, 645. Peters, 290-1, 672. Pettengill, 628, 799 (375, 377). Pettee (260, 276). Petter, 645. Phelps, 166. Philip, 682. Phillips, 208, 279, *550, 577, 639, 645, 646, 656, 658, 683 (258, 277). Philpot, 646, 650. Piatt, 527. Pierrepont (464). Pick, 511. Pickering, 394, 400-5, 577, 698. Pickett, 386. "Pickwick," 280. Pitcher, 327. Pitman, 523. Pitt (444). Place, 513. "Podwinkle," 506. Polhill, 500. Polk, 660. Pool, 643. Pond, 346. Pope, 24, 106, 323-4, 474, 657-9, 664-5, 673, 675, 678, *680, 702-3, 711-14. Popovitz, 481. Porter, 122, 125-6, 179, 251 (173), 678. Post, *628. "Potiphar," 433. Potter, 584, *627, 643, 645, 675, *680 (630). Power, 176, 215. Powell, 348, 645. Pratt, 106, 111, 139, 147, *503, 531, 615, 625-7, 643, 656-9, 663-4, 666-7, 669, 672, 675, 678, 688-9, 703 (24, 619, 658-9, 702, 714). Preble, 610. Preece, 567. Pressey, 671. Prial, *666. Price, 207, 341, 646. Prince, 470, 525, 675, 693. Proudfoot, 559. Prout, 646. Putnam, 139, 625, 627. "Quashiboo," 444.

Radcliffe, 430. Raleigh, 571. Rall, *628. Ralph, 154. Rand, 674. Ranken, 645. Rankine, 693. Ray, 500. Read, 627. Reed, 370, 656, 658. Reeves, 660. Regamey, 698. Reidesel, 127. "Remus," v., 24, 380. Renan, 472. Rennert, 609. Reveil, 249, 542-3. Reynolds, 527-8, *533, 553-4, 646, 656. Rhodes, 675. Rice, 564 (24, 35). Rich, 193, 675. Richard, 698. Richards, *678. Richardson, 62, 63, 221, 646, 658, 685. Richelieu, 459. Rideing, 242. Ridcout, *490-1. Ridgway, 571. Ridley (310). Rielly, 327. Rifat, 482. Rigoley, 698. Ritchie, 172, 507, 511, 523. Rittenger, 637. Roach, 316. Robbins, 645. Roberts, 446, 468, 541, 543, 563-4, 599, 645-6, 687. Robinson, "44," 646, "719." Rochefoucauld, 727. Rockwell, 609, 656, 663, 672, 678-9. Roether, 315. Rogers, 218, 474, 575, *628, 632, *671. Rollins, 499. Ronaldson, 561. Rood, 197. Roorbach, 164 (172). Roosevelt, 657 (455). Root, 680. Ropes, 352. "Rosalind," 439. Rose, 489. Rosenbluth, 395. Ross, 579, *627, 635. Rothe, *515. Round, 687. Rousset, *552-3. Rowe, 543, 629, 675. Roy, 330. Roylance, 646. Rucker, 646. Rugg, 565. Ruggles, 578. Rumney, 646. Rushworth, *545. Russell, 553, 636. Rust, 138 (581). Rutter, 597, 646. Ryrie, 319, 637.

Sage, 147. St. Germains, 470. Salsbury, 544. Sandham, 279, 348, 511-12 (258, 274). Sargeant, 164. Saveall, 646. Savile, 646. Sawtell, 377, 378. Sawyer, 679. Schaap, 628. Scherer, 628. Schmied, 677. Schumacher, 592. Schwalbach, 586. Scott, 414, 422, 527 (398, 727). Scribner, 346, 352, 431, 504, 570, 655, 658, 687. Scrutton, 646. Scudder, 658. Searle, 646. Seely, *348, 687. "Selah," 154. Senseney, 677. Serrell, 177. Service, 567. Servoss, 112. Seward, 724. Seymour, 332. Shafer, 216. Shakespeare, 407 (419). Sharp, 529, 673, 691. Shays, 127, 147. Sheam, 324. Sheffey, 484. Shelley,

454, 468. Shepard, 114, 527, 588 (708). Sheppee, 646. Sherburne, 578. Sherman, 344, 370, 488 (101, 209-10, 334). Sheriff, 500. Sherriff, 646. Shields, *628. Shimmin, 561. Shipton, 643-4, 646, 687, 691. Sholes, 594, 627. Shriver, 587. Siddall, 718. Sider, 646. Sidney, 466. Silberer, 697. Sill, vi. Simpson, 100, 646. Singer, 696. Skinner, 370, 569. Skoglund, 560. Slocum, 503. Sloper, 564. Smith, 71, "92," 112, 118, 126-7, 176, 182-3, 223, 366, 432, 493, 499, 502, 509, 523, 560, 579, 589, "607," 646, 655, 671, 691, "718." Snell, 152. Snicker, 244, 383. Snow, 687. Socrates, 466. Soley, 351. Solomon, 343. "Solon," 477. Somers, *520-21. Souleiman, 481. Spalding, 100, 499, 508. Spead, 575. Spencer, 554, 685, 687. Spicer, 560, 652. Spinner, 208. Spofford, 96. Spong, 564. "Spot," 410. Spraker, 200. Spurrier, *684-5, 688. Stabler, 376, 497 (373). Stables, 684. Stacpoole, 646. Stall, 323-4, 378, 675 (371, 386). Stanton, 336, 508, 546, 547, 564-5, 609. Stark, 186, 366. Starkey, 561. Stead, 600, 642, 646. Steffner, 500. Steiger, 100. Stephen, 733. Stephenson, *529. Stevens, 48, 158, 204, 309, *473-84, *551, 552, 558, 570-2, 599, 655, 657, 668, 675, 698. Stevenson, 560, 598. Stewart, 152, 244. Stiles, 403. "Stillfleet," 428-9. Stillman, 450. Stoddard, 185-7, 211, 525, 679. Stokes, 559-60, 674. Stone, 321-2. 525, 661, 671. Stoner, 646. Stoney, 646. Story, 560. Streeter, ii. (727). Stroup, 176. Strong (402). Struthers, 112. Sturmey, 525, *548-9, 643, 684-6, 690, 692. "Stuyvesant," 433. Suberlie, 699. "Suchaplace," 446. Sullivan, 158. Sumner, 609. Surprise, *628, 632, *670. Sutton, 554, 646. Swallow, *128, Sweeney, 612. Sweetser, 127, 293 (577). Swiss, 138. Sylvester, 520. Symonds, 529. Snyder, 100.

Tagart, 553. Taintor, 198. Tanner, 639. Tate, 583. Tatum, 520. Taylor, 168, 295, 344, *520, 609. Tegetmeier, 531, 534, 542-3, 558, 599 (v.). Teller, 196. "Telzah," 102, 179, 506, 575, 673. Tennyson, 673. Terront, 4, 547. Terry, 626-7. Thatcher, 400. Thayer, 576, 672. Theodore, 611. Thomas, 244, 400, 546, 646. Thompson, 202, 206, 216, 553, 561, 663. Thomson, 646. Thorburn, 599. Thorne, 559-60. Thornfeldt, 562, 565, 696. Tibbits (131). Tibbs, 330, 634, 646, 669. Tichener, 218. Ticknor, 293. Tift, 609. Tilden, 79 (464). Timms, 504. Tinker, 680. Tisdale, 635. "Titanambungo," 535. Titus, 658. Tobias, 646, "679." Todd, 589, 646 (633). Tolstoi, 729. Tonkin, 562. Tonnet, 699. Toscani, 700. Tough, 652. Townsend, 669. Townson, 646. Tracy, 505. Trigwell, 540. Troedel, 696. Trow, 100. "Tulkinghorn," 466. Tupper, 728. Turner, 558. Turgeneff, 728. Turrell, 646. Twain, iv., 356, 640. "Twiddle," 506. Twiss, 138. Tyler, 128, 135, 138, *149, 510, 581, *627.

Upham, 112-13, 578, 655. Upstill, 562. Undercuffler, 387. Underwood, 508. Ure, 646.

Vail, 171. Vanderbilt, 32, 156, 185. Vanderveer, 90. Van Loan, 187. Van Sicklen, 321, 519, *627, 675 (630). Varlet, 651. Varley, 646. Varney (257, 274). Vaux, 95, 666. "Velox," 688. Verhoeff, *235. Vermeule, 176. Victoria, 471. Viele, 94. Viltard, 651. "Viola," 439. Viollet, 698. "Virginia," 442. Virtue, 570. Vivian, 322. Vogel, 552. "Von Twiller," 433.

Wade, 646. Wagner, 80. Waite (464, 726). Wainwright, 625 (597). Wales, 93, 94, 469-70. Walker, 112-13, 559, 562, 646, 651, 679, 697. Wallace, 609. Waller, 4, 547 (130). Walley (372). Wallis, 646. Walmesly, 554. Waltermire, 492. Wapple, 489. Warburton, 543. Ward, 658 (730). Waring, 553. Warne, 685. Warner, 286, 646, 683. Warren, 558. Washington, 25, 72, 74, 77, 127, 143, 163, 171, 186, 197, 350, 367, 391, 434, 702. Wassung, 643. Waterhouse, 557, 627. Waterman, 516, 559. Watson, 112, 154, 554. Way, 635. Waymouth, 646. Wayne, 389, 609. "Wealthy," 506. Webb, 352, 554. Webber, 655, *674-5. Weber, 351-2, 629, 675. Webster, 320. Wedgwood, 470. Weitz, 315. Welch, 628 (294, 401). Welford, 570, 644, 687-8, 691. Wells, 628. Wenley, 646. Wentworth, 631. West, 320, 325. Weston, 504, 643-4, 646, *656-7, 663-4, 676-7, 712. Westbrook, 634. Westervelt, 114, 182-3, 321. Wetmore (175). Wharlow, *543. Whatton, *544, 646. Wheatley, 599. Wheeler, 650, 655, 666-7, 674. Wheler, 385. Whipple, 114, 182-3. Whitall, 520. Whitcomb, 592. White, 201, 244, 526, 559, 598, 674 (238-9). Whiting, *138-9, 676. Wigglesworth, 646. Wilcox, 666 (94, 702). Wild, 542. Wilkinson, 677, 210, 628. William, 723. Williams, 95, 185, 316, 530, 558, 577, *582, 652, 673, 693 (107, 258, 272, 275-6, 452). Williamson, 684. Willison, 628. Willoughby, 570,

627. Wilson, 100, 382, 525, 534, 558, 690, 693 (294). Winchell, 114. Winthrop, 429, 431, 439, 443, 610. Wistar, 627 (354). Witty, 400. Wood, 158, 172, 175, 177, 317, 377-8, 383, *388-9, 400, 498, 562, 584, 593, 625, *627, 675-7 (644). Woodburn, 658. Woodman, 530. Woodroofe, 635. Woodruff, 334. Woods, 646. Woodside, 499, 675. Woodward, 198. Woolworth, 148. Wormley, 241. Worth, 390, 609. Wragge, 560. Wright, 18, 22, 93, *628, 643, 646, 660, 665, 674, 677.

Xenophon viii.

Yapplewell, 538. Yates, *519-20 (286). Yopp, 628. "Yorick," 402. Yorke, 687. Young, 105, *525, *556, 575, 646, 655, 679, 686. Youngman (387).

Zacharias, 712 (170-1, 174, 192-3). Zeh, 323. Zimmerman, 628. Zmertych, 551. Zubowitz, 558.

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C. C. Woolworth, *148. F. E. Yates, *519. A. Young, *525. I. Zmertych, 551.

JOURNALISM OF THE WHEEL.

The history of cycling journals and books may be found between p. 653 and p. 700, and most of the following references are within those limits,—full-faced type showing the more-important ones:

Algemeine Sport-Zeitung (Ger.), 697. Amateur Athlete (N. Y.), **619-20, 667-8.** American Bicycling Journal, 26, 504, 534, 643, **655-6,** 664, 687, 725. American Wheelman (St. Louis), 528, 654, **671-2,** 716, 799. Archery & Tennis News, 663, 668. Archery Field (Boston), 658-9, 663, **668-9.** Athletic News (Eng.), 693. Athletic News & Cyclists' Journal (Eng.), 688. Athletic World (Eng.), 688. Australasian, 696. Australian Cycling News (Melbourne), 558, 562-5, 652, 654, **695-6,** 706. Australian Cyclist (Sydney), 564, **696.** Australian Sports & Pastimes, 696. Bicycle (Hamilton, Ont.), 661. Bicycle (Melbourne), 695. Bicycle (Montgomery, Ala.), **660,** 670. Bicycle (N. Y.), 660. Bicycle & Tricycle Gazette (Eng.), 688. Bicycle Gazette (Eng.), 688. Bicycle Herald (Springfield, Ms.), 672. Bicycle Journal (Eng.), 687-8. Bicycler's Record (Lawrence, Ms.), 660. Bicycle Rider's Magazine (Eng.), 688. Bicycle South (New Orleans), 654, **670,** 672. Bicycling News (Eng.), 541-2, 544, 548-9, 557, 683, 687-8, **689-90,** 693-5. Bicycling Times & Touring Gazette (Eng.), 547-8, 688, 692. Bicycling World (Boston), 23, 27-9, 74, 92, 101-2, 104-5, 107, 111, 114, 121, 128, 150, 152, 157, 161-2, 164, 171, 179, 181, 199, 202, 214, 217, 238, 249, 251, 253, 281, 314, 322, 340, 487-9, 492-3, 500, 503-4, 506, 508-12, 514, 517-18, 522, 525-6, 530, 553, 573, 575-6, 578, 591, 600, 602-4, 615-18, 629, 643-4, 656-9, **662-5,** 666-7, 669, 671-2, 673, 675, 677-80, 683-6, 684-5, 702, 704, 798. California Athlete (San Francisco), **661,** 688. Canadian Wheelman (London, Ont.), 315, 319, 321, 326, 599, 635, 643, 654, 660, **669-70,** 707. Cleveland Mercury (O.), **660.** Cycle (Milford, Ms.), **660,** 666, 678. Cycle (Boston), **664-5,** 798. Cycling (Cleveland), 245, 526, **660.** Cycling (Eng.), 688-9, 691. Cycling Budget (Eng.), ——. Cycling Times (Eng.), 686, **689,** 798. Cyclist (Eng.), 534, 537, 540, **548-9,** 551-2, 554, 568, 599, 684, 687-94. Cyclista (Hun.), 697. Cycliste Belge (Bel.), 700. Cyclist & Athlete (N. Y.), 663, 666, **668-9.** C. T. C. Gazette (Eng.), 599, 636-44, 651-2, 687-8, **691,** 694-5, 798. Cyclos (Eng.), 688. Elizabeth Wheelmen (N. J.), 660. Field (Eng.), 531. Hamilton Bicycle (Ont.), 661. Hamilton Wheel Journal (O.), 660. Illustrated Sports (Eng.), 695. Ingleside (San Francisco), 609, 661, 672. Irish Cycling & Athletic News (Dublin), 654, 695. Irish Cyclist & Athlete (Dublin), 640, 652, 654, **695.** Ixion (Eng.), 688. Journal des Sports (Bel.), 709. Land & Water (Eng.), 642, 695. L. A. W. Bulletin (Phila.), 310-11, 323, 388, 500, 572, 578, 583-90, 594, 614, 618, **620-21,** 624-6, 629-30, 633, 635, 654, **661,** 662, 665, 668, 674, 679, 707-8, 717, **720.** Maandblad (Dutch), 700. Maine Wheel, 661. Mechanic (Smithville, N. J.), 522, 577, 671. Melbourne Bulletin (Vict.), 696. Midland Athletic Star & Cycling News (Eng.), 688, 695. Mirror of American Sports (Chicago), 672. Monthly Circular of C. T. C. (Eng.), 636, 691. N. C. U. Review (Eng.), 648, **650.** New Haven Bicycle Herald, 660. N. Z. Referee, 696. Olympia (Eng.) ——. Outing (Boston), 105, 108, 114, 121, 149, 198, 244, 279, 282, 320, 323, 330, 474-8, 481-4, 504, 506, 511, 512, 526, 534, 599, 600, **657-9,** 674-5, 678. Outing (N. Y.), 571, 655, **659-60,** 668. Pacific Wheelman (San Francisco), 672, 799. Pastime Gazette (Chicago), 672. Philadelphia Cycling Record, 245, 485, 522, 526, **660,** 674. Radfahrer (Ger.), 552, 651, **666-7,** 798. Recreation (Newark), 600, 654, 663, **668-9.** Referee (Eng.), ——. Revue Vélocipédique (Fr.), 698. Revista Velocipedistica (It.), 700. Revista degli Sports (It.), 700. Scottish Athletic Journal, 695. Scottish Umpire & Cycling Mercury (Glasgow), 695. Southern Cycler (Memphis, Tenn.), 654, **670,** 672, 707. Spectator (St. Louis), 323, 672. Sport (*Ir.*), 695. Sport (It.), 700. Sport & Play (Eng.), 695. Sport du Midi, 699. Sporting & Theatrical Journal and Western Cycler (Chicago), 672. Sporting Life (Eng.), 693. Sporting Life (Phila.), 666, 672. Sporting Mirror (Eng.), 689. Sportsman (Pittsburg), 672. Sportsman (Eng.), 686. Sport Vélocipédique (Fr.), 651, 698. Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette, 42, 64, 129, 255, 291, 323, 333, 353, 371, 391, 485, 487, 491, 491, 508, 519, 524, 588, 603, 605, 610, 660, **661-2,** 668, 676, 693, 706-7. Stahlrad (Ger.), 700. Star Advocate (E. Roch-

ester, N. H.), 525, 579, 654-5, **670-1**, 707. Steel Wheel (Ger.), 700. Tidning for Idrott (Swe.), 700. Tireur (Fr.), 699. Tricycling Journal (Eng.), 545, 600, 654, 685-6, **690-1**. Tricyclist (Eng.), 543-4, 547, 555, 654, 686, **690**, 692. Vélo (Fr.), 699. Véloce (Fr.), 699. Véloce Belge (Bel.), 699. Véloceman (Fr.), 699. Véloce Sport (Fr.), 699. Véloce Sport et Véloceman Réunis, xcii. Velociped (Ger.), 651, 697. Vélocipède (Grenoble, Fr.), 699. Vélocipède (Paris, Fr.), 698. Vélocipède Illustré (Fr.), 698. Vélocipédie Belge (Bel.), 699. Vélocipédie Illustrée (Fr.), 698. Velocipedist (N. Y.), 698. Velocipedist (Ger.), 697. Velocipedsport (Ger.), 697, 699. Velocipedo (Sp.), 700. Vélo Pyrénéen (Fr.), 651, 699. Vermont Bicycle (W. Randolph), 578, 654, **672**. Vitesse (Fr.), 699. Wayfarer (Eng.), xcii. ● Western 'Cyclist (Ovid, Mich.), **660**, 669, 672. Wheel (N. Y.), 53, 74, 93, 96, 109, 114, 128, 138, 154, 161, 164, 187, 197, 215, 217, 244, 320, 326, 341, 382, 487, 489, 492-3, 500, 502, 504, 517, 523, 529, 568, 574-5, 583, 585-6, 589-90, 604-7, **619**, 643, **665-7**, 669, 699, 704-5, **707**, 708, 712, 799. Wheeling (Eng.), 524, 538, **547-8**, 553-5, 564, 572, 602, 628-9, 639-41, 647-51, 662, 683-4, 686, **689-90**, 693-5, **706**, 707, 719, 798. Wheel Life (Eng.), **690-92**, 694, 706. Wheelman (Boston), 1, 24-5, 30, 33, 35-6, 42, 49, 62, 82, 106, 115, 139-40, 155, 159, 208-9, 224, 246, 255, **258**, **268**, **270**, **277**, **279**, 296, 314, 348, 388, 390, 399, 495, 504, 506-7, 512-15, 517-18, 522-3, 555, 621, **656-9**, 661, 672, 679, 695, 697, **702**, 703, 720. Wheelmen's Gazette (Springfield), 558, 559, 561, 566, 579, 617-18, **619**, 631, 654, **662**, 674, **706-7**, 708-10, 799. Wheelmen's Record (Indianapolis), xcii. Wheel World (Eng.), 310, 475, 548, 647, 657, 685, 688, **689-91**, 692, 694, 798. Yale Cyclist, 660.

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Authors, compilers, publishers and printers of the foregoing: F. Allier, 698. A. L. Atkins, 111, 655, 677. Ballantyne Press, The, 686. A. B. Barkman, 655. C. D. Batchelder, 676. E. Benassit, 698. A. Berruyer, 698. C. H. Bingham, 700. A. M. Bolton, 549, 683. G. F. Brooks, 679. J. S. Browning, 655. C. W. Bryan & Co., 700. H. Buchanan, 686. W. S. Bull, 221, 677. J. P. Burbank, 16, 673, 677. (Lord) Bury, 687. Cassell & Co., 687. A. D. Chandler, 673. G. Chinn, 655, 677. J. C. Clark, 679. R. Clarke & Co., 678. W. Collins, Son & Co., 683. R. Cook, 687. C. Cordingley, 686. H. D. Corey, 679. E. H. Corson, 655, 671. H. L. Cortis, 684. T. Coventry & Co., 683. Cunningham Co., The, 653, 679. Cupples, Upham & Co., 655. J. G. Dalton, 505, 655. A. De Baroncelli, 688, 698-9. W. Diederich, 679. H. B. Donly, 655, 677. Ducker & Goodman, 615, 655, 675. N. F. Duncan, 687. Durrant & Co., 687. G. Ernst, 637. (Miss) F. J. Erskine, 684. H. Etherington, 685. Falconer, 686. A. Favre, 698. S. C. Foster, 655, 674, 679. C. J. Fox, 686. S. Fussell, 685. J. T. Goddard, 402, 673, 688. Goy, 688. L. U. Gill, 683. H. H. Griffin, 683. Griffith & Farran, 685. Hamilton, Adams & Co., 687. Hammersmith Printing Works, 686. E. S. Hart & Co., 655, 674. H. B. Hart, 655, 660, 678. J. R. Heard, 679. W. H. Heath, 685. A. S. Hibbard, 655, 674. G. L. Hillier, 687. E. C. Hodges & Co., 674. C. Howard, 550, 681. C. Hubbard, 696. C. G. Huntington, 582, 677. Iliffe & Son, 683-7. "Ixion," 688. L. G. Jacques, 698. Jacquot, 699. Jarrold & Son, 683. F. Jenkins, 677. J. H. Johnson, 677. F. W. Jones, 683-4. H. A. Judd, 685. "Jupiter," 688. A. Kenmann, 637. H. Kendall, 686. T. J. Kirkpatrick, 677. A. H. Lang, 686. Lee & Walker, 679. V. Leger, 699. J. Lennox, 686. Letts, Son & Co., 681-2. Little, Brown & Co., 680. Longman & Co., 687. J. N. McClintock, 680. (Mrs.) F. T. McCray, 655, 674. A. H. MacOwen, 655, 674. Mason & Payne, 681-2. J. Menzies & Co., 686. W. L. Mershon & Co., 678. T. S. Miller, 655, 679. A. G. Morrison, 693. G. Moore, 692. F. Moore, 685. Morris Bros., 683. P. N. Myers, 590, 678. C. W. Nairn, 686, 692. "Nauticus," 684. E. Neve, 686. "Old Wheelman," 678. Overman Wheel Co., 676, 679. C. A. Palmer, 687. A. Palmer & Sons, 687. H. Park, 678. J. Pearce, 686. M. D. Pellencontre, 698. J. Peunell, 655, 687. (Mrs.) E. R. Pennell, 655, 687. L. G. Perreaux, 698. G. Phillip & Son, 682. R. E. Phillips, 550, 639, 683. Pope Manufacturing Co., 678. L. H. Porter, 530, 678. B. W. Potter, 680. Charles E. Pratt, 504, 672, 678, 688, 703. F. A. Pratt, 625, 678. "Rae Banks," 686. Rand, Avery & Co., 674. J. M. Rankine, 698. F. Regamey, 698. H. R. Reynolds, jr., 533, 696. Richard, 698. C. M. Richards, 678. B. W. Richardson, 62, 685. Roberts Bros., 687. Rockwell & Churchill, 656, 672, 679. Root & Tinker, 680. Will Rose, 489. H. T. Round, 637. J. P. Russell, 696. H. N. Sawyer, 679. C. Scribner's Sons, 655, 687. Seeley & Co., 687. E. M. Senseney, 677. J. C. Sharp, jr., 673. E. R. Shipton, 687. W. S. Y. Shuttleworth, 687. V. Silberer, 697. (Miss) E. L. Smith, 655, 674. I. Snow & Co., 687. C. Spencer, 685, 637. Springfield Printing Co., 675, 710. W. J. Spurrier, 684, 685. W. G. Stables, 634. T. Stevens, 473-84, 655, 657. Stoddard, Lovering & Co., 679. Strand Pub. Co., 683. H. Sturmey, 684, 685. G. B. Thayer, 576. "Velox," 688. T. H. S. Walker, 651, 697. F. Warne & Co., 685. J. S. Webber, jr., 655, 674. W. D. Welford, 687. F. W. Weston, 676. "Chris Wheeler," 655, 674. W. H. Wheeler, 650. White, Stokes & Allen, 655, 674. C. H. Whiting, 676. J. Wilkinson Co., The, 677. A. Williams & Co., 673. J. A. Williamson, 634. A. J. Wilson, 534, 693. H. S. Wood, 177, 676-7. T. H. Wright, 677. A. Young, 655, 679. G. E. Young, 686.

NON-CYCLING BOOKS.

Adirondacks, Illustrated Guide to the, 186. American Literature, Cyclopædia of, 434, 439. Agriculture of Mass., 679. Among the Studios, 431. Androscoggin Lake and Headwaters of Conn., 575. Atlantic Islands, 355. Australia, The "New Chum" in, 570. Australian Pictures, 570. Baddeck, 286-7. Bartlett, Memoir of Gen. W. F., 386. Berkshire, The Book of, 700. Bermuda, An Idyl of the Summer Islands, 366. Bermuda, History of, 355. Bermuda, Illustrated Guide to, 366. Bermuda Pocket Almanac, 366-7. Bleak House, 466. Boston, Dictionary of, 113. Boston, Handbook of, 113. Boston Harbor,

Handbook of, 113. Campaigns of the Civil War, 352. Cecil Dreeme, 428-9, 431, 438-9, 441. Cincinnati, Pocket Book of, 113. College Journalism, A History of, 658. Conn. Valley in Mass., Hist. of the, 581. Descriptive America, 177. Diseases of Modern Life, 685. Encyclopedia Britannica, 688. Field Book of the American Revolution, 700. Field Book of the War of 1812, 700. Four Years at Yale, 405, 711, 722. Geologist of New Jersey, Report for '84 of the State, 174. Grafton County Gazetteer, 577. Grant's Memoirs, 732. Harvard and its Surroundings, 113. How to Pay Church Debts, 323. Hudson River by Pen and Pencil, 198. Human Intercourse, 446, 468-9. Hunting Trips of a Ranchman, 455. Intellectual Life, The, 467-8. Lake George, Illust. Guide to, 185-6. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, 733. London Social Life, Impressions of, 448. Lutheran Year Book, 323. Maritime Provinces, The, 293. Methodist Year Book, 324. Middle States, Guide to, 293. Minute Philosopher, 108. Modern Gymnast, The, 685. Moosehead Lake and N. Me. Wilderness, 575. Mt. Desert on the Coast of Me., 281. Navy in the Civil War, The, 352. New England, Guide to, 293. New York, Dictionary of, 65, 81, 87, 89, 96, 100, 155. New York, Hist. of the City of, 434. Notes of an Idle Excursion, 356. Open Letter to J. G. Holland, An, 728. Picturesque America, 382, 434, 700. Picturesque B. & O., 245, 282. Religion, My, 729. Roughing It, iv. Saratoga, Illust. Guide to, 186. Shenandoah Valley in 1864, 346, 352. Split Zephyr, 466. Springfield, Handbook of, 113, 126. Stolen White Elephant, 356. Stories by American Authors, 466. Tasmanian Excursionist's Guide, 563. Their Wedding Journey, 215, 428. Thankless Muse, The, 731. Traveler, The, iv. U. S. Army Table of Distances, 680. Vicar of Wakefield, 205. Visits to Remarkable Places, 404. Yale and the City of Elms, 133. Yale, Four Years at, 405, 711, 722. Walking Guide to Mt. Washington Range, 577. Washington Square, 432. Western Mass., Hist. of, 581. White Mtn. Guides, 293, 577. Winthrop, Life and Poems of Theodore, 439.

NON-CYCLING AUTHORS.

T. B. Aldrich, 431. D. Ammen, 352. G. Arnold, 15, 309, 728. E. M. Bacon, 113. H. A. Beers, 466, 701. S. G. W. Benjamin, 355, 483. W. H. Bishop, 431, 728. C. A. Bristed, 727-8. L. P. Brockett, 177. C. W. Bryan, 700. W. C. Bryant, 216, 700. O. B. Bunce, 700. H. C. Bunner, 727. C. S. Calverley, 34. A. Cary, 731. H. Child, 577. M. H. Cist, 352. P. Clarke, 570. G. H. Cook, 174. J. F. Cowan, 324. W. Cowper, 406. J. D. Cox, 352. W. Decrow, 133. D. Defoe, v. C. Dickens, 354, 466, 724. J. C. R. Dorr, 366. A. Doubleday, 352. E. A. Duyckinck, 434, 439. T. Dwight, 127. S. C. Eastman, 577. R. W. Emerson, 721, 732. L. H. Everts, 581. C. A. J. Farrar, 575. M. F. Force, 352. B. Franklin, 702. Godet, 355. O. Goldsmith, iv., 205. U. S. Grant, 732. F. V. Greene, 352. M. Hale, 731. P. G. Hamerton, 446, 463-9. J. C. Harris, v., 24, 380. R. Herrick, 472. J. G. Holland, 581, 728. W. D. Howells, 315, 428. W. Howitt, 404. A. A. Humphreys, 352. H. H. Jackson, 304. H. James, 432. S. Johnson, 408, 427, 436, 755. F. Kemble, 728. M. King, 113, 126. M. J. Lamb, 434. A. Lang, 722. H. W. Longfellow, 430. B. J. Lossing, 700. J. F. McClure, 658. A. T. Mahan, 352. C. B. Martin, 281. J. A. Moore, 729. E. S. Nadal, 448. F. J. O'Brien, 391. F. W. Palfrey, 352, 386. J. G. Pangborn, 245. T. L. Peacock, 23. T. Percy, 65, 81, 87, 89, 96, 100, 155, 198, 431. W. H. Pickering, 577. G. E. Pond, 346. B. W. Richardson, 685. J. C. Ropes, 352. E. R. Sill, vi. J. R. Soley, 352. S. Stall, 323. J. H. Stark, 366. J. F. Stephen, 733. T. Stevens, 474. S. R. Stoddard, 185-6. M. F. Sweetser, 293, 577. L. Tolstoi, 729. I. Turgeneff, 728. M. Twain, iv., 356, 640. C. D. Warner, 286-7. A. S. Webb, 352. H. Willoughby, 570. T. Winthrop, 428-9, 431, 438-9, 441. J. D. Woodward, 198.

NON-CYCLING JOURNALS.

Advertiser, Boston, 113. Advertiser, Calais, Me., 263-4. Argus, Melbourne, 570. Army & Navy Journal, N. Y., 346. Atlantic Monthly, Boston, 430. Australasian, N. Y., 570. Bat, London, 650. Bulletin, Melbourne, 558, 652. Cape Ann Advertiser, Ms., 674. Catskill Mtn. Breeze, N. Y., 198. Century Magazine, N. Y., 483, 687. Chronicle, Moorestown, N. J., 178. Chronicle, San Francisco, 431. Christian at Work,

N. Y., 658. Church of Ireland Temperance Visitor, 686. Clipper, N. Y., 494, 680. Continent, Phila. (viii.). Country, London, 687. Courier, Ballarat, Vict., 561-2. Courier, Buffalo, N. Y., 588. Courier, Rochester, 577. Descriptive America, N. Y., 177. Dispatch, Pittsburg, 323. Evening News, Deseret, 520. Examiner, London, 551, 711. Express, Buffalo, N. Y., 588. Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine, N. Y., 323. Free Press, Aberdeen, Scot., 555. Gentlemen's Magazine, London, 403. Globe, Boston, 618. Good Words, London, 62, 685. Harper's Magazine, N. Y., 158, 242. Harper's Weekly, N. Y., 390-1, 402-4, 475, 483. Harper's Young People, N. Y., 615. Herald, Auckland, 567. Herald, Boston, 114. Herald, N. Y., 499, 583, 657. Herald, Rochester, 216. Herald & News, W. Randolph, Vt., 672. Journal, London, Ont., 669. Journal & Courier, New Haven, 398, 401. Knickerbocker Magazine, N. Y., 216. Knox Student, Galesburg, 658. Lake George Ripple, N. Y., 198. Lippincott's Magazine, Phila., 1, 168, 658, 702. Manufacturer's Gazette, Boston, 525. Messenger, Marblehead, Ms., 281. Massachusetts Magazine, Boston, 680. Mrs. Grundy, N. Y. (vii.). Morning Call, San Francisco, 492. Nation, N. Y., 281, 354, 433, 437, 450, 570, 614. News, Chelsea, 525. News, Hamburg, Ger., 551. News & Chronicle, Stawell, Vict., 566, 696. Norfolk Reformer, Simcoe, Ont., 331, 634, 669. Northwestern Christian Advocate, Chicago, 499. Once a Month, Melbourne, 560. Our Young Folks, Boston, 431. Petit Journal, Paris, 697. Pilot, Boston, 657. Post & Tribune, Detroit, 505. Post-Dispatch, St. Louis, 528. Press, Philadelphia, 454. Puck, N. Y., 15, 36, 246, 409, 499, 669, 673. Record, Phila., 627. Reformer, Bennington, Vt., 627. Republican, Lansing, Mich., 505. Republican, Springfield, Ms., 115, 527. Royal Gazette, Bermuda, 366. Round Table, N. Y., 135. Saturday Press, N. Y., 15. Scientific American, N. Y., 403. Scribner's Monthly, N. Y., 431, 504, 658. Stamboul Journal, Constantinople, 482. Statesman, Marshall, Mich., 323. Student, Amherst, Ms., 114. Sun, N. Y., 154, 403. Table Talk, Ottumwa, Ia., 672. Tasmanian News, 563. Telegram, N. Y., 280. Texas Siftings, 668. Times, Calais, Me., 265. Times, N. Y., ii., 356, 459. Times, Philadelphia, 177. Times, Sydney, N. S. W., 696. Tit Bits, London, xciv. Toothpick, Ashmore, Ill., 489. Transcript, Portland, 257, 627. Tribune, Cambridge, 657. Tribune, Chicago, 323. Tribune, N. Y., 499, 597, 724, 727. Union, Springfield, Ms., 580. University Quarterly, N. Y., 469. Vanity Fair, N. Y., 444. Yale Courant, New Haven, 398. Yale Literary Magazine, New Haven, 399-402. World, N. Y., 584, 720-1, 723.

BICYCLES.

American Club, 509. American Rudge, 508. Arab Light Roadster, 535. Apollo Light Roadster, 321. Ariel, 504, 519, 541, 546-7. Bayliss & Thomas, 348. Bone-shakers, 394, 400-2. British Challenge, 183, 508, 520, 543, 545, 559, 561, 569. Carver, 503. Centaur, 523. Challenge, 330, 537. Club, 505, 508, 523, 565, 569. Club Safety, 566. Columbia, 148, 189, 324, 487, 501, 505, 507, 511, 520, 521, 524, 525, 565, 709, 712-3. Columbia Expert, 47, 59, 149, 237, 244, 388, 474, 484, 492, 503, 506, 508, 510-11, 513, 517, 519-20, 523-30, 575-6, 578. Columbia Light Roadster, 527-9. "Columbia, Number 234," 35-48, 86. Columbia Special, 503, 507-8, 511, 520, 521. Columbia Standard, 48, 59, 183, 244, 378, 474, 484, 488-9, 494, 500, 503, 508, 511, 513, 515, 519, 523, 528-9, 576. Coventry, 330. Coventry Gentleman, 537. Coventry Machinist Co., 663. Cunningham Co., 653, 656, 666-7, 679, 712. Desideratum, 537. D. E. H. F. Excelsior, 546, 569. D. E. H. F. Premier, 519, 559, 561, 569. Duplex Excelsior, 517, 524, 546. Eclipse, 541, 547. Extraordinary, 487, 505. Facile, 161, 509, 536, 537, 538, 553, 554, 555. Gentleman, 567. Gentleman's Club, 569. Gentleman's Roadster, 542. Gormully & Jeffery, 683, 798. Hartford, 401. Harvard, 138, 189, 493, 502, 508, 520, 524. Hollow Spoke Roadster, 542. Howe, 552. Humber, 509, 516, 517, 524, 542. Ideal, 493. Interchangeable, 546. Invincible, 517, 559. Ivel Safety, 557-8. John Bull, 507. Kangaroo, 508-9. Keen, 547. Lynn Express, 537. Matchless, 508, 532, 563. Monod, 401. Newton Challenge, 508. Otto, 521, 529. Overman Wheel Co., 662, 663-5, 676. Paragon, 504, 517. Perfection, 546. Pickering, 392, 400-5. Pony Star, 509. Pope Mfg. Co., 24-6, 36, 40, 42, 47-8, 86, 94, 139, 189, 485, 501-2, 511, 523, 526, 565, 657-60,

664, 702-3, 711-13, 799. Premier, 327, 519, 529, 559, 561, 569. President, 491. R. & P., 657. Regent, 540. Rover Safety, 535, 545. Royal Mail, 508, 527. Rucker, 509, 530, 536, 542, 543. Rudge, 128, 139, 183, 321, 500, 508-10, 689. Rudge Light Roadster, 388, 508, 513, 526, 563, 567, 578, 679. Rudge Safety, 527. Safety, 505. Safety (King), 672. St. Nicholas, 524. Sandringham, 538. Sans-pareil, 324, 508-9, 520, 524-5, 530. Shadow, 508. Singer, 348, 527. Singer Challenge, 537. H. B. Smith Machine Co., 671. Special Club, 508. Stanley, 517. Stanley Head Excelsior, 546. Star, 164, 172, 257, 267, 269-71, 274, 320, 508, 520-1, 525, 530, 549, 575, 577. Union, 508. Velocity, 508. Victor, 487, 493, 508, 516, 519, 524-5, 527, 676. Xtra, 348, 505. Yale, 508, 509, 516, 519, 530.

TRICYCLES.

Beeston Humber, 557-8, 588. Carver, 535. Centaur Tandem, 535. Challenge, 686. Cheylesmore Club, 562, 565-6. Cheylesmore Sociable, 589. Club Racer, 535. Club Sociable, 535. Columbia, 503, 508, 509, 511, 528. Coventry Convertible, 517. Coventry Rotary, 543, 686. Crescent, 526. Cripper, 517, 526, 552, 554. Dearlove, 543. Diana, 686. Excelsior, 503, 569. Humber, 509, 530, 535, 543, 548, 551, 554-6, 686. Humber Tandem, 509. Imperial Club, 535, 554. Invincible, 517. National, 511. Omnicycle, 686. Premier, 524, 686. Quadrant, 535, 686. Rotary, 535. Royal Mail, 526, 554. Royal Salvo, 503. Royal Salvo Sociable, 517. Rucker, 686. Rucker Tandem, 509. Rudge, 526. Rudge Tandem, 525. Special Challenge, 535. Tandem, 535. Traveller, 509, 526. Victor, 508, 509, 526.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC AND PERSONAL.

Ancestry, 722-3. Appointments for wheeling, 730. Authorship, iv., 405, 722-3. Average man in physique, An, v., 473. Awe an unknown element, 471, 727. Birthday Fantasie (verse), A, 23. Boat-race manager at New London, 130. Bone-shaker days, 391-406. Book, History of this, 701-719. Business-man, in spite of myself, A, vii., 483. Centenarian kinsman, My, 723. Change of "Kol Kron" to "Karl," 720. Class poet and historian, 392, 401. Collector of postage-stamps, 722. "Coll. Chron." of *World*, 720, 723. Companionship the highest happiness, 467. Compensations of a quiet life, 467, 731. Conceit, 732. Costume for riding, 16-22. Death, 380, 733. Deviation in career, caused by cycling, 406. Digging my way out to freedom, 725. Disclaimers: as to ambition, 309, 732; athleticism, iv.; boastfulness, v., 582; college honors and prizes, 722; competition, v., 484, 721-3; egotism, v., vii.; envy, v., 393, 471, 722, 730; fame, 309; hermit-life, 467; hero-worship, 464; literary skill, iv., 716; notoriety, vii., 281, 729; ostentation, 729, 732; partisanship, 726; praise, vi.; vanity, v., 701, 716, 732. Dislike for "literary men" and "athletes," iv.; for "medicine-men," 62. *Divertissement* as the permanent element of life, 722. Early days with "Curl," 407-25, 471. Editor of college magazine, 392-3, 399. Emersonian maxims, 723, 732. Enemies, 731. European travel, 405-6. Forty, vi., 725, 732. Friends, 467, 726-7. Genealogy, A student of, 722. Gift-taking, Objections to, 713-4. Golden Fleas (verse), My search for the, 23, 406. Government by interference, My hatred of, 726. "Great expectations" as a bookseller, vii. Happiness, Ideal of future, 309, 467. Health, 62, 294, 307. Hopefulness as a self-deception, 716. Hopes for the future, Three, viii. Humorous sense, 721-2, 727. Illness, 62, 294. Indebtedness to family and friends, 727. Independence protected by obscurity, 280. Index-maker in college, 392-3, 401. Indian as an ideal, 295, 466. Indifference to "recognition," 727. Impartiality towards "the trade," vii., 712-4. Lament for the Legal-Tender decision, 464. League, Business-stake in the, 720. Left-hand penmanship acquired, vi., 483, 710. Life as viewed in retrospect, vi. Literary and theatrical people, Indifference to, iv., 728. Literary ideal, Simplicity of, iv. London life, 405-6, 427, 471. Longevity, Chances of, 723, 732. Lost inheritance, 180. Marriage, 472, 723, 731. Mechanical aptitude, Lack of, 36, 713. Middle-age, 44, 294. Mind and character, 732. Money-making capacity, vi., 392, 720, 725. Mount Tom, Affection for, 252. "My Second Ten Thousand," Proposals for, 211, 501, 573, 590, 716-7. Narrow escapes, 45, 413, 733. Observation of prominent people, "out of harness," 727. Optimism, 731. Overwork, Attempts to escape, 720, 725. Personal revelations a busi-

ness-necessity, vii. "Philately," A writer on, 722-3. Physique, v., 59, 61, 62, 153, 294, 307. Political prejudices, 726. Portrait never "exchanged," 280. Preference for small tasks, 723. Pride, 732. Procrastination prevents English tour, 406. Publisher, Pay as a, 715, 724. Relations with wheelmen, 729. Representative spokesman for the hobby, As a, vi. Respect for fellow-residents of the U. B., 462. Right-hand disabled by too much pen-work, vi., 483, 710. Rowing, 61. Rule of non-membership, 720. Running, 61. Sarcasms of destiny, 724-5. Self-reliance, 722. Slowness, iv., 731. Snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, As a, v., 716. "Solidarity" with Stevens, 484. Solitude in the U. B., Experiences of, 463. Spectator of society, As a, 467, 722, 728-9, 731. Sports of childhood, with "Curl," 413-21. Statistical showing of my personal part in the book, xx. Steadfastness, 725. Subscription-solicitor as undergraduate, 392. Suspension from college, 392, 404. Swimming, 61. "Thirtieth Street" reminiscences, 452. Touring, Equipment for, 16-22; Leisure gained for, 720. Travels in Europe, 405-6. Two exploits I should have been proud of, 464. Two soldiers whom I admired, 386, 439. Undergraduate reminiscences, 391-405, 466. Vanity disclaimed, 701, 716, 732. Verses voicing my philosophy, 15, 23, 34, 63, 304, 309, 728, 729, 730, 731, 800. Visitors, Reception of, 729. Volubility as a book-agent, 724. Walking, 61. Wealth, 15, 720, 731. Work-hours favorable for touring, 720. *World* work as college chronicler, 720-1. Yale, Book about, 405, 711, 722. Yale graduate, Biography as a, 732. Yankee from Yankeeville, A thoroughbred, 36, 722-3. Yale men in New York, Directory of, 464.

WHEELING AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Analysis of 234 rides, 49-63. Ankle sprained, 241. Bathing, 61. Bed-bugs in Maryland, 239. Bermuda trip forces U. S. Government to class tourists' cycles as "personal effects, exempt from duty," 368-70. Bone-shaker experiences in 1869, 391-406. Boots immortalized, 279. Boston pilgrimage for purchase of "No. 234," 25. Clothes for riding, Cost of, 41. Club-swinging, 61, 395, 405. Coasting, 51, 56, 233. Cold weather, 246-54, 298-9, 342. Cramps, 59, 263. Cyclometers, Experiences with (Butcher), 147, 374, 378; (McDonnell), 248; (Pope), 24, 26, 47, 582; offer to test, 714. Daily riding averages, 49. Drinking, 54, 62, 516. Eating, 61. Elbow broken by first fall from saddle, 24, 62, 307. Falls of my 1400 m. tour, 306. Fastest rides, 58, 233, 313, 362. Fifty-mile rides, '80 to '82, 50-51, 54. First sight of a velocipede, in '69, 393. First trial of a bicycle, in '79, 156. Food, 61, 313, 362. Foot, Injury to, 306. Fording, 228, 241, 375, 378-81, 383. Headers, 55, 238, 273, 363, 373. Hill climbing, 53, 58, 272 (71 corrected, 582). Hotel miseries, 13, 150, 205, 209, 227, 229, 230, 241, 326, 338. Hundred-mile run, 312. League founded in my honor, 24; my business-stake in its success, 720. Leisure for touring, How gained, 720. Longest tour, Inspiration of my, 295. Long stays in saddle, 52-53, 122, 313, 343. Malarial sweats cured by riding, 294-5, 308. Mechanical aptitude, Lack of, 36, 713. Mileage of separate roadway estimated, 31. Memorial placard on "No. 234," 48. Moonlight, Longest ride by, 318. Mud-clogging, 228, 349, 373. Night-riding, 56, 205, 227, 240, 241, 248, 252, 298, 311, 313, 318, 336, 338, 344, 360, 377. Objections to bags, 17; bells, 18, 22, 55; belts, 18, 22; crowds, 256, 272; large wheels, 59; medicine-men, 62; tobacco, 62, 63; whistles, 55. Pedestrian, Record as a, 61. Physique, Tests of, 54, 61, 153. Queerest ride of all, 380. Railroad mileage summary, 31, 33. Road-riding summaries, 1879-'82, 26-31, 49-51. Race, My only, 362. Rainy rides, 228, 262, 283, 298, 304-5, 380. Risks, 53, 153, 362, 380. Saddle-soreness, 307. Sea voyages, 282, 292, 358, 363. Size of wheel, Preference as to small, 59-61. Snow-storms, 251, 298, 342. Statistics of mileage compared, 31, 296, 317, 384, 388. Sunstroke invited on Long Island, 54, 153. Thefts, 57. Thunder-storm, Descent of the Blue Ridge in a, 380. Touring as related to working hours, 720; equipments for, 16-22. Tours outlined, Earliest, 11, 26-31, 42. Training, 62. Triumphant finish of the thousand-mile trail, 304. Vow to refrain from riding, 388, 733. Water routes, Summary of mileage on, 32. Wear and tear of machine, 37-41. Weariest day's tour in four years (Ky.), 230. Week's mileage, Longest, 296. Weight and height, 59. World's record for straightaway touring, won by 1400 m. ride of 1883, 300, 532, 549, 551.

THIS BOOK OF MINE, 701-733.

Advertisements excluded, as a pledge of impartiality, 714, 719. Amusement and instruction for non-cyclers, iv. Autobiography between the lines, An, vi. Autograph edition, Signing 3368 fly-leaves for the, vi., 710. *Bi. World's* cold shoulder for the scheme, 604. Bookselling against trade-precedent, vii. Boston's notions contrasted with New York's, 708. Bull-dog as an inspiration, 702. Business basis of good-will, vi., vii., 701, 714, 716, 720, 732. Circulars and specimen chapters, 704-9. Collegians not attracted, 708-9. Columbia bicycles, Incidental adv. of, 712-3. Comparison of my scheme to Stevens's round-the-world tour, 483. Complimentary copies for subscribing editors, 711. Conception, vi., 702. Contents-table, ix.-xx. Contract with Springfield Printing Co., 707, 710. Copartnership with 3000 advance subscribers, vii., 701, 714, 732. Corrections from authors and publishers, 718. Costs of road-book making in general, 715. Criticisms invited, 715, 719. Curiosity of literature, As a, vi., 469. Dates of publication hoped for, 705, 707, 709-10. Dedication, ii. Delays and interruptions, 725-6. Egotism as a business-necessity, v., vi., 701. Electrotyping, 573, 590, 707, 710, ix.-xx. English subs., Attraction of, 706, 709. Enthusiasm immortalized by the subscription-list, vi., 484. Enthusiasm of private canvassers, 705, 709. Estimates of cost and chances, 703-7, 712, 732. Estimates of number of words, xx. "Free advertisement" begrudged at Boston, 704; but cheerfully offered at all other places, 705-9; given by my book to every one, 714; objections analyzed, 718; resulting from censure, 719; sneers at, 484, 671; trade advantage of, 653. Geographical range of my subscribers, vii., xx. Gift-taking, Objections to, 712-14. Hotels and libraries, Selling the book to, 714. Impartiality shown by exclusion of advertisements, 714. Independence of all Popes and powers, 713. Indexing, My ideal of, as a final cause, viii., 702. Inspiring causes, 673, 702-3. Last apologies for the latest-written chapter, 573, 590. Literary ideal, Simplicity of, iv., 474. London cycling press, Treatment by, 695. Mailing of books from Springfield, 712, 714, 799. Manufacturing, Contract for, 707, 710. Misprint of "$1.50" for "$2," 732, 734, 799. Money-making, Chance of, vi., 701, 732. Opinions of subscribers wanted, 714-5. Pay wanted for publishing, 715. Political interruption, A, 726. Pope Mfg. Co.'s offers of support, 703, 711-13. Predictions of failure, 704, 706, 711. Preface, iii.-viii. Press, Treatment by the, 704-9, 718. Price misprinted at "$1.50" instead of "$2," 732, 734, 799. Printing, Progress of, 710. Proof-reading, viii., 710-11. Prospectus (Dec. 3, '83), 704, (May 8, '84) 705. Puffery as distinguished from advertising, 718. Reciprocation asked for, 718, 720. Reviewers, Suggestions to, viii. Scientific and unobtrusive egotism, v. Scope defined, ii. Special ed. of 200 on heavy paper, 710. Springfield Printing Co., 707, 710-12. Subscription-list, Growth of, xix., 704-9; significance of, as a monument of sympathy, vi. "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," 45, 48, 281, 352, 372, 381, 383, 388, 469, 483-4, 655, 702. Tradesmen, Indifference of, 709, 712; reasons why they should freely advertise and help its sale, 653. Type, Preferences as to size of, vii., 716-17. Undergraduates uninterested, 708-9. Unpaid agents as book-sellers, vii. Warnings for the "general reader," iii. *Wheel's* liberal support, 704-5, 707-8. *Wheeling* and *Wheelmen's Gazette* give aid, 706-9. Words, Estimated number of, xx. Working the outside press, 708. "X. M. Miles" as a title, 704.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND SOCIAL.

Affectations of society, 468. Affection and sympathy in cycling, 14, 729. Appearances, The cost of, 729; deceitfulness of, 408; keeping up of, in England, 446. Aristocracy, 396-7, 448-9. Bachelors' chambers, 440-2, 455-6. Bashfulness a form of vanity, 502. Birthdays, 502. Boastfulness, 502. Bohemianism, 469. Bores, 5, 309, 454, 471, 731-2. "Boy-like" a better adjective than "boyish," 14. Buildings, Lack of individuality in, 426; human-like changes in, 430. Censure inspires curiosity, 719. Character a growth, 426; estimates of, 631. Childhood's egotism charming, 732. Class enthusiasm at college, 391. Clothes, 16. Collegiate finances, Proper management of, 437. Colorlessness of "society people," 447-8, 455. Companionship, The cost of, 255. Compensations, The law of, 309, 731. Concierge as autocrat of Paris, The, 458. Condescension in the clergy, 727. Conformity, The Yoke of, 443-4, 448,

454. Contempt best shown by silence, 596. Courage, Suggestions about, 725. Custom as Juggernaut, 444. Danger as a fascination, 380. Death, The fear of, 468; the mystery of, 732-3. Democracy, An ideal, 396; social drift towards, 448. Eccentricity, Pain in the consciousness of, 443, 455. Economy of paying a good price for the best, 606. Egotism, v., 732. Elegancies of living not forbidden by isolation, 456. Endowments for colleges, Influences affecting, 435-7. English household comfort superior to American, 444-5, 449-50. Enlightened selfishness, 719. Exclusiveness, 449. Fallacy of getting something for nothing, 604. Fame, Emptiness of, 15, 309, 439, 465, 728-9, 733. Familiarity kills literary curiosity, 731. Family permanence not possible in America, 722. Fatigue of false pleasure, 309. Fighting for conscience' sake, 386; for peace, 466. Freedom, The charm of, 255, 280, 462, 466; the costs of, 444, 468; the ideal home of, 428, 472. Genealogy, Scientific lessons of, 723. Generosity of wealthy Americans, 435. Genius, The secret of, 14. Gossip harmful by excess, 280. Graduation-year, The memory of, 391. Gravity defined by Rochefoucauld, 727. Happiness in keeping boy-like, 14; conditioned on health, 294; of congenial work, 468; of mental freedom, 469; of wheeling in foreign lands, 309. Hermits, Apparent and real, 467-8. Hobby-rider as a bore, The, 5. Hoggishness, 10, 615, 621. Hospitality, Perfect machinery for (in England), 442; difficulties of (in America), 449-50. Hotels, 442, 450, 601-6. Humor of disappointment, The, 256. Hypocrisy of "amateurism," 628, 630, 649. Imitation, The servility of, 446, 453, 468. Independence defined by Hamerton, 468. Intellectual exhilaration in long-distance touring, 301-3. Insularity of British businessmen, 484. Janitors, A study of, 457-60. Literary faculty a form of weakness, 728. Local limitations of "position," 448. Local pride as a spur to public spirit, 436. Love, 15, 136, 409-10, 442-3, 472, 731. Lying, 6, 20, 397, 733. Matrimonial ideals, 442. Memory, Fallibility of, 391, 399, 404. Mental liberty, 454, 468-9, 472. "Money" a universal language, 284, 701. Motto for an honorable life, 680. Negroes' behavior at Bermuda, 364. Originality, French hatred of, 468. Ostentation, 467, 469. Philistinism, 469. Pleasure of "I told you so," The, 276. Politics, A citizen's duty towards, 726; a less-dignified game than wheeling, 309; a topic for conversation, 450. Publicity, The curse of, 281; privacy made by, 429, 443. Puffery, The mistake of, 718. Respectability, English ideal of, 446; French ideal, 468. Repute and reality, 728. Rich and poor, 630, 720, 729. Rivalries of men and women contrasted, 721; of Western cities, 436. Savage, Suggestions of the, 61, 62, 295, 309, 454-5, 466-9, 731. Sectarian control of colleges, 435. Self-absorption, Antidotes for, 466. Self-confidence, Rarity of, 448-9. Self-suppression in London and New York, 427, 447. Servitude to servants (in America), 449-50; (in England), 445-7. Silence the bitterest form of contempt, 596. Sincerity of "last words," 730; in solitude, 467-9. Slaughter as the chief basis of renown, 465. Snobbery shown by "amateurism," 650. Social significance of various residence-quarters in N. Y., 65, 452. Society, as an ancient and interesting game, 728-9. Solitude, Pleasures of, 7, 34, 255, 406, 432, 454-6, 467-9; solace for, 14; terror of to evil-doers, 441; test of character, 462. Sophistry as a lawyer's mainstay, 724. Sport's highest function, 732. Superstitions, 409, 413, 430, 463. Sympathy in a common hobby, vi., 5. Theatrical life defined by Fanny Kemble, 728. Thieves' shrewdness, 441. Tonic quality in hard work, 309, 468. Travel, Advantages of foreign, 2, 469; necessity of for Englishmen, 447; relative isolation in, 454. Triumph, Definition of, 304. Undergraduates as democrats and aristocrats, 396. Vanity as a literary inspiration, 701; in portraiture, 280; melancholy tokens of at Mammoth Cave, 381; density of in "social leaders," 455; solitude as a deliverance from, 468; shown by bashfulness, 502; twists the street numbers, 586. Veneration, 448. Verbosity of Evarts defended, 724. Votes, The significance of, 726; the power of, for rebuking the pretensions of the Great American Hog, 615, 621. War and peace, 386, 439. Wealth, 15, 396, 453, 469. Whims, Distinction between positive and negative, 281. Wives and mistresses, 441-4. Woods, A home in the, as an escape from conformity, 444, 454-6, 467-8. Youth: its generous "illusions" defended by Renan, 472; its pricelessness proclaimed by the hopeless longing of Turgeneff, 728.

INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS.

Ankle sprained on the tow-path, 56, 241. Bad boy at Port Chester, 54. Benighted in Virginia mud, 375. Boston ruffianism at lantern-parade, 371. Canal "coolers," 340. Clothes rent, 307. Collisions, 55, 733, 529. Crossing an engine-hose, 516. Descending the Blue Ridge in a thunder-storm, 380. Dog-bite at Yonkers, 18. Dog carried on tricycle by Australian tourist, 565. Elbow-breaking of my earliest ride, 24, 62, 307. Englishmen's mishaps, 539-40. Falls and breakage of bicycle, 37-40, 54, 306-7. Fleeing from the customs officers, 575. Ford-crossing in a farmer's cart, 378, 383. Fording the rivers in New Zealand, 568. Forgetful inn-keeper, The, 318. Hard luck at Bagg's Hotel, 209. Headers of the Down-East party, 260, 276; of T. Stevens, 475, 478, 480. Horses, encounters with, 57, 226, 321, 395-8. Immunity from accidents, 507, 511, 532, 537, 545, 547, 585. Insolence of hotel-clerk rebuked, 338. Jumping on a nail, 306. Lantern parade interrupted, 371. Mules scared on the Erie tow-path, 9, 199, 208. Mules scare me on the D. & H. path, 44, 340. Narrow escapes: from a drunken man's whip, at Springfield, 57; from runaway mules at Honesdale, 45; from a recklessly-driven horse at Somerville, 733; from sunstroke, on the "hottest day of eleven years," 54, 153. Pilfering, 57. Pocket-book lost and restored, 150. Prospect Park fatality, 586. Racing for the homeward steamer, 362. Rattlesnake bite in Nebraska, 478. Road-race interrupted by frightened mare, 321. Stevens (T.) in Afghanistan, 571; at Angora, 492; in a Persian snow-storm, 570; mobbed in China, 572. Talks with spectators of the Bull Run battles, 375. Upset by bad boy of Port Chester, 54.

WOMEN.

Acquaintances alluded to, 136, 410, 423, 424, 450, 452, 731. Adulation of the clergy, 727. Mrs. Allen's long tricycle ride, 554. "Amaryllis," 442. American social types, 449. Australian tricycle tourists, 562. Mrs. President Bates, 505. Miss Brock's sketch of Weyer's cave, 382. Cary sisters, 731. "Cecil Dreeme," 438-9, 441. Chance to learn tricycling at Orange, 588. Characters in H. James's novel, "Washington Square," 432. Charmers of Calais, The, 266. Citizenesses of Machias, 272. Concierge's wife, 458. Countess de Castiglione's vanity, 280. Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr's "Bermudian Days," 366-7. Miss Erskine's book on "Tricycling for ladies," 684. Fifth Avenue residents, 453. Girl-graduates in Kentucky, 232. Hatred of each other, 721. Hotel life, 450. H. H.'s definition of triumph, 304. Inquisitiveness, 302. "Isabel's" notions, 216, 447. Mrs. Kemble's opinion of theatrical life, 728. Mrs. M. J. Lamb's "Hist. of N. Y. City," 433. Mrs. F. T. McCray's cycling novel, 655, 675. "M'd'lle des Mollets," 429, 439. Maidens of college days, 136. Mammoth Cave, Suggested troubles at, 382. Matrons' conversation, 450. Mrs. C. B. Martin's book of Mt. Desert, 281. Matrimonial allusions, 280, 410, 472, 731. Members of C. T. C., 638. Mistresses and wives, 442-4. Mileage records, 528, 530, 543, 554, 562. Newspaper gossip, 281. Novel of tricycling, 655, 675. Orange Wanderers, 530. Mrs. Pennell's tricycling tours, 530, 655, 687. Queen Victoria, 471. Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, 430. Rarity of "character," 426. Reproaches from, on tow-path and sidewalk, 9, 11. Rivalry, 721. "Rosalind," 439. Miss E. L. Smith's cycling novel, 655, 675. Miss Sylvester, "bicyclienne," 520. "Sweet Singer of Mich.," Quotation from the, 729. Timidity of, in horse-driving, 10, 313. Tricyclers, 517, 519, 521, 523, 524, 528, 530, 534, 548, 564. "Tricycling for Ladies," Miss Erskine's book on, 684. Tricycling tours, Mrs. Pennell's, 530, 655, 687. Servant-girls' dread of the U. B., 431, 440; modes of ruling their employers in England and America, 445, 449. "Skatorial queen," 400. Universal rivals, 721. Velocipede racers in Paris, 403. "Viola," 439. "Virginia," 442. Visitors to the University Building, 441-4, 470. Waiters in the Mohawk Valley, 13. "Wheels and Whims," 655, 675. Miss Winthrop's book, 439. Wives of wheelmen, 505, 506, 508, 516, 517, 519, 521, 523, 524, 528, 530, 548, 554. Writers quoted or alluded to, 281, 304, 366-7, 382, 433, 530, 655, 675, 684, 687, 728, 729, 731.

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

LEAGUE POLITICS.—Recent events require a correction of the complimentary opinions on pp. 618, 620-1. On Mar. 24, '87, the President of the L. A. W. removed from the office of Representative of the Penn. Division the man who had for two and a half years served with great apparent efficiency as League Secretary-Editor, "for malfeasance, upon the following grounds, namely: (1) In that, being such Representative and also Secretary-Editor of said League, you wrongfully converted and appropriated to your own use the funds of said League, collected by you in your official capacity. (2) In that, being such Representative, you instigated and are instigating, aiding, and abetting the circulation of scandalous, libelous and false statements as to the conduct and motives of the Executive Committee of said League, and of its Board of Officers at the recent meeting in January last. (3) In that, being such Representative and owing allegiance to said League, you conspired with a certain official thereof, namely, John A. Wells, Chief Consul of Pennsylvania, to procure the cancellation of advertising contracts for the *Bulletin*, and the execution in the place thereof of contracts with said Wells, individually, for such advertising, thereby endeavoring to divert legitimate business from said *Bulletin* and to injure and if possible destroy its publication." The man last named was also removed by the President, at the same time, "for malfeasance, upon the following grounds, namely: (1) In that, being Chief Consul of Pennsylvania, and Secretary *pro tempore* of said League, you received official papers and refused and neglected to deliver them to your successor as Secretary, but turned them over to the committee of an adverse faction inimical to the Executive Committee and Board of Officers. * * * (4) In that, being such Chief Consul and owing allegiance to said League, and being in duty bound to aid and assist it, you attached by legal process the entire bank account and the office effects thereof at Philadelphia, for an alleged claim for advertising commissions, payment of which had not been refused, to an amount largely in excess of said supposed claim, with the object of hindering, harassing, and annoying the Executive Committee and officers of said League, and by such unjustifiable duress of compelling payment of said alleged claim." The second and third charges against the C. C. were identical with the second and third against the ex-Secretary, whose note of Mar. 28, accepting the removal, said: "I have decided, much against my own personal interests, to drop the controversy where it now is and to refrain from any further comments on the charges thus far made against me; though their truth I emphatically deny." All the foregoing appeared in the *Bulletin* of Apr. 1 (p. 266); and its issue of Apr. 15 (p. 298) contained these final words from the ex-Secretary, dated April 9: "I hereby resign my membership in the League of American Wheelmen."

The full history of this deplorable case covered six pages of fine type in the *Bulletin* of Mar. 11, '87, and was in form an "official statement by the Executive Committee to the officers and members of the League." For the clear and moderate language of the narrative, and the business-like way in which the letters of the ex-Secretary were marshaled in unanswerable evidence against himself, I suppose credit must be given to the legal member of the committee, J. C. Gulick. As early as the Board meeting of Feb. 22, '86, the Secretary's mode of keeping accounts had been sharply criticised (*Bulletin*, pp. 192, 216-18), and at the next or annual meeting, May 28, the Executive Committee were instructed to prepare a report showing the exact financial condition of his office. The Secretary absented himself from that meeting, on the plea of illness caused by overwork, and was represented there by J. A. Wells ("Sec.-Ed. *pro tem.*,"—a special partner in the firm of E. Stanley Hart & Co., printers of the *Bulletin*), who declared that two designated banks of Philadelphia then held League funds amounting to $4438.23 (see verbatim report, *Bulletin*, June 11, '86, p. 536, 1st col.). Though this partly allayed the suspicions aroused by the Secretary's failure to send the Division treasurers their money, the Executive were nevertheless ordered to investigate him, as aforesaid; and he there-

upon, seeing that exposure was inevitable, wrote to the President (June 16, '86), confessing "an inexplicable and inexcusable loss of $6200, whereof at least $4500 belonged to the L. A. W.; and I am left without a cent of my own to replace it with." The committee, being in doubt as to their ability to carry on a criminal prosecution in behalf of an unincorporated body, —or to collect the $3000 bonds which had been signed to it, "as a corporation," by two Philadelphians, as sureties for the Secretary's honesty,—decided to use the self-incriminatory letter as a bait for getting back the lost money, before they discharged the defaulter from his official post. By the employment of a firm of expert accountants, Vesey & Vesey, and the payment of some $750, for this and other incidental expenses, they discovered that the defalcation had at one time been about $5700; they put in operation a new set of books which would render further irregularities much more difficult of concealment; and they finally, on Aug. 31, got back the last of the missing cash. Before returning his written "confession" to the Secretary, they had a copy of it taken and sworn to (as printed in *Bulletin*, Mar. 11, '87, p. 201); and the accountants, Vesey & Vesey, also took copies from this original letter, and they publicly declared that, from their familiarity with the Secretary's handwriting, they had no question whatever of its authenticity (*American Athlete*, April 2, '87, p. 57),—though he himself denied it as a "preposterous fabrication" (*A. A.*, Mar. 19, p. 42). The accountants discovered that the net loss on 18 months' publication of the *Bulletin* had been "within $200 of $5000," despite the annual allowance of $3500 for salaries and rent, and extra grants for postage and incidentals; and they declared their inability to get from the Secretary the check-books, pass-books or checks which might show his transactions with the bank where he deposited most of the League money.

It should be noted that the funds were restored just before the stated Board meeting of Sept. 3, '86, thus allowing the committee to make a favorable report of their investigation (*Bul.*, Sept. 17, p. 298), instead of announcing the deficiency. They next worked assiduously to secure from the Secretary a legally valid bond of $3000, in substitution for the imperfect one which nominally held him; and they got it, Oct. 29, or more than a month after their first written demand had followed their verbal request. Upwards of a dozen letters were exchanged in this interval and they may be perused by whoever is curious to study the Secretary's skill as a prevaricator (*Bul.*, Mar. 11, '87, pp. 204-5); but the final phrase of the final one, dated Oct. 25, which brought his procrastination to an end, was this: "If the said satisfactory bond is not in our hands before Nov. 1, the committee will be under the necessity of removing you from the office." A similarly inexcusable delay was shown by him in obeying the recommendation made in the earliest report of the expert accountant (June 30, '86; see *Bul.*, Feb. 11, Mar. 11, '87, pp. 117, 205), that he should no longer be allowed to deposit League money in his own private bank account, or to draw checks upon it without the counter-signature of one of the Executive Committee; for the November checks were the earliest ones forwarded to them for such signature, "thereby revealing that J. A. Wells, whom we had assumed as a voluntary friendly assistant, was drawing unauthorized pay, for commissions on *Bulletin* advertisements." At the earliest committee-meeting after this disclosure (Phila., Dec. 12), "it was at first determined to demand the Secretary's resignation"; but desire to avoid public scandal—the same motive which had previously led the committee to treat him with what their critics call undue indulgence—induced them to postpone action, in the hope that at the annual winter meeting of the full Board, appointed for Jan. 17, a new Secretary might be quietly elected, and the League's good name be kept untarnished.

"Before many days, however, it became clear that such delay was injudicious, and that the Secretary should either tender his resignation, be requested to resign, or else be removed from office, before the convention met. A letter from the President to that effect brought him and Mr. Wells to New York for an interview, with the cool statement that the resignation would be offered on the condition that Mr. W. should be appointed his successor." The President having insisted on the impropriety of this, and referred the matter to the Executive Committee, Mr. W. appeared before them and "gave assurance that he would admit an unconditional resignation by the Secretary, to take effect at once,"—but in the hope that this concession would improve his own chances of appointment. On Jan. 11, '87, the President telegraphed to him: "Have received resignation. Will you accept Sec.-Ed.'s office until Jan. 17? If so, publish

resignation and appointment in *Bulletin*." That paper of Jan. 14 (pp. 30-31) printed the Secretary's letter, which was dated Jan. 1, and said the resignation was "caused by the acceptance of a very flattering business offer," and would "take effect on the election of my successor, Jan. 17,"—which limitation had not been noticed by the President when he sent the telegram. On the mere authority of this telegram, the Secretary printed a formal letter, of same date, with the President's signature attached to the following phrase: "It affords me pleasure to appoint to this responsible position Mr. John A. Wells, Chief Consul of the Pennsylvania Division, and I take this opportunity to congratulate the League on the fact that a gentleman of Mr. Wells' well-known abilities has been induced to accept the position." (*Bul.*, Jan. 14, '87, p. 31). As the President never wrote these words, they were presumably fabricated by the Secretary, who printed just below them, over his own signature, a "fraternal address to all League members," containing additional compliments for his ostensible successor, thus: "I do not doubt that the wisdom of our President's prompt choice will meet with an emphatic indorsement by our Board. Mr. Wells' acceptance of the trust assures the League that a conservative and able administration will be the result of such a choice." A more elaborate farewell address was promised for the issue of Jan. 21; but as the Executive Committee managed to regain control of their property before then, they naturally "barred the insertion of further self-laudatory effrontery and hypocritical infliction"; and on Jan. 16, when the President told the Sec. he must either resign at once or be removed, he resigned unconditionally, and Mr. Wells was appointed Sec. *pro tem.*

To explain the committee's manner of regaining control on Jan. 17, it is necessary to go back a little and say that when the Secretary's confession of defalcation put upon them the difficult duty of discovering some suitable person to appoint or elect in his place, at such time as he should be gotten rid of, they naturally turned towards the Chairman of the Racing Board. On the one hand, he was an elderly man, who had won the respect of League members by the straightforward way in which he had enforced their odious "amateur rule," that cycle racing in this country must be governed as a matter of social etiquette and pecuniary standing rather than as a matter of sport and swiftness (see p. 630), and who had had a longer experience at the business of cycling journalism than any other American (p. 525); while, on the other hand, his newly-born weekly, the *Cycle*, gave few tokens of any such financial support as might ensure its permanent prosperity (p. 665). When, however,—after gaining his consent to abandon this, in favor of the more-certain income attaching to the position of Secretary-Editor,—they bestirred themselves to secure such a number of "proxy votes" as would place his election beyond question, they found that the actual Secretary had already put out a drag-net for the capture of enough "blank proxies" to elect his own successor and "keep the *Bulletin* at Philadelphia." Aroused thus to the danger of seeing themselves triumphantly defied by the defaulter whom they had treated so leniently, they made the "combination of Massachusetts, New York and Ohio," which elected their candidate over his, by a majority of 34 in a total vote of 136. The ballot was not cast until 11 P. M. of Jan. 17, though the session began at 11 A. M.,—most of the intermediate time being spent in debating the Secretary's right to collect blank proxies from the unwary and put them into his friends' hands for voting. There were 15 such proxies rejected by the Board, 2 others because of non-residence and 2 others because sent by telegraph; and though the legalization of these 19 could not have changed the result of the actual vote (85 to 51), it might have been changed by the whole "42," which the Secretary's statement said were given to him (*A. A.*, Mar. 5, p. 11). His failure to offer 23 of these seems to imply that not enough of his partisans were present to use them; *i. e.*, the distribution of these 19 in addition to the allowable proxies seems to have brought them all up to the legal limit of "three each." On the very night of his defeat, the "Sec. *pro tem.*" made a peremptory demand for $1000, on a printing bill due his firm (which had not previously been named as urgent, but which the committee at once paid); and on the following morning he and the ex-Sec. hurried home to Phila., without attending the adjourned session of the Board, carrying with them the official papers and documents which were needed for the transaction of its business. A unanimous vote was therefore passed that they "deserve the severe censure of this Board and of every member and friend of the League, for betrayal of trusts reposed in them, for conduct prejudicial to the

League, and for malfeasance in office"; and it was later declared as the sense of the Board "that the President ought forthwith to remove them from their offices, as guilty of malfeasance,"—though he did not in fact do this until March 24. The latter resolution was seconded by "the only Representative of Pennsylvania remaining in attendance,"—for the others kept away from the adjourned session, and so did not hear the reading of the certified copy of the letter of June 16, '86, which confessed the defalcation. They had heard, however, the strong verbal protest of the ex-Secretary against the proposal to read it, at the first day's session, as supplementary to the three reports of Vesey & Vesey, accountants, which were read then. The first day's vote, that the damaging figures of these reports and the other unpleasant facts of the meeting be not given to the press, was rescinded on the second day, when the defiant withdrawal of the ex-Secretary's defeated faction had made clear that the Board must proclaim the full truth, however scandalous, as the only sure method of justifying their conduct to the general membership.

The first impulse and intention of the seceding faction, according to general rumor and belief, was to refuse recognition of the new Secretary-Editor, as illegally elected, and so "keep the *Bulletin* at Philadelphia" until an appeal could be made to the League's general membership. Nothing so foolhardy was attempted in fact, however, and the intention itself was stoutly denied,—though the actual folly of the "mass meeting of Feb. 1" made such rumor seem plausible. When the new Secretary arrived, on Jan. 19, he was put in possession of the League office, civilly if not graciously, and no special obstacles seem to have been thrown in the way of his getting control of its business. The *Bulletin* of Jan. 21, which was already in type, printed his name as editor, but said: "By request of the Executive Committee, Mr. J. A. Wells has taken charge of this week's issue;" so that the paper of Jan. 28 was really the first one under the new *régime*. It gave a condensed account of the two days' meeting and of the committee reports read then, and also printed the ex-Secretary's report, which he had not been allowed to read in advance of the election on the first day, and which he declined to read or to leave for his successor to read on the second day. The document is an interesting and valuable one (filling nine columns of nonpareil type, though some parts were omitted), and I should be glad to quote extensively from its well-tabulated facts about League membership, and its shrewd special-pleading about the *Bulletin*. In the same issue (p. 75) appeared a farewell sonnet to the ex-Secretary, which, though creditable to the author's literary ability (as well as to his goodness of heart,—assuming that he wrote before discovering the unworthiness of the object of it), ought never to have been published by the new Secretary, who was fully aware of that unworthiness. He issued four more numbers at Phila., but has since published it in Boston, at the former office of the *Cycle*, 22 School st.,—the printers being A. Mudge & Son, 24 Franklin st. "We were obliged to make a quick move to Boston, to print this *Bulletin*," he said, March 4, "for only six days before its date the firm to which Mr. Wells belongs suddenly discovered they could not print it, as expected. This is only one of many annoyances to which he has subjected us,—such as the refusal to furnish a mail-list, the demand for weekly payment of printing bills, and the attachment of all the League effects in Phila." The latter process was served Feb. 18, on the pretext of securing a claim for $572, alleged to be due for commissions on advertisements. Five or six weeks later, rather than have the trouble of a law-suit, the League compromised for $200.

Meantime, on Mar. 5, the day when the first Boston issue of *Bulletin* appeared, he announced himself as "managing editor of the *American Athlete* (P. O. Box 916, Phila.), official organ of the Association for the Advancement of Cycling, and of the Pa. and Md. Divisions of L. A. W. Published every alternate Saturday by the Am. Ath. Pub. Co., 321 Chestnut st., and entered at the P. O. as 2d class matter." In the second issue, Mar. 19, the "official organ" phrase was displaced by the following: "an independent bi-weekly journal, devoted to amateur cycling, cricket, lawn-tennis, base-ball, rowing, and other amateur athletic sports;" and in the third issue, Apr. 2, "Box 916" (long familiar to League men as the ex-Secretary-Editor's) was displaced by "Box 1228," with the remark that that person "does not have and never has had any financial interest in this paper, and that he is not and never has been our employé, either as assistant-editor, correspondent, or in any other capacity whatever." The significance of this disclaimer is connected with the fact that p. 57 of the same paper printed the letter from Vesey

& Vesey, accountants (quoted at the outset of this article), affirming that the ex-Secretary's confession of defalcation, written June 16, was copied by them July 2; and that their report of Aug. 11, '86 (read at Board meeting of Jan. 17, '87; printed in *Bul.*, Feb. 11, p. 118, 1st col.) showed the amount of it to be $5532.79. Attached to the letter was the following editorial note: "The above is as great a surprise to us as it will be to any of our readers. As the Executive Committee had all this information in their possession at the League Board meeting at Buffalo, last September, why in the name of all that is honest did they not depose him then and there, or at least place the facts in their possession before the Board, instead of making a manifestly false report. If these men have deceived the Board once, they will do so again, and the only safe course the League can pursue is to elect an entirely new Executive." Yet the first issue of this journal, only four weeks before, had devoted all save 2 of its 21 columns to attempting the defense of the ex-Secretary, and the discrediting of those who had helped to depose him! He himself filled four columns with an "affidavit" and three more with a "statement," whose conclusion was editorially promised for the second number. Instead of this, however, he printed eleven columns (Mar. 19, pp. 38-43), called a "reply to the false and libelous charges of the Executive Committee's 'Statement' in *Bulletin* of Mar. 11." The first eight columns of this were given to abusing the committee,—endeavoring to show, by an exposure of their private letters to him, that they were men of weak character,—while two columns were devoted to "an emphatic, broad denial" of his own self-incriminatory letter, unaccompanied by any reasonable evidence against its authenticity. The same issue gave 18 columns more to a stenographic "report of the mass meeting of the Pa. Div., L. A. W., at the rooms of the Phila. B. C., Feb. 1, '87, to protest against the illegal and unwarranted acts of the Board meeting of Jan. 17-18,"—the outcome of which was the publication of a verbatim report of the latter meeting (*Bul.*, Feb. 11, 18, pp. 112-22, 143-6), and of the Ex. Com. Statement and Credentials Com. Report (*Bul.* Mar. 11, 25, pp. 201-7, 242). No logical reader of these documents can have any doubt as to the fairness and wisdom shown by the League's Board, on Jan. 17, in getting rid of the officers who had betrayed it; and the singular fatuity with which a considerable number of full-grown, intelligent, well-meaning, honest and respectable Philadelphians "wrote themselves down" in their expressions at that "indignation meeting of Feb. 1" (as preserved in the cold type of its stenographic report), seems to me to rank as a psychological phenomenon. Their unaccountable simplicity in being beguiled, even a fortnight after the official accountant's grim figures ("$5532.79 defalcation") had become a matter of record, is only matched by the amazing effrontery of the ex-Secretary, in forcing the League's officers to make a public scandal of his crime. There is something bewildering and almost incredible in the choice he made, to defy them and attempt concealing the truth from their 10,000 supporters, after putting his signature to a long confession which says: "At least $4500 of this missing $6200 was money belonging to the L. A. W." "One amount of $1000 I have raised, but $4000 at least I must have at once or be forever disgraced." "I cannot longer stand." "I must have release or give it up and die."

Though the former practice of selling the League mailing-lists (at $2 to $5) was forbidden, by vote of Ex. Com., some years ago, these lists have been used in sending out the *American Athlete*, which thus boasts a "guaranteed circulation of over 10,000 copies per issue." Its nominal price is 50 c. a year, 3 c. a copy; and its 5 numbers, to Apr. 30, show 108 pp., whereof 40 pp. are advertisements. The object of its existence has not been very clear since the third issue, when the task of defending the defaulting ex-Secretary was thrown overboard as hopeless, and it will probably not last much longer. The men who saved the League from the machinations of its editor will perhaps read it while it lasts, for the sake of the spiteful slurs and innuendoes which testify to the thoroughness of their work. The intellectual feebleness which inspires this malice is shown by the pretense that the *Bulletin's* transfer to Boston "puts it under the thumb of the Pope Mfg. Co."; and that the expressed intention of League members to promote to their presidency the man who as Vice-President helped the other two members of the Ex. Com. to get rid of the defaulter, "means merely that the Pope Mfg. Co. orders the place to be given to one of its stockholders." The general carelessness and thoughtlessness which characterize much of the editing and writing in the cycling press, have likewise been shown in most of

the printed comments on this lamentable case. These chance critics have treated it as a personal quarrel between two official factions of nearly equal merit and importance; and, with a lazy dislike of investigating its merits, have flippantly declared "the whole business is a bore." Tiresome the case has been, of necessity, but there has been nothing quarrelsome about it, any more than about the conduct of judges and juries who bring other evil-doers to a halt. The struggle was an attempt of the organized wheelmen of America to maintain their official integrity; and lasting gratitude belongs to their representatives who proved that they had power to do it.

In the latest annual election of Chief Consuls (announced in *Bulletin* of Apr. 29, '87), the following new men were chosen, while the other States re-elected the ones named on pp. 627-8: VT., L. P. Thayer, W. Randolph; CT., L. A. Tracy, Hartford; N. J., J. H. Cooley, Plainfield; PA., G. A. Jessup, Scranton; W. VA., J. W. Grubb, Wheeling; VA., J. C. Carroll, Norfolk; LA., H. H. Hodgson, New Orleans; TENN., J. C. Combs, Nashville; KY., E. H. Croninger, Covington; ILL., N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago; IA., F. B. Thrall, Ottumwa; DAK., J. E. Gilbert, Mitchell; NEB., F. N. Clark, Omaha. The office of Sec.-Treas. is held by new men in 4 States, as follows: N. J., R. Pound, Plainfield; O., F. C. Meyer, Canton; ILL., S. B. Wright, Chicago; WIS. (org. Feb. 24, '87), G. W. Peck. The "official programme of the eighth annual meet of the League"—appointed for St. Louis, May 20—is an elegant 36 p. pamphlet, printed in colors on tinted paper, with 17 illustrations by artists of the Missouri Division. At that time, T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Springfield, O., will probably be promoted to the presidency, and A. B. Irvin, of Rushville, Ind., to the treasurership, for no other candidates have been mentioned. Lithographic portraits of each were issued as supplements by the *Wheelmen's Record*, May 12 and Apr. 21. To fill the places resigned by original incumbents of two offices named on p. 627, appointments have been made thus: *Tourmaster*, N. L. Collamer, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. (app. Apr. 25, '87); *Bookmaster*, A. B. Barkman, 608 Fourth av., Brooklyn, N. Y. (app. Dec. 18, '86). The latter's "Road-Book of the New York Division" (see pp. 584, 625) was published May 4, '87, and is the most elaborate and carefully-compiled work of the sort thus far issued by the League. Of its 200 pp., the tabulated riding-routes cover 144 pp. and describe 14,000 m., including no less than 11,300 m. of separate roadway, from Canada to Virginia. Details are added (12 pp.) concerning the best riding around N. Y. City, Brooklyn, Long Island, Staten Island and Buffalo (with a map in each case), the Hudson, Berkshire and the Adirondacks; and special maps are given of the Orange and Phila. riding districts. There are a dozen other pages of interesting and valuable letterpress, and twice that number given to table-of-contents and index to 1641 towns. The book is well-printed, by E. Stanley Hart & Co., of Phila.; is of the regulation oblong shape 3 by 7½ in.; weighs 5½ oz.; has flexible covers of dark green leather, and can be procured only by League members,—residents of the State receiving it free and others paying $1 for it. No wonder that, with such a valuable gift in prospect, the Sec.-Treas. was able to report, Apr. 2, "an unprecedented percentage of renewals,—1404 out of 1748,—so that, with new applicants, our present membership is 1649, or within 100 of its size at the close of '86." Deducting $389 for expenditures of the first quarter-year, he names $1544 as net assets,—from which I suppose the cost of book is to be paid. The latter's preface expresses the hope that it may be the means of swelling the membership to 3000 before the year closes.

Another signal proof of the power and wise management of the Division is shown by the passage through the State Assembly, May 2, of an act declaring drivers of bicycles and tricycles to be "entitled to the same rights and subject to the same restrictions as persons using carriages drawn by horses,"—and forbidding local authorities to enforce any repressive rules against them (for full text, see *Bul.*, Apr. 8, p. 279; *Wheel*, Apr. 1). This was formulated at the instance of the Chief Consul, G. R. Bidwell, by the Division's counsel, I. B. Potter (whose summary of "the road-law of cycling" is given in the book just named; see page 584), and introduced Apr. 12, when it went at once to a third reading. As the Park Commissioners of N. Y. City were too much absorbed in their own chronic personal wrangling over "patronage" (p. 92) to organize any opposition, it received a practically unanimous vote, May 2, and will probably become a law before their book appears. Even if they manage to stop it now in the Senate, ultimate triumph

cannot be doubtful; for the men who vote against this "equal rights bill" will be persistently advertised and "black-listed" by the many hundreds of vigorous young voters who have put their signatures to the petitions in its behalf. The latest contribution to the literature of wheelmen's rights on the highways appears in *Outing* for May, from the pen of C. E. Pratt, our earliest American student of the subject (see p. 503); and the latest grant from the commissioners of Prospect Park allows all tricyclers as well as bicyclers to use the footpaths at all hours, and also the driveways,—except two unimportant stretches; but lamps are required after nightfall. The Indiana Division's road-map of that State (scale 9 m. to 1 in.; showing an area of 90 m. n. and s., 153 m. e. and w.) was issued Apr. 8, and may be had by non-members for $1, on application to J. Zimmerman, 37 S. Alabama st., Indianapolis. It contains lists of officers and hotels, and is folded in water-proof cover. The Michigan Division's road-book is announced for May 10 (see p. 625). The League men of Illinois intend that each of the thirteen districts, into which their State is divided for representative purposes, shall issue a road-map in book-form, 3 by 5½ in., accompanied by printed briefs of the tours outlined upon it; and that each representative shall keep for reference a large-scale map of his district (*Bul.*, Mar. 11, '87, p. 208). The long-delayed general hand-book of the League (see p. 625), with 24 titles in its contents-list, was announced for distribution Jan. 28; and the Sec.-Ed. will gladly send several copies to any address, on receipt of 4 c. for mailing. Though the Jan. meeting authorized a new ed., to contain the latest rules and be sold at 10 c., no such book seems likely to appear before '88. All requests for the present pamphlet, or applications and money for membership should be sent—*not* to the address given at foot of p. 624, but—to Abbot Bassett, 22 School st., Boston, Mass.

By estimate of the ex-Secretary (*Bul.*, Jan. 28, p. 71), about 4000 uniforms were sold to League men, by Browning, King & Co., of N. Y., under a contract which seems to have been rather carelessly executed, and which, towards the last, caused much dissatisfaction, by reason of the poor quality of cloth supplied. The committee of three, who were appointed to reform the matter, advertised full specifications (*Bul.*, Apr. 8, p. 282), with intention to award to lowest bidder by Apr. 20; and they announced on May 2 its award to J. Wanamaker, of Phila., at following prices: Coat, $6.20; breeches, $4.34; shirt, $1.95; hose, 80 c.; cap, 80 c.; cloth $2.37 per yard,—all goods to be delivered free at any express office in the U. S. The contract lasts till Nov. 1, '89, and will presumably prove advantageous to the League, for the reason that its exceptional advertising value to the contractor fairly allows him to underbid all competitors. He is now ready to fill orders direct, and he will soon mail to every League man an illustrated price-list, with blanks for ordering and for self-measurement. The contract binds him to buy a special sort of dark brown "Venetian" cloth, made at the Burlington Woolen Mills, for $2.12 per yard. (I may add here, for comparison, and to correct the record of p. 635, that the cloth for C. W. A. suits is now sent out by one of the Chief Consuls,—C. Langley, 12 Front st., Toronto,—for 40 c. per yard; also that the C. W. A. treasury, on May 1, had a surplus of more than $200, after paying for the 2d ed. of its excellent road-book; see p. 636.) The League cash balance, Mar. 31, was $2744.28, with $3872.39 due for advertising. Against these total assets of $6616.67 were set $4352.58 due the Divisions and $1300.08 for all other accounts, including the month's printing,—thus leaving an apparent net balance of $964. The number of *Bulletin's* pages has been lessened and its advertising rates increased; so that during April its receipts exceeded its expenditures by almost $100. The editor insists that it will be perpetuated as a weekly, in spite of the large sums lost upon it; and he predicts a membership of 9224 on May 20, as compared with 8463 at similar date in '86, and 5176 a year earlier. The final report of the ex-editor gave a tabular view of its monthly receipts and expenditures for '86 (*Bul.*, Jan. 28, '87, p. 71), showing a total excess in the latter of $3470.91—the only month on the right-side of the column being May, with a profit of $130. He argued, however, that the deficiency merely showed that members paid 34 c. each for a weekly paper which would cost them at least $1 each if not published on the co-operative plan; and he predicted that in '87 the paper might be made self-supporting. Its original heading was superseded by a more artistic design when the fourth semi-annual volume began,—Jan. 7, '87,—but its paper and typography have both been cheapened since the removal to Boston.

The League's Transportation Committee has won two notable victories since last July, when pp. 594-6 were electrotyped. At end of Dec., the N. Y. Central r. r. issued orders that a passenger's bicycle be carried free on local trains, in place of other baggage, provided he presented it to baggageman, ten minutes before train-time, and signed a release of liability. Another important trunk-line, the Chicago & Northwestern, against which wheelmen have sometimes spoken hard words, adopted the same enlightened system in April, and regularly announces in the official time-tables that bicycles can be checked as baggage. I have also found the following additional free lines named in the *Bicycle South* (Aug., '86): Alabama Great Southern; Cincinnati Southern; Georgia Pacific; Louisville, New Orleans & Texas; Mobile & Ohio; New Orleans & Northeastern; Newport News & Miss. Valley (Va., May 1, '87), Vicksburg & Meridian; Vicksburg, Shreveport & Pacific. Several of these have been secured by C. H. Genslinger, and the latest information about Southern r. r.'s may be had on applying to him at 116 Gravier st., New Orleans. W. P. Way, of Belleville, Ont., in behalf of the C. W. A. Trans. Com. reported these free roads, Oct. 12, '86, in addition to the 7 more-important ones on p. 598: Canada Atlantic, Central Ontario, Kingston & Pemboke, Napanee & Tamworth, New Brunswick Quebec Central, South Eastern.

LONDON ASSURANCE.—I am obliged to withdraw the mild recommendation made upon pp. 642, 691, that Americans subscribe for the "C. T. C.," as the cheapest device for getting an English monthly which would tell them about foreign touring. On p. 642, I explain how its editor is the real executive chief of the concern which nominally employs him; and on p. 691 he writes himself down as a very ill-mannered person; but I had assumed he was at least an honest one,—however supercilious and autocratic,—until he gave public testimony to the contrary, under oath as a witness, "in the High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Wills and a common jury," Monday, Nov. 22, 1886. This date may properly be remembered as marking when the C. T. C. was "foundered in London,"—in contrast to "Aug. 5, '78," when it was "founded at Harrogate." The "Sec.-Ed." appeared as plaintiff in a libel suit for $1000 against the writer and the publisher of a column-article in *Cycling Times* of July 7, '85, called "The Promptings of Duty are Inexorable"—which article was chiefly given to ridiculing the pretensions of the *Gazette* as of business value to its advertisers and of literary value to its readers. This was from the pen of a certain J. B. Marsh, of the editorial staff of the *Standard*, a leading London daily; and the fact of his quarter-century's connection with the press of that city, and authorship of some 16 books, would seem to show his age as about 50. An insolent attack upon him in the *Gazette* of May, '84,—exposing a purely private "touring challenge" of his to a Boston acquaintance (J. S. Phillips, lit. ed. of *Wheelman*; see pp. 258, 656), written by agreement upon the window-pane of an Alpine inn,—led him to investigate the sort of government which thus gave an "official editor" full power to send over the world printed ridicule and sarcasm of all such C. T. C. members as might not be pleasing to him. The result was a series of six articles signed "Anti-Humbug," which exposed with unpleasant clearness the need of "C. T. C. Reform"; and, inferentially, the hopelessness of it without first getting rid of the autocrat who was making a good living out of the perpetuation of abuses. These pieces appeared in many of the cycling papers; and were followed by an attempt of their author, at a C. T. C. semi-annual meeting of Dec., '84,—the largest ever held,—to embody them in legislation, as recorded in *Gazette*. The natural failure of this attempt naturally led the "Sec.-Ed." to grow more boldly abusive, until at last he had the temerity to undertake the libel suit. Meanwhile, our Philadelphian artist, J. Pennell, had chanced to send a letter from Italy to the *Gazette*, in reproof of something which two young American riders had printed, and he closed by saying that people "did not want such exaggerated stories." The "Sec-Ed." interpolated the words, "nor the vaporings of elderly *quidnuncs*," and printed the whole over J. P.'s signature, afterwards telling him that the forged phrase was designed to apply to J. B. Marsh. Hence, as soon as the libel-suit opened, and the latter's counsel had got the "Sec.-Ed." plaintiff in the witness-box, they promptly extorted from him a confession of the forgery, and "he admitted that these words were meant to refer to Mr. Marsh, the writer of the alleged libel.

The Judge here intervened, and inquired whether it was not unnecessary, after this evidence, to proceed with the case." "Surely it was no use wasting more time over such an action."

The defendant's counsel, however, not content with this signal victory, persisted in examining other witnesses, including H. Sturmey, editor of the *Cyclist*, who testified that, as a member of the firm of Iliffe & Sturmey, "he was interested in the proprietorship of several cycling publications," and "drew commission on work introduced to Iliffe & Son." The object of forcing this admission was to justify Mr. M.'s charge of "jobbery in the award of printing contracts"; for the Iliffes print the *Gazette* and other issues of the C. T. C. (though, in notable contrast to the almost universal custom in England, and to their own custom in all other cases, they omit their imprint from the final page), and Mr. S. was a member of the "C. T. C. Council," whose rules forbid the award of any contract to a firm in which one of themselves is interested. This "jobbery" does not necessarily imply any corruption or unfair dealing in the case, but it explains why the *Cyclist*, *Bi. News*, and other publications controlled by the Iliffes (or "Coventry ring") studiously support the *C. T. C. Gazette* in the policy of "suppression, division and silence." None of those prints has ever contained the facts here related, though the *London Times* deemed them important enough to include in its law-courts reports of Nov. 23, together with the scorching reprimand which Mr. Justice Wills administered to the "Sec.-Ed." (in refusing to tolerate him longer as a plaintiff in his court), "for having indulged in the lowest and vulgarest abuse of the worst form of journalism." *Wheeling* of Nov. 24 and Dec. 1 also reproduced the remarks of the indignant judge; and I myself have taken pains to proclaim them in this country (*Bulletin*, Dec. 31, p. 635; *Wh. Gaz.*, Feb., p. 178, Apr., p. 18; *Bi. World*, Mar. 25; *Wheel*, Mar. 11, Apr. 8, 29; *Canadian Wheelman*, May, p. 75), in order to warn Americans against sending over any more subscriptions in support of the concern, so long as it continues in the control of a self-confessed forger. Faith in him, however, seems not yet to be lost by the Boston Englishman who gave the C. T. C. its first foothold in this country (p. 643), for he has just "actively resumed the duties of its Chief Consulship in the U. S.," after announcing (*Bi. World*, Apr. 1, p. 386) that, as regards the likelihood of sending the forger into retirement, he "does not believe that the decision of the club will be influenced in the slightest by the scurrilous attacks" made by Mr. Justice Wills, in metaphorically kicking him out of court, last November. *Wheeling's* leading editorial of Jan. 26—while protesting against his policy that "everything undertaken by the club should be with the idea of making money out of it," and demanding his "immediate removal from the position of editor, in which he has proved a conspicuous failure,"—likewise said: "As secretary, he is emphatically the right man in the right place, and it would be impossible to find a better one anywhere." Yet the writers of that paper are never tired of making sarcastic comments on his minor weaknesses and dishonesties,—such as his trying to palm off at a good stiff price the new badge, "pirated" from the patented emblem of the L. A. W. (p. 639), even though that body's Executive Committee were ordered, at the Board meeting of Jan. 18, '87, to protest against such discreditable appropriation of its property. The *Gazette* of Apr., '87, offers three columns of comment and testimony to prove the "marvelous popularity" of this theft, which it calls an "invention," saying: "No decision of modern times has given half as much satisfaction as that of the Badge Committee." It says, also, that the first plan of swinging this trumpery gewgaw by a chain from a bar-brooch has proved so unpopular that there has been substituted for it "a fastening of new design,"—which novelty, *Wheeling* declares, was "stolen from Vaughton."

The same paper of Mar. 16, also prepared from the misleading jumble of official figures in that month's *Gazette*, "a statement of C. T. C. finances for '86,"—similar to its tables for '85, summarized on p. 641,—showing a profit of $5257 on the sales of uniforms for $34,545, and a loss of $8500 on "the magazine in which its editor can vilify its enemies and amiable lunatics can write twaddle." The *Gazette* cost $9101 for printing and $5196 for postage (or a total, with $1000 assumed for clerical expenses, of $15,297); while its income from adv., "after deducting the Sec.-Ed.'s commission of $667," was $6809. Though adv. receipts were nearly $2000 greater than in '85, the net loss was $1670 greater. The "total expenditures in the cause of cycling" were $7.70 for danger-boards (as compared to $55 in '85), a gift of $125 to the I. C. A. road fund,

and $64 for Cotterell fund. "These accounts prove that, except as a trading concern, the C. T. C. cannot live, and, even with a large profit in this respect, the Mammoth Bluff is still losing money. The N. C. U., despite all faults, is in every way its superior,—being, by contrast, essentially unselfish, and conferring benefits upon its members and non-members alike" (*Wheeling*, Mar. 23). An adv. in the *Times*, by the "Sec.-Ed.," dated Mar. 26, and asking the Board of Trade "to incorporate the C. T. C. without the word 'limited,'" in spite of former refusal (p. 642), was quoted by *Wheeling* of Apr. 13, with the remark that neither the *Gazette*, *Cyclist* nor *Bi. News* had mentioned it, though its legal object was to warn all objectors that they must make their reasons of opposition known "on or before Apr. 25." The *Cycling Journal* of same week in commenting on the adv., said: "When S. Iueson, a former treasurer, absconded with the club's funds, he did so with impunity; because the club, not being an incorporated society, could not have prosecuted him, even if he could have been apprehended. Curiously enough, the man himself had been the earliest one to suggest the incorporation." Considering how even a man whose reputation for honesty was generally accepted would, as publisher of a monthly trade-circular like the *Gazette*, be subject to many suspicions of secretly selling out its columns to tradesman for his own gain,—the retention in such position of a forger, six months after his public expulsion from court, seems a striking sign of the slowness and apathy and low moral-tone of the sort of Englishmen who support the C. T. C. The eager indignation with which American wheelmen threw overboard *their* unworthy "Sec.-Ed.," whose defalcation had disgraced the L. A. W., seems all the more creditable by force of the contrast. Yet it is a fact that the chief upholder of the English concern in America had the assurance to address three columns of argument to them in the *Bulletin* of December 31, urging that it had some claim upon their support "because of its spirit of *unselfishness*," and that, if it is fortunate enough to retain the services of the noble "Sec.-Ed.," whom Mr. Justice Wills exposed to the world as a forger, it may finally expand into a "grand C. T. C. universal." His "scheme for international development of C. T. C." was formulated in *Bi. World* of Mar. 11, and reproduced on the first five pages of the April *Gazette*. "Working details are to be filled in later," he says, as is apt to be the custom in cases of such grandeur.

Testimony to the lower "average morality" and social standing of English wheelmen in comparison to American—as illustrated by the ability of a self-confessed forger to keep himself in command among the former, with an ease which seems surprising to the latter—was given in a letter to the *Cyclist* (Feb. 20, '87, p. 457), by J. S. Whatton,—a Camb. grad. of '84 whose biog. is on p. 544,—saying: "The N. C. U. appears curiously unable to attract the 'leisured class,' and especially so in the centers. The non-club members of it are either utterly careless of cycling politics, or they are misinformed and consequently wrong-headed." Maj. Gen. L. R. Christopher and G. H. W. Courtney were chosen to represent these non-club members on the Executive, at the annual election of Feb. 3, '87, when the votes which chose the 16 regular members thereof stood as follows: M. D. Rucker, 102; G. P. Coleman, 99; R. L. Philpot, 94; F. G. Dray, 91; G. H. Green, 91; A. Prout, 89, R. E. Phillips, 88; — F. Thomas, 89; W. J. Harvey, 88; E. B. Turner, 87; H. F. Wilson, 87; T. Pulton, 77; S. B. Mason, 71; F. Lindsay-Simpson, 71; T. H. Holding, 64; E. Sherriff, 64. The 7 names before the dash represent the only men of the old board who were re-elected,—being a minority of all,—and the 3 lowest on the list gained places there only by the throwing out of 35 proxy votes from Liverpool and Glasgow, because these were known to be pledged to 3 opponents of "amateurism," whose actual votes stood thus: F. P. Low, 41; H. Etherington, 35; J. G. Smith, 32. Among the 9 men dropped from the old board was the "Sec.-Ed. of C. T. C.," who took pains to assert that he "had received votes enough for a renomination but declined to stand," and who was formally praised by the "Sec. of N. C. U." as "a gentleman to whom the Union had been greatly indebted in many ways," though he himself was one of the lawyers that brought him to book for forgery on the memorable Nov. 22. The Sec. himself, R. Todd, on motion of his long-time censor, W. McCandlish, of *Wheeling*, "received a unanimous vote of confidence, amid

loud applause," and was re-elected with the other three officers: Lord Bury, Pres.; W. B. Tanner, V. Pres., A. R. Sheppee, Treas. The latter's "financial scheme" was adopted at a council-meeting of Apr. 21, with only 5 dissenting votes from among the 70 delegates present, while the proxy votes were also in its favor, 52 to 13. The scheme orders the Executive to incorporate the following changes in their rules: "(1) That the subscription to the Union be at the rate of $1.25 per annum for all members, the representation being at the rate of one delegate for every 25 members, and each member shall be entitled to a copy of the *N. C. U. Review*. (2) That affiliated clubs shall subscribe $2.62 per annum, and shall be entitled to one delegate on the Council, provided there be more than 10 members, but in the event of an affiliated club possessing more than 25 members, it shall have the option of appointing another delegate for every 25 members or portion thereof on payment of an additional $2.62 for every 25 members or portion thereof. (3) That Local Centers shall retain $1.37 per $2.62 of the subscription of each affiliated club, and 37 c. of the subscription of each member, and that all copies of the *Review* or agenda be sent from the head office direct to members."

The foregoing is intimately related to the fact that on Jan. 1, '87, the Anfield B. C., of Liverpool (which seems to be the most active and important riding club in Great Britain, judged by the records on road and path accredited to its exceptionally large membership), addressed to the N. C. U. Council a manifesto demanding 5 reforms, with a bold threat of secession and war in case of refusal. The document begins thus: "(1) We ask for the instant rescission of all sentences of suspension passed, not only upon riders who are suspected of 'makers' amateurism,' but also upon men who have been suspended for competing against the said riders. Our view of the matter is, that neither the N. C. U., nor, indeed, any power upon earth, can prevent riders receiving (if they so desire) from manufacturers remuneration in some shape or form for services rendered; and it is evident that great injury will be done to the sport by barring from amateur competitions men who are probably the very best and most straightforward riders in the kingdom, and who have been singled out as examples because their splendid performances have made them too conspicuous." The lesser demands are, in brief: "(2) Equal rights of the provinces with London, in the fixing and management of championships. (3) Instant repeal of the law fixing the maximum value of prizes at $26. (4) The allowing of winners to select their prizes. (5) Deletion of the rule which prevents professionals from acting as pacemakers for amateurs." In answer to this, the Sec. of N. C. U. issued a sophistical defense of "amateurism" (covering 5 columns of *Wheeling*, Jan. 26), insisting that the first demand "should be unhesitatingly rejected, as its admission would render the Union a laughing-stock among amateurs"; but he made no effort to controvert any of the logic in the *Wheeling* series (by J. R. Hogg, see p. 649) which so cleverly exposed why "amateurism" itself is such a laughing-stock among men-of-the-world; and, "from start to finish he gave not a single hint, suggestion, or admission, that his opponents could possibly be actuated by worthy motives." The angry Liverpool men, on the other hand, took no firm stand on logically unassailable ground; but proclaimed, rather, the good old hypocritical maxim that they "favored the law but were agin' the enforcement of it." In other words, they prattled against the "injustice of suspending a rider on suspicion of having violated the rule of 'amateurism,' and forcing him to actively prove his innocence,"—though the only possible chance of giving effect to any such piece of social etiquette as "the amateur law" is by resort to just this reversal of ordinary legal processes. A sufficient answer to all twaddle about "unfairness," "star chamber justice," *lettres de cachet* and the like, is the fact that no one innocent of violating "amateurism" need have the least difficulty in proving his innocence. The real unfairness lies in the impossibility of applying the rule of "suspension on suspicion" with any uniformity, or of punishing any large number of "the guilty." Hence, as *Wheeling* says, "to those behind the scenes, the collection of suspended goats on the one side and honored sheep on the other is highly amusing, and we are only sorry that Mr. Todd and his colleagues have not a keener sense of the ridiculous. If they had, they would probably soon add a sense of what was just." This lack of a sense of humor was further shown at the meeting of Feb. 3, when Mr. T., having defeated by a vote of 121 to 38 the Liverpool men's attack on "amateurism," immediately put through

a two-thirds vote to rescind the decree of the last previous meeting, Dec. 9, which had by a bare majority reduced the allowable maximum value of prizes from $52 to $26. The author of this reduction was W. McCandlish, of *Wheeling*; who thus proved anew the hollowness of the "amateurs'" assumed preference for "glory," by forcing them to show how quickly they would compel the vacillating Council to give them a larger slice of something more tangible.

Obedient to the threat of the Anfield B. C., the Liverpool Local Center of the N. C. U. was dissolved, Mar. 1, and this act represented the withdrawal of about 1000 men; the leader of whom declares that if the Council dares to go on in its avowed policy of suspension, "there will be two sets of championships fought out in England on identical days; otherwise, sport must cease to exist." These words are from his letter to *Wheeling* of Apr. 6; and the editorial comment is this: "The public may rest assured that there will be no more suspensions. Meantime, the victims selected for immolation upon the altar of outraged amateurism are to stand down from their wheels and look on at those who are in exactly the same position as themselves in some cases, and in much worse position in others, winning amateur races." The N. C. U. races are all to be run at Birmingham (May 30, July 2, 4, 23, Aug. 1), having been farmed out at a fixed sum to the owner of the Aston grounds there, who assumes all the risk. "The interests of sport appear thus to have been utterly ignored in pursuit of the one object of money-gaining, and it looks very much as though the Executive had been influenced by a desire to cement the loyalty of the Birmingham Local Center, by this exceptional favor." So says the *Cycling Journal* of Mar. 25; to which the *Cyclist* of Mar. 30 responds thus: "The fact remains that, as the C. T. C. finds its uniform department to be indispensable, so the Union, under the present circumstances, must have funds from its championships, and these funds must be a certainty." Its total income in '86 was $1725 and its expenses exceeded this by $845, exclusive of a loss of $750 caused by running the championships according to "amateurism" (see p. 648). Of its income, $225 came from racing-permits and entry-forms, and the rest from membership fees, exclusive of the half which the Local Centers retained for home use, by rule on p.648. The treasurer's estimate of Mar. 30 was that, with the utmost economy, the '87 expenses must exceed the '86 income by at least $150, while the '87 income would at the same time (under the old system) fall below that of '86 by $350 to $400,—on account of the secession of many important clubs,—a total deficit of at least $500. Whether the new scheme of increasing the fees from 25 c. to $1.25 will prove popular enough to save the Union from threatened dissolution, experience only can decide. *Wheeling's* plan of a racing register, requiring an entry fee of $1.25 from each competitor (p. 649), met with so little acceptance at the meeting of Feb. 3 that it was withdrawn without a vote; but that paper nevertheless gives its hearty support to the actual scheme of the new Executive, saying: "If it fails, the Union will surely die; and it would be a crying disgrace to the wheel craft, if we were left without any governing body at all" (Mar. 30). "With all its faults, it is preferable to the intolerable autocracy of the C. T. C.; and the latter's recent appeal to the Board of Trade for incorporation implies a design of swallowing the Union, if ever its membership gets reduced to 1000 or even to 2000" (Apr. 20). In one of several letters, urging the formation of a separate Scottish Union, the following words appear: "The N. C. U. is only national on paper, and, in reality, is limited to London and the Southern English counties. It is not merely local in its popularity, but also local in its feeling." The new managers promise, however, that, if supported, they will pay more attention than formerly to matters outside of racing. Thus, as regards repressive local by-laws they say: "If cyclists are still required to carry lights, the Executive will, as opportunity arises, seek to secure that the protection they are bound to give others shall be extended to themselves, by an enactment requiring other vehicles to carry lights."

BOOKS.—My 474th page, written in Dec., '85, says: "'From San Francisco to Teheran,' a simple reprint of the *Outing* series by T. Stevens, would make a more readable book than any existing specimens of cycling literature, even if his destruction in China should prevent the expected enlargement of it into 'Around the World on a Bicycle.'" As a matter of fact, the first

volume of the latter is to be published this May by the Scribners, of N. Y., having the former phrase as an alternative title upon each left-hand page. The pages are about 5 by 8 in. in size, and there are 547 of them, exclusive of the introductory ones containing a dedication to Col. A. A. Pope, a short preface by Col. T. W. Higginson, and lists of the 110 illustrations and of the 21 chapter-titles, which are identical with those employed in *Outing*. The frontispiece is a colored lithograph of the author, "as he appeared when riding round the world," but it is too much idealized to be recognizable as a portrait, though I believe a fairly-good one, from a photograph, appears upon a later page. Except for a few revisions and corrections, the text has not been changed from the form first given in magazine. The type is large and clear, carrying 475 words to the page (40 lines of about 12 words), so that the total does not exceed 230,000,—allowing 30,000 for space taken by pictures and blanks. There are no indexes. The price is $4, and an autographed copy will be mailed by the author himself, on receipt of that sum at *Outing* office, 140 Nassau st., N. Y. His personal profit on each volume thus sold will be four times as great as on a copy sold by his publishers through the bookstores; and these ordinary trade copies will not have the autograph. The 1st ed. in N. Y. will be 2000, and a similar issue will probably be made simultaneously in London, by S. Low, Marston & Co., from plates which were shipped to them by the Scribners, Apr. 30. Englishmen may send orders for autographed copies, through H. Sturmey, of Coventry, or directly to the author, for 16s. 6d. On the last line of my own story of his wonderful tour (pp. 473-84, 570-2), I was able to announce his safe arrival at the starting point, San Francisco, Jan. 7. The cycling clubs kept him there for a week, to enjoy elaborately-planned ceremonies of welcome; and he was lionized with great heartiness at several other points, until at last he reached N. Y., Feb. 13, where the Citizens B. C. had arranged a banquet in his honor, which was held Feb. 23, while the Mass. B. C. entertained him similarly at Boston, Feb. 25. He then accepted an engagement to edit the cycling department of *Outing*, and to continue therein the series of monthly articles, completing his adventures in Asia, which series will ultimately be republished in a second large volume. His first attempt at a book ms., "Across America" (see p. 474, where my remark about his "school days ending at 18" ought to read "14"), is not to be printed, though extracts may be occasionally used, as in the series of four pieces for *Harper's Young People*. By invitation of local wheelmen, he has delivered lectures at Scranton, Apr. 12; Brooklyn, 16th; Washington, 20th; Auburn, 22d; Cleveland, May 4; Hartford, 6th; and the success of these has been sufficient to lead to a regular engagement as a lecturer during the autumn and winter of '87-8, under the management of Major Pond, to whom should be addressed all communications on the subject, at the Everett House, Union Square, N. Y.

As I declared when Stevens reached Teheran that his adventure seemed to me "the most remarkable and interesting exploit ever accomplished by a bicycle or ever likely to be accomplished" (p. 483), and predicted that his report of it would prove "more interesting to the general reader than any cycling book in existence" (p. 655), I am glad now to make room for these two extracts from the English press, which his publishers use in heralding the actual book: "Mr. Thomas Stevens need have little doubt that the most splendid piece of personal adventure of this century will be placed to his credit. Vambéry making the great pilgrimage as a dervish, Burnaby riding to Khiva, O'Donovan penetrating to Merv—to mention only the first that come to mind, will always rank high in the annals of daring: but for the originality of its idea, the physical endurance and pluck necessary for its execution, the dangers involved in it, and its own inherent interest, this bicycle trip round the world will pretty certainly remain unequaled in our time" (*Pall Mall Gazette*). "The mere moral courage demanded of the man who essays an expedition into regions where such an outlandish carriage has never before been seen is sufficiently notable to entitle Mr. Stevens to the credit which he will no doubt obtain for his plucky exploit. No man who honors courage, pluck, endurance—no man who is capable of understanding those qualities—will feel anything but admiration for him. To circle the earth on a wheel is in itself a novelty, and as a method of seeing around one it is also a great deal more effective than any other method" (*London Standard*). I think it worth while, also, to add, as illustrative of the cheap sneers thrown out by the English cycling papers, even at the very time when the

traveler was facing his greatest dangers, the following foot-note to a letter in *C. T. C. Gazette* of Oct. (p. 414), whose writer said he had been asked, in a remote French town, "if he was the man riding round the world." The editorial forger whom Mr. Justice Wills censured, the next month, for having "indulged in the most vulgar abuse and in the worst style," improved the chance to say: "Refers to Stevens, who is carrying out an advertising ride for the American journal *Outing*." As regards that magazine itself, the following letter was received by me from its chief editor, Mar. 19, in correction of my remark on p. 660: "In Dec., '85, Col. Pope sold the controlling interest to a syndicate of New York gentlemen, and, in Feb., '87, I bought the balance of his stock. No one at present owns any share in it except the following, who form the board of directors of the Outing Co.: P. Bigelow, pres. and ed.; W. H. Schumacher, sec. and treas.; T. Stevens, C. E. Clay, C. B. Vaux, Le Grand Benedict. All of these are wheelmen except the last,—the advertising manager,—and he has a son now in college who rides the bicycle. In addition to this office staff, *Outing* is assisted by an outside body of specialists, on sporting subjects, and it is absolutely free from all connection with any manufacturing or trade interest. With every indication that cycling is once more, under T. Stevens, to take the old place of honor in its pages, we may safely predict for *Outing* a permanent career of increasing usefulness in its special field."

"Pedal and Path" (32 chapters, 250 pp., about 140,000 words, 25 or 30 engravings, price 75c.; Hartford: The *Evening Post* Association, June, '87) is the title finally adopted for the book which I have indexed on p. lxxv. as "From Ocean to Ocean on a Bicycle." Its author is G. B. Thayer (b. May 13, '53), who was a grocer's clerk at Vernon, Ct., '69-'71, then a grocer on his own account till the close of '85, and who has been employed since Nov., '86, in the office of the newspaper named,—having served it as correspondent during the tour, which he also briefly outlined in *Bulletin*, Sept. 30, Nov. 12. He rode the bone-shaker in '70-'73; first mounted the bi. in '83; rode 1047 m. in '84, incl. a day's run of 100 m. to New Haven and back; and 2564 m. in '85, incl. June tour of 175 m. along the Sound, Sept. tour of 480 m. through R. I., and Oct. and Nov. tour of 1200 m. through White Mtn's (p. 576). He had only 3 falls in '85, when he rode 1286 m. without a fall, 1896 m. in 3 months, and 801 m. in 28 days. His '86 tour began at Vernon, Apr. 10, and ended at Baltimore, after 4236 m. of wheeling, and nearly 7000 m. of r. r. and s. s. travel,—the total outlay for the entire period being only $280. He used a Lakin cyclom., a corduroy suit with leather seat, carried a knapsack on shoulders, and rode a 46 in. Expert, whose full record was thus increased to 7900 m., without putting it at all out of condition. A break in its head, on return tour in Kansas, was the only one serious enough to cause delay, and he had only 3 falls which forced him to drop the machine, and these caused him no hurt. His longest day's ride was 76 m., best stretch of riding was from Columbus to Indianapolis, and longest straightaway was from Vernon to Omaha, nearly 1900 m. He there took train to Denver, and afterwards used both r. r. and s. s. in exploring California and Oregon, and on homeward trip, as he journeyed for the pleasure of it, and not to make a "record,"—paying his own expenses and receiving no gift or stipend from any one. In this respect he differed notably from two other cross-continent riders of '86, who were commissioned by the Pope Mfg. Co. The first of these, F. E. Van Meerbeke (b. about 1865), left the N. Y. City Hall at noon of Mar. 1, and wheeled to Lynchburg, Va., 435 m., in 133 h. of actual riding; then by Atlanta, Montgomery, New Orleans, Houston, and Tucson, to Yuma (Ariz.), Aug. 18, when he reported 3313 m. wheeled in the 108 days from N. Y., and said he expected to reach San Francisco on Sept. 10. I believe he did get there then, though forced to take train at certain places on account of floods. My three letters inquiring for details never brought an answer; neither did the cycling press of '85 ever allude to his "tour from N. Y. to Denver and back," which the papers of '86 vaguely accredited him with having taken then. The other '86 long-distance man employed by the Popes was S. G. Spier (b. Nov. 9, '64), of New Lebanon, N. Y., who started from Albany June 1 and reached San Francisco Sept. 9,—adhering pretty closely to the route of T. Stevens. I devoted a day to making an abstract of the type-written copy of his daily log, but am unable to print it for want of space. I think he really covered the distance, but his mileage figures are entirely untrustworthy, though professedly taken from Church cyclom., which Salt Lake City

men report to me as out of order at that point. The *Bi. World* of Oct. 22 (p. 592) printed a "claim" from him, as having ridden 211 m. in 12 h. at Oakland, Cal., Sept. 16, and again 213 m. in 12 h. on Sept. 24; and his character is further shown by the fact that, after writing the expected puff of his 52 in. Expert as "the best," he sold puffs of other makes as "the best." A tourist who followed his trail through the Mohawk valley, a week later, has also perpetuated the memory of his boastfulness, in the second of a series of agreeably humorous sketches (*Wh. Gaz.*, Aug. to Nov.), called "From the Hub to Hoosierdom." This was P. C. Darrow (b. Mar., '61), an Indianapolis printer, 5 ft. 10 in. high, weight 140 lbs., who had ridden 800 m. on a 48 in. Star in '85, and 800 m. on a 54 in. Expert in '86, previous to June 2, when he began at Boston a homeward tour of about 950 m. in 19 days. The distance is "estimated," because his new Butcher cyclometer stopped working on the fifth day from the start. He took train, Providence to Hartford, 68 m., Cleveland to Ft. Wayne, 45 m., and boat from Erie to Cleveland; and he took his leisure all the rest of the way while wheeling. "As for loneliness," he said, "the contact with ever-varying classes and conditions of people, and ever-changing landscapes, made it impossible; but I, for one, will run the risk of being lonesome rather than being bored."

The high-water mark of English achievement in the shape of wheeling literature seems to have been reached, at the close of March, by the issue of the volume called "Cycling" (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 10 s. 6 d.), in the series known as Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes; see p. 687. It is imported at Boston by Little, Brown & Co., at $3.50 in cloth or $5 in half morocco, and their adv. says: "472 pp., illust. by 19 full-page plates and 60 woodcuts," though the text is elsewhere named as covering 442 pp., and the "phenomenally complete and copious index" 17 pp. in double-column. The 14 chapter-titles are as follows: Introductory (by Lord Bury, very generally praised); historical; riding; racing; touring; training; dress; clubs; tricycling for ladies; racing paths; N. C. U.; C. T. C.; construction; the press and literature. The last-named is the shortest and the one preceding it the longest, "covering 125 pp., from which even veterans who have watched the progress of wheels from the bone-shaker stage may derive some information. The whole volume is quite unprecedented, and forms the most elaborate and complete exposition of the sport yet issued" (*Cyc. Jour.*, Apr. 1). "It will be interesting reading to the practical cyclist; and the man who is going to cycle will find every item of information necessary at hand" (*Bi. News*, Apr. 2). "The price is higher than the general run of cycling publications, but, as the book is got up in the best style of binding, it is quite worth the money and will take its place on any drawing-room table. It is a complete compendium upon everything connected with cycling" (*Cyclist*, Apr. 13). "It is the most complete and interesting book of the kind we have ever read, and supplies a regular mine of information, and as a book of reference is invaluable" (*Irish Cyclist & Athlete*, Apr. 13). "The book is the best that has yet been issued, and is honestly worth the 10 s. 6 d. charged for it" (*Wheeling*, Apr. 20). "It is essentially English, and is meant to be. Only the slightest reference is made to cycling outside the British Isles, and even in the 'historical' chapter America is almost entirely ignored. Yet no wheelman can afford to be without 'Cycling' on his book-shelf, for this work is by far the best ever printed" (*Bi. World*, May 13). The pictures supplied by J. Pennell meet with the approval of all the critics, while those fathered by Lord Bury are as unanimously condemned. The *Cycling Journal* says the latter's "description of the mode of government of the C. T. C. is intensely amusing, fun being poked at the autocratic secretary in a good humored way, that can scarcely arouse the wrath of that official himself";—whence it would appear that the Viscount takes a more jocose view of literary forgery than did Mr. Justice Wills. Most of the hard work in compiling the volume is to be accredited to G. Lacy Hillier, ed. of *Bi. News* and of the cycling dept. of *Land & Water*, who requests that newspaper notices of it be mailed to him at 24 Beckenham Road, Penge, London, S. E.

"Wanderings: on Wheel and on Foot through Europe," by Hugh Callan (London: S. Low, Marston & Co.; about 250 pp.; illust.; 50 c.), will probably appear early in June. His biog. is given on p. 545, and he first gained notoriety in the cycling world by winning the $250 prize offered by *Tit Bits*, a London penny-paper, for the best story of adventures on the wheel,—printed Dec. 4, '86. As reproduced at Boston, in the *Cycle's* final issue, Jan. 21, it covered

a trifle more than two pages. A similar space was given by *Wheeling*, Dec. 29, to the unsuccessful narrative of A. M. Bolton (p. 549), "believed to be the only cycling journalist of the metropolis who competed"; and a comparison of the two may help to show the probable "literary standard" by which such things are judged in England. In a letter to the *Cyclist* of Jan. 5, defending his prize-piece from the charge of Munchausenism, Mr. C. alluded to the report of one of his tours as having been printed in the *Field* (Oct. 16, 23, 30; Nov. 13); and it elsewhere appears that in '85 he drove his 52 in. Challenge 1100 m. on the Continent, and in '86 1500 m. there, besides 3000 m. on British roads. His letter to me of Apr. 30, '87, says: "First part will tell of my '86 ride from Hamburg to the Ægean sea and Athens; second, of my '85 ride from Amsterdam up the Rhine to Geneva and back to Antwerp; third, of my '81 tramp in France and Belgium, when I slept in the fields and worked my passage as a sailor, after money was spent. Book is descriptive, anecdotal, historical, ethnological,—not a bare narrative, but an attempt to blend my own adventures with the spirit of the places, and to enter with a human interest into the life of the various people met on the way. As to odometers, I last year used Underwood's, because it is the lightest. It dropped off after 1400 m. were done; but the meddling of inquisitive hands doubtless had something to do with its failure."

The Iliffes, of Coventry, issued in Dec. a shilling book called "Two Trips to the Emerald Isle, by 'Faed,'—embracing a Racing Trip to Dublin and a Touring Trip to Killarney." The style is unconventional and quite free from political allusions. A half-dozen full-page lithographs by G. Moore are inserted, and there are a dozen lesser pictures in the text, which covers 58 pp., 8¼ by 6¼ in., and is accompanied by 17 pp. of adv. The same publishers, author and price are to be recorded for "The Pleasures, Objects and Advantages of Cycling," whose Jan. adv. called it "the most interesting and highly illustrated cycling work yet published." Its nine chapter-titles are as follows: Why cycling captivates; the history of cycles and cycling; my experiences of Safety bicycling; the utilitarian aspect of cycling; cycling as a pastime; cycle racing; curiosities of cycling; a charming Tandem spin; the literature of cycling. (For author's biog. see p. 534.) Late in '86, the Iliffes issued "Abridgments of Patents Relating to Velocipedes, 1818 to 1883," by R. E. Phillips (see pp. 550, 683), strongly bound in cloth, at $3; and they announce in preparation a second volume, covering the patents of the year '84, when the new act went into effect, at $2.62,—though advance subscribers, limited to 100, can be enrolled at $1.87. A cheaper edition of Vol. I. (310 pp.; paper covers) appeared in Feb., at $5.25, which was the advance subscription price of the bound copies. "Cycledom: the Christmas Number and Year Book of the *Cyclist* for 1886-7," was perhaps the most elaborate and costly amount of such material ever offered for a shilling, for it contains 114 pp., 11 by 8 in., with 15 lithographed cartoons by G. Moore, and a very ornate cover, printed in gilt and colors. The cheapness is of course explained by the 60 adv. pp. scattered through the book, besides those which are incorporated with the text of the calendars themselves. The "funny business" customary with such prints covers 65 pp., and most of the remainder is given to practical statistics, of the sort which used to appear in the "*Cyclist* and *Wheel World* Annual," such as racing records; officers, dates and uniforms of clubs; and "brief biographies of more than 150 of the men best known in cycling circles." (The latter annual's final issue was in Jan., '85, and its earlier ones continued the series begun by "Icycles" in '80; see p. 692.) An illuminated lithographic cover and a dozen wood-cuts characterize the "Christmas number of the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete*" edited by R. J. Mecredy and printed by A. & E. Cahill, Dublin (68 pp., incl. 36 adv. pp.), which sells for sixpence. The same price attaches to "Chestnuts, or the *Wheeling* Sandford and Merton, by W. McCandlish and F. Percy Low" (pub. at Christmas, '86, by H. Etherington, 152 Fleet st.), an octavo whose 50 pp. of letterpress form a narrative of 10 chapters, and are flanked by 60 adv. pp. The Birmingham weekly, *Sport & Play*, made a first attempt at a Christmas number in '86, which *Wheeling* designated as "one of the most remarkable pennyworths of the year, with its amusing skit by Tom Moore, which should be in the hands of all interested in cycling politics." "A London Physician's" pamphlet, "the Cyclist's Pocket Guide, giving practical hints for the amateur, and good advice for all" (Iliffes), was alluded to approvingly by *Wheeling* of Oct. 30; and that paper of Nov. 24 named

the following as supplied for 12 c. by the Coventry Machinists' Co., 15 Holborn Viaduct: "'A Sufferer's Experience of Rheumatic Gout,' the author of which, after having been afflicted with the disease for 17 years, and trying all sorts of remedies, was cured by tricycling."

A map of "the country west of London" (Mason & Payne, 41 Cornhill; 50 c.) was recommended by *Cyclist* of Dec. 22, as a new issue, "showing roads, footpaths, parks, woods, commons, and rails, as well as the distances and heights above the sea level," on a scale of ¾ m. to 1 in. Its size is 43 by 32 in., folding in a cloth case 8½ by 4½ in." The popularity of G. E. Young's "Liverpool Cyclists' Guide" (see pp. 556, 686) is testified to by the fact that the sixth edition, for '87, is threatened with a rival, which his former printers announce in preparation, with almost identical material (*Wheeling*, May 4). "Handbook on Training for Athletic Exercises," by W. E. Morden (E. Seale, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Hill; 25 c.), was mildly praised in *Bi. News* of Jan. 29; and "Athlete's Guide" (*Pastime* Pub. Co., 28 Paternoster Row; 25 c.), ed. by N. L. Jackson and E. H. Goodbold, was called "extremely valuable" in *Wheeling* of May 4. The second book "contains a full table of all British amateur records," and its chapter on "cycling" (by G. L. Hillier) is more complete than the former book's. A series of pictured reports of "Cycling Rambles in the Home Counties," by H. S. Watkins, was begun in the *Illust. Sporting & Dramatic News* of Apr. 30, and will doubtless be reproduced in book form. The *Bi. News* of Apr. 30 praised the neatly-printed and leather-bound club-book of the North Warwickshire B. C.,—with its chapters on cycling, touring, government and other general matters,—as superior to most of the London attempts at club literature; and it acknowledged, without approval, the receipt of a silly song, "Not the Baby but the Bicycle," pub. by S. Heard & Co., of 192 High Holborn; written by T. S. Lonsdale; music composed by C. H. Chirgwin. The *Cyclist* of Jan. 26 says: "An excellent waltz, 'the Knights of the Wheel,' has just been composed by T. Capel Seavy, who proposes to embody the badges of 30 clubs around the figure on the outside cover. Clubs desiring to be commemorated thereon should apply for particulars to the publishers, 29 Southampton st., Strand." The ed. of *Cyclist*, referring in Dec. to my quoted "review" (p. 684), says that "Miss Erskine's book on 'Tricycling' has gone through 2 eds."; also that H. T. Round's '82 book, noted on p. 687, "was the most complete and perfect annual ever issued,—but has not been perpetuated, because too big and expensive for the price"; also that the 6th ed. of his own "Indispensable" (which I name on p. 685 as appearing "late in '86") "is in press, but want of time even now, Dec. 29, prevents its completion. The '82 ed., which brought the total issue up to 16,000, has long been out of print." The same "retired naval man" who wrote the book of Scottish tours, named on p. 684, published an earlier one called "Nauticus on his Hobby-Horse," whereof no details are known to me. A writer in *Bi. News* of Jan. 15 says that the earliest book on cycling was pub. at London in 1868 by A. Davis, entitled thus: "The Velocipede and How to Use It" (see pp. 402, 688). In Dec., '86, there was issued by W. Guilbert, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, price 18.c., a list of the year's cycling championships in all European countries, compiled by J. A. Randolph, C. T. C. consul at Ghent. The *Cyclist* calls the tables "most complete."

In addition to the 5 blank-logs previously issued in the U. S. (see pp. 677-8), "the Wheelmen's Record Book, the only perfect one of its kind ever published" (100 pp.; pocket and pencil; leather cover; 70 c.), by Richwine Bros., Phila., is adv. by the *American Athlete* of Apr. 30, whose ed. offers to send it as a premium for two subscriptions to his paper at 50 c. each. "Cyclers' Tables of Shell Roads near Norfolk, Va." (20 pp., 2½ by 4 in., 10 c.), is an amateur booklet, issued in Feb. by V. P. Ellis. An adv. in *Wheel News* of Apr. 1 urged all cyclers to at once forward their names, and name and size of wheel used, to Box 595, Westfield, Ms., for gratuitous insertion in the "Wheelmen's Directory," to be issued by "the U. S. Wheelmen's Pub. Co." I found, by personal inquiry in May, that the "Co." consisted of D. L. Beldin, a printer, and H. A. Lakin (p. 527); but the only answer given to my request for size, price and publication-time of the book was this: "It will come out a good deal sooner than your own." S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, adv. in *Outing*, of Sept., '86, "The World on Wheels and other Sketches" ($1), by B. F. Taylor, a well-known journalist of that city, who has died since then; but this had even less reference to cycling than the work of same name

described on p. 680,—being simply a series of humorous observations of travel by train. A wheelmen's map of Worcester, Ms., is now distributed gratis by Hill & Tolman, cycle dealers. C. M. Richards has postponed for a year the pamphlet of "Instructions" noted on p. 678. At about the middle of Apr., the Orange Wanderers (N. J.) voted that the club should publish a pamphlet "on the advantages of good roads and the proper construction and maintenance of the same." Four works on this general subject were thus catalogued by a writer in *Bulletin* of Nov. 12: "Roads and Streets," by Law & Clark (Weale's Series, London, '61 and '77; N. Y., '67); "Roads, Streets & Pavements," by Q. A. Gillmore, Brev. Maj. Gen. U. S. A. (N. Y.: D. Van Nostrand & Co., '76); "Engineering Notes," by F. Robertson (London and N. Y., '73); "Construction and Maintenance of Roads," by E. P. North, C. E. (in "Transactions of American Society of Civil Engineering," Vol. VIII., May, 1879).

JOURNALISM.—The following is a complete list of the 16 cycling papers now published in America (May 4, '87), arranged in order of their age, with date of first number of each, names of editors and publishers, and places of issue. The weeklies are marked "w." and the monthlies "m."—the former's price being $1 and the latter's 50 c., unless otherwise shown: *Bicycling World*, w., Nov. 15, '79; C. W. Fourdrinier and J. S. Dean; B. W. Pub. Co., 12 Pearl st., Boston, Ms. *Wheel*, w., Sept. 25, '80; F. P. Prial, 23 Park Row, N. Y. *Wheelmen's Gazette*, m., Apr., '83; H. E. Ducker, Springfield, Ms. *Canadian Wheelman*, m. ($1), Sept., '83; J. S. Brierley; C. W. A. Pub. Co., London, Ont. *Bicycle South*, m., Dec., '84; H. P. Seiferth; Hunter & Genslinger, 116 Gravier st., New Orleans, La. *Star Advocate*, m., Mar., '85; E. H. Corson, East Rochester, N. H. *L. A. W. Bulletin*, w., July 2, '85; A. Bassett; Ex. Com. L. A. W.; 22 School st., Boston, Ms. *American Wheelman*, m., Aug., '85; L. S. C. Ladish; A. W. Pub. Co., 108 N. Fourth st., St. Louis, Mo. *Bicycle*, m. (12 c.), Apr., 86; L. P. Thayer, West Randolph, Vt. *Pacific Wheelman*, w., Sept., '86; Crandall Bros., 339 Bush st., San Francisco, Cal. *Bicycle Herald & Evangelist*, m. (15c.), Sept., '86; H. A. King; King Wheel Co., 51 Barclay st., N. Y. *Minnesota Division*, m., Nov., '86; E. C. Smith, Winona, Minn. *Wheelmen's Record*, w., Jan. 6, '87; G. S. & P. C. Darrow; W. R. Co., 25 Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. *L. A. W. Pointer*, m., Apr., '87; J. A. Hinman; L. A. W. P. Pub. Co., Oshkosh, Wis. *Wheel News*, w. (70 c.), Apr. 1, '87; N. L. Collamer, 47 St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C. *Oregon Cyclist*, Apr., '87; F. T. Merrill, 145 Fifth st., Portland, Or. No price is attached to the last-named, nor notice as to when the future numbers will appear; but, as it is "entered at the post office as second-class matter," such numbers seem to be intended. It has 22 pp., of standard size,—letterpress and adv. alternating,—and a profile portrait of the editor and proprietor is framed in the "O" of the heading. As regards this foregoing brief adv. of the whole American press, I urge that it ought to be given free insertion not only in every American book and pamphlet devoted to cycling, but in every trade-catalogue or price-list which any American cycle dealer may issue. "Intelligent selfishness," and "the law of reciprocation" may both be said to demand this policy (as I explain on pp. 653, 718); but I believe the only catalogues of '87 whose makers have yielded to my many printed and written arguments for granting such slight favor to the press are those of the Gormully & Jeffery Co., and A. G. Spalding & Brother, both of Chicago.

The rapid change, if not also growth, characteristic of cycling journalism, is well shown by the amount of "additions and corrections" needed to produce the foregoing list of 16 from the similar one of 12 compiled nine months earlier for p. 654. Three of those 12 have died; and none of the 3 ever seemed to have as good a field, or to show as many signs of prosperity and longevity, as must be accredited to the *Wheelmen's Record*, of Indianapolis,—the most promising one of the 7 which have sprung up within the three-quarters of a year. "Born in a job-printing office on the 6th of Jan., it began growing and expanding in a way that astonished its friends." Such is the statement of its 16th issue (Apr. 21), in announcing removal to a new office, from the original cramped quarters at 35 W. Market st., as having been forced by the swiftness of its growth. A week later, it advertised in preparation a "special number for the

League meet at St. Louis, giving in advance a burlesque account of that gathering, as a sort of souvenir" (16 pp. of illustrated text, in ornate lithographed cover); and promised for May 12 a full page lithographic portrait of T. J. Kirkpatrick, the probable next president of League. A similar lithograph of T. Stevens appeared Apr. 7, "portraits of 9 Indiana wheelmen," Apr. 21, and "cartoons" Mar. 17, and earlier. Besides these special features, wood-cuts have been interspersed in the text from the first number; and the heading itself is of a humorous sort, representing riders of various styles of wheels carrying placards on which are severally inscribed the six letters which spell the title "*Record.*" The artistic features of the paper are by P. C. Darrow, who enlivened with similar pictures the report of his long '86 tour (in *Wh. Gaz.*; see p. xcviii.); and I wish here to praise that same report as one of the very few sketches known to me for really reproducing in print the humorous experiences of the road, without any strained and tiresome attempts at wit or smartness. His brother, G. S. Darrow, is the chief working editor, while C. F. Smith attends to the advertising. The page is of standard size and enclosed in a cover whose color varies from week to week. The *Record* firmly upholds the League; and, in addition to representing the same in its own State, has arranged with the officers of the Illinois Division that subscriptions from members thereof shall be accepted at the reduced rate of 75 c., in consideration of the officers' supplying their earliest official news to the *Record*. (Those officers, on Nov. 21, arranged to use as "their organ" the Sunday issue of a Chicago daily, the *Inter Ocean*, in return for its devoting a regular column to cycling affairs; and the *Sporting & Theatrical Journal* then dropped from its heading the "*and Western Cycler*," which it had assumed when appointed to the organship, July 3, '86; see p. 672). The *Record* aims to be light and amusing, and it at least reaches near enough to that ideal to possess a character and flavor of its own. It shows more care than any other cycling print yet produced west of the Alleghanies.

The *Wheel News* is "devoted expressly to touring," its ed. being the League Tourmaster, and the size of its 8 pp. is 9 by 6 in. The *Pointer* and *Division* are State organs of the League, as shown by their titles. The *Pacific Wheelman* is of same size as *News*,—the issue of Tuesday, May 3, being the first one that came to me in that shape, and with new editors' names and doubled price. After a half-year as an 8 p. monthly, it changed to a 4 p. weekly, and thus appeared with an ornamental heading, from Mar. 5 till April 9 or later. During all this time, its price was 50 c., its publication office 1029 Market st., and its "editors and proprietors," T. L. Hill, D. W. Donelly, F. R. Cook and S. F. Booth, jr. It is the "official organ of Cal. Div. of League,"—the *Ingleside*, named on p. 661, having died. The *Bi. Herald* is an adv. organ of the King Wheel Co., of N. Y. (incorp. Nov. 24, '86), and its ed. is Rev. H. A. King, of Springfield, Ms., pres. of the company and inventor of the King safety bicycle. Its circulation is based upon the mailing-list of a local revivalist and temperance paper called the *Evangelist*, which had a post-office registry for second-class rates, and most of its matter is designed for *Evangelist* readers. It does not appear to exchange regularly with the cycling editors, and I have received no copy save the first (Sept.); but I have heard of 2 or 3 later ones, and the current adv. of the K. W. Co. still says that it will be sent for 15 c. a year by the sec.-treas., A. J. King, 51 Barclay st., N. Y. Prosperity seems to have been won by the *American Wheelman* (whose "pub. co." is said to consist of L. C. S. Ladish, J. S. Rogers, L. Gordon and E. L. Stettinius), for its May issue contains 18 pp. of adv. and 12 of text,—well-printed in the reformed style mentioned on p. 672, —though the rumor there given of its absorption of the *Bi. South* was not correct. I think that paper is still issued, but no specimens have reached me since Aug., and I name its editor on authority of a note in *Bulletin* of Sept. 3, correcting thus my statement of p. 670, that S. M. Patton was to be its ed. I gladly correct also my assumption of p. 671, that the Smith Mach. Co. gave more support than all other patrons to the *Star Advocate*,—the neat little monthly which fills so well its chosen function of vigorously proclaiming "the Star,"—for its editor declares that only until recently, when the Smithville people purchased a paid adv. at regular rates, has he received any help at all from that quarter. The 7th issue of the *Vermont Bicycle*, in Oct., '86, changed its first rude shape (see p. 672) to 16 pp. of standard size and improved typography, but in Jan. it went back to the old form and dropped "*Vermont*," which was the only distinctive thing in its title. The not expensive rate of 12 c. a year (dating from Apr., when 2d

vol. began) is explained by the fact that most of the type is first used for the *Herald & News*, issued by the same editor, who has just been chosen as chief consul of the League in his State.

The *Bi. World* celebrated the opening of a new volume, May 6, '87, both by moving to a new office where it can do its own printing, and by returning to the former double-column typography, which I mentioned on p. 663 as looking better,—also superseding the head of Aug. 7, '80, by a neater one of style similar to the earliest, but more artistic. Oddly enough, it makes a historic blunder by inserting in the head, "Founded 1878," for the real date was Nov. 15, '79 (see p. 662), while the first issue of *Am. Bi. Jour.*—whose "good-will" the *B. W.* bought, while disclaiming the lineal successorship—was dated Dec. 22, '77 (see p. 655). The last gasp of the *B. W.'s* "archery" offshoot, which I have described as absorbed by *Recreation* (pp. 663, 668), was given when that luckless journal died, quite appropriately, in the office of the *Wheel*, where it was born, as *Amateur Athlete*, Apr. 4, '83,—the final issue bearing date of Nov. 26, '86. Its owners, the "Cyclist Pub. Co.," sold the corpse, Nov. 29, to the *Wheel's* owners, the "Cycling Pub. Co." (mentioned incorrectly on p. 667, as having "made its last appearance"), which was then reorganized (J. W. Barnes, pres.; F. Jenkins, treas.; W. N. Oliver, N. M. Beckwith, G. M. Huss, W. S. Bull, H. A. Smith, stockholders), and which at once leased the *Wheel* to F. P. Prial, its present editor and publisher, at a rental representing a certain percentage of the capital stock, with privilege of perpetual renewal. Though he had done most of the editorial work from Apr. 21, '85 (p. 666), his name was first printed as ed. Sept. 3, '86; and when "pub." was first added to it, Dec. 3, he reduced the price to the standard $1 rate, though "$2" had been named during the 8 weeks preceding, on account of some trouble with the Am. News Co. On May 6, he changed his office to 23 Park row, and at same time transferred the printing from 12 Vesey st. to B. W. Dinsmore & Co., of 12 Frankfort st., who were employed in '83-4. Pagination was resumed, after long disuse, when the 6th year began, Oct. 1, and the 33 issues from then to May 13 show 468 pp. A "Southern Department" was begun May 4, under N. L. Collamer, of Washington, ed. of *Wheel News*; and the more frequent employment of brevier type allows its editor to proclaim it as "the largest of the weeklies." At the age of 8 months (Dec. 3; see p. 665), the *Cycle* gave a significant sign of distress by dropping the price from $1.50 to 75 c.; and when the Jan. 21 issue announced its "ceasing to exist," because of ed.'s promotion to management of *Bulletin* (p. lxxxvi.), its small sub. list was sold to the all-swallowing *Wh. Gaz.*, of Springfield. As for the unborn papers, a Washington cor. of the *Wheel*, Mar. 4, said "the *Wheel Age*, a 2 c. monthly representing a club of scientific riders and writers," would appear there within 6 weeks; but on Mar. 25 he reported a postponement, "though enough capital has been subscribed to run the paper for a year." The *Am. Wheelman*, of Apr., says a bi. journal is about to be started by the riders of Oakland, Cal.; and another reporter (*Bul.*, Dec. 17, p. 590) said he had "pretty good authority for believing that Kansas City, Mo., would soon have a cycling weekly, managed by H. G. Stuart."

The most notable addition to the British journalism of the year is the *Wayfarer*, a quarterly magazine issued by the well-known London publishers, Chatto & Windus, of Piccadilly, in behalf of the editorial committee of "the Society of Cyclists," which was established in the early part of '85, with these avowed objects: "The development of cycling, and its application to the promotion of studies in literature, science and art." I quote from an official leaflet, which names a governing council of 24 (including 2 clergymen and 3 physicians) in addition to these 3 officers: Pres., B. W. Richardson; treas., M. F. Cobb; sec., A. W. Blyth. The latter may be addressed at the society's rooms, 9 Conduit st., W., where monthly meetings are held, from Oct. to May, when "new inventions are exhibited and papers of interest to cyclists read and discussed." Admission to the society is by three-fourths vote (6 black-balls to exclude in any case), and its annual fee of $5.25 entitles each member to the *Wayfarer*, whose price to outsiders is $1. Tickets admitting visitors to the meetings may be had on application to any member or to the secretary. Corresponding members pay an entrance fee of $5.25, but no annual dues, and they can take no part in the election of members or officers. No officer can hold his place for more than three consecutive terms; and "the 8 councilors who have attended the fewest council-meetings during their year shall not be eligible for re-election until after the lapse of a year."

"The council shall meet as often as business shall require; and any 3 of the 27 councilors shall be a quorum." Women are eligible to membership; and the expulsion of a member requires a two-thirds vote, after its recommendation by the council. The evolution of the society from the "Tricycle Union" has been detailed by me on p. 647; and an account of its "first annual congress," which is there alluded to, covers much of the *Wayfarer's* first issue (Oct., pp. 118), while its second (Jan., pp. 86) contains upwards of a dozen papers read at the various monthly meetings, on such subjects as "Tricycles for the Police," "Norway as a Field for Cyclists," "the Essex Route to Kent," and "Druidical Remains at Abury." The latter is by the "secretary of the editorial committee," J. B. Marsh, the same "elderly *quidnunc*" whose "vaporings" proved so distasteful to the "Sec.-Ed. of C. T. C." as to lead him to forge the signature of J. Pennell, in order to effectively denounce them (see p. xci.). J. P. himself is one of the society's council, and will doubtless be glad to recommend the names of American acquaintances who may wish to become corresponding members.

Inferior typography and paper characterize the *Cycling Budget* ("a domestic and cycling journal, for news topics and leisure hours; editors, Ixion and Thalia; manager, Wm. Bolton"), which has been issued every Wednesday since Dec. 14, '86, at 170 Strand. The latter half of its 16 pp. (12 by 9½ in.) is given to "reprint matter" of the sort which American country papers use for padding, and the greater part of this seems to have originated in America,—Burdette, Bill Nye and other familiar names being quoted in the only two specimens I have seen, Mar. 2 and 9. The adv.'s are all restricted to the orange-colored cover. *Wheeling* of Mar. 2 was "requested to state that T. C. Heath (editor) and H. H. Griffin are no longer connected with the *Cycling Budget*." Mr. G. was mentioned on Nov. 10 as having ceased to supply the "club chronicle" for *Bi. News*, and having terminated all connection with the Iliffes (see p. 690). White letters on a black background characterize the heading of the *Cycling World*, "an illust. weekly newspaper for wheelmen, edited by J. H. Akerman," and pub. on Wednesdays at 158 Fleet st., beginning Mar. 9." The ed. was formerly connected with the *Cycling Times* (which H. A. Barrow, wrongly named on p. 689 as "proprietor," has also left), and he says "the writers who have joined in the venture have already made their names in connection with the journalism of the sport,"—but he does not announce them. The only "illustration" I find in the first issue is a cut of a tricycle. The adv.'s cover the outside 4 of the 16 pp., of standard size, and the price is a penny, as in case of all the London weeklies. The choice of *World* for a title was made possible by the discontinuance, in Dec., of the Iliffes' *Wheel World* (see pp. 654, 690), in favor of "Olympia" (price 12 c.), which they began, in Jan., "to command the broader field of all outdoor sports," after the fashion of *Outing*; though they still adv. it as "the cyclist's monthly magazine," and the wheeling contributors continue to predominate. H. A. Judd ceased to edit and A. J. Wilson ("Faed") ceased to contribute to *W. W.*, a month before the transformation; because, with the issue of *Tricycling Journal* of Nov. 12, H. A. Judd & Co. were announced as new owners, with A. G. Morrison (pp. 535, 690) as a third member of the ed. staff. The office was at once changed from Hammersmith to 181 Fleet st. (pp. 654, 691), the typography was improved, and an artistic heading was added,—the latter being thrown off, Mar. 25, when a change of name was made to *Cycling Journal*. Since then the words, "edited by H. A. Judd" have figured at top of outside page. The pink cover and "landscape heading" of the *C. T. C. Gazette* have been replaced in the current volume by a blue cover and a neater design, giving prominence to the new badge "pirated" from the L. A. W.

After an inspection of advance pages of my "literature" chapter, the ed. of *Cyclist* sent me the following corrections (Dec. 29, '86): "The old *Bicycle Journal* (p. 689) did not appear until '77, a year later than *Bi. News*, for it sprung from the annual, instead of giving rise to it. *Wheel Life* (p. 690) was a failure, because its editors did not secure the public taste. The *Tricyclist*, on the contrary, always paid its way. The amalgamation has proved a big success,—the *Bi. News* now circulating within 2000 copies of the *Cyclist*, and increasing weekly. Its cartoons knocked the *Wheeling* 'art supplements' (p. 693) into ridicule. Your quoted par. from *B. N.* introduction (p. 694) was really written by W. McC. and not by G. L. H., as implied. Your implication (p. 549) that I purposely left out the 'Star' from my list of safety bicycles, because

it is American, is also wrong. The oversight was mainly because the Smith Mach. Co. failed to fill out my blanks for details, and hence it got overlooked. This is proved by the fact that several of the patented parts are described in my first chapter. I would also remark that I was the first English journalist to take any note of American doings whatsoever."

As every loyal Englishman wishes this year to help celebrate the "jubilee," or completed half-century of Queen Victoria's reign, the *Cyclist*, of Dec. 22, called upon the wheelmen of the kingdom to subscribe for a "jubilee life-boat fund," and the responses, up to May 4, have been $1296. As the boat and house cost $5000, and the boat alone $3250, the proposed memorial seems likely to be incomplete; but the sum actually raised makes a very creditable showing for the editor's energy. Similarly, the *Bi. News*, of Mar. 19, called for help in buying artificial limbs for a legless sailor, J. McIntosh, who had driven a tricycle from Dundee to London in 20 days, and was able to announce $94 collected on Apr. 2. That paper of May 7 gives a page to tabulating its circulation for 53 weeks, showing a growth from 3650 to 7050 copies, which it calls "a larger proportionate progress for the 12 mos. than that of any other cycling journal, and a larger actual circulation than that of any other except the *Cyclist*. We believe that, within 3 mos., our issue will exceed 10,000." As between the two Coventry prints just named, I can express the opinion, after a 4 months' perusal of both, that Americans will find more to interest them in the *B. N.*, despite its hostile tone towards this country (p. 695). November report mentioned A. C. Harmsworth, as its actual managing editor at the Coventry office, though his name is not printed in the paper. A recent token of its unfairness was a refusal to publish the report of A. J. Wilson of the *Tricyclist*, exonorating the Springfield B. C., from the charge of "falsehood" raised by the *Cyclist*, when the club announced, in Oct. (as a justification of its advertising the presence of well-known English "amateurs" at its Sept. tournament, who in reality failed to appear there), that it possessed letters of leading English firms, contracting to supply those "amateurs" at a stipulated rate. The *Cyclist* challenged the club to produce those letters for some well-known Englishman's inspection; and they were therefore submitted to Mr. W., with the result stated. All the other cycling papers printed his report and said it justified the honesty of the Springfield B. C.,—but the *Cyclist* kept quiet until, on Apr. 13 (p. 636), it was forced it make a halting apology for "refusing to print stale news"; but it did not squarely retract the false charge. As regards the "Coventry ring" publishers, I may remark that they were quick to see the force of my printed argument on p. 719, and put their papers on file with me for indexing, rather than allow *Wheeling* to exclusively get the benefit of my quotations and credit-marks. The *Cyc. Jour.* and *Ir. Cyc. & Athlete* have also adopted the same "inteiligently selfish" rule towards me, which *Wheeling's* publisher was shrewd enough to adopt at the outset of my round-the-world enterprise. A recent token of English appreciation of that shrewdness is the publication by the *St. Stephen's Gazette* of a portrait of H. Etherington, "manager of the Sportsman's Exhibition," accompanied by biographical sketch, which latter was reprinted in *Wheeling* of May 4. The founder of the *Bi. News*, B. Clegg, died Apr. 28.

In correction of my Aug. list of papers on p. 654, I may say that No. 21 should have been named as *Irish Athletic & Cycling News* (see p. 695), with J. L. Dunbar as ed. and prop. It is an offshoot of the *Irish Sportsman*, and I believe P. B. Kirwan is a leading writer for it. R. J. Mecredy became ed. of *Ir. Cyclist & Athlete* in Dec., when it was changed to a weekly, and in Mar. he bought it, in company with his brother, A. Mecredy. Its price is 2 c., and office is at 49 Mid lle Abbey st. Its latest page, May 4, is numbered "2664," and its general appearance is prosperous. Under its title is a list of some two dozen clubs, of which it is the "official organ," beginning with the I. C. A. (whereof its editor is sec.), and ending with the Irish Rifle Association. Special "club organs" are not unknown in England,—the *Cyclist* of Apr. 6 mentioning with praise the *Centaur Gazette* of Birmingham, as having attained to "No. 25, Vol. IV."; while *Wheeling* acknowledged the arrival of "the *Wheel*, for Sept., monthly journal of the Lonsdale B. C., Mr. Calvert, editor," as long ago as Dec. 3, '84. In '84, also, the *Cycling Mercury* was leading a life of its own; and perhaps the date of its absorption by the *Scottish Umpire*, in whose heading it now forms a sub-title (see p. 695), is marked by the date of the latter's new series,—the current issue of which, Apr. 26, is "No. 141, Vol. VI." The publica-

tion office is at 25 Jamaica st., Glasgow. *Quiz*, a comic paper of that city, has just introduced a cycling column. *Southern Athletics*, a monthly of cycling, was begun last Nov., at Lewisham.

An amalgamation, in Oct., of two of the French journals described on p. 699,—the first a weekly dating from Mar. 5, '85, and the second a semi-monthly dating from Jan., '85,—has resulted in the *Véloce-Sport et le Véloceman Réunis*, weekly, of Bordeaux, owned and edited by Jean de l'Arieste, founder of the former. The first number of a new paper at B. was mentioned as inferior to this old one, by the Fr. cor. of *Wh. Gaz.* for Nov., but he did not tell its name. In Dec., M. de l'Arieste made a vigorous protest against allowing the title "official organ of the Union Vélocipédique" to be conferred upon its hated rival, the *Revue du Sport Vélocipédique* (Rouen : 84 Vicomté st.) whose "spirited pictures" were praised by *Cyclist*, Apr. 27, and whose "Almanach Illustré de la Vélocipédie, 1887" (15 c.), was thus noticed by same paper, Dec. 22 : "It is better than the three earlier eds., and consists almost entirely of short tales, interspersed with jokelets called 'coups de pédales.' The best of its pictures are reproductions of the Stevens series in *Outing*." The long name of the Rouen paper suggests that the two described on p. 698 have been combined; but I'm not sure of the fact. As for the *Maandblad*, which began in Apr., '84, as "official organ of the Dutch Cyclers' Union" (p. 700), its issue of Apr. 1, '87, is called the *Kampioen*, by *Wheeling*, as if the old title had long been disused. The true German name of what is called the *Steel Wheel* on p. 700, is the *Stahlrad* (Frankfort : Th. Weber, ed.; 16 pp.; $1.25), pub. 5th and 20th of each month, at 3 Buchgasse. At Nuremburg, on the first Sunday in each month, Carl Lutz, ed., of Mohren st., issues the *Deutsche Radfahrer* (begun in '85; 8 to 12 pp., $1.50), "official organ of the 'Allgemeinen Radfahrer-Union,'" which seems to be a self-styled "universal" rival of the more important "Deutscher Radfahrer-Bund" described on pp. 651, 697. Vienna has two new fortnightlies : *Radfahrer-Zeitung* ('85; D. Habernal, ed.; 3 Fürichgasse; 12 pp.; $1) and *Radfahr-Sport* ('86; A. Von Szabo, jr., ed.; 5 Löwengasse; 16 pp.; $2). The *Cyclist* of Feb. 22 mentioned the starting of still another German paper,—a "universal" one,—*Allgemeiner Anzeiger für Radfahrer*. The *Velocipedist*, Munich, and *Velocipedsport*, Berlin (p. 697), were both flourishing at close of '86. The latter is pub. by A. Paritschke (97 Zimmer st.; $1.50), and he also issues "Illustrirter Radfahrer-Kalender 1887," at 25 c. I take the foregoing from 5th ed. of "Radfahrers Jahrbuch" (Berlin : T. H. S. Walker, 87 Zimmer st.; Dec., '86; 230 pp. and 40 adv. pp.; 25 c., see p. 697), at whose office are pub. the three following : (1) "Tourenbuch," for Germany, Holland, and parts of Switzerland, Austria, France and Denmark, by J. M. Dumstrey, Tourmaster of German Wheelmen's Union; (2) Nachlese aus dem Radfahrerleben" (Gleanings from a Wheelman's Life), by J. M. Dumstrey, illust. by Max Rendschmidt, Oct., 86, $1.37; (3) "Das Kunst- und Saalfahren beim Radfahr-sport," by R. Höfer, of Leipzig, 25 c. Four others are also catalogued : "Das Dreirad (The Tricycle) und seine Bedeutung als Verkehrsmittel für Jedermann," by Otto Ekarius, M. D. (Hamburg : G. C. Temps, 59 Neuerwall; 37 c.); "Liederbuch für Radfahrer," by the Ellwangen B. C. (songs, 3d ed., 30 c.); "Touren- und Fahrtenbuch," for Alsace-Loraine and Baden (Strasburg : F. Breunfleck & C. Wester; 55 c.); "Wegweiser für Radfahrer," along the Rhine (M.-Gladbach : O. Weber, 13 Wilhelm st.; 75 c.).

At the close of '85, the largest year's mileage recorded in America was J. D. Macaulay's (Louisville; 6573 m.; see p. 527), who rode every day of that year; while the largest mileage in the world was E. Tegetmeier's (London; 10,053 m. in 230 days of '83; see pp. 531, 558). Hence, when the *Star Advocate* of Mar., '87, printed a letter from A. B. Norton (b. Apr. 2, '66), manager of the telephone office at Westfield, Ms., describing how that—between Mar. 5 and Dec. 30, '86—10,706¾ m. had been recorded by his Lakin cyclom., attached to a 48 in. l. r. Star, the case seemed to me worth investigating. In a talk with him, at the opening of May, I convinced myself that his cyclom. had really registered the said mileage, and that he believed in its accuracy, as proved by occasional comparison with known distances. Unfortunately, as he kept no sort of log, except a mere mem. of the date when each 1000 m. ended, his figures cannot be accepted as authentic by those who distrust that special make of cyclom., or who re-

fuse to allow any mileage record which is not written down daily, no matter by what means measured. All the circumstances, however, favor the theory of his having actually covered the distance. Though nominally employed by his father as book-keeper and collector, he had a great deal of time at command; and he was enthusiastic to demonstrate the superiority of his new Star (having ridden a 51 in. in '85, and an ordinary in '84), by doing better than the Westfield bank clerk who rode 5000 m. on an ordinary during 6 mos. of '85 (p. 527). The successive thousands of miles were finished at the following dates, the enclosed numerals signifying elapsed days, though no riding was done on some of them: 1st, 43, Apr. 14; 2d, 21, May 5; 3d. 24, May 29; 4th, 22, June 20; 5th, 22, July 12; 6th, 43, Aug. 28; 7th, 20, Sept. 13; 8th, 25, Oct. 8; 9th, 16, Oct. 24; 10th, 17, Nov. 10; then, in 50 days to Dec. 30, 706¾ m. From July 12 to 27 he did no riding, on account of break in machine, and on certain rainy days he rode perhaps 300 or 400 m. under cover. His best straightaway spin was from Hartford to Springfield, 27 m. in 2 h. 10 min. (beating record by ½ h.), and his longest day was 125 m., Oct. 22, in 9 h. of riding,—4 to 7 A. M., 9 to 12 and 3 to 5 P. M. His rides were by no means confined to the concrete walks of W. but extended to S., Holyoke and Northampton and were generally taken alone.

The prize of a $25 gold-plated cyclom., which had been an inspiring cause of his activity, was awarded by Lakin & Co., to a 15-year old school-boy, G. J. Loomis, riding a 52 in. Victor (p. 527), who made the preposterous "claim" of 13,498 m., without offering a particle of evidence to support it,—not even giving the dates when the alleged thousands were finished. He kept the face of his cyclom. carefully hidden,—but Mr. N. managed to take two readings of it, Oct. 13 (evening) and 19, and the "record" for these 5 days was 996 m.! Yet the Overman Wheel Co. have advertised this wretched fraud as a great triumph for their mechanism; while another Westfield school boy of same age, named Emerson Burt, who similarly "claimed" 10,002 m., on a 42 in. American Ideal, was rewarded by the Gormully & Jeffery Co. with a new 46 in. bi. As I have reproved the Pope Mfg. Co. for giving countenance to an unverified "estimate of 11,000 m. in 14 mos." (p. 526), so here I protest again against these other firms taking such action as helps bring all honest cyclometers and record-keeping into disrepute. The "claims" of these two children are utterly farcical; but the Overman Co. might well have proclaimed the undoubtedly authentic '86 record of 8087 m. by A. B. Barkman (p. 530), who thus won the Brooklyn B. C. medal, for he rode all but the first 433 m. on a Victor. Second only to this, stands the "Star" record of 7451 m., Mar. 27 to Dec. 26, '86, by W. W. Sheen (b. June 17, '66), of Quincy, who tabulated each day's mileage in *Wh. Gaz.*, for Mar. Space forbids my printing details of either case. I also regretfully omit an account of one of the most notable tours of '86, taken by a trio of the New Orleans B. C.—A. M. Hill (b. Sept. 13, '47), a jeweler at 116 Canal st.; C. M. Fairchild (b. May 23, '65), and H. W. Fairfax (b. Aug. 11, '66). They left N. O. on Apr. 25 and reached Boston 30 days later, after having ridden their bicycles 1237 m., walked 319 m. and taken to trains for 237 m. (See Mr. H.'s four articles in *Bulletin*, Oct. 29 to Nov. 19.)

The following table is from a little pamphlet issued in '81 by H. S. Livingston, of Cincinnati, to accompany his "perfection cyclometer," which is no longer in the market. Short distances may readily be measured by bearing these figures in mind, and disregarding the fractions as unimportant. It may be well to remember that ¼ m. is 440 yards, and ½ m. is 587 yards.

Diameter of Wheel.	Circumference of Wheel.	Revolutions of Wheel to the Mile.	Distance Made in				
			100 Rev.	1000 Rev.		10,000 Rev.	
Inches.	Inches.		Yards.	Miles.	Yards.	Miles.	Yards.
46	144.5136	438.44	401	2	404	22	1422
48	150.7968	420.17	419	2	669	23	1408
50	157.08	403.36	436	2	843	24	1393
52	163.3632	387.85	454	2	1018	25	1379
54	169.6464	373.48	471	2	1192	26	1364
56	175.9296	360.14	489	2	1367	27	1349
58	182.2128	347.73	506	2	1541	28	1315
60	188.4960	336.14	524	2	1716	29	1320

MAY FOURTH, 1887.

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF PRELUDE AND GETTING-READY, KARL KRON THUS TO HIS THREE THOUSAND CO-PARTNERS GIVETH GREETING:

I like the Preface, as you are aware
It serves the purpose of the overture,
Which settles down the audience to the glare
Of foot-lights, and the altered temperature;
And, while they wait to see the curtain rise,
They think but little of the music's swell;
So that the play give naught to criticise,
They clap their hands and tell us "All is well."

Again, the Preface gives a man a chance
To show his readers what he's going to do;
To so point out his failings in advance
That they may be forgiven on review;
To get his pen used to the ways of verse;
To get his rhyming-lexicon before him spread
To nerve himself, for better or for worse;
And then, at last, to boldly go ahead.

My time has come! My overture's played out.
Already do I hear the tintinnabulating bell.
The rising curtain and expectant shout
The nearness of my fate at length foretell.
So, Good-bye, Preface, Indexes, and all!
Farewell, Old Sub.-List, with your frowns and smiles!
Here now 's the pinch! Hear now my clarion-call:
"*Come! thirty thousand purchasers for* 'X. M. MILES'!"

TEN THOUSAND MILES ON A BICYCLE.

I.

ON THE WHEEL.[1]

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," without a doubt. But, when the solitary wayfarer journeys through those woods afoot, he must expect to derive that pleasure wholly from the natural objects around him: he cannot count on gaining any from communion with his fellow-man. His fellow-man is, in fact, much inclined to fight shy of such solitary wayfarer whenever he ceases to view him with absolute indifference, for nothing picturesque or attractive attaches to the casual pedestrian plodding slowly along his chosen path, and even the very name of "tramp" has come to carry with it the notion of something disreputable or dangerous. In the view of the average American householder, a stranger tramping along the public highway must be either a poor man in search of employment, or a book-agent or a patent-rights hawker or some other variety of the peripatetic peddler, or else he must be a professional vagrant and thief. In any case, he is a person whom it is advisable to keep at arm's length and to favor with civilities of only the briefest and most formal description. He is an essentially commonplace and uninteresting object, whose room is much better than his company. Acquaintance with such a one can presumably yield the householder neither pleasure nor profit, and is more likely to result in discomfort and loss. Good-day to him, therefore, and good riddance.

When the solitary wayfarer glides through the country on top of a bicycle, however, his relations to his human environment are absolutely altered. The Frenchmen of old, to whom must be accorded the ultimate credit for rendering possible this modern mechanical marvel, might well exclaim, "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" Mounted on a four-foot wheel, which sends him spinning swiftly and noiselessly o'er hill and dale, the whilom tramp is transformed into a personage of consequence and attractiveness. He becomes at once a notable feature in the landscape, drawing to himself the gaze—and it is usually the admiring gaze—of all whose eyes are there to see. His fellow-humans ignore or avoid him no longer. Gentle or simple, they all recognize in him the representative of something novel and remark-

[1] From *Lippincott's Magazine*, June, 1882, pp. 576-587. Reprinted in *The Wheelman*, December, 1882, pp. 170-179.

able. He is the center of universal curiosity and comment. His presence illustrates a fresh triumph of mind over matter. All creatures who ever walked have wished that they might fly; and here is a flesh-and-blood man who can really hitch wings to his feet. That is the one touch of nature which makes the whole crowd kin.

The deprecatory remarks often addressed to that large body of Americans who make the tour of Europe without any preliminary travels of importance through their own country may seem rather plausible at first blush, but whoever looks below the surface of things will quickly discover the injustice of such reproaches. The tourist who goes abroad gets a great deal more for his money than he could possibly get by traveling an equal distance at home. This magnificent country contains without doubt many notable natural objects which are well worthy of the inspection of its natives as well as of foreigners; and the foreigner has as an additional motive for traveling here the outward life of the people, which he can compare instructively with the similar manifestations made in the mass by the life of other nations. But the cities of the United States, however widely separated geographically, are all practically alike, and so are the towns and the villages, and so are the outward characteristics of their inhabitants. The "local color" which sentimental writers are so prone to attribute to the people and institutions of particular sections of our vast domain does not possess the vividness which would make it really distinctive. New Orleans, which is the most un-American of our cities, does not impress me as essentially unlike New York, and the most radical difference between Boston and San Francisco is a difference of longitude only. To speed along the frozen lake-side at Chicago behind the jingling sleigh-bells of a bustling business-man's "fast trotters," and three days later to lazily pluck the yellow fruit from an overladen orange-tree in a sleepy garden of Mobile, is merely to indulge in an impressive change of physical surroundings: it is not to learn an instructive lesson of life, such as is gained by going from St. Petersburg to Rome, from London to Paris.

The distinctive characteristics of the various European nationalities are sufficiently obtrusive to arrest the attention of the most heedless observer, while the local peculiarities of people residing in widely-separated sections of this country are for the most part too faint and subtile for off-hand detection. In other words, all Americans are so much alike in the main essentials of character that the minor respects in which certain divisions of them differ seem hardly important enough to be worth paying much attention to. The process of jostling about among people who were born under different skies, and brought up to accept a philosophy of life greatly at variance with our own, educates us in tolerance and increases our broadness of view; but a man may travel here from Maine to Mexico without of necessity receiving a single shock to his preconceived ideals of correct conduct, or seeing anything to remind him that there are other people who do not accept his inherited rules

of right living as being unquestionably "the best." The inhabitants of these United States are a remarkably reticent race, greatly given to minding their own business, and extremely slow about revealing their real thoughts to a stranger until they discover what his business may be. The ordinary traveler may pass and repass among them till doomsday without any more penetrating their reserve than a summer shower penetrates the plumage of a duck. Yet they are talkative enough if once their sympathy is aroused and their confidence gained by the introduction of some object which supplies a common ground for interesting conversation. Such an object in a supremely eminent degree is the modern bicycle. The dauntless sailor of four centuries ago, who persistently pointed his prow through the stormy westward waves, had the unique satisfaction of discovering the great American continent; but it has been reserved for the philosophic bicycler of to-day, who steadily guides his wheel through peaceful and pleasant pathways, to indulge in the rare delight of discovering the average American citizen.

Undemonstrative as that citizen is apt to be toward the ordinary stranger, the spectacle presented by a smoothly-gliding wheelman somehow warms the cockles of his heart, and likewise loosens his tongue. He usually manifests his good will by "passing the time o' day" in one form or another, instead of maintaining his customary unsociable silence; and, not unfrequently, when driving a horse that readily keeps him alongside, he is tempted into an extended, though perforce rather fragmentary, conversation. It is not until the bicycler dismounts, however, that the degree to which his wheel has put him on "easy speaking acquaintance" with a great variety of people becomes fully apparent. Whether in city or in country, he quickly becomes the center of an interested conclave, all intensely eager to learn about his movements and inspect at close quarters the new-fangled mechanism, and all at the same time rather shy of directly asking questions which may be resented as impertinent by such a distinguished traveler. While engaged in wiping or oiling or adjusting his wheel, he is cheerfully conscious that the first brief period of silent awe on the part of the bystanders will be followed by the offering of various leading suggestions and speculations from one to the other, which they design him to overhear and reply to; and that, under the encouragement of a civil explanation on his part, the usual battery of questions will be fired off and the "conversation become general." To know the price of the machine is the universal wish; yet the question is not often flatly put without a preface of decorous apology for asking it. One common way of beating around the bush is to profess having "made a bet" on the subject which the owner only is competent to settle, and will he therefore kindly consent to tell? "We know it's none of our business, boss, but—" "We don't like to trouble you, colonel, but—" "I hope you won't think me impertinent, sir, but—" Such are the common introductions to requests for information on this, that, or the other point.

It may seem to the unreflecting as if a man must at last grow inexpres-

sibly tired of replying over and over again to the self-same inquiries propounded by different sets of people. I should be afraid to guess the number of hundred times I have "answered the anxious" by saying that the price of bicycles varies from seventy-five to one hundred and seventy-five dollars or more, according to the size, make, and finish; that the tire is of rubber, and that the "cut" in the same is not the result of an accident, but simply the point of junction where the two ends are cemented together; that the spokes are steel wires plated with nickel and not with silver, which tarnishes more readily; that the cyclometer revolves with the axle and registers the distance, the big pointer moving along one notch on the hundred-mile dial every time the little pointer moves entirely around the mile-dial; that I ride a smaller wheel than most men having my length of leg, and that long-legged riders can propel a very much larger one; that the saddle-bag is filled with oil-cans, wrenches, and rags rather than with cigars and whiskey-flasks; that the instrument "keeps its balance" without conscious effort of the person who is astride it, and can be readily mastered by any one; that the act of learning it is merely a mental process, like the act of learning to swim,—"whenever a man thinks he can do it, he can do it,"—and that the time requisite for getting the mind up to the point of conviction may vary from a few minutes to several weeks, according to the natural aptitude and persistency of the individual concerned; that, in respect to the English record of "best times," Waller has ridden fourteen hundred and four miles in six successive days of eighteen hours each (including two hundred and twenty miles without a dismount), Terront, three hundred and forty miles in twenty-four hours, Appleyard, one hundred miles on the road from Bath to London in seven hours nineteen minutes (including seventy miles, without stop, in four hours fifty minutes), Cortis, twenty miles in an hour, and Edlin, a single mile in two minutes forty-six and one-half seconds; that forty thousand bicycles are owned in London and its environs, and three times that number elsewhere in England, of which some twenty-two hundred were massed together in simultaneous motion at the last annual parade at Hampton Court; that upwards of five thousand are certainly known to be owned in the United States, while the true number is presumably nearer ten thousand, judging from the fact that more than eight hundred were present at the Boston parade[1]; that I myself, while touring through the country, cover a daily distance of from twenty-five to fifty miles, according to the state of the roads, the winds, the weather, and my own free fancy, though I once rode seventy-five miles in a day without special effort; that the legs do not become stiff and weary, as in walking, because they do not have to lift the weight of the body; that the saddle is not too small for comfort; that the wire spokes are not too small for safety; that the rear wheel is not too small for swiftness; that the bell and lantern employed by some riders seem to me needless

[1] The reader must remember that these words were written in September, 1881, since which time there have been great changes in nearly all the records.

encumbrances; that I can ride up-hill when the road is good; that sand and mud are the chief obstacles to progress; that I do not frighten horses.

Many hundreds of times have I, "by special request," rung the changes on all the foregoing statements and innumerable others of similar character, and many thousands of times more do I expect to expound them for the enlightenment of fresh relays of sympathetically inquisitive fellow-citizens whom I hope in future years to meet in distant States and cities. The unreflecting are at fault when they assume that this sort of talk must necessarily grow wearisome from mere repetition. On the contrary, the delight in one's hobby is, like white-winged hope, a sentiment that springs eternal in the human breast. As long as a man continues to find supreme enjoyment in propelling a bicycle, so long must he continue to take pride and pleasure in expatiating concerning it to the new groups of auditors who gather expectantly about him. Sincere sympathy from any source is always sweet, and one of the dearest delights of a hobby-rider is to meet with people who manifest a disposition to view his hobby admiringly and to exaggerate its relative importance, with something of his own enthusiasm. It is not permissible to trot out a hobby before one's friends, for the owner, from the mere fact of having the hobby, is rendered incapable of determining the point at which their expressions of interest in the blessed beast cease to take active inspiration from the same and begin to rest on the mere passive basis of personal politeness toward himself. In other words, he stands in constant peril of becoming a bore. But no such calamity can possibly overhang the man who discourses concerning his hobby to a self-summoned audience of strangers, for, as they are not under the slightest conventional obligation to listen to him or to encourage him in talking, such partiality as they may exhibit in those directions must be in the highest degree genuine. Thus there is firmly established at the outset one of the surest safeguards for a free conversation that shall be mutually entertaining to those who participate.

It must by no means be inferred, however, that the tourist, who prizes his wheel as a convenient device for demonstrating that the noblest study of mankind is man, confines the examination of his fellow-mortals to conversations of this single cast, wherein he himself is always sure of speaking as an expert to an interested interlocutor. The talk about bicycling is often a mere introduction, an exchange of credentials, a bridge across the chasm which separates men of different pursuits, a pleasant prelude productive of confidence wherefrom follow more extensive talks on a great variety of topics. It is hard to imagine a man so ignorant or inexperienced or stupid as not to be interesting, if once he can be made to talk about his specialty; and I glory in the bicycle because of its magnetic power in drawing to the surface the quaint characteristics of many peculiar people, which they could never be tempted to reveal to the casual stranger not possessed of this persuasive instrument. The instructive personal debates and enlivening interchanges of sentiment which take place in country bar-rooms and city lager-beer saloons may also

be freely overheard by the touring bicycler, absorbed as he seems to be in the cleaning and polishing of his machine. Without this his presence would be lóoked upon with vague suspicion and hostility, and, unless he should "set up the drinks" several times and thus "make himself one of the boys," a lull would soon fall on the gathering, and an uneasy sensation of being watched by the coldly-critical eye of a respectable interloper not of their class would render the conversationalists unable to maintain their customary sprightliness and "tone." But the bummers and beer-guzzlers do not resent as intrusive the presence of the stranger who runs a wheel. They accept him as one of themselves. He is a fellow-sportsman, a member of "the fancy," a man "working to win a bet." They assume the necessity of his "finishing the race on time" as a satisfactory excuse for his temporary abstention from strong drink. Hence his refusal to share in their revels and his keeping his own counsel do not lower him in their respect or create a coolness against him. They go right on in their customary lying and bragging to one another, as unreservedly as if the unsuspected student who is carefully taking to heart the lesson in life thus presented were a thousand miles away.

An amusing tribute to the gracefulness and ease of bicycling is unconsciously paid by every urchin who cries, "Let her out, mister!" or, "Why don't you go fast?" to a rider who is already proceeding as rapidly as a horse usually trots. The cry shows that noise and an appearance of violent muscular effort are so associated in the mind of the spectator with the notion of swiftness that he cannot readily grasp it in their absence: he cannot easily believe his eyes when they alone tell him that this noiseless apparition, with the slowly- and smoothly-moving legs, is really flying fast over the ground. There is something comic, too, about the manifest inability of all classes of people to accept the "tour a-wheelback" with any degree of seriousness,—to regard it in the same light as they regard a journey made with the help of a heavier vehicle which has to be propelled by steam- or horse-power. If a man in a buggy, stopping in front of a village tavern to water his horse, should announce that he was riding through the country for his own recreation, no one would think of asking him, "How far can you drive in a day?" nor would it occur to any one that he was spending his vacation in a particularly unreasonable manner; nor yet would a doubt be raised as to the probability of his returning at his journey's end to the same commonplace and unobtrusive mode of earning a livelihood to which he had presumably been accustomed. But a man on a bicycle is assumed by everybody to be testing his speed, to be spending his entire physical energy on the problem of covering the greatest possible number of miles in a given time. He is also assumed to keep up this character continuously, at least to the extent of having no other regular occupation or pursuit. No one for a moment thinks of him as an ordinary work-a-day member of society, who, when his brief outing is ended, resumes the common garb of civilization and bears a hand again in

the common battle for bread and butter. The bar-room gentry, as already remarked, accept him as "a sport," and yield to him as his rightful due the deference they would humbly extend to a prize-fighter, or collar-and-elbow wrestler, or distinguished gambler, or successful horse-jockey, or the winner of a long-distance walking-match. This theory, that the rider must be "racing on a bet," is also widely prevalent outside the bar-rooms. Second only to it in popularity is the notion that he is an agent for the sale of the machines, or at least that the manufacturers thereof pay him a salary for wheeling himself through the country as an advertisement for them, even if he is not an out-and-out "drummer." Others, again, evidently look upon the bicycler as a creature of infinite leisure, a favored child of fortune, who has morosely turned his back on "society," in weariness of the conventional pleasures to which it restricts the possessor of wealth; and who has now recklessly thrown himself upon the wheel, as a last desperate resource for getting rid of his superfluous time and money.

When I respond to the customary interrogations by saying that I don't know "how far I could ride in a day," because I never tried to "make a record"; that such brief bits of leisure as can be snatched from the routine business of life I devote to bicycling simply "for the fun of it," because it is the cheapest, healthiest, and swiftest way yet devised for seeing something of the country and its people; that, though I should be sore and stiff and weary at the close of a day spent in a carriage which a horse had dragged fifty miles, I can from my perch of pig-skin propel myself a similar distance in a similar time without any similar evil results; when I utter commonplace truths of this sort, I always do it with an amused consciousness that my sceptical auditors are severally assigning to me in their crafty minds the various ulterior motives before mentioned as somehow seeming to them a more plausible explanation of my conduct than the motive which lies plainly on the surface. It is not to be denied, however, that the spectacle often presented by a wheelman coming in at night, reeking with perspiration, his tattered garments discolored by dust, *does* seem a trifle inconsistent with his claim that he has had a pleasant and easy day of it; and if, under such circumstances, a cynic, wielding his fan on the veranda, is to repeat the remark of Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, that "life would be a very endurable thing were it not for its amusements," I certainly shall not begrudge him his mild indulgence. It seems probable, furthermore, that the scepticism as to the fact of a bicycle-tour being undertaken "merely for fun" would be less pronounced where a large party were seen participating in the amusement; for the astonishing lack of resource in himself possessed by the average man is revealed by his inability even to comprehend the notion of another man's sticking to solitude as a matter of preference when on pleasure bent. The loneliness of the alleged sport is the last straw which fixes his belief that something else besides sport must be "behind" bicycling. "Admitting everything you claim about the ease and exhilaration of the pastime, what conceivable pleasure can be found in

taking long tours through the country *all alone?*" Such is the "clincher" into which his scepticism is ultimately condensed. My customary reply to it is in this oracular form: "The pleasure of 'riding alone' depends very much on whether or not a man takes good company with him." It is often funny to watch the facial expression of the people to whom this explanation is offered. Some smile dubiously, some are perplexed, some think the speaker is "a little off"; even the bar-keeper has been observed to relax his heavy brows, as if trying to grapple with a thought.

Some of the things already said by me concerning the prevalent ignorance and scepticism and misapprehension about the bicycle may perhaps have seemed rather improbable to the reader, because inconsistent with the knowledge of the subject presumably diffused in all directions by the eight or ten thousand machines now in use and by the abundant advertisements and newspaper articles concerning them. I therefore hasten to say that on every extensive ride I not only meet with many people who have never seen a bicycle, but I also meet with not a few who have never even heard of the existence of such an instrument. Observing me rolling the thing along on foot, they often ask if I am "measuring the roads for a map"; and when I assert in reply that the wheel is designed to be ridden upon, they no more believe that I am speaking seriously than they would if I declared it to be a balloon with which one might fly through the clouds. The words and looks with which such simple folk manifest their astonishment when the miraculous mount is made into the incredible saddle, and the impossible vehicle is driven swiftly along before their very eyes, cannot be reproduced by any ingenuity of the pen. Neither can I hope, in repeating the remark of an honest old countryman whose carriage I passed, after giving the customary warning of "Please mind your horse, sir," to convey any adequate idea of the overwhelming surprise indicated by the tones of his voice. His words (let dashes indicate his pauses for astonishment in uttering them) were these: "What—in—the—devil—do—you—call—that?" Comparable to this was the speech of a drowsy lock-tender on the Erie Canal, who became conscious of my presence only at the instant of my dismounting close in front of him: "I'll swear, stranger," said he, after recovering somewhat from the first shock of bewilderment, "if you didn't half make me frightened! What with your white breeches,—and white shirt,—and white necktie,—and white hat,—and white face,—I almost thought the devil himself had jumped down on me!" This was said with entire good nature, without a suspicion that any part of it could be construed as offensive or uncomplimentary. It seemed to the "canaller," in fact, quite an achievement in the way of facetiousness; for, as I stepped inside the lock-house to get a drink of ice-water, I heard him repeat it to the men who had gathered around; and when I came out to mount, he addressed every word of it to me again, while he affably grinned good-by. Along the Erie Canal, I may remind the reader, the normal "local color" of the human countenance is assumed to be lobster-red. The burning sunshine may be

accredited with this result in the case of the women on the boats, but the fiery beverages dispensed at the lock-houses possibly have something to do with it in the case of the men. Even that mild decoction known as "bottled sarsaparilla," or "root beer," which is presumably kept on hand only to accommodate the children of the fleet, is given a peppery addition by the bar-keepers of the canal.

Of the numerous novel experiences I have met with in the course of a hundred miles of tow-path touring, the earliest was the most exciting, because of its suggestion of a tragic termination. I had passed many of the boat-pulling teams from the rear without a suspicion of trouble, but the very first pair of mules that I met face to face suddenly whirled about, and, tripping up their driver with the tug-rope, sent him rolling over and over down through the weeds and brambles of a thirty-foot embankment. I shouted to the man to inquire if he was hurt or if he needed my help, but he answered me not a word. The force of life-long conviction that there existed only one responsible source for all the evils in the world—namely, his mules—could not be upset by any such slight tumble. Getting his shaken body together, therefore, and scrambling up the bank, he utterly ignored my existence or connection with the case, but poured forth a torrent of the most profoundly complicated cursing into the capacious ears of his team, simultaneously belaboring their well-tanned sides and quarters. The captain's wife, however, took a less mystical view of the matter. Recognizing in me the responsible cause of the mules' misbehavior, she leveled against me a tirade of righteous though somewhat incoherent indignation and abuse. The point of it was that I was liable to fine or imprisonment merely for having a vehicle on the path, as I must well know from the warning sign-boards of the bridges, if haply I had ever learned to read; that if the mules had seen fit to commit suicide by jumping into the canal or plunging down the bank, I should have had to pay the price thereof; and that, in general, only the extreme and unusual mildness of her disposition caused her to graciously refrain from springing ashore and dragging me off to jail forthwith. Thereafter, on the tow-path, I deferentially dismounted in the face of all approaching mules, though their drivers often persuasively shouted, "Come on, cap'n! Don't stop for these damned mules! They can't get away with me. I'll risk 'em. I'll stand the damage." The remarks and comments of the people on the boats were almost always good-natured, generally respectful, and rarely uncivil or sarcastic, even when designed to be jocular and to exhibit the smartness of the speaker. One form or another of "Wheredyecumfrum, judge?" and "Howfuryergoin', major?" were the invariable inquiries, which "Schenectady" and "Buffalo" satisfactorily settled. I here call to mind the quaint observation of a certain tall humorist at the helm, who was inspired by the presence of no other auditor than myself when he shouted, "I say, general, I wish I had one of them big, old-fashioned, copper cents; I'd make you a present of it." Much richer than this was the caution deprecatingly administered to me (in a tone of friendly confidence, as

of one superior being to his fellow of equal rank) by a mule-driver whose aspect was as uncouth and forbidding as that of the ideal tramp: "You mustn't mind what these canallers say to you, friend. They are a rough set." A little mild chaff from one of the boats was the inspiration of this politely apologetic utterance.

What shall a wheelman do to be saved, however, when two burly ruffians demand that he forthwith make an authoritative settlement of their long-standing philological dispute by "saying whether the true name of the machine is 'bicle' or 'bihycle'"? What answer shall he give to the worldly-wise man who wishes to wager ten dollars on the impossibility of such a top-heavy concern being safely ridden ten miles in the course of an afternoon? The cyclometer is always called "the little clock," or "the watch," by the children, while grown people often air their superior knowledge by designating it as "a sort of pedometer" (pronounced "peĕd-o-meet-er"). When they add that "at least it works on the same principle as the pedometer, doesn't it?" is it not pardonable for a tired philosopher, who never saw the "works" of either contrivance, to reply, "I suppose so"? Were I an adept in natural history, I might be tempted to prepare a monograph concerning the traits of certain rare varieties of the Great American Hog (*Porcus Americanus*), whose delight in the dangerous pastime of driving skittish and unmanageable horses would be worth no more than a passing remark, except for the fact that the mere act of purchasing a horse creates the curious hallucination that he simultaneously purchases an exclusive right to the public highways. The traits of this Hog can be satisfactorily studied only by a bicycler, for save in his inspiring presence the hallucination lies dormant. When the Hog, holding in his well-gloved hoofs the trembling reins which he knows not how to properly handle, savagely shakes his silken-hatted head, and opens his eminently-respectable mouth to abuse me, I seldom make reply of any sort. It seems to me that in his case, as in the case of any other unfortunate victim of insanity, silence is the best sedative for an angry outbreak. But, as I am not now preparing a scientific treatise, I can follow the interesting subject no further.

In dismissing the "horse question," however, I may remark that, as women drivers are apt when their horse gives any token of nervousness to "pull him in," rather than apply the whip to make him pass the object of his anxiety, it is a wise rule for a bicycler always to dismount before an approaching team which is not guided by the hands of a man. The mildest-mannered horse in existence may be persuaded by persistent pullings-in to cramp the front wheel backward until it breaks, or upsets the carriage into the ditch; and I have seen two or three feats of this sort slowly and sedately performed by animals which were not at all frightened, and which, under proper guidance, would have jogged past the bicycle without a tremor. I ought to say, though, in recommending the universal dismount before womankind, that some representatives thereof will perhaps be found "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," even by a man who loyally obeys the rule; for I remember stopping on one occasion

for a raw-boned and decrepit "plug," in the toils of an angular and shrill-voiced woman, who exclaimed excitedly as they slowly passed me (a slight pricking of the ears being the only sign of animation on the part of the horse), "If you'd ha' set still he wouldn't ha' been scairt." With this I may perhaps be pardoned for coupling another instance of road-side rudeness manifested by the sex. Overtaking a pair of well-dressed and comely-appearing women on a country sidewalk, where the act of stepping aside involved no possible trouble, I proffered, in my most suave and winning accents, the customary request, "Will you please give me the inside track for a moment?" Imagine my surprise, therefore, when one of the women, who had been for some time taking glances backward to measure my approach, continued bravely on in the middle of the pathway, only yielding it to me as I was just on the point of being forced to dismount, and then remarking, "I suppose you know what the law is, mister?"—"Yes, indeed, madam," said I: "the law is that a lady must always have the grace to grant any trivial favor which a man asks of her civilly." Our conversation extended no further.

"Bicycle-touring may be all very fine in Great Britain, or on the continent of Europe, where the roads have been used and kept in repair for centuries, but it can hardly be practicable in America, where the highways are generally poor, except in the neighborhood of the big cities,—the early introduction of railways having removed the chief incentive to good road-building on this side the Atlantic." Such is a fair statement of the *a priori* view of the case; and it must seem a perfectly plausible and reasonable view to those who have not made themselves minutely acquainted with the facts. The facts, however, as brought to light by the actual explorations of bicyclers, show that the view in question is entirely erroneous. The truth is that there are many sections of the United States where good riding may be had almost continuously for a hundred miles at a stretch, and where, by the aid of train or boat, much longer tours may be readily laid out. In offering examples of these I will confine myself to paths over which I have personally pushed the wheel in the course of the last two years (during which my cyclometer has registered some four thousand miles), though the log-books of riders in other parts of the country might doubtless show a record of many additional tours equally practicable and attractive. The "Connecticut Valley trip" may well begin at Meriden and extend northward through Hartford, Springfield, Greenfield, and Brattleboro to Bellows Falls,—say one hundred and fifteen miles. Riding thence by train over the mountain to Rutland (two hours), the bicycler may there begin a charming course of twenty-five miles to Whitehall, near Lake George; and, having "done" the beautiful lake to any degree that suits him, he may drive his wheel from Caldwell to Albany, about sixty miles, and thence down the old post-road on the east side of the Hudson homeward to New York. Here is a track three hundred and fifty miles long, extending through four States, embracing a great variety of attractive scenery, and rich both in historic associations and in objects of "contem-

poraneous human interest." A fortnight given to this tour would cost a man but forty dollars, and he might reduce the cost to thirty if he cared to economize.

From Niagara I have ridden to Buffalo, Erie, and Ashtabula,—one hundred and fifty-six miles,—in three successive days, over the excellent "ridge-road," which generally keeps in sight of the lake. I recommend, however, that the tourist who tries this track should start at Girard, in the northwest corner of Pennsylvania, and ride eastward to Niagara, whence, I am told, a good road runs to Rochester and Syracuse,—at which latter point my own knowledge of the Erie tow-path ends. I found it impossible to do any rapid riding on that path, for I was three days in covering one hundred and ten miles; but it may be inferred from some of my previous remarks that the chance there afforded for holding sweet communion with the "canallers" was a thing which had not a little attractive force, and I will also add that the scenery of the lower Mohawk Valley from Schenectady to Utica makes the route a pleasant one to explore. On the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which extends along the border of Maryland for one hundred and eighty-four miles, from Cumberland to Georgetown, I found the scenery of the upper half the more attractive, while the riding was much smoother than below. From New York to Boston the best road lies along the towns of the sea-shore as far as New Haven, whence it goes inland through Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester. Beyond Boston the tour may be continued up the coast as far as the river which separates Maine from New Hampshire at Portsmouth, say sixty-five miles. The return trip from Boston may be made through Taunton or Providence to Newport, where a transfer must be effected to Greenport, on the eastern extremity of Long Island. The road usually taken from that point to New York City measures just about a hundred miles, and the trip to Portsmouth and back as thus outlined implies rather more than five times that distance to be gone over upon the wheel. The journey can be pleasantly accomplished in three weeks, though a tourist who has leisure to inspect the various wonders on the way may well devote four to it. Some of the smoothest sections of the whole track are on the south shore of Long Island; and it may be worth recording that last year, on the first Wednesday of September, between six in the morning and seven at night, I rode through the Island, from Sayville to Flushing, a distance of more than fifty miles though the mercury stood for much of the time at 100° in the shade, and most of my riding was done in the fierce glare of the sun. Inasmuch as that day all along the Atlantic slope was by official observation not only "the hottest on record for the season of 1881," but also "the hottest on record for the past seven years," I think that my ride, attended as it was by no excessive discomfort and followed by no evil effects, speaks well for the physical healthfulness of bicycling.

When bad wheeling compels the tourist to resort to the railroad train, he usually has little difficulty in securing safe transit for his wheel in the bag-

gage-car, after placating the lordly commander thereof either with civil explanations or with a quarter-dollar in current coin; but it is greatly to be desired that the transportation companies should issue definite and intelligently-considered regulations concerning this peculiar class of "baggage." Neither does the tourist often have much trouble in "finding his way" from one point to another of his chosen route, for the "best roads"—which are the ones selected for touring—are usually the old-established thoroughfares, whose identity is apt to be well preserved at the forks and crosses, and, in cases of doubt, a house generally comes within hail before many miles are traversed. It is not difficult to so plan one's movements in a given day as to be sure of having a hotel within reach about noon and about nightfall; but the decision as to where one's baggage shall be sent two or three days ahead is not quite so easy. One complete change of clothing in addition to what he wears is about all that a wheelman can comfortably carry, and this does well enough for the first night, but by the second or at latest the third night it becomes very desirable for him to reach his "base of supplies." To determine in advance the proper point to establish this at, when planning a tour on an unknown road, where the rate of progress is uncertain, is one of the most puzzling problems for the tourist.

The food and lodging which one gets at the country hotels are usually endurable, and are supplied to the bicycler when he is least in a mood to be exacting in his demands. He furthermore has the assurance of being invited to sleep in "the best room" that the house contains, and of being "fed off from the top shelf" of its pantry. He has numberless chances for observing novel and unaccustomed phases of "American cookery," "table-manners," and "waiting." The universal negro waiter, as is well known, likes to dispense his dishes and arrange the table-ware with a grand flourish and clatter and uproar; but it struck me as funny that the women waiters who take control of the wayfarer at most of the hotels in the Mohawk Valley should agree in cherishing as *their* ideal of extreme "style" in table-service the knack of giving rapid utterance to the names of several dishes on the bill-of-fare, as if they all composed a single word. None of these girls ever shows the slightest tact in observing the real wants of a person at the table or in supplying them. Having in a single breath snapped out, Roastbeefroastturkeyboiled muttonandfriedham," her interest in the case practically ceases, and she thenceforth goes about her business with the proud consciousness of duty done; and done not only in a complete but in an impressive and stylish manner, creditable to the reputation of the house. Incidentally she may occasionally condescend to bring out some of the dishes that have been ordered in response to her polysyllabic cry.

I have made no attempt to describe or discuss the relations of the Small Boy to bicycling, for those are of so important and interesting a character that nothing less than a separate essay could pretend to do them justice. When, however, I hear a philistine say sneeringly of the sport that it is a

"boyish pastime" for grown men to engage in, I feel like saying to him that if he would substitute "boy-like" for the other adjective he might speak more truly, and might thereby give the highest praise that can be given to bicycling. Certainly may it be said that no genuine, healthily-organized boy is now drawing the breath of life who can look upon the glittering spokes of a bicycle without an ardent longing to have them whirling merrily under his toes; and certainly do I believe that no grown man who takes delight in swiftly cleaving the air on the back of the silent steed of steel can fail to carry with him some of the noble freshness and bloom of boyhood,—"the golden, the happy, the unforgotten!" It was Coleridge, if I remember rightly, who insisted that the simple secret of genius is the art of carrying into mature years the free heart and fiery enthusiasm of early youth,—the art of keeping boy-like to the last. Such, at all events, seems to me to be the secret of happiness, and such is the theory on which I base the assumption that the votaries of a pastime pre-eminently "boy-like" are, as a class, a pre-eminently happy set of individuals. Presumptively a good bicycler is always and everywhere "a good fellow." Genuine wheelmen grow readily acquainted with one another, off-hand and "boy-fashion," because the element of heartiness and sincerity in the sport creates the same feeling of fraternity and kinship which exists between boys up to the period when estrangement is caused by the advent of worldly wisdom.

The quick formation of bicycle clubs wherever groups of wheelmen are found to exist is often mentioned as a proof of the sociability of the sport; and the ready opportunities thus afforded for making pleasant acquaintance with men in all sections of the country are also included among its advantages. All these things I have refrained from enlarging upon, both because others have better said what could be said and because they are almost self-evident,—"they go without saying." I have preferred rather to praise the bicycle in its character as a solace for the solitary; as a companion for those whom the voice of nature or of fate has commanded to hold themselves apart from the hurly-burly; as a device for enabling the philosophic observer to be among people without being of them, to examine at first hand all phases of life and society without revealing the mystery of his own personality. The bicycler is a sort of benevolent Asmodeus. In him is realized the myth concerning the traveler with the seven-league boots and the invisible cloak. He can swiftly betake himself to remote regions, can see and hear all things while his own presence is undisclosed. Were old Diogenes searching for the honest man to-day, he would surely tour on a bicycle; though perhaps the object of his search, being presumably a bicycler also, would prove a faster rider.

II.

AFTER BEER.[1]

[Inspired by fifteen years' contemplation of "Beer," as prepared by the late George Arnold for *The New York Saturday Press*, of August 12, 1865.]

Genteel,
On my wheel
I sit.
The vulgar mob may flit
Below;
They go
Unheeded by;
And, as they fly,
I,
Mounted high,
Sit,
Turning with toe or heel
My wheel!

Oh! finer far
Than fame or riches are
The caracolings of this airy car!
Why
Should I
Weep, wail or sigh?
What if age has dimmed my eye?
What if I'm truly said
Not to be worth a red?
Stuff!
I've enough:
My steed of steel—
My wheel!

Go, whining youth,
Forsooth!
Travel by rail;
Fish, or shoot quail;
Weave melancholy rhymes
On the old times
Whose sports to memory now appeal;
But leave to me my wheel.
Wealth melts like snow;
Love leads to woe;
So,
If I tread my troubles down,
Without a frown,
In speeding on from town to town,
Then do I wear the crown,
With wheel or whoa!

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[1] From *Puck*, August 11, 1880, p. 404. The original, "Beer," may be found on p. 139 of "George Arnold's Poems" (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 1871).

III.

WHITE FLANNEL AND NICKEL PLATE.[1]

THOSE five words would form my answer to anyone who might repeat to me the question which an ingenuous youth recently addressed to an editor: "Will you tell me briefly what is the best costume to adopt for touring on a bicycle?" I smiled a smile when I read the enquiry, because of its amusing assumption that, in a matter so notoriously dependent upon individual taste, any single conceivable costume is demonstrably "the best." Nevertheless, if anyone cares to call upon me as an oracle, I trust I shall always be found ready to respond with a properly oracular utterance. I at least know by experience what is "the best" for myself, and that is about as much as anyone can fairly pretend to know when he grapples with the tremendous subject of "clothes." At least half of the four thousand miles registered by my cyclometer presumably represents tours and excursions; and the object of my present writing is not to give advice to any other tourist, actual or prospective, but rather to explain why I individually, when on a tour, find the superlative degree of comfort assured me by the presence of white flannel and nickel plate. If any buyer of this book shall feel impelled to follow my example, well and good; I will not attempt to collect any royalty from him for the privilege. But if anyone shall venture to misrepresent me as asking others to follow my example, he will do so at his peril. Should such a person ever venture into the wildwoods of Washington Square, he must expect me to collar him and to insist on forthwith fighting for the beer.

The advantage of wearing a white riding-shirt, like the advantage of wearing a white dress-shirt when not riding, rather than a colored one, is largely a moral advantage: for, as the white fabric shows the dirt sooner than any other, its wearer is forced to keep himself clean. The owner of a so-called "patent never-get-dirty" shirt, of grey or brown, may sweat through an entire season without once consulting the laundry, but the patron of white flannel must make frequent visits there if he wishes to retain the right to his name. By making the shirt reversible, it is possible to put to use both sides of the collar, and that is the part which becomes soonest soiled; but the whole garment will have to go to the wash-tub at the end of five or six days, and oftener at the end of two or three. As each washing causes a shrinkage, it is well to begin with a very loose collar. When this grows too small, it can be cut down to the second button. Finally the collar can be cut off entirely and the

[1] From "Whirling Wheels: the Wheelman's Annual for 1882," pp. 111–119 (Salem, Mass.: J. P. Burbank, 1882, 12mo, pp. 135, price $1.00).

garment used as an undershirt. As for one's white flannel knee-breeches, by the time their waistband gets shrunk beyond the buttoning point, the breeches themselves become worn out and may wisely be torn into rags for the polishing of the nickel plate.

Breeches, shirt, undershirt, drawers, socks and shoes, in addition to those worn by the rider, can be tied up tightly together in a roll, with comb, hair-brush, tooth-brush, sponge, soap and vaseline; and around this in turn can be rolled his coat. Stout cords have seemed to me more satisfactory than leather straps in securing this roll to the handle-bar, or in slinging it over one's shoulder when coasting was to be indulged in. Straps always let the roll sag down too far on the brake, while by careful tying of good strings it can be kept well on top of the handle-bar, though the strings have to be tightened occasionally to check the sagging. An excellent device for preventing this is the Lamson patent "bicycle shawl-strap," of which I made satisfactory trial on my latest tour. The wires of this contrivance are so small that it can readily be put in the pocket or slung over the shoulder with the roll to which it is attached, whenever one desires to have his handle-bar free. In dismounting at noon to sit at a hotel table, one's coat may be easily assumed without disturbing the inner roll. I do not insist that this coat shall be made of white flannel, since it is not to be worn on the bicycle, but the lighter and shorter it is the better. A linen duster and a flannel jacket made without lining have in turn served me well. When the day's ride is ended, I take a sponge bath, apply vaseline to any bruised or sore spots, assume new clothes throughout and arrange to have the damp clothes I have been riding in properly dried during the night for use in the next day's ride.

My wish always is in planning a tour to send my valise ahead of me where I may meet it at the end of the second or third day, but it is often impracticable to arrange any meeting of this sort when one starts out on an unexplored path, and in my last tour, which was an all-quiet one along the Potomac, I was five nights as well as five days away from my base of supplies. I suffered no special inconvenience, however, though my outfit was the simple one before described, with the addition of a razor and a third undershirt. I have never experimented with "M. I. P." or other bags, which are designed to encumber the backbone or handle-bar or axle of the bicycle, and I never intend to. There seems no sense in handicapping one's wheel with the weight of a bag (letting alone its ugly appearance, and the awkwardness of climbing over it) when the coat or shirt which necessarily forms a part of the baggage will answer all the purposes of a bag. The necessities of touring are confined absolutely to the articles which I have named, and those can surely be carried more compactly and comfortably in a roll than in a bag. The luxuries of touring are innumerable, and nothing less than a valise, sent by express from place to place, can keep the bicycler supplied with any appreciable amount of them. A good wheelman, like a good soldier, should be proud to go in light marching order, carrying in compact form the things that he really needs, and

carrying nothing else. On my first tour, I packed my traps in a bag which was shaped like an old-fashioned cartridge-box, which opened by lifting a flap at the side, and which had straps at the ends for slinging over one's shoulder. The trouble is that a strap or string of this sort, though not unpleasant for a few hours' ride, finally chafes and tires one's shoulders if carried all day long. The bag or bundle also gives an uncomfortable heat to one's back, especially in summer time. I should presume this latter objection, in a lesser degree, might hold good against Mr. Wright's "take-me-too" device, which consists of a waist-belt to which a roll may be strapped on behind without sagging. Though I have not tried it, I have no doubt this is a good thing for a short ride; but for an extended tour the handle-bar seems to me the best place on which to strap one's luggage.

I have never had a lantern, and it appears to me a needless encumbrance for the tourist. The "handy English tool-bag" I consider a great improvement upon the ordinary "pocket-book" style of saddle bag, being noiseless and more secure against intrusion—though I have had an oil-can and a wrench stolen from it at different times, by the loungers of certain lager-beer saloons where I left my wheel over night. India-rubber drinking cups are perhaps worth carrying, though, after losing three from my pockets, I have lately dispensed with them. India-rubber pocket pouches or purses, to prevent the wetting of paper money and the rusting of keys and knives, I have also found serviceable. A straw hat for summer, and a flat velveteen hat for early spring and late autumn, are my preferences in respect to head-covering. Here, too, I may add as a special summer recommendation for a white riding costume, its non-attractive quality as concerns the rays of the sun. I cannot too highly praise the comfort and convenience ensured by wearing "ball-catcher's gloves" which protect the palm and leave the fingers entirely free. The back of the hand is also uncovered, the glove being kept in place by a button behind the wrist. The cost varies from seventy-five cents to twice that amount, according to the quality of the buckskin.

Perhaps it is the result of my country "bringing up" that I always wear boots rather than shoes for out-door walking. Anyhow, being accustomed to boots alone, it seemed to me the proper thing to continue wearing them when I first got astride a bicycle; and my touring experiences have only confirmed my partiality for that sort of leg-covering. In one of my earliest rides a dog took my left calf between his jaws, and had it not been cased in leather he would have taken a part of it away with him. He didn't hurt me much in fact, but he cured me of all inclination to expose my extremities in the regulation stockings and low shoes, which most bicyclers affect. I should suppose that the dust and sand and mud would work their way disagreeably into such shoes on long tours where much walking had to be done, and that the freezing cold air would work its way disagreeably through such stockings on wintry days. But never mind; boots also have their disadvantages. On a hot day the legs of a bicycler's boots are apt to get so damp from perspiration,

that, if he takes them off, he can't pull them on again until they have been dried. Hence, it is a rather hazardous venture for him to take a swim, no matter how tempting a lake or river may be by the roadside, until he gets to the end of his day's riding. The lower button of the breeches-leg put through a slit in the top of the boot readily keeps it in place and prevents all dust from entering. Top-boots that reach to the knee, and are made of leather stiff enough to prevent any sagging at the ankle, I have found agreeable for winter riding. A velveteen jacket and corduroy breeches I consider a suitable rig for short rides in the cold weather. As a club uniform is a thing which exists only for purposes of display, it seems to me that the jacket, whatever its color, should be made of velveteen, and that the breeches, whatever the material, should be white. Any club that disregards either of these two points decreases by just so much its chance of showing off well on the grand parade. Were I a club-man I should force all my fellow members to turn out in jackets of crimson velveteen, or else I should kill them, every one!

Velveteen is really the cheapest because it is the most durable of fabrics to employ for such a purpose, and even the first cost of a riding-coat made of it (say fifteen to twenty dollars) is not so very much in excess of one made of any other good cloth; though the latter will grow shabby in a season or two while the former will last for a lifetime. Cheap as it is, however, its showiness makes it seem unsuitable for ordinary masculine attire (professional gamblers and Italian pea-nut venders being the only two classes of men who habitually wear it), and hence, like other rare and unusual things, it impresses the average beholder as being extremely costly as well as ornate. A dozen glossy jackets of velveteen in a club parade will seem more imposing than twice that number made of commoner cloth; just as the dazzling brightness of completely nickeled bicycles will challenge twice as much admiration as the glitterless whirring of those which are "as common looking as carriage wheels." Both the shiny coats and the shiny wheels, because they are so distinctly contrasted to the popular conception of such things, appeal strongly to the popular imagination, and hence help to give dignity to the pastime of bicycling. A long procession of men "in silk attire," sitting on "wheels of silver," is too significant a spectacle "to be sneezed at"; even the wayfaring man must be impressed by the notion that it represents something solid and permanent. As regards the solitary rider, the sheen of his plush jacket in cold weather, like the whiteness of his flannel shirt and breeches in summer, gives an "object lesson" to everyone whom he meets, for it plainly proves that he has not been tumbled into the mud, nor rolled in the dust, nor smeared with grease and oil. It shows, therefore, that the bicycle is a safe vehicle and a clean one.

The advantage which nickel plate gives the tourist is, like the advantage of wearing a white shirt, chiefly a moral advantage, though in a somewhat different sense. It is a voucher for his respectability, an emblem of the probable presence in his pockets of money enough to pay for all he wants. The glittering spokes of an all-bright bicycle enlighten the stupidest landlord to

the fact that the bedraggled and mud-bespattered man who pushes it along is not a casual tramp, but a person of substance whom it will be politic to treat with civility and deference. Even the lordly commander of the baggage-car loses something of his surliness when confronted by so splendid an object, and is less inclined to resent its presence in the realm of trunks as an intrusion. A machine with rusty wires and painted backbone, though it may be an excellent roadster and may represent a hundred dollars or more of hard cash, doesn't impress itself on the uninitiated as anything better than "an old five-dollar plug, which any beggar might own"; but no one can fail to comprehend that a "wheel of silver" must have "money behind it," and to govern himself accordingly. Even the most reckless baggage-smasher stands in a certain awe of such a beautiful instrument and hesitates about handling it harshly, though he may have no compunctions whatever about slamming a painted bicycle from one end of the car to the other with all his wonted hilarity.

Nickel has the further advantage of requiring a man to spend considerable time in keeping it clean,—time which the owner of a painted bicycle in similar circumstances would waste rather than spend. When a rider dismounts in a dripping perspiration and enters a cold baggage-car or colder ferry-boat, the exercise afforded him in polishing his wheel is a very salutary thing in preventing a too rapid change of his bodily temperature. It is while he is working thus also that the members of the admiring crowd surrounding him pluck up courage to ask the usual leading questions, behind his back, which they would not venture to do to his face, were he standing by entirely disengaged. Again, if a man is occupied in cleaning up his wheel in a country bar-room, the loungers around the stove go right on with their customary bragging and lying to one another, oblivious of his presence, though if he were simply an idler like themselves, they would object to him as an intruder and keep as mum as oysters. Thus it is that the nickel plate of his bicycle serves the philosophic tourist as a mirror in which to watch the varying phases of human nature around him; and thus it is that its moral influence is as conducive to his advantage as is the moral influence of the white flannel in which he encases himself.

ADDENDUM, March 20, 1885.—The experiences of three later years (7,300 m.) have not changed at all my philosophy of touring, as formulated in the foregoing essay, which represented the lessons of my three earliest years (4,200 m.) as a wheelman; and my practices have undergone but slight modification. The chief change has been the substitution of shoes for boots, to avoid the designated disadvantage of being frequently forced to dry the boot-legs, after they have become saturated with sweat. In the spring of 1883, I paid $2 for having a pair of india-rubber soles added to my riding-boots; but, though their corrugated surfaces increased the firmness of my foothold on the pedals, the device seems too costly a one to be worth the tourist's adoption. The wear caused by incidental walking on rough roadways proved quickly destructive of such soles; and, after I had suffered some annoyance from their getting loose and tattered at the edges, I tore off and threw away the last of them, on my June tour in Maine, when the record was less than 700 miles. A pair of low-cut, machine-sewed shoes, the cheapest obtainable ($1.50), were the first ones with which I took an all-day ride (a circuit of 60 m., August 16,

1883); and the experiment proved so satisfactory that I retained them pretty continuously in my riding until November 7, when their record was about 1,800 m. Their "record," indeed, was about all there was left to the shoes, when I kicked them off, at Binghamton, that Tuesday noon, in the middle of a hard day's journey of 40 m., and assumed a second pair, of heavier build, with a guard or flap coming well above the ankle and secured by a strap and buckle. These were also priced at $1.50, because of their antiquated and unmarketable style, and they served me satisfactorily till April 26, 1884 (1,180 m.),—though I returned to boots for a brief season, during my 142 m. of riding in Bermuda. My third pair of shoes were nearly identical with the second pair in style and price, and they had nearly reached the end of their usefulness when I took my last ride in them, December 24 (1,286 m.). Perhaps 100 m. should be deducted from this eight months' mileage, as representing the sum of the short rides when I wore my ordinary walking-shoes; for, as a result of getting accustomed to the use of shoes while bicycling, my lifelong prejudice in favor of boots, for ordinary out-door walking, has been considerably weakened. After this extensive experimentation (4,000 m. or more) with three pairs of cheap, machine-sewed shoes, I shall be disposed to have my fourth pair specially made, of the best material, at a price perhaps double that of the three combined,—for the sake of comparing the ultimate economies of the case. My *a priori* objection (p. 18) "that the dust and sand and mud would work their way disagreeably into such shoes, on long tours where much walking had to be done," has been all too sadly justified by experience; and many a time, during the past three years of touring, have I longed for the presence of my trusty top-boots, as a comfort and protection in calamitous cases of dust and sand and mud and water. My other fear, "that the freezing cold air would work its way disagreeably through such stockings on wintry days," has proved to be quite groundless, however,—though I have found that india-rubber overshoes, added to either shoes or boots, are quite efficacious in ensuring warmth to the feet when one indulges in winter wheeling.

A pair of black cashmere stockings, for which I paid $1, served for 800 m. before showing any holes in the heels; and I then supplemented them with a pair of heavier woolen ones, ribbed, of the "Goetze" manufacture, which was for a while widely advertised. Their material was said to be "the best German knitting yarn," and as the desired size did not happen to be in stock when I called at the shop, they were run through the knitting machine before my very eyes. They cost $1.50, and I assumed them at the outset of my long straightaway tour from Detroit; but the heels wore through in a little more than a fortnight, when the record was 800 m., or just the same as that of the less expensive pair. With various darnings and patchings the two pairs combined served me for 3,500 m. and, as I have since had new feet knit to the "Goetze" stockings, whose legs showed scarcely any signs of usage, I presume they will serve me for another 1,000 m., at least. The latest 500 m. of my record were ridden in a third pair of woolen stockings ($1.35), having black legs and white feet—the latter device being a good one to prevent the wearer's feet from being discolored by the dye. Cotton stockings cannot be made to hold their colors, no matter what the sellers may say; and a pair of black ones which I was once forced to buy (40c.), as a makeshift for bicycling, quickly gave a sable hue to my drawers as well as my feet. The black silk stockings which I bought in 1882 ($3.75), when the League gave command that no booted rider should be allowed in its parade at Chicago, still stay by me, in good condition after considerable usage on odd occasions. Their lightness recommends them for carriage on a tour, as a part of one's evening costume, to be worn while the soiled stockings and other garments of the day's riding are being washed and dried. Though the elasticity of heavy woolen stockings will hold them in place when new, garters soon get to be a necessity. But, as they are apt to slip, or prove otherwise unsatisfactory when applied directly to the leg, I have found it convenient to suspend each one from a single button, sewn on the inner waistband of the breeches at the seam opposite the hips.

Experience has only confirmed my first liking for velveteen. The jacket of that stuff, which I bought in '79, and which is likely to last me for another half-dozen years at least, served well in all sorts of weather during my forty days' straightaway ride of '83; and it also proved an excellent garment for use on the deck during the sea voyages that were connected with my Nova Scotia and Bermuda explorations. The green corduroy breeches, bought at Boston in June of

'81, lasted me to the end of my long ride of '83, though more than once torn to shreds in the progress of it; and I still retain them as a most interesting curiosity of tailor's patchwork,—both professional and amateur. I had some thoughts, indeed, of proclaiming them by public advertisement as a memorial prize, to be awarded the club most largely represented on the subscription-list of this book, and to be kept on permanent exhibition as a trophy in its chief assembly-room. My earlier custom, of carrying a pair of long trousers, of thin material, in the roll on my handle-bar, was adhered to by me very generally until the close of 1883; but during the season since then I have commonly substituted for them a pair of green velveteen riding breeches ($8.50), which pack quite as closely and prove quite as satisfactory for evening wear. During that season also I usually dispensed entirely with the tool-bag, preferring to carry wrench and oil-can in pocket, or else in luggage-roll. For some years my custom has been to inclose the latter in a piece of india-rubber cloth, two feet square; and this cover is also available as a protection to the carpet of one's bed-room, in case of taking a sponge-bath, at the end of the day's ride. An india-rubber drinking-tube—costing half-a-cent an inch, and carried more easily than a cup—I have found to be a convenient device for use at brooks and springs; though the over-cautious may prefer to pay half-a-dollar for "Corson's tourist's delight," which has a filter attached to the tube. Needles and thread have more than once repaid the slight trouble required for storage in my pocket book; and I intend on my next tour to carry a little lump of upholsterer's "curled hair," which is said to make, when combined with soap, an excellent brush for scouring the grease and grime from one's hands. The recommended superiority of a sponge to a handkerchief, for wiping the perspiration from one's face on a hot day, has not seemed justified by my experience, however. The ease with which the rim of a nickeled wheel may be polished by simply holding a rag against it while riding, would appear too self-evident to be worth mentioning,—were it not that "a 10,000-mile man" assured me that it appealed to him as a new and happy idea, when he saw me resorting to it, in Washington, last May. Another well-known fact, that white flannel shrinks more rapidly than colored, may perhaps be useful information to some.

The sight of an "M. I. P. bag," or any other such clumsy contrivance, on a tourist's bicycle, always conveys to my mind the idea that the owner is a novice at the business; but I am bound to admit that some men of wide experience on the road do retain an apparent fondness for these same bags. I suppose it must be because they lack "the sense of order and proportion," which is the natural gift of men who can put a roll or bundle of miscellaneous articles together with compactness and symmetry. The non-possessor of this orderly instinct perhaps does need a bag, into which he can shovel his equipments at hap-hazard; but it certainly seems to me a terrible infliction to have one's machine thus handicapped with an ungainly excrescence which takes up about as much room when empty as when full. Far better than this—for those whose love of coasting causes them to insist upon having an unencumbered handle-bar—seems "the Z. & S. carrier" ($2), an attachment for the backbone, alongside of which it can be folded compactly, when its arms are not needed for clutching a coat or bundle. As for the Wright "take-me-too" belt, the persistent praises which were given to it in my hearing by an old army man (whose cycling experiences on the road had been extensive, and whose judgment was still further recommended to me by his hearty approval of the Lamson carrier, to which he thought the belt a satisfactory supplement), finally overcame my prejudices, and I bought a belt, with the idea of using it as a coat-carrier on my 1,400-mile tour. A preliminary trial of five miles, however, was enough to confirm my worst fears, as to the back-heating possibilities, and all-around discomfort, belonging to any roll or bundle attached to the base of one's spinal column. I hate a belt on general principles, and I've never made a second experiment with this most ingeniously villainous specimen. No one can now object to having me speak my mind squarely against it, for "the trade" long since discontinued its sale. I believe, indeed, that the veritable belt which I bought was the last one of the kind ever manufactured. It is, without doubt, on the testimony of several unimpeachable witnesses, a most excellent device—for those who happen to fancy it. If such a one, haply, shall read my words, let him know that I will gladly sell the belt at a great reduction on its original cost. I paid a dollar for it, but the first man who remits to me 99 one-cent stamps shall receive the hated specimen, by earliest return mail, postage prepaid.

IV.

A BIRTHDAY FANTASIE.[1]

ARGUMENT.—"Three wise men of Gotham went to sea on their wheels; and if those wheels had been stronger, this lay had been longer." Kron, while taking a solitary, Christmas-eve cruise on his stanch yacht, "The Bull Dorg," in search of the Golden Fleas, amid the glittering wastes of the Paleocrystic Sea, meets with the goblin trio aforesaid, at the exact geographical point revealed to him in a vision by the nautical symbols, "G. B. V. 4. 5. 6." The following conversation then takes place:

Cyclers three! What men be ye?
Gotham's brave club-men we be.
Whither on your wheels so free?
To rake the moon out of the sea.
Our wheels go trim. The moon doth shine.
'T is but a wheel. It shall be thine.
The moon's a wheel which shall be mine!

Who art thou, so hard adrift?
I am he they call Kol Kron.
On this moon we will thee lift.
No! I may not mount thereon.
Wherefore so? *'T is Jove's decree:*
"*On a wheel plough not the sea!*
With a wheel vex not the sea!"

E'en ashore I could not ride,
For the moon's a sixty-inch.
Fifty inches I may stride,
But from sixty, sure, I flinch.
Fudge! Get on! 'T will play no tricks!
No! I drive a forty-six,—
I was born in '46.

Strange at sea to meet such keels!
How with water can they cope?
'T is magician floats the wheels,—
The Infallible, the Pope!
Your wheels go trim. The moon doth shine.
Now let "The Bull Dorg" cleave the brine.
Just go your way, and I'll go mine.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, Dec. 24, 1880.

[1] An imitation of "Drinking Catch," by Thomas Love Peacock. Written by request for the special midwinter number of *The Bicycling World*, January 14, 1881, p. 153.

V.

FOUR SEASONS ON A FORTY-SIX.[1]

SIX thousand miles would make, if extended in a straight line, quite a respectable section of the earth's circumference; and the career of the bicycle which I have driven that distance during the past three years and a half has perhaps been quite respectable enough to deserve a formal description. The beginning of this career was made on the Belgian block pavement, at the northeast corner of Washington Square, at about ten minutes past three o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, May 29, 1879. It was a surprisingly short beginning on six thousand miles, however, for the wheel came to a standstill as soon as I had got into the saddle; and, in my ignorance of the "standstill feat," and of the proper way of using my own feet for a quick dismount, I forthwith reached out for the nearest paving-stone with my left elbow, and secured a dislocation of the bones thereof. While waiting to have them pulled together again by a surgeon, whose office fortunately happened to be adjacent, I insisted, between my groans, that a telegram should be at once sent to the Pope Manufacturing Company, inquiring if a nickel-plated cyclometer could be seasonably prepared for me, so that my second ride might be more accurately measured. This remark, coming subsequently to the ears of the Captain of the New York Bicycle Club, seemed to him so creditable that he vowed the anniversary of it should be duly celebrated by a general parade of American bicyclers. Hence the memorable mustering of the clans at Newport, on the 29th of May, 1880, and the formation of the League of American Wheelmen, with officers to summon a similar gathering on each return of that day.

I am driven to make public this fragment of ancient history—not to say secret and unsuspected history—by the remark of a writer in the November *Wheelman*, who, while giving due credit for my manifestations of interest in, and friendliness towards, the League, speaks deprecatingly of my failure to become a member thereof. He will now realize that I could not with propriety act otherwise. My position is much like that of the King of France who said, *l'état c'est moi*. In a certain sense "the League is myself"; and the mere fact that I elbowed it into existence leads me to insist, like Uncle Remus, that "I's bleezd to have elbow-room" outside it. I am such a very modest man, furthermore, that the pomp and pageantry of three annual meets seem already to have commemorated with sufficient impressiveness the date of so slight a display of fortitude. Hence my printed argument of last winter in favor of making the date of the meet a changeable one, so that it might be

[1] From *The Wheelman*, February, 1883, pp. 368-375.

adapted to the climate of the locality chosen. I urged, for example, that Washington's birthday, 1883, would be a good time for the fourth annual meet, in case the city of Washington should be chosen as the place of it. As for the 29th of May, it is enough for me, being a modest man, that Mother Nature should always send then a gentle shower of rain,—should, as it were, bedew the earth with her tears,—in kindly remembrance of my first misfortune.

I am not unaware that a few envious and light-minded persons have given acceptance to the theory that the President of the Boston Bicycle Club devised the League, in order to honor a certain lawyer of that city, who, on the 29th of May, 1877, made the "test case" at the Boston Custom House, which forced the Secretary of the Treasury to classify the bicycle as "a carriage" (duty 35 per cent.), rather than "a machine" (duty 45 per cent.). I mention this theory only that I may expose it to the scorn and derision of all true bicyclers. It is merely one more illustration of the petty jealousy which "the hub" feels for "the metropolis,"—one more attempt to honor Harvard at the expense of Yale,—one more effort to exalt a '68 graduate above a graduate of '69. The natural prejudice which the first President of the League would have for Harvard and '68, by virtue of being himself a '70-man at Haverford College (which the intelligent compositor usually transforms into "Harvard"), explains his nefarious attempt to pervert the facts of history. Modest man that I am, I will not tamely consent to be robbed of the greatness which has been thrust upon me. I do not want to be oppressed with the burden of carrying any more of it. I am anxious to have the League choose some other day than the 29th of May, for the annual blowing of its bugle. But I must insist that whatever degree of celebrity may attach to that particular date, in the history of American bicycling, is due not to a bit of legal quibbling in the Boston Custom House, but to the extremely practical "test case," made by my left elbow with that fateful bit of Belgian pavement lying at the northeast corner of Washington Square.

Two months and more before making this test, I had corresponded with the Pope Manufacturing Company, recommending them to open a rink in New York, in order that I might, without leaving the city, "have a chance to see if I could learn how to ride." But even the prospective honor of selling me a wheel failed to induce them to grant my modest request, and so I was forced to make a pilgrimage to their warehouse in Boston. There, on the last Friday afternoon of March, 1879, I made my first experimental mount, and found that my experiences with the bone-shaker of '69, though forgotten for a decade, stood me in good stead. Command of the new-fashioned wheel was gained by me very quickly, and, after an hour's practice, I felt quite competent to "take to the road." Of course I bought a bicycle, and was consumed with impatience when the specified "two weeks" lengthened into two months before its arrival. My order, that it be sent to meet me on the smooth pavement at Harlem Bridge, was mailed just too late to prevent its shipment from

Hartford to the stony region of Washington Square. The saddle, moreover, for convenience in packing, had been screwed up close to the head, so that, even if my first ride had been attempted on a smooth road, I should inevitably have tumbled, and kept tumbling till I "tumbled to" the idea that the saddle must be set further back.

Six weeks from the day of my sudden demonstration that "the successor of the bone-shaker" might become a bone-breaker, I trundled it out for a second trial, and practiced step-riding for an hour or so on the concrete walks of the Square. A week later, on my third trial, I ventured to slide into the saddle again, but its advanced position and my own impaired confidence combined to make my visits there very short ones. The next day, however, I got the seat properly adjusted, and, after a few helps at mounting and dismounting, found I could once more trust myself to "go it alone," on a smooth wooden floor. My first road-ride was taken the following evening, Tuesday, July 22, on the Boulevard, where, in the course of two hours, I made six mounts, and covered four miles of space, with only one slight fall. The exercise was terribly tiresome and surprisingly sweaty while it lasted, but no weariness or stiffness resulted as a sequel to it. Before the next month closed I had taken eleven other rides and accomplished 125 miles, thereby exploring pretty thoroughly the roads of the New York region, of which I sent a minute description to the *American Bicycling Journal* for October. My longest day's record was twenty-one miles, made on August 5, when I went to Yonkers, where an importunate reporter tried to discover my name for publication in the local paper, and where an equally uncivil dog tried to thrust his teeth through the leather of my boot-leg. The thermometer stood well up among the nineties, that day, and the hot weather which prevailed during all my rides of that month perhaps explained why I never once sighted any wheelmen. I suppose there were then about a dozen of them in New York.

My log of distances, traversed up to this time, had been laboriously compiled by using the county atlas, inasmuch as my agonizing appeal to the Popes for a cyclometer that should be nickel-plated, had been quite in vain. On the first day of September, however, when I began to do some riding in Massachusetts, I reconciled my conscience to the belief that one of their ordinary cyclometers, even without any nickel-plating to ensure its accuracy, was better than nothing, and so I attached to my axle the little round brass box which has registered the miles for me ever since. My first "over-night excursion" began September 9, when I started from Springfield with the idea of propelling myself to Boston, 100 miles, and there, perhaps, taking part in "A Wheel Around the Hub," for which an invitation had reached me, though the exact time of starting had been left undecided. Adopting the mistaken theory of a railroad man, that the highway supplied softer and more difficult riding than the space between the tracks, I clung to the latter all day, and only accomplished 22 miles, ending at West Brimfield, where the rain put an entire stop to my very slow progress. On the morning of the 11th I took

train to Worcester, and there learned that the Boston riders had decided on the 11th and 12th as the days for their excursion. I was thus too late to be with them at the start, but, by resuming my train, I might have overtaken them—possibly at Readville, probably at Canton, or certainly at Sharon,—and thus participated in the larger part of the journey. I afterwards greatly regretted that I failed to do this, especially as in wheeling eastward from Worcester I went astray over bad and hilly roads and occupied nine hours in covering 24 miles, a third of which I walked. The next day I rode in from South Framingham to Boston, over the well-known track; and while circling about there in the early evening, in the region of Trinity Square, I observed numerous dusty bicyclers who seemed to be homeward bound, and who, I doubt not, were some of the men whose comrade I ought to have been in the "Wheel Around the Hub." I eyed them curiously, for this was the first chance I had ever had of seeing any bicycling. I devoted a good part of Saturday to exploring the enchanting environs of the city, and then took train back to Springfield, with a record of 104 miles for the four days. On the 17th of September I rode southward to Hartford, 33 miles, and five days later the same distance northward to Greenfield. These were the two longest day's rides of the year; and the longest ride on two successive days was 62 miles, beginning at New Haven and ending at a railroad station about eight miles from Harlem Bridge. This was on the 10th and 11th of November, and a fortnight later I devoted an afternoon and a forenoon to my first trip to Tarrytown and back,—48 miles. An October trip of similar duration to Orange and back measured 40 miles. Most of the rest of my riding was on the roads which I had first explored in August, though I made several visits to Brooklyn and Prospect Park, and I finished there my wheeling of the year, on the 16th of December, when I took a 20-mile trip to Coney Island.

My entire riding for 1879 amounted to 742 miles, being an average of about 16¼ miles for each one of the 47 days when I mounted the wheel; and upwards of 600 miles were accredited to the last four months of the year. The length of track traversed by me for the first time amounted to at least 330 miles; and if 130 miles be added to this to represent that part of it which I traversed a second time but in an opposite direction, my "new" riding amounted to 460 miles, leaving only 282 miles to represent the repetitions in the year's record. Reports and descriptions of most of these roads were printed by me in the first volume of the *Bicycling World*, 1880, as follows: April 3, p. 163; April 17, p. 178; May 1, p. 199; May 15, p. 219; May 29, p. 234; June 12, p. 256. Later references to my road-reports in that periodical will be enclosed in brackets with the initials *B. W.*

My wheeling in 1880 extended through a period of eight months, from April 19 to December 16, and amounted to 1,474½ miles, or an average of about 26⅓ miles for each of the fifty-eight days I rode. The shortest record was 3½ miles, the longest was 73, and there were nine other days when I rode 40 miles or more. My first 50-mile ride was on the 4th of May, when I made

the round trip to Tarrytown, and added seven miles of riding on the Boulevard by gas-light, to complete the distance. [*B. W.*, Aug. 7, p. 331.] This was also my first experience of that sort of night-riding; and I may as well say here that I have never made use of a lantern. On the first day of summer, I rode from Taunton to Boston, 40 miles, as one of a party of six returning from the meet at Newport; a week later, from Hartford to Springfield, 35 miles; and two days afterwards, from Hartford to Meriden, 30 miles. [*B. W.*, Nov. 19, p. 27.] Between the 9th and 13th of July I rode 131 miles on Long Island, between Greenport and Hunter's Point, and on the 3d of August tried another route there of 25 miles, from Cold Spring Harbor to Astoria. [*B. W.*, Nov. 26, p. 37.] My third round trip to Tarrytown, 43 miles, was taken August 17. After this, between the 6th and 24th of September, came the longest tour of my four seasons' record, for it amounted to 495 miles, and included sections of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Canada. [*B. W.*, 1881, May 27, p. 27; June 3, p. 44; June 10, p. 56; June 17, p. 64.] As my riding was confined to fifteen days, the average for each was 33 miles, the shortest record being that of my incursion into Canada, September 15, in the region of Niagara Falls. Before this I had spent four days along the Erie Canal, mostly on the tow-path, between Schenectady and Oneida, 110 miles, and ridden for two days, 32 miles, in the region of Canandaigua, where I was visiting a friend. From Niagara I rode 38 miles to a farmer's house 16 miles beyond Buffalo; thence 73 miles to Erie; thence 45 miles to Ashtabula, making in all 156 miles, which distance still remains my best record for three successive days. The swiftest and pleasantest ride of the tour was had in returning on the same track from Erie to Dunkirk, 47 miles, in seven and a half hours, including two hours out of the saddle. The next afternoon and evening five hours were spent in getting over the 17 miles between Binghamton and Great Bend. Then came a continuous ride of three days, from Port Jervis to the Delaware Water Gap and across the Jersey hills homeward to Washington Square, the distance being 125 miles, of which the last day claimed 53. My estimate of new track traversed in 1880 is 700 miles, and of old track traversed in a new direction 100 miles, leaving 674 to represent the repetitions of the year.

February and July were the only two months of 1881 that claimed none of the 67 days in which I wheeled 1,956 miles,—an average of 29½,—though January saw me mounted only once, when I indulged in the novelty of pushing myself a half-dozen miles over the beaten snow, among the sleigh-riders of the Boulevard. My next ride, and the shortest of the year, was on the 1st of March, a mile and a half, from the railroad station to my friend's house in Washington. Four days afterwards, in the same city, I took my longest ride of the year, 66¼ miles, in spite of having broken off one of my handles the day before, and thereby ruined all chance of "beating my best record" (73 miles), and perhaps even making 100 miles. On the 22d of April I explored Staten Island to the extent of 23 miles, and then went 17 miles further, through

Elizabethtown and Newark, to Orange. [*B. W.*, May 20, p. 17.] On the last Saturday of May, I began a week's ride of 287 miles,—going first from Boston through Malden and Salem to Rowley, and from Portsmouth to the Kittery Navy Yard and back, 46 miles; and next day returning from Portsmouth to Salem, a similar distance. Monday witnessed the second annual parade of the League, and a trip to Brighton and Chestnut Hill, 20 miles; Tuesday, an excursion to the Blue Bell Tavern in Milton, 20 miles; Wednesday, a trip to Dedham, Needham, and Chestnut Hill, 36 miles; Thursday, a leisurely ride of ten hours from the Hotel Vendome, Boston, through Cambridge, Lexington, Waltham, Wellesley, and Framingham to Northboro', 54½ miles; Friday, a final push of fourteen hours, through mist and fog, with a threatening east wind at my back, to Worcester, West Brookfield, Ware, Three Rivers, Indian Orchard, Springfield, and West Springfield, 64½ miles. [*B. W.*, Aug. 26, p. 188.] The following Tuesday I went up the river to Brattleboro, 47½ miles. I repeated the trip on the 22d of August, in beginning a tour to Lake George [*B. W.*, Oct. 7, p. 259; Nov. 11, p. 5], but continued on to Putney, 52½ miles. Thence next day I rode to Bellows Falls and from Rutland to Whitehall, 39 miles. The third day, after 20 miles of hap-hazard riding among the hills, brought me to Hulett's Landing, on Lake George. The fourth day, besides sailing through the lake, I circled from Baldwin's to Ticonderoga and back, and from Caldwell to Fort Edward, 17 miles. The fifth day I continued homeward through Albany to Schodack, 57 miles, and on the sixth day ended my trip by making an early morning push of 18 miles to Hudson, and there embarking on steamer for New York. A week later, September 4, I began a four days' ride on Long Island, from Flushing to Yaphank and back, 140 miles, of which 31 and 43 were covered on my outward trip, and 14 and 52 on my return. [*B. W.*, 1882, July 28, p. 463.] Another four days' ride was begun on the 26th of September, when I circled 15 miles in the environs of Poughkeepsie; then to Rhinebeck and back, 33 miles; then down the river to Garrison's, 25 miles; then home to the city again, 44 miles. The return trip from Tarrytown, on this latter day, should properly be connected with my up-trip thither on the 17th of May, for on that occasion I took train to Poughkeepsie, and then was forced by the rain to take train homeward again without doing any riding there. On the 16th of October I rode 23 miles in the park at Philadelphia, and 15 miles the next forenoon in the park at Baltimore. Then, on the 22d, I began a six days' tour "along the Potomac" [*B. W.*, 1882, June 23, p. 403; July 14, p. 441], making 180 miles, divided thus: 32, 54, 30, 13, 51. The first day's ride was from Frederick to Hagerstown. Six miles beyond there is Williamsport, where I struck the tow-path of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and rode up it 48 miles before nightfall. The third day brought me to the end of the tow-path at Cumberland, whence I took train back to Harper's Ferry, and from there followed the tow-path down to its other end at Washington. On the 15th of November I made my sixth trip to Tarrytown, 42 miles; and on the 21st of December, the shortest day of the

year, I took my last ride and one of my longest ones, 60½ miles. My estimate of new track traversed in 1881 is 750 miles, and of old track traversed in a new direction, 210 miles, leaving about 1,000 miles to represent the repetitions of the year.

My riding of 1882, as comprised between April 19 and November 29, amounted to 1,827½ miles, or an average of rather more than 33½ miles for each of 56 riding days. I celebrated May Day by a ride of 45 miles, from Orange to Morristown and back, and three days later accomplished 41 miles, including a ride from Orange to Little Falls, Pompton, and Paterson, which I afterwards extended to Hackensack, Ridgefield, and Fort Lee. On the afternoon of the 10th I made the Tarrytown trip again, 42 miles; and on the forenoon of the 26th rode up there, crossed the river to Nyack, and came down the west side of the river, through Tappan and Englewood to Jersey City, 51 miles. During the last three days of the month, I rode 75 miles in the streets and parks of Chicago; and on the first morning of summer began at Covington a tour of 340 miles among the hills of Kentucky, finishing at Maysville on the 9th. The miles recorded on the successive days were as follows: 39, 61, 33, 43, 31, 0, 52, 42, 39,—the blank record signifying the day devoted to visiting the Mammoth Cave. The January *Wheelman* contained a detailed report of my autumn tour of 400 miles, beginning at Utica on the 20th of September, and extending through Trenton Falls, Syracuse, Canandaigua, Avon Springs, Portage, the Genesee Valley, Hornellsville, and Corning, to Waverly (330 miles), and then Towanda, Pittson, Wilkesbarre, and Newark, where the end was made October 12. In the interval of a quarter-year and more, which elapsed between these two tours, there were only three days when I mounted my wheel: I rode from Hartford to Cheshire, 28 miles, July 18, and next day rode 25 more, in the region of New Haven and Branford; and on the 15th of September I rode 28 miles on Staten Island. On the 27th of October I made a round trip of 31 miles, from Philadelphia to a point beyond Wayne. My next trial of a "new road" was made November 13, when I went from Newark along Springfield avenue to Short Hills, Madison, and Morristown and back, 44 miles.

My final tour of the year began November 21, when I rode from Harlem Bridge to Bridgeport, 55½ miles. The next forenoon I rode to New Haven, 19 miles. The third day I proceeded through Cheshire to Hartford, 43 miles; and the fourth, I finished at West Springfield, 31 miles. At 6 o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, November 29, exactly three and a half years from the day when I first mounted my wheel, I was warned that a new snow-storm had just begun, and that if I intended to work off the last 23 miles needed to complete the record of 6,000, I had best make a prompt beginning. I finished my task in Springfield, at half-past ten o'clock, and then sought breakfast with an appetite well-sharpened by a four hours' struggle through the blinding snow. The air was cold enough to freeze my moustache into a solid lump, and hence gave the snow no chance to grow damp and slippery. Thanks to

the tight clutch kept by me on the handles, my wheel, though it had two or three dangerous slips, never fell.

My new track, in 1882, was 820 miles long, and my old track, ridden in a new direction, was 180 miles, leaving 828 miles of repetitions. Combining with these the similar estimates already given for the three previous seasons, the following result appears: Of the 6,000 miles through which I have pushed my 46-inch Columbia bicycle, "No. 234," 2,600 miles were on roads that my wheel had never before traversed, and 620 miles were on roads that it had never before traversed in the same direction. In other words, I have had 3,220 miles of practically "new" riding, as against 2,780 miles on paths previously gone over. I believe there are quite a number of Americans who have wheeled themselves 6,000 miles or more (though I have yet to be told of one who has done that distance on a single machine); but to the best of my knowledge I am the only man who has practiced bicycling on 2,600 distinct miles of American roads. The period described has comprised 1,280 days, and, as I have mounted the wheel on 228 of these, my "average ride" has been a trifle less than 26½ miles. The average has constantly increased, however, as is shown by comparing the figures of the four seasons in succession: 16¼, 26⅓, 29⅘, 33½. The "days" and "miles" may be grouped together as follows: 1879, 47 and 742; 1880, 58 and 1,474½; 1881, 67 and 1,956; 1882, 56 and 1,827½.

I have driven my wheel in the fifteen following States: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, and Illinois; and I have accompanied it on railroad trains in all but the first-named State, and also in Delaware and Indiana. The miles we have traveled together by trains are indicated by the numerals in the following chronological list of our trips: West Brimfield to Worcester, 35; Newton to Springfield, 91; Hartford to Springfield, 26; Chicopee to Northampton, 14; Greenfield to Holyoke, 28; Bartow to Harlem, 8; Newport to Taunton, 34; Brighton to Boston, 5; Boston to Springfield, 99; Springfield to Chicopee and back, 7; Springfield to Hartford, 26; Meriden to New Haven, 18; Riverhead to Yaphank, 15; Oneida to Canandaigua, 100; Canandaigua to Niagara, 105; Ashtabula to Erie, 41; Dunkirk to Binghamton, 245; Great Bend to Port Jervis, 113; New York to Washington and back, 456; Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie, 45; Poughkeepsie to New York, 73; Fall River to Boston, 49; Rowley to Portsmouth, 26; Salem to Boston, 16; Smith's Ferry to North Hatfield, 11; Bernardston to Hartford, 67; Hayden's to Springfield, 17; Smith's Ferry to North Hatfield, 11; Bellows Falls to Rutland, 53; Flushing to Hunter's Point, 7; New York to Baltimore, 186; Baltimore to Frederick, 66; Cumberland to Harper's Ferry, 97; Washington to New York, 228; Newark to New York, 7; New York to Washington and Chicago, 1,041; Chicago to Cincinnati, 310; Williamstown to Sadieville, 19; Upton to Cave City, 26; Cave City to Louisville, 85; Cheshire to New Haven, 15; Albany

to Utica, 95; Oneida to Syracuse, 25; Waverly to Towanda, 18; Meshoppen to Pittston, 38; Wilkesbarre to Newark, 172; Newark to Philadelphia and back, 162.

In addition to the above indicated 4,414 miles by rail, I have accompanied my wheel 1,044 miles on steamboats, as follows: New York to Pleasant Valley, 6; New York to New Haven, 75; Harlem to Fulton ferry (twice), 15; New York to Newport, 160; New York to New London, 120; New London to Greenport, 15; Battery to Vanderbilt's Landing, 10; New York to Fall River, 175; Hulett's Landing to Baldwin's and thence to Caldwell (Lake George), 40; Hudson to New York, 115; New York to Flushing, 15; New York to Poughkeepsie, 75; Fulton ferry to Harlem, 8; Maysville to Cincinnati, 60; New Haven to New York, 75; Battery to Tompkinsville, 10; New Brighton to Battery, 10; Harlem to Astoria and back, 6; Hoboken to Brooklyn, 3; Tarrytown to Nyack, 3; Fort Lee to Manhattanville (three times), 5; Hunter's Point to Seventh street (twice), 5; Hoboken ferry, six times; Weehawken ferry, six times; Pavonia ferry, twice; Communipaw ferry, twice; Jersey City ferry, twice; Wall street ferry, eighteen times; Fulton ferry, once; Grand street ferry, once. These thirty-eight ferry passages probably amounted to as many miles altogether.

Canal-boat rides of four miles on the Erie, and ten miles on the Chesapeake and Ohio may be added; and row-boat transportation has been given my wheel from Staten Island to Elizabethport, twice across the Mohawk at Hoffman's Ferry, once across the Connecticut at Thompsonville, and once across the outlet of Lake Champlain at Chubb's Ferry,—perhaps three miles in all. I have escorted it on horse-cars twice down the east side of the city, from Fourteenth street to Wall, and once on the same route upwards; five times down the west side from Fifty-ninth street to the ferries at Liberty, Chambers, Desbrosses, Canal, and Christopher streets respectively; and once from One Hundred and Eighteenth to Fifty-ninth,—a distance of perhaps 40 miles altogether. On three occasions I have ridden with it in a wagon, about 20 miles, and I suppose it has been similarly carried a similar distance when I have not been in attendance. Its solitary tours, when caged in a crate and packed like ordinary merchandise into freight or express car, have numbered half-a-dozen and amounted to about 1,600 miles, as follows: Hartford to New York and back, 220; New York to Springfield and back, 272; Hartford to Schenectady, 140; Cincinnati to Hartford, 972.

Most of the distances by train have been given on the authority of the railroad guides, but I have been obliged to "estimate" a few of them, and have felt uncertain in one or two cases concerning the actual route chosen between distant points which are connected by competing lines of quite unequal lengths. Some of my steamboat distances have been guessed at from my knowledge of the distances on shore. In no instance, however, have I knowingly exaggerated, and I am sure that the sum of my estimates falls short of, rather than exceeds, the actual distance. I may also add here a word of

caution against the too literal acceptance of my cyclometer reports as representing the exact distance between the chief points that are named in a day's run, as if the whole of it were included between them; for, of course, the figures in reality often cover many detours and much extra riding, which cannot be specially explained in such a general summary.

The total distance which the record says I have been carried in company with my wheel (5,535 miles) lacks only 465 of the 6,000 miles which I have personally pushed it; but the sum of the distances which I have traveled on account of my wheel, when not with it, is also quite a respectable one. My original journey to Boston to negotiate for its manufacture was 450 miles long; and other special rides may be named as follows: Cincinnati to New York, 882; Springfield to Schenectady, 118; Syracuse to Canandaigua and back, 150; Yaphank to Greenport and back, 75; Paterson to New York and back, 32; Thompsonville to Springfield and back, 18; twenty rides between New York and Orange or Newark, 160; fourteen rides on the elevated railroad between Washington Square and Washington Heights (One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street), 112; fifty-four rides on the same, to or from One Hundred and Fourth street, 270; eight rides on the same, to or from Harlem, 48; fifteen rides to or from Fulton street, 30. This makes a total of 2,335 miles, which the rides I have taken in horse-car and omnibus, on my wheel's account, would readily raise to 2,400. The wheel itself is shown by the present record to have traveled 13,160 miles, and I therefore am led to assume that it has "seen a good deal more of America" than any other bicycle a-going. My manuscript log, concerning its travels and adventures, occupies 152 pages, with an average contents of 200 words each; and I hope to prepare therefrom, for the March *Wheelman*, some account of its mishaps, and of the cost of repairing them. I may also offer then some considerations tending to show that my steadfast sticking to so small a wheel, while it is possible for me to propel one which is half a foot higher, is not altogether due to the sentimental consideration that "I was born in '46."

One more exhibition of "mileage statistics" and this present article shall be ended. I have wheeled 40 miles in street parades: 14 at Newport, 4 at Boston, 13 at Chicago, and 9 at Philadelphia; 52 miles in club runs: 22 at Washington (three runs), 12 at Poughkeepsie, 12 at Brooklyn, and 6 at Brattleboro; 80 miles with two or more chance associates: 40 from Taunton, 16 from Boston, 33 from Poughkeepsie, 12 from Chicago, and 12 from Louisville; and 205 miles with single companions, numbering a dozen altogether: 90 between Boston and Portsmouth, 20 between Utica and Trenton Falls, 27 in and about Washington, 25 about Dedham and Needham, 15 near Dansville, 8 at Orange, 4 at Frederick, 4 at Newport, 2 at Cayuga, 5 at Philadelphia, 3 at Brooklyn, and 2 in New York. If I add 50 miles to cover the distances which friends have ridden beside me on horseback, or driven beside me in carriages, or walked or rowed beside me, the total will be 460 miles, to represent that part of my riding which has been cheered by any other "company"

than that of myself. All the rest of my 6,000 miles a-wheel-back has been traveled alone!

The surprising part of this last-named circumstance, to me, is that people should be so generally surprised at it. Men cannot, in the nature of things, readily adapt their business affairs in such way as to make their holidays and vacations coincide with those of other men; and a peculiar charm of the bicycle is its capacity for economizing every shred and atom of a man's leisure,—for increasing his independence in respect to relaxation. Only in exceptional cases can extensive touring be successfully indulged in otherwise than as a solitary amusement. What reasonable chance is there that, in a ride of say 400 miles, two men can get along comfortably together, unless they are very intimate friends and of very equal wheeling capacities? For my own part, I have thus far failed to induce a single one of my old-time comrades to take kindly to the wheel; and when I ask, "Where are the boys who bravely bounced the bone-shakers with me along the New Haven sidewalks, in that glad winter of '69?" echo sadly answers: "Married and dead by the score!" Hence, as I seem thus fated always to "go it alone," I naturally feel an abiding enthusiasm for a pastime so perfectly adapted to my disposition and "environment." Hence, too, I trust that Mr. Calverley will pardon me if I thus parody one of his parodies in order to give rhythmic expression to my enthusiasm:—

Others may praise the grand displays,
  Where flash the wheels like tail of comet,—
The club-runs made on gala days,—
  Far may I be at such times from it!
Though then the public may be "lost
  In wonder" at a trifling cost.
Fanned by the breeze, to whirl at ease,
  My faithful wheel is all I crave,
And if folks rave about the "seas
  Of upturned faces," let them rave!
Your monster meets, I like not these;
  The lonely tour hath more to please.

VI.

COLUMBIA, NO. 234.[1]

"FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend." So runs the proverb, which I must point to in explanation of my singular conduct in adhering loyally for four seasons to the fortunes of "Number 234." It is only an old-fashioned little 46-incher, with cone-bearings and big pedals. There is nothing about its general appearance to hinder the casual examiner from sneering at it as "no great shakes of a bicycle"; but yet it gave me the greatest shake of my lifetime, the very first day I mounted it, and it has since been pushed by me over a greater stretch of American soil than any other wheel known to the records of bicycling. Men of more massive physique than mine have had their bones broken, and broken more thoroughly than mine were, by the kicking of the steely steed; men of longer purses than mine have emptied them more lavishly in the purchase of their mounts; but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I am the only American bicycler whose very first ride (completed in less than a minute of time and covering less than a rod of space) cost so great a sum of money as $234. Half of that amount was paid for the machine itself, and the other half went to the surgical machinists, who successfully mended my broken elbow; but I do not think I ought to be branded as a monument of duplicity if, in my more weary and deceitful moments, when questioned as to whether the "234" stamped on the cranks of my vehicle does not represent the number of dollars paid for the same, I use "Yes" as my easiest answer. It is evident, however, that no man—not even a man who earns his livelihood by newspaper writing—can ever be rich enough to pay that rate per minute for his fun, or that rate per rod for his traveling. Hence, in order to "bring down the average" to a point where the expense of riding might seem less absurdly disproportionate to my income, I have felt in duty bound to drive "Number 234," and none other, until now, at the end of my fourth season, I find that that original very costly rod of transportation on the 29th of May, 1879, has been expanded into more than 6,000 miles of riding, whereof the average cost per rod has been very slight. In order still further to reduce this average I shall postpone all notion of buying a new wheel for at least two seasons more, or until I have run the record of my old one up to 10,000 miles. Perhaps by that time I shall have become so firmly wedded to my first love that nothing but death can separate us; perhaps by that time all

[1] From *The Wheelman*, March, 1883, pp. 432–436.

the blandishments of "the newer and better" will have no other effect than to make me cry out defiantly, in the words of *Puck's* professional poet, —

"Nay! I'll cling to thee, old bicycle,
Till thy round red rubber tires
Pound to rags, and till to toothpicks
Split thy tremulous steel wires!"

The chief object of the present article, however, is to describe the manner in which the tires, spokes, and other component parts of "Number 234," have stood the pounding I have subjected them to in driving it 6,175 miles, during the four seasons past. My tours, as outlined in last month's *Wheelman*, have extended into fifteen States and embraced 2,600 distinct miles of American roads; and I assume that no other bicycle than mine has yet made anything like as extensive a trial of them; but I may as well confess at the outset that, though I am as regards ancestry a thoroughbred Yankee from Yankeeville, I have somehow failed to inherit the aptitude and ingenuity popularly accredited to the race in respect to things mechanical.

To me such things are an abiding and oppressive mystery; to me the comparisons of "points," and the discussions about minute details of manufacture are apt to be wearisome, if not incomprehensible; to me a bicycle is a bicycle, and I am so much pleased at contemplating the superiority of this sort of vehicle over other vehicles, that I have no disposition to examine into the possible superiority of one variety of it over another variety. Hence, in spite of my great experience as a road-rider, my opinion as to the mechanical merits of "Number 234" cannot properly be considered that of an expert; cannot properly be accepted as decisive, or even weighty. I certainly think that my wheel is a very good one, and I certainly think that the story I have to tell about the way it has stood the strain put upon it is a story which ought to convince the most sceptical that "the bicycle is not an expensive and easily-spoiled toy, but rather a cheap and durable carriage for general usage on the road." At the same time, if I had chanced to purchase some other make than a Columbia, I presume that I should have stuck to it just as persistently, and given it just as thorough a trial; and, for aught I know or suspect, the result might have been just as satisfactory, or even more satisfactory. In other words, my facts are presented for what they are worth, in showing how the bicycle in general resists hard usage. They are not presented to show that one particular make is better than all others, or that my own individual "Number 234" is the best of all.

I had ridden 234 miles, on twenty different days, during which my machine had had a good many tumbles, before I asked any one to adjust its bearings, or otherwise repair it. Happening, then, to be at the Popes' office, in Boston, I indulged in 75 cents' worth of improvements, which included straightening the cranks, and cementing the loosened end of the splice of the small tire. As spectators always kindly drew my attention to this "cut," by

poking it with their canes or fingers, the end soon worked loose again, and remained so until I secured new tires, a year later, though it never caused me any real trouble. Thirty-three more rides, and 673 more miles of riding, brought me to the meet at Newport, with pedals and bearings all so loose and rattling as to excite the surprise and pity of the first experienced riders I got into conversation with. They quickly "tightened me up," and instructed me how to adjust the various cones and cams; but until this time I believe I had never meddled with a single nut or screw belonging to my bicycle, except in moving back the saddle. At Stratford, on the previous November, however, I helped a blacksmith pull into shape a very badly bent crank (at the same time, as I suspect, pulling the axle a trifle out of shape); and, on returning from the Newport meet, my handle-bar got a severe twist, which my companions were able promptly to rectify. Perhaps, though, it was a result of this twist that, on the occasion of the next severe fall, at Washington, nine months later, with 1,350 more miles on my record, the right handle broke square off, and a new bar had to be secured. The part of my machine which first broke, however, was the spring, which cracked in two on the 23d of August, 1880 (when my record of miles was 1,480, and my number of riding days was eighty-two), though the fracture did not loosen the saddle or prevent my wheeling homeward in safety. In fact, though the jarring and jolting seemed rather greater than usual, I probably should not have detected the crack in the spring at all had I not uncovered it in preparing to attach, for trial, a new "suspension saddle." I had bought this, not because my old block-mounted saddle was a bad fit, or in any way uncomfortable, but because I had read and heard so much about the superiority of this new variety, that I thought, being on the eve of departure on a tour of 500 miles, that I "must have the best." As the breaking of the spring prevented this preliminary trial of the new saddle, I tried it, for the first time, when I began my tour, and discovered before riding ten miles that it was far less comfortable than the old one. Nevertheless, I had to ride it 100 miles further, before I could get back the old one, which I immediately ordered sent to me; and I have made no other attempts at change. As that original saddle is now completely worn out at the edges, however, I propose to begin my fifth season with a new one of the "long-distance" variety.

I sent the machine to its birthplace in Hartford to have the broken spring replaced; and, as the pedals had become unduly worn, because of my using them for the first 900 miles without making any adjustment, I had them replaced by new ones; and I also ordered new tires, because, though they had always stuck tight to the rims, and were not perceptibly worn, the front one had received a deep cut straight across it, and I did not wish, at the outset of a long journey, to take the chance of its coming completely apart. For these renewals, and a general tightening up of the parts, I paid $15; and at the same place, three months before, I had paid $1.80 for other small repairs, which included new oil-cups and new cones for the rear axle. I may as well

say here that I have driven my second set of tires 4,700 miles, and that I think at least another 1,000 miles will be required to really "pound them to rags." The splice in the big tire worked loose in this second set, just as the splice in the little one worked loose in the first, though not until I had driven it some 2,500 miles, or more than ten times as far as in the first case. After two or three unsatisfactory experiments with cement, I had the loose end of the splice sewed down with fine wire; and this improvement lasted for 500 miles, or until the tip of the splice broke off. Then, at Chicago, I had a part of the tire turned, so as to bring the good part of the splice outside. Three days later, with another 100 miles on my record, a wheelman in Kentucky drew attention to the looseness of another section of my tire, and kindly cemented it on for me. At the end of my Kentucky trip, when I had run 3,400 miles on this set of tires, I had them taken off and turned, so that my last 1,300 miles on them have been run with the original rim-sides outward. In saying this, I assume that when the tires were taken off, in January, 1881 (after 780 miles' service), in order to allow the rims to be nickeled, they were replaced as they stood originally. It appears from this statement, which is an exhaustive one, down to the very smallest facts of the case, that in all my thousands of miles of touring I have never had any serious trouble with my tires. They have never dropped off, or even worked loose to such a degree as to interfere at all with my riding, and I have never, personally, doctored them with a bit of cement.

The first serious break in my machine occurred on the 20th of January, 1881, when I was making my first trial of it in the snow, among the sleigh-riders on Sixth Avenue, above Central Park,—the record then being 2,222 miles. The air was not particularly cold or frosty, the riding was reasonably smooth, and I had not been subjected to any serious jolts; but somehow, as I was jogging along a perfectly level stretch of the roadway, at a tolerably brisk pace, the front wheel gave a sudden lurch forward, and I found myself standing upright and still holding upright the front half of the machine, while the backbone and rear wheel lay prostrate in the snow. The upright part, which I think is called the neck, had broken off in the thread of the screw, just below the lock-nut. I paid a New York agency $5 to have it welded together again, and $20 more to have the whole machine newly nickeled in every part. Deep grief had oppressed me from the very outset of its career, because, though the contract said "full nickeled," the rims were painted. Hence, when I next met my replated "Number 234," and saw how bravely it glistened along the rims, my joy was great. But disgust quickly followed when I observed that, in the process of polishing the same, the spokes, at the points of juncture, had been cut nearly half through. My fear that after this weakening they would snap at the first severe strain has not been justified by actual trial, for only two of them have ever broken. One spoke in the rear wheel broke at the time of a severe fall, May 1, 1882, at Bloomfield, when the record stood at 4,285 miles; one spoke in the front wheel broke on a smooth path, at Chicopee, Dec. 30, 1882, when the record had reached 6,140 miles.

Both these wires snapped at the points where they had been cut in polishing. I may add here, that none of my spokes have ever got loose enough to rattle, and that I have never had any of them tightened except when visiting a machine-shop for more important repairs. On a very few occasions I have screwed up some loosened lock-nuts, without affecting the spokes or nipples, and once, when a nipple broke off without loosening the wire, I pegged it in place to prevent rattling. The little bar, or rivet, which attaches the joint of the spring to the cylindrical plate sliding along the backbone, rattled out once, in September, 1880, when I was touring in Western New York; but a postal card sent to the manufactory caused a new rivet to reach me within three days, and a nail served as a satisfactory substitute during that interval.

"Number 234" was disabled for the second time on the 8th of June, 1881, when 2,993 miles had been traversed. As I dismounted for dinner at the hotel in Bernardston, after riding twenty miles, whereof the last three or four had been made without stop, a lounger drew my attention to an appearance of "something wrong" under the saddle; and I then discovered that the under side of the shell of the backbone had cracked open, at a distance of about six inches from the head, though the solid metal beneath prevented a complete break. I did not venture another mount, however, but trundled the cripple to the adjoining railroad station, and, next day, to the manufactory in Hartford. A new backbone was now put in, of somewhat different shape from the original, and the step was attached to it by two short screws, instead of by the old device of a bolt and nut. The change did not commend itself to my approval, however, for in touring along the tow-path of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, four months later, the screws, after about 900 miles' service, persisted in working loose, until I lost one of them. Then I carefully bound cloth around the step to prevent the other one from rattling out. But it did drop out, and I felt desperate, for I could not mount again without a screw to fasten the step on with, and I was "forty miles from any town." As I knew the loss had happened within a quarter of a mile, however, I scoured the tow-path for that distance, until, at last, I was rewarded by the glisten of the little speck of nickel in the sand,—though its recovery would seem hardly more likely, on general principles, than that of the traditional needle in the hay-mow. My second set of step-screws have not yet shown any signs of looseness in traveling some 2,200 miles. The screw at the top of my handle-bar broke off, however, last November, and I think that both it and the screw at the side of the same bar were put in as substitutes for the original ones, which were loose.

The third great calamity to my bicycle happened just a year after the second one, and was in character a repetition of the first. On the 9th of June, 1882, as I was just about finishing a ride of 340 miles among the hills of Kentucky,—being some two miles from Maysville, on the Ohio river, where I intended to cross into the State of that name, and journey through it for another week, or until I reached Lake Erie,—I noticed an unaccountable

stiffening of the mechanism, which "refused to obey the helm." Careful examination finally showed me that the neck had been cracked through just below the lock-nut, though the adjustment was so tight that the parts did not fall away from each other, as in the similar break of January 20, 1881. It will be remembered that the neck then had a record of 2,222 miles; and between that break and this second one the record was 2,650 miles. I am told that the manufacturers, being convinced that this screw-threading on the neck is necessarily a source of weakness, long ago abandoned the production of necks of that pattern; but, as they attempted the introduction of no new device in welding "234's" together again, I suppose that, at some point between the 2,000th and 3,000th mile after this second mending, I may reasonably expect that the neck will break a third time. I can only hope, in such case, that my own neck may not get broken too! At the same time with this second mending of the neck, new bearings were attached to the fork, and it, together with the backbone, was newly nickeled. The lower bearings of the front wheel were also renewed; a new axle, new hubs, and new cranks were added thereto, and a new axle and new cones to the rear wheel; a filling was ingeniously inserted to reduce the size of the socket in which the pivot of the neck had been playing for 4,872 miles; and a special side-spring was attached to hold up the brake, as a substitute for the unsatisfactory rubber-bands previously employed. I may here add that considerable annoyance had been given me, at one time or another, by the jarring out of the brake-screws, and on the occasion of a certain tumble the loosened brake itself got knocked out; but for the last 1,300 miles the brake-screws have kept perfectly tight.

I think that the first time one of my cranks worked loose was on the 5th of August, 1881 (record, 3,000 miles), as a result of letting the machine fall heavily, and then letting myself fall heavily upon it. A few blows of the hammer put the crank right again, and the trouble has never been renewed. That same date was, I believe, the last of three or four occasions on which I have caused the two wheels to "interfere"; and my remedy in such cases has been to pull the backbone away from the fork by main strength, which strength some friendly spectator has helped me to apply. Less than 900 miles of riding sufficed to wear loose the second set of bearings on my front wheel, and I learned, at the manufactory, that the "shoulders" of the concave cones needed to be filed down in order to have them "take hold" again, in obedience to the tightening of the cams. I know, too, from my experience with the first set of bearings, that after there has been much filing, the cams themselves will fail to "take hold" unless little braces of iron are inserted between them and the cones. I paid a Yonkers blacksmith half a dollar for a half-hour's work in making me a rude pair of such braces, in August, 1880, when my record was 1,450 miles. I believe my record was 5,580 miles before I broke my first cam-bolt, by screwing it up too tightly, though I twisted off the head of a second one within less than 400 miles afterwards. Thus the pair of extra bolts I had carried so long were utilized at last.

A summary of the parts renewed, as described in the foregoing history of "Number 234," includes handle-bar, spring, backbone, step, pedals, cranks, hubs, axles and cones of both wheels, tires, bearings of fork, neck and socket of neck-pivot, oil-cups, spring-bolt, pair of cam-bolts, cam-braces, screws of step and brake, one long spoke and one short spoke. The total cost of these repairs was $43.65, to which should be added $20 for nickel-plating. The McKee & Harrington suspension saddle, which proved useless, cost $3.50; Pope cyclometer, $7; handy English tool-bag, $3; Lamson's luggage-carriers, $1.50; oil, $1.25; padlock and chain, pair of pocket oil-cans, monkey-wrench, three drinking-cups, rubber money-pouches, rubber cloth and bands, cement, sheet and chamois skins, cost altogether $5.25, making a total for "extras" of $21.50.

As regards the great subject of "clothes," the bicycle seems to me a most admirable instrument for getting the final service out of garments which have passed their first youth, and which, except for it, would be laid aside until sufficiently moth-eaten and antiquated to deserve "giving away to the poor." It is a sort of wheel which grinds up with equal relish the black doeskin trousers of the winter ball-room and the white-flannels of the summer hotel piazza,—concealing with equal charity the champagne stains of the one and the ice-cream smears of the other. I find, however, that, in addition to the numerous suits of "old clothes" which I have reduced to rags in the saddle, I have expended for distinctively bicycling habiliments the sum of $66, as follows: riding costume (green velveteen jacket, hat and cap, corduroy breeches and silk stockings), $29.50; seven white flannel shirts, $22.50; two pairs of white flannel knee-breeches, $6.50; six pairs of riding gloves, $5.50.

The cost of transporting the machine in its crate for 1,600 miles, on a half-dozen different occasions, has been $7.38. The fees given to baggage-men, with whom I and my wheel have ridden 5,535 miles, together with a few tolls and minor taxes, have amounted to $9. Express charges on baggage while touring have reached a similar sum; and I have paid $3 for rent of hired machines, and as much more for entrance tickets to races and the like. The sum total of all these figures is $181.53, which represents the direct cost of my four seasons' sport, in addition to the $234 paid for my first mount on "Number 234." I explained in the previous chapter how I had been carried with my wheel 4,474 miles on land, 1,061 miles on water; and that the distances I have traveled on account of it when not with it amount to 2,000 miles, mostly on land. If three cents be adopted as the probable average price paid per mile for the transportation of myself through this entire distance of 7,535 miles, the sum of $226 is obtained as the indirect expenses of indulging in 6,175 miles of bicycling. That assumed "mileage" may be a little in advance of the true one, but as the cost of my personal subsistence while traveling must needs have been somewhat in advance of what its cost would have been had I stayed at home, the sum specified as a probable estimate of "indirect expenses" certainly cannot be greater than the true one.

A combination of all these figures shows $641 expended during four years in traveling 13,710 miles. Of this exhibit I will simply say that I only wish I could always be sure of getting as much fun for my money; for no economist, in counting up the cost of his pleasuring, was ever better satisfied with the result than I am now,—unless, perhaps, I except the Arkansaw Traveler.

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[1]When I began my fifth season of wheeling, on the 17th of April, 1883, by starting on a three days' tour from Hartford to New York, I little anticipated that the old wheel, whose history during 6,000 miles of touring had been detailed by me in the March *Wheelman*, was destined to travel almost 4,000 miles within a twelvemonth. I had no possible idea that before the year was out I should drive it along more than 1,000 miles of "American" roadway protected by the British flag (in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton and Bermuda); should push it across the borders of a dozen States of the Union (Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Michigan, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia and Virginia); and should force its ragged tires to mark a continuous straightaway trail on the surface of the earth for 1,400 miles.

Having done all these things, however, it seems proper that I should tell the story of how the venerable mechanism stood the strain thus put upon it, and of what its condition was on the very last day of its life as an active roadster. That day was the 14th of April, 1884; for when I then, at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, dismounted at the doorway of the establishment where "Number 234" first came into being, I was given the assurance that mortal man should never mount it more, but that, on the other hand, it should itself be allowed to mount a pedestal, and repose there forever as a relic—the object of homage and reverence from all good wheelmen who may be privileged to gaze upon its historic outlines. Its total record of miles, when I unscrewed from its axle the Pope cyclometer which had counted most of them for me, was 10,082; but the peculiarity of the record consists not so much in the fact that the distance considerably exceeds that recorded by any other wheel in America, as in the fact that the riding extended along 5,000 separate miles of roadway, situated in twenty-three different States and Provinces. Other Americans who have ridden 10,000 miles (and one who has ridden 15,000) have each made use of three or four different bicycles, and have failed to traverse as much as 500 separate miles of road.

The round trip of 60 miles which I made on the 16th of August, going from West Springfield to Hartford on the west side of the river and returning on the east side, was chiefly for the sake of having the cones of front axle filed and refitted, after 1,132 miles of usage since April, and a new brake

[1]The remainder of this chapter was printed in *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, April, 1884, pp. 2, 3, 4, with the title: "The Last Days of 'No. 234'."

added, as the original spoon was pretty well worn out. On the return trip, in the dusk of evening, the spreading roots of a tree on a certain sidewalk produced a severe fall, which caused the wheels to overlap one another, until pulled apart by main strength. As a sequel to this pulling process there appeared next day a very slight crack on the upper side of the backbone, six or seven inches from the head. A ride of five miles on a smooth road did not perceptibly increase the crack, however, and I began to hope that no serious break was betokened, until my first sudden stoppage in a sand-rut proved the hope to be a vain one. After that, the crack broadened and the overlapping increased at every dismount, until at last the rear wheel entirely refused to trail behind its leader. Nothing was left for me, therefore, but to send the machine back to Hartford for a new backbone; and I improved the occasion to order a new steering-head with it, for the old head (of a pattern no longer used) had been jarred very nearly to the breaking point—judging by the number of miles that had been required to cause fracture on the two previous occasions. The first break in the backbone itself happened on the *under* side thereof, two years before, when I had ridden 2,993 miles; and, after its repair, I rode 4,392 miles before the appearance of this second break, on the upper side. The record of the new backbone, when I took my final ride with it, was 2,697 miles. As the insertion of the new head required the fork to be heated, a new coat of nickel was then applied to the same. The new head also required that the spring, whose end was attached to a clip, sliding on the backbone, should be replaced by one of modern design.

A village blacksmith in Canada supplied my next demand for repairs, on the 15th of October, by welding together the handle-bar, which snapped off square at the right side of the fork, as a result of my letting the wheel plunge down a grassy slope and strike the handle upon a stone. Four days later, another blacksmith fitted some iron plates or washers behind the bearing-boxes, for the shoulders of these had been filed down so far, to offset the wear of the upper bearings, that the cams would no longer hold. Further filings, in the course of the next week's journey, almost obliterated the "coned" character of the boxes and reduced them nearly to the condition of flat pieces of metal; so that at Cazenovia, 1,488 miles from the time of the repairs at Hartford, I was forced to make my first experiment with rawhide as a material for bearings. This substance becomes pliable after several hours' soaking in water, and strips of it can then be fitted between the upper side of the axle and the ends of the fork, to compensate for the wear of the coned surfaces. When dry, the rawhide is about as durable and unyielding as steel; but, as I took a ride of eight miles within a few hours after applying it to the axle, and continued my journey early the next morning, the strips gradually worked out of their places and protruded from the sides, where they attracted enough moisture, in an all-day's ride through the rain, to still further impair their usefulness. After 215 miles' usage, therefore, I replaced them with new strips; and, though I waited only twelve hours for these to harden, they kept

in position and rendered good service without further attention for the remaining 994 miles of my record. I doubt if I should have been able to finish this without new cones on the fork, unless I had resorted to the rawhide. Such resort, however, I do not venture to recommend except for bearings which are very badly worn; and I should say that at least twenty-four hours ought to be allowed for hardening, after the damp strips have been applied to the axle. I may add that rawhide is an article not readily procurable, for I learned that in the whole of Syracuse, which is a city of 60,000 people, there was only one place (a trunk-maker's) where it could be obtained.

The tow-path of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, a few miles from Honesdale, was the scene of the worst mishap that ever befell "Number 234," and its escape from complete destruction then will always seem to me like a miracle. A pair of mules, standing on the outer side of the path, appeared to have their attention so entirely absorbed by the feed-baskets wherein their noses were plunged, that I presumed they would not notice my approach from behind, and I accordingly ventured to ride across the tug-rope connecting them with the boat. No sooner had I done this than some evil impulse led the brutes to pause in their repast and take a contemplative gaze at the surrounding scenery. I dismounted at the moment when I saw them turn their heads; but, in the self-same instant of time, they gave a tremendous jump forward; the rope parted under the sudden strain, the flying end thereof, glancing from my back, whipped itself into a knot around the right handle of my bicycle, and, quicker than I could say "Jack Robinson," the beloved form of "Number 234" was receding into the distance, as fast as a pair of runaway mules could bang it along the stones of the tow-path. They were excited enough to have willingly helped it "beat the record" by dragging it "without stop for a hundred miles," or until they reached the Hudson River; but a lock-house chanced to intervene at the distance of an eighth of a mile, and the keeper thereof rushed out and brought their mad race to an end. Just about as he seized hold of them, the front wheel came against the planking of a bridge with a tremendous thump; but I was so far in the rear that I could not see whether this helped to cause the stoppage; and I was so excited and distressed, when I rushed up to view the mangled remains of the wreck, that I cannot remember whether the jar of the collision sufficed to release the knotted rope from the handle. I only recall that the machine was lying quietly there on the bridge, and that the lock-tender, a few rods beyond, was driving away the morning mist by the warmth of his cursings at the mules.

"I am older than some sorrows,"—for no traveler on Life's highway ever gets past its half-way stone, which marks the beginning of the down-grade leading towards the place called Seventy, without having experiences that cause him to grieve;—but I cannot recollect another moment of my existence when I felt so thoroughly, intensely, desperately "sick," as that moment on the tow-path, out in the wilds of Pennsylvania, when "Number 234" was

whisked out of my hands, like an object in the "transformation scene" of a pantomime. With its destruction, which seemed inevitable, many of my cherished hopes and plans would fall in a common ruin. I should never again be likely to have a continuous trail extending for 900 miles behind me, and, simultaneously, a fairly good road of 500 miles stretching straightaway before me. I could never again reasonably expect to "beat the record" of coned-bearing machines, or to win the right of putting together a book called "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle"! The thought of my own reckless folly, in bringing about the disaster, filled my soul with bitterness, as I hurried dolefully along after the runaways. Other greater afflictions I had endured cheerfully as inexorable decrees of Fate, for which I was not responsible; but here was a calamity which I had definitely and deservedly brought upon myself. So absorbing was my exasperation on this score that the thought of my own personal peril in the case did not occur to me till later in the day. The driver of the boat appreciated it, however, and his pleasure at seeing me escape with my life was great enough to prevent his getting angry with me for the trouble which my mishap caused him. Had not his tow-line been an old and weak one, which gave way at the first jerk, I myself should necessarily have been pitched into the canal, and if the bicycle had been thrown in on top of me, or if I had come into contact with the boat while under water, I should probably have been killed. On the other hand, if the flying end of the severed rope had chanced to bind my arm to the bicycle, instead of simply knotting around the handle, I should have had my own broken bones to bewail, instead of "Number 234's," as the mules careered along.

And now I come to the miracle in the case, for not a single part of the machine was really broken! Though bent and cracked and scratched and badly demoralized in its several parts, my beloved bicycle had survived this crucial test,—had maintained its integrity as a whole, and was still ridable! The handle-bar was doubled back, and, when I bent it into its place again, it cracked where the splice had recently been made, and soon broke off entirely. I therefore steered with a wagon-spoke for the next eight miles, until I reached a blacksmith shop where I could get the bar rewelded. The crank and pedal-pin on the right side were considerably bent, and the axle was deflected from a true line, while the rim was bent and cracked at the point where it struck the bridge, and two or three of the adjacent spokes were thereby loosened and made useless. One of them broke off a few days later, and I gave it for a keepsake to a rider in Carlisle. The iron plate of the long-distance saddle—with which I began the season of '83, and which served me satisfactorily to the last—was cracked in two places, so that it never afterwards could be screwed with perfect firmness to the spring. One end of the wire of my Lamson luggage-carrier was also twisted off, but the carrier, like the saddle, I nevertheless kept in service until the very last day of the record. That my heavy roll of luggage was not shaken apart and scattered along the path, seemed by no means the least remarkable incident of the runaway.

At Port Jervis, on the day following, I met the new handle-bar, which I ordered at the time of the first breakage in Canada, and it stood by me to the end, without further accident. The old bar I gave to a local wheelman who befriended me, and who said he would religiously preserve it as a relic of "the first American tour of a thousand miles straightaway,"—for I completed that distance at four o'clock in the afternoon of the day when the old bar (whose entire record was 6,798 miles) served for the last time as my tiller. The town of Staunton, in Virginia, where my monumental ride was completed, on the 22d of November, marks the end of the macadamized roadway which stretches through the Shenandoah Valley, and is continuously ridable from Greencastle, the border town of Pennsylvania, a distance of 150 miles. As a muddy clay of indescribable tenacity was prohibitory of progress beyond Staunton, I abandoned all idea of pushing on to the Natural Bridge, and decided to wheel back down the valley, and so home to New York. But the bulge in the rim, resulting from the accident with the mules, was sufficiently pronounced to give me a definite jolt at each revolution of the wheel during the 463 miles subsequently traversed in reaching the goal; and I thought that, before beginning the return journey, I might perhaps remedy the matter a little by "tightening up the spokes." It was my first experience of the sort, and it proved quite effectual,—though not in the manner intended. When I had completed the tightening process, I found the rim was so badly twisted that it would not revolve in the fork at all; and my later efforts to "unbuckle" it were quite in vain, though I snapped another spoke in making them.

"Number 234" was thus at last entirely disabled,—having survived the attack of the mules only to fall a victim to my own mechanical awkwardness. A man from a carriage shop, who was recommended to me as the most skilful mechanic in town, said he would not even undertake the task of straightening the wheel for less than five dollars, and that he would not agree to finish the task for any possible sum. I knew indeed that no one outside of Hartford would have the patience to really put it to rights again, and I am told that the expert machinist who there did in fact take it in charge had a sad and solemn time in bringing it once more into ridable shape. I drove it from Hartford to New York in the early part of December, and, at the close of the month, rode a hundred miles, on the snow and ice, in the region around Springfield, without having a fall. I expected then to do no more touring with it, but to run off the few remaining miles needed for a "record" in short spins of an hour or two at a time; yet when next I set eyes on the wheel, on the 6th of March, it was in the hold of a steamer starting on a 700-mile voyage for Bermuda. Before I had been there twenty-four hours, the sudden turning of a team in front of me forced me to make a quick backward dismount, and then fall forward with my full weight on the fallen machine. The result of this was such a severe bend or crack in the right end of the axle that a compensating bend had to be made in the crank before the wheel would revolve.

On the following day the little tire worked loose, for the first time in its history; and, for the first time in my experience, I made use of cement in re-setting it. I was ob'iged to ride ten miles before reaching the cement, however, and as the tire had been literally worn to shreds, and as my supply of string was rather limited, the tattered india-rubber would occasionally bulge out from the rim far enough to strike the fork, and thus call my attention to its sad condition. In the large tire, also, an indentation, at the point where the two ends had been worn away, caused a definite jar at each revolution of the wheel during its last 600 miles. The tires were both applied in August, 1880, and made a total record of 8,600 miles. The splice in the little one never gave any signs of coming apart; whereas the ends of the big tire had to be many times sewed together and glued down, until quite a deep indentation was made. Cement was applied on several occasions when general repairs were in progress; but, with the one exception noted, neither of the tires ever gave me any trouble by working loose on the road, or forced me to personally apply the cement. The little one was finally worn down nearly to the rim.

The coned pedals which I pushed for the first 1,480 miles, in 1879–80, were brought into service again for my straightaway tour of 1,422 miles and the subsequent ride from Hartford to New York; after which I presented them to Mr. Canary, the professional trick-rider, as a "long-distance" memento. The exactly similar pedals which I used on "the last day," and so left attached to the machine, therefore have a record of 7,062 miles. I have been told by an authority on such matters that one of the most notable things in the history of "Number 234" is the fact that such great distances were traversed without any breakage of pedal-pins; and, considering the rough usage and great strains which they endured, it does appear to me rather remarkable. Old age did not seem to impair the accuracy of my Pope cyclometer, for, in riding to Coney Island, on the 24th of March, when I crossed the Brooklyn Bridge for the first time, I tested it at each of the ten half-mile stones on the Boulevard, and found it did not vary more than a sixteenth of a mile for the whole distance.

It had been my intention that, when its 10,000 miles were finished, the old machine should be "rebuilt," with the latest improvements. I designed to have new bearings, cranks, pedals, tires, axle, fork, brake, saddle, handle-bar, and handles,—the original rims and wires of 1879 and the backbone, head and spring of 1883 being retained as a basis for the "reconstruction." When, however, the rim in whose rigidity my long experience had given me entire confidence, was spoiled by the runaway mules, I submitted to destiny and decided to accept a new machine. The Expert Columbia bicycle, on the left side of whose fork may be seen the inscription "Number 234, Jr.," is a close copy of the old original, as regards size and finish; but the makers assure me that it will be happily different from it in having much less "history" for me to record. My experience, in having thoroughly worn out a bicycle of the earlier pattern, will at all events qualify me to appreciate the

"improvements" that have come into vogue during recent years, and to intelligently compare the new with the old,—in regard to durability as well as in regard to personal comfort. I trust, too, that the new Forty-Six may have the power of the old one for inspiring my friend, the Small Boy, to enliven its pathway with outbursts of wit and humor. Had I elected to ride a 52-incher, I never more could hope to hear myself designated as "the big man on the little bicycle." On the morning of my very last day with "Number 234"—when I heard the children cry: "Oh, see the little bicycle! It's a new one! All silver!"—I felt amply repaid for my years of industrious polishing on the nickel plate. But the most amusing comment was reserved for the afternoon. Within a half-mile of the place where I made my final dismount, the happy captor of "the first snake of spring" ceased for an instant to pull the cord which was dragging the wriggling reptile along the walk; and then he shouted after me: "There goes a greenhorn!" And that was the very last word.

ADDENDUM, April 14, 1885.—Pilgrims to the metropolis, who may crave the privilege of humbly laying their wreaths of laurel and holm-oak upon the venerated head of the subject of this chapter, will find "Number 234" standing in state, in the show-window of the Pope Manufacturing Company's city office and salesroom, at No. 12 Warren st. This is a few rods west of Broadway, opposite the little park which contains the City Hall and the Court House; and the central position of the park may be still further impressed upon the stranger's mind by the fact that the stately Post Office Building forms its southern boundary, while the entrance to the great Brooklyn Bridge is upon its eastern side. At the doorway of the salesroom, surmounting a heap of immortelles (to which are attached the visiting-cards of America's greatest warriors, statesmen and poets), the explorer will observe a placard, bearing the following legend:

"'COLUMBIA, No. 234.' This machine, which was mounted for the first time by Karl Kron, on the 29th of May, 1879, has been driven by him a distance of 10,082 miles, as measured by Pope cyclometer, his final ride having been taken on the 14th of April, 1884. In making this record, upwards of 5,000 distinct miles of American roadway have been traversed, including 1,100 miles in the British Possessions. Exact descriptions of these roads will be published in 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle.' The record of miles for each of the five years was as follows: 1879, first year, 742 miles; 1880, second year, 1,474 miles; 1881, third year, 1,956 miles; 1882, fourth year, 2,002 miles; 1883, fifth year, 3,534 miles. During the final twelve months, ending with the 14th of April, 1884, the record was 3,840 miles. On the 11th of October, 1883, when the machine had a total record of 8,228 miles, it made a day's record of 100 miles straightaway through Canada, and on the day after its 10,000 miles' record was completed, it was ridden from Stamford to Cheshire, Conn. (55 miles of hilly and sandy roads), within a period of twelve hours. The present tires were applied to the rims in August, 1880, and have traversed 8,608 miles in 23 different States and Provinces, without once coming loose while on the road. Between the 8th of October and the 22d of November, 1883 (embracing 36 days of actual riding, during the first 14 of which 635 miles were traversed in Canada, ending at Ogdensburg), this bicycle was driven from Detroit, Mich., to Staunton, Va., making a continuous straightaway trail of 1,400 miles, equivalent to one-eighteenth of the entire circumference of the globe. This is by far the longest continuous trail yet reported of a bicycle in any part of the world, and the tires which made it had traversed 6,600 miles before beginning the journey."

At the very time when the above statement was put in type, however, the tires of another Columbia bicycle were tracing upon the surface of this continent another straightaway trail, nearly three times as long, connecting the Pacific ocean with the Atlantic. Between April 22 and August 4, 1884, Thomas Stevens pushed his wheel every rod of the way from San Francisco to Boston, estimating the length of his route (for he carried no cyclometer) as 3,700 miles.

VII.

MY 234 RIDES ON "NO. 234."[1]

THIS magazine for February contained a chronological report of my travels during "Four Seasons on a Forty-Six," and the March issue gave a minute description of the manner in which this "Columbia No. 234" had stood the strain thus put upon it in being pushed upwards of 6,000 m. through fifteen different States. It remains for the present article to finish the story, by making exhibition of my various rides and riding experiences, so classed together according to character as to be most significant and instructive, and also by offering such facts about my personal physique and habits of life as may be deemed helpful to a proper understanding of the record. By way of introductory peace-offering, I may venture to bring out this modest little triolet, snatched from under the snows, where it had naturally suffered a stiffening of its component parts :—

Though my rides on "Two-Thirty-Four"
Are by no means monumental,
Please again hear some more
Of my rides, just two-thirty-four;
Please don't say, "What a bore!
We care not a continental
For your rides on 'Two-Thirty-Four,'—
They're by no means monumental!"

When I finished my wheeling for 1882, on the evening of Saturday, December 30,—with a record of 46 m., for the day, 2,002 m., for the year, and 6,175 m., for the four years,—I found that the number of days on which I had mounted the wheel was "two hundred and thirty-four," though I never noticed the coincidence until I came to need a title for the present article. On 40 of these days I rode between 30 and 40 m., on 27 I rode between 40 and 50 m., on 14 I rode between 50 and 60 m., and five times I exceeded the latter distance, — my longest day's ride being 73 m. If I exclude the record of my first season (742 m., distributed among 47 days, on only four of which did my riding amount to as much as 30 m.), it will be seen that my record during the three years, 1880-82, shows 5,433 m., on 187 days, or an average ride of just 29 m. On 92 of these days, or about half of all, I have ridden 30 m. or more, as above specified; on 40 of the remainder I have ridden between 30 and 20 m.; on 36 I have ridden between 20 and 10 m.; and on the remaining 19 days my record has been less than that, including seven

[1] From *The Wheelman*, April, 1883, pp. 56-66.

days on which it was less than five miles,—the shortest record of all being a mile and a quarter.

My first definite attempt at a long ride was made on the 4th of May, 1880, when the weather chanced to be extremely hot. I wheeled 22 m. to Tarrytown in six hours,—ending a half-hour after mid-day,—and 21 m. back again in four hours and a half, ending at 7.30 o'clock; after which I tried the Boulevard until 9, in order to bring my day's record up to 50½ m. I did not better this until the 17th of September following, on the morning of which day, at 7 o'clock, I mounted at a farm-house, 16 m. west of Buffalo, and rode two hours and a quarter (15 m.), to Silver Creek, where I stopped an hour for breakfast; then 12 m. more (two hours) to Fredonia, where I stopped two hours for dinner; at Westfield, 15 m. further, I halted half an hour, till 5 o'clock; then rode another 15 m. in another two hours, to North East, making from the start a trifle more than 57 m. in a trifle more than twelve hours, whereof four hours had been given to rests. As my baggage was at the Reed House, in Erie, about 16 m. further on, and as the road was said to continue smooth and level, and the moon promised occasionally to shine, I rode or walked that additional distance between 8 and 11.30 P. M., and so made a record of 73 m., which has remained my "best" ever since. Had the wind been with me rather than against me during the twelve hours of daylight, I am confident I should have covered the whole distance in that time, even with a third of the interval spent in repose; and I think, under similarly favorable conditions, I could ride 100 m. straightaway by daylight on that track, if I really exerted myself to do so. Though I had but four hours' sleep that night, I felt sufficiently fresh next day to ride 45 m. further to Ashtabula, between 9.30 A. M. and 8 P. M., making 118 m. within 37 hours; and only once since then have I made a better record for two days, and that only a mile better. On the previous day I had ridden from Niagara (38 m.), so that in three days I made a straight push of 156 m. through the territory of three different States.

The nearest approach since made to this was my ride of 154 m. through Massachusetts, on the first three days of June, 1881, after having ridden 133 m. on the last four days of May, and penetrated the borders of New Hampshire and Maine. This was the first case of my mounting the wheel for seven successive days, and the record of 287 m. (whereof 119 m. belonged to the final 37 hours) still remains my best for that period. My next continuous week of riding was just a year later, and amounted to 251 m., whereof 75 m. were run off in Chicago, on the last three days of May, and the remaining 177 m. in a straight push among the hills of Kentucky, on the first four days of June. My third ride of a week, as described in the January issue of this magazine, was made continuously on the soil of New York, from Syracuse to Waverly, beginning September 28, and covering 280 m. though, as it begun and ended at noon, there were parts of eight calendar days devoted to it. Next to these records must be ranked my six days' ride of 204 m.,—up the

Connecticut valley, across to Lake George, and down the Hudson valley to Hudson,—August 22-27, 1881; and my six days' ride of 203 m. "along the Potomac," October 22–27, 1881. There were no essential repetitions made in either of the last-named tours; but the railroad had to be resorted to in both cases, so that the tracks were neither of them absolutely continuous ones. Indeed, the longest uninterrupted path I have traversed over was that connecting Syracuse with Waverly, for my wheel rolled over every foot of the distance, and all the repetitions indulged in could not have much exceeded a dozen miles. Here, too, I may be allowed the parenthetical remark that I should be glad to see the long-distance club-riding of 1883 assume the phase of rivalry in respect to length of straightaway tracks covered, or at least in respect to length of roundabout tracks, which admit of no second usage. Let the ambitious long-distance club-men cease their vain repetitions over short circuits and well-known stretches, and henceforth strive rather to show how great a stretch of actual country they can push themselves across, in a single definite direction, within the limits of a single calendar day!

The third and last time in 1880, when I rode as much as 50 m. in a day, was on the 24th of September, when I finished my tour of 495 m. by wheeling across the hills of New Jersey, from Stanhope to Washington Square, 53¼ m. There were seven other days in that year on which I rode upwards of 40 m. and nineteen days in 1881 whereof the same can be said. The ten of these which had a record of 50 m. or more were as follows: March 5, on the asphalt of Washington, with the right end of the handle-bar broken off, 7 A. M. to 10 P. M., 66½ m.; April 30, Orange, Newark, and New York, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M., 50¾ m.; June 2, Boston, Cambridge, Lexington, Waltham, Framingham, and Northboro, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M., 54½ m.; June 3, Northboro, Worcester, Ware, and West Springfield, 5.35 A. M. to 9.45 P. M., 64½ m.; August 22, West Springfield, Greenfield, Brattleboro, and Putney, 7 A. M. to 7.10 P. M., 52½ m.; August 26, Fort Edward, Albany, and Schodac, 5.35 A. M. to 7.55 P. M., 57¼ m.; September 7, Sayville, Hicksville, Flushing, and New York, 52¼ m.; October 23, Frederick, Williamsport, and Lock No. 59 on Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, 6.45 A. M. to 5.35 P. M., 54 m.; October 26, Point of Rocks and Washington, 6 A. M. to 9 P. M., 50¾ m.; December 21, Orange, Newark, and Washington Square, 10.30 A. M. to 9 P. M., 60½ m. In 1882 there were 17 days in which my record exceeded 40 m., and the half-dozen of these in which it reached the 50 m. limit were as follows: May 26, New York, Tarrytown, Nyack, Englewood, and Jersey City, 8 A. M. to 9 P. M., 51 m.; June 2, Sadieville, Georgetown, Lexington, and Harrodsburg (Ky.), 11 A. M. to 11.20 P. M., 61½ m.; June 7, Louisville and Frankfort, 10.30 A. M. to 9 P. M., 52½ m.; November 4, Orange, Newark, and New York, 9 A. M. to 7 P. M., 50m.; November 7, New York to Tarrytown and back, 51¼ m.; November 21, New York and Bridgeport, 7.40 A. M. to 7.20 P. M., 55½ m.

It was at the beginning of my second season, when my forty-ninth day's ride had given me a record of 775 m., that I first ventured to try any coasting,

with my legs on the handle-bar, and I kept them *outside* my hands on such occasions for more than three months afterwards, or until August 9, 1880, when I first acquired the knack of properly placing them on the inside section of the bar. Just four months from the day last named I thought I accomplished quite a feat in wheeling without stop from Washington Square to 96th st., through Fifth Avenue, the first three miles of which are paved with Belgian blocks. I have never since "rattled over the stones" for anything like as great a distance as that continuously, though I once went from the Square, down Broadway to Fulton Ferry, making, perhaps, a dozen dismounts in the two miles. I can thus claim the credit of pedaling through the whole length of Manhattan Island in the roadway. My first "long stay" in the saddle was at Orange, on May Day, 1880, when, except for one momentary and needless dismount for an imaginary obstacle, I kept a-going just an hour, and accomplished eight miles. On the 9th of August following I did thirteen miles on the Boulevards in an hour and a half, making one needless stop a quarter of an hour before that, when the record was ten miles and a half. Five days later, in the same region, when the roads were rather muddy, I rode twelve miles without stop in an hour and three-quarters, and, except for a sudden dismount, caused by the looming up of a wagon in the dark, should have done the attempted fourteen miles inside of two hours. My first really notable "stay" in the saddle, however, was made a month later, September 16, when, "mounting at the canal bridge in the outskirts of the village of Niagara, I went southward without stop for 16½m. in two hours and a half, having the wind against me all the way, and being slightly sprinkled with rain during the third half-hour. Most of the road is of very hard clay, which was rather rough; and, beyond Tonawanda, where the bridge almost caused a dismount, there is a long, but not very steep, hill, which is the only grade of importance between Niagara and Buffalo. I met at Black Rock with rather rough stone pavements, turned an angle to the right and then to the left, crossed the canal bridge with difficulty, and was then tempted to try the sidewalk, whose curb soon caused a dismount. Had I stuck to the road for a few rods after crossing the bridge, and then turned down the first street to the left, which led to the Lincoln Parkway, I might have kept on without stop for three and a half miles further, to the Buffalo City Hall, twenty miles from Niagara."

My next "long stay" was made two months later, November 22, while trying the excellent roads in the region of Orange and Newark. The average temperature of that day was 19°, which proved most favorable to riding; for when I made my first dismount, to keep an appointment for lunch with a friend, I found I was not at all tired, though I had been in the saddle two hours and twenty minutes, and covered just 20m. I rode 25m. more the same afternoon. I did not better this 20m. record, or even approach it, for nearly two years. Then, on the 2d of November, 1882, over the same superb track, and with atmospheric conditions similarly favorable, I wheeled without stop

for three hours and a quarter, and made a record of 29 m., to which I added 16 m. more before sundown.

My first ride, without dismount, from New York to Yonkers (13 m.) was made May 10, 1882, in an hour and forty minutes. My stop then was caused by the steep pitch of a few rods at the foot of the hill which begins beyond the Getty House and ascends for more than a mile in the direction of Tarrytown, and those few rods have long been notorious for their power in humbling the pride of northward-bound riders from the metropolis. On the 7th of November following, however, I managed for the first time to array myself with the noble band who can boast of having overcome this chief obstacle on the hilly Tarrytown track, and then I crawled up the long grades beyond without a balk, though I was tremendously tired when I got to the point where I could coast down the other side. I had ridden 22 m., with several dismounts, when I stopped for dinner at the hotel in Tarrytown; but, as the track had proved smoother than I ever knew it to be before, and as the breeze rather favored a returning rider, I decided to attempt the exploit of wheeling back to 59th st. without a stop. Somewhat to my surprise I succeeded in so doing, between 2.45 and 5.50 P. M., and then, though my ambition was accomplished, and the rain-drops were drizzling down through the darkness, it occurred to me that I had best stick to the saddle a while longer, and so "beat my record," made five days before, as already described. It was 6.38 P. M., therefore, when I finally dismounted at 155th st., where I had started at 9.20 A. M., and the cyclometer said that this "longest straight ride of my life" measured 29¼ m., though I had kept the saddle thirty-seven minutes longer than on the previous Thursday, when it gave the record as 29 m. In the four-column account of this "Tarrytown triumph," which I printed in *The Wheel* of November 15, I offered some reasons for believing that the real distance of this "longest ride" was 31 or 32 m. Fifty-ninth st., where I turned back on my course, was six miles from where I finished, and my "straightaway" track from Tarrytown was therefore 25 or 26 m. long. I should be interested in hearing of other wheelmen who have gone a similar distance straight through the country without leaving their saddles.

My riding is, most of it, so solitary that I do not know whether the long stay in the saddle I have just described would be accounted very creditable by those who are acquainted with the track gone over; and no comments on my detailed report in *The Wheel* have appeared for my enlightenment. But as it is, of all my bicycling experiences, the only thing at all approaching the character of an exploit that I ever definitely set myself to accomplish, I have felt enough pride in my success to venture upon a full description of it, especially as I have no intention of ever again riding continuously for four mortal hours. I do not mean by this that I suffered any particular inconvenience from the test, for I got through an average amount of routine literary work next day, and on the day after that I refreshed myself by 31 m. more of wheeling. I mean, simply, that I generally prefer to take to the bicycle "for

the fun of it," rather than for the sake of "seeing what I can do," and that one achievement of this sort is quite enough for my ambition. There is so much more comfort in frequent dismounts, if for no other reason than to gratify thirst, that I lack all desire for further "triumphs" of such nature that the pursuit of them brings into painful prominence before the mind the justice of the celebrated remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina.

The severest test ever given my physique by bicycling, however, was not by that four hours' steady push, on the 7th of last November, but rather by an all-day jaunt on the 7th of September, 1881,—a date memorable in atmospheric annals as "the hottest on record for seven years," all along the Atlantic slope. "In many places the thermometer marked 100° in the shade for several hours, and, as I rode in the sun, I must have been exposed to a heat of 110° to 125° from 9 A. M. to 3 or 4 P. M. Between 6.07 A. M., when I mounted at Sayville, and 7.05 P. M., when I plunged my burning head into the public fountain at Flushing, the cyclometer recorded 50½ m., and two more miles were added between the ferry and Washington Square. The ride was the only one of my experience in which the motion through the atmosphere had no cooling effect. The air itself, as it struck against one's cheeks, seemed blazing hot, as if literally it had come from a furnace. I should be afraid to estimate the amount of water and other liquids which I absorbed that day. I drank at every possible drinking-place, and I dashed cold water on my fiery face as often as the chance was offered me. At Flushing, while waiting for the homeward train, I refreshed myself with ice-cream, soda-water, melons, peaches, and other such things, which the average idiot, who disbelieves in the wisdom of obeying Nature's demands, declares to be deadly indulgences for a man who is unendurably hot." Perhaps I myself seem a rather worse idiot than the average for venturing to get my anatomy into such a heated condition; but it endured the test without any excessive discomfort, and without any subsequent ill effects. I shouldn't deliberately have chosen so hot a day for a spin through Long Island; but, as I was headed for home, I wanted to "get there," and, though the heat seemed extraordinary, I didn't realize until I read the next day's papers that it was "the greatest heat on record in seven years," and that I had, therefore, accomplished a somewhat dangerous and foolhardy feat in pushing 50 m. through the hottest of it.

I have not had many serious tumbles since the great original elbow-breaking act of Thursday, May 29, 1879. The only time I have been intentionally upset was in November of that year, while touring from New Haven to New York, when a bold, bad boy at Port Chester suddenly lifted up my rear wheel and sent me sprawling into the dirt, without a shadow of a warning. Perhaps it was the unexpectedness of the fall which made it absolutely painless; and I have charity enough to believe that the graceless youth designed rather to make the wheel give me a good jolting than to really spill me off. Once, on the Boulevard, when a crowd of small school-boys were running

around about me, with the customary yells and outcries, my wheel knocked one of them down and pitched me simultaneously into the dust. It chanced that he was intent in a game of "tag" with another boy, and so, being unconscious of the approaching wheel, which the rest of the crowd were watching, he suddenly jumped in front of it, with the result indicated. He assured me, though, as soon as he brushed away the tears of surprise with his dusty sleeve, that he "wasn't at all hurt"; and, as I could say the same for myself, I jogged on. I think this was the only time when my wheel ever came in collision with any living creature; though once, at Newark, some wretched brutes persuaded a boy who was really an imbecile to stand in my path in order to be knocked down. Boys not bereft of their wits, of course, often do so stand, and then jump aside at the last practicable moment; but in the case mentioned I fortunately noticed the vacant look in the child's face, and so turned out for him. On the sidewalk at Niagara, one evening, a quick dismount alone saved my touching a little girl, who suddenly sprang out of a door-way, and who was a good deal scared at her narrow escape. I was riding quite slowly, however; and I have done a great deal of careful wheeling, on sidewalks thronged with pedestrians, without ever once coming to grief. I never yet used bell or whistle; as the human voice seems to me to be a a more effective, as well as a more civil, instrument for giving warning.

On May Day, 1880, a bad tumble and bent crank suitably rewarded my vain attempts to raise my hat gracefully to a noble brakeman, who shouted at me from a passing railroad train; and within an hour afterwards, when I essayed to cross a few inches of water which seemed to have a hard bed beneath it, my wheel performed the great stand-still act, and rested firmly upon its head, leaving me resting firmly upon my feet. A similarly curious stoppage occurred down in Kentucky, last June, when I was toiling slowly up-hill in the dark, and encountered a loose lump of the newly-laid macadam: my machine keeled over and stood quietly on its head, leaving me upright on my feet in front. That, I believe, was the only spill I had in my entire tour of 340 m.; and in my 500 m. ride of 1880 I was thrown but once. This happened at Westfield, when, in attempting to make too short a turn from the hard roadway into the softer sidewalk, and not giving allowance for the swiftness with which the wind was blowing me along, I was obliged either to let my wheel slam squarely against an iron fence, or to send it sprawling sidewise into the sand. The result of accepting the latter alternative was the scraping of a few square inches of skin from my knee, elbow, and hand, but no serious disablement to myself or my vehicle. In my 400 m. tour of last September I made no involuntary dismounts without landing on my feet (though the wheel itself had a few falls), and I am almost sure that the same could be said of the 800 m. afterwards ridden over before the close of the year, though I had one side-fall in trying to mount a Harlem curbstone in the dark. On the other hand, during the first of my "six days along the Potomac" I had two headers within the space of an hour,—one in going up hill, the other in

going down,—and early on the final day I sprained my ankle by stepping suddenly down on a loose stone. That accident came nearer disabling me than any other I have had; but, after a few hours of increasing pain, the soreness at last wore off. On the second day, too, by the loosening of its step, my bicycle came nearer being disabled than at any other time; for it must be remembered that, spite of all the wearing out of its parts, or the accidents which have happened to them at various times, old "Number 234" has never once betrayed me by breaking down in regions remote from possible repairs, or becoming unridable at such seasons as would render its disablement a serious interference with my plans. On the same unlucky day last mentioned, however, I let it drop into the water, while trying to convey it and myself along the slippery log which spanned the "waste-way" of the canal, thereby thoroughly soaking the roll of clothing attached to the handle-bar.

On May Day, 1882, while coasting down the hill at Bloomfield, in the early twilight, at a speed of six or seven miles an hour, a stone the size of a brick caused the front wheel to stop and the rear wheel to describe a circuit in the air, while I myself gave a great jump ahead and landed on my feet, without even a tendency to fall forwards. My theoretical belief, that a man who is forced off the saddle involuntarily is likely to suffer the least detriment if he has his legs thrown over the handles, was thus happily confirmed. Once since then I have been thrown to the ground while coasting, as a result of carelessness, in allowing my boot to catch in the spokes. The only involuntary dismounts for which the machine itself has been to blame have been caused by the sudden stoppage of the rear wheel, for lack of sufficient oil on the cones. The cones of my right pedal stuck once, in June, 1880, when my record was 950 m.; but I was not thrown off, and the accident has not been repeated. I never yet caused a stoppage, or even an approach to one, by too sharp an application of the brake to the front wheel; and I cannot understand why a reasonably careful rider should ever come to grief in that way. I have sometimes been run away with in descending steep hills, and have felt that my rear wheel was in the air, and have feared that my involuntary experience as a "unicycler" was about to come to a disastrous, if not fatal, termination; but as a matter of fact I have never been thrown in any such critical times, and almost all my tumbles have happened when I have been moving rather slowly over sections of road whose difficulties and dangers were quite apparent to me. I have never had a fall in the night-time, though I should say, at a guess, that I may have ridden from 300 to 400 m. in the darkness, and without a lantern. Another guess which I venture to offer with more confidence is, that though during my first 1,000 m. I may have had as many as 20 or 25 falls, I have not by any means approached that number in the 5,000 m. since traversed. The fact is, I can't afford to take the chances of further tumbling; so, in cases of doubt, I almost always stop.

As regards other perils of the road, I may say that before I had covered 150 m., and before my cyclometer had been three days on its axle, I was

attacked, while bending over to read it, by three drunken men, who drove close by me in a carriage, and one of whom gave me a vicious cut with the whip, which my straw hat chanced to ward off, but which might easily have put out an eye, or caused other lasting disfigurement. Once or twice, too, drunken drivers have attempted to run me down from behind, though never very persistently, nor with near approximation to success. On a few occasions, also, drivers have wantonly forced a dismount by refusing to yield an inch of the track in approaching,—the most exasperating instance which I recall being that of the ruffian who directed one of the four-horse coaches of a hotel at Lake George. On Staten Island, last September, I got a tumble in trying to curve too sharply around a wagon, just ahead, whose driver "slowed up" suddenly, though not maliciously. I never yet caused a runaway, and my most serious troubles with horses were in the cases of two sedate old "plugs," one in Connecticut and one in Western New York, which were driven by women, who persisted in "hauling them in," until, in the former case, a wheel was cramped off, and in the latter the vehicle was made to describe one or two complete backward revolutions, but without hurting anything. I never met but two horses that seemed thoroughly frightened at the bicycle, though it is, perhaps, not unreasonable to assume that "Number 234" has encountered as many as half a million of them. Both of these were fancy nags,—one in Ohio, the other at Ticonderoga,—whose drivers, being possessed with a vain pride in their ability to control them, ordered me to "come on," without dismounting. Had I done so there would surely have been two wrecked "trotting sulkies" and two dead or demoralized horse-jockeys "laid out" on those two occasions. After causing the first pair of mules which I faced on the Erie Canal to wheel about and kick their driver down a thirty-foot embankment, I took no further chances of that sort on the tow-path; and I likewise generally dismounted before the horseback riders in Kentucky, whose half-broken steeds seemed only too glad of a chance to shy at any moving object whatever.

Having had two or three india-rubber drinking-cups shaken from my pockets, I now content myself with a short piece of india-rubber tubing, which costs less, stays by me more faithfully, and furnishes an easier means of drinking from the wayside rivulets. The chief advantage in carrying a cup, indeed, is to supply the usual lack of such an article in the bed-rooms of country hotels. Still another "peril of the road," which my experience may give warning of, is the smashing of the glass face of the cyclometer by the slipping of a wrench from the hands of a clumsy blacksmith. I have had an oil-can stolen from a Brooklyn bar-room, which I honored for a week with the presence of my wheel, and a monkey-wrench stolen from a similar resort in Harlem, under similar conditions. Another beer-seller of Brooklyn said he was on the point of selling my machine, because, as I failed to return on the exact day specified, he concluded that I meant to abandon it to him; and that he was only waiting for an advance on the first offer that had been made him

of $50. Nobly contrasted with this seems the conduct of the honest boy who sold soda-water at Farmingdale, on Long Island, and who, when I inadvertently left on his counter a purse containing $15, harnessed his horse to pursue me and restore the property.

My response to the stereotyped question of the average spectator, "How fast can you go on that thing?" has always been: "I don't know, because I never tried." The only time when I was on a regularly measured course was September 14, 1880, when I had a friend hold a watch for me while I went twice, without stop, around the half-mile trotting-track at Canandaigua, making the first half in 2m. 20s., and the second half in 2m. 15s. From this I infer that, on a good track, I might, by exerting myself, make a mile inside of four minutes; but I hardly suppose that I ever shall in fact make any such exertion, or insure any such brilliant "record." Six days after the date last named, I rode from Erie to Dunkirk, 47 m., under very favorable conditions of wind and weather, in seven hours and a half, including rests of two hours. I was stopped by the hill at Westfield, at 2.30 P. M., that day, after riding exactly an hour, at the middle of which I had made a minute's stop on account of a horse. The record of that hour was eleven miles and an eighth, of which six miles belonged to the last half. I think I had no swifter day on my record until December 21, 1881, when I rode just 50 m. in the seven hours ending at 5 P. M., and when I estimated my actual riding time as hardly more than five hours. That track, however, was in the region of Orange, and included many repetitions, instead of extending "straight through the country." I added ten miles to it before stopping for the night, and the year. I believe that the swiftest short spin of my experience, however, was that recorded on the last day of my Kentucky tour, seven miles in twenty-six minutes, ending with a famous coast of a mile down an open winding road.

Almost all of my 340 m. within the limits of that State were either on an up-grade or a down-grade; and I did some hill-climbing that really surprised me, though none that I think quite as creditable as my November exploit at Yonkers. The big hill at Milton Lower Falls, which Boston riders know so well, has been ridden up by me both ways. On the 28th of October last I rode without stop from the cross-roads beyond Caldwell to the end of the smooth pavement of Bloomfield avenue, in Newark, nine miles and a half, in just an hour,—that being the first occasion on which I had succeeded in conquering the big hill at Caldwell, though I had more than once ridden all the grades leading *to* Caldwell,—and I look on that as one of my most creditable mounts. I recall three other occasions on which my prowess as a "hillian" greatly surprised me: once, in 1880, in surviving a steep, roughly macadamized slope between Newtown and Hunter's Point; once, in 1881, when I pushed up the smooth, black surface of the misnamed Sandy Hill at Fort Edward; and again, on the first day of last October, when I ascended the sharp grade at Mount Morris, and earned my right to a hearty breakfast at the Scoville House on top. I remember, to be sure, that a Fort Edward

rider has kindly informed me in print that my push up Sandy Hill was "nothin' at all to brag on"; and I presume that other experienced ones may say the same of the other little knolls I have alluded to. I will not venture to contradict them. All I say is, that when I found myself on the summits in question, with "Number 234" still responding steadily to my tread, I felt bound to complacently stroke its head and remark, "Bully for you, old boy!"

My weight has recently kept pretty constantly in the neighborhood of 140 pounds, which, I think, is five pounds more than I ever attained to before becoming a bicycler,—the greatest variations in my weight, as observed by me during the previous decade, being from 130 to 135 pounds. I am five feet five inches in height, and the inside length of my leg is thirty-three inches. While visiting a rink at Washington, in March, 1881, I found no difficulty in driving a 52-inch Special Columbia, whose pedals had been shortened up toward the axle, though I felt decidedly "scarey" when first lifted into such a lofty saddle, and the subsequent acts of mounting unassisted were rather tiresome. On two previous occasions I had propelled 48-inch and 50-inch wheels for short distances, say a sixteenth of a mile, but my first road-ride on any other machine than "Number 234" was on the afternoon of April 10, 1882, when I covered 31½ m., in the region around Springfield and Holyoke, on a new 48-inch Standard Columbia, which had not previously been ridden as much as fifty miles. Five months later, September 8, in the same region, I again rode 31½ m. between 9 A. M. and 6.30 P. M. (taking a rest of three hours at mid-day) on a 50-inch Expert Columbia, whose pedals were extended to their full limit only during the last four miles. Had I allowed these two rides in my log, my record of miles ridden up to the close of 1882 would have been 6,238.

I had no falls while riding either of these "large" machines. I climbed the hills which I had long been wont to climb with my 46-inch, and I apparently found no more difficulty than usual in climbing them. Indeed, I drove the 48-inch up the south slope of the church hill in West Springfield, which I have never been able to overcome with "Number 234." I was not definitely convinced that the effort of driving these larger wheels was either greater or less than the effort of driving my smaller one. When, however, I pulled off my boots on the evening of the April ride, severe "cramps" ran through the calves of my legs, and I found that, for a few minutes, it was a difficult and painful matter to "straighten them out." As I had done no wheeling whatever for a period of nearly four months, this unpleasant phenomenon did not necessarily prove that the 48-inch was "too large a size for me"; but when I tried the 50-inch (after a period of six weeks' abstinence from the saddle) the same phenomenon was repeated with increased intensity. It was with great difficulty that I removed my boots both at noon and night; even during the last hours of riding the cramp-like pains were present, and, for a week afterwards, occasional twinges would go through my legs.

I felt pretty well convinced by this experience of 30 m. that a day's ride of 50 or 60 m. on a 50-inch would be apt to inflict upon me serious suffering,

if not temporary disablement, and that a week's tour of say 280 m. would be either impossible of accomplishment, or else prove a painful and difficult task, instead of an exhilarating pleasure. I am aware that the mere strain of pulling off one's boots by pressure against the heels may sometimes slightly cramp the calves, even when the legs have been in no way strained or tired by previous exertion; and these same twinges of cramp have also come to me on certain rare occasions when pushing my 46-inch wheel towards the summits of long and wearisome hills. But, at the close of my longest and most difficult rides on "Number 234," I never yet had any feeling of cramp or muscular stiffness, save of the slightest and most transitory description; and hence the fact that both of my two short and easy rides on larger wheels brought contrary results cannot be accepted by me as devoid of significance,—even when I remember that on each occasion I chanced to be "out of practice" as a rider. The general inference which I drew from the experience was this: that whatever may be said for large wheels in racing or in riding short distances on smooth roads, a wheel small enough to prevent the cords and muscles of the legs from ever being stretched to their full tension is the one best adapted for ordinary rough-riding and long-distance touring.

Aside from this direct tendency towards physical discomfort and injury, which I think attaches to prolonged use of a wheel so high that its rider is forced habitually to "point his toes downward," instead of keeping the entire sole of his foot flat on a plane parallel to the surface of the ground, there are indirect dangers which threaten the tourist who has only a slight grip on the pedal. One of these is the danger of falls caused by the feet slipping from the pedals,—especially in wet weather, and while climbing hills. Many a time when the soles of my boots have been smeared with greasy mud on slippery days, I have worked my way up-hill with the pedals of my six-inch cranks resting on my insteps; and, in general, whenever my toe loses hold of a pedal, my heel is almost certain to regain the hold. I have ridden many miles under conditions which made the pedals so slippery that I doubt if any rider who depended upon a "toe-grip" could have kept alongside without a tremendous expenditure of energy, and without undergoing continuous tumbles. Then, again, on an all-day ride of 40 or 50 m., through a rough country, where frequent dismounts are necessary, it seems to me that the aggregate increase of effort required in continually climbing into a high saddle rather than a low one would be enough to make all the difference between relaxation and weariness,—between happiness and misery. Still further, the ease of mounting which a low step insures is an element of safety in this way: it disposes a rider, in cases of doubt about his ability to overcome an obstacle, to dismount before it, rather than to plough recklessly ahead and take his chances of a tumble. A small machine has the incidental advantage of weighing less, and taking up less room, and I have a theory that it is apt to be stronger and less liable to injury than a larger one. Mine, certainly, has stood the severest strains on its rims without "buckling" or bulging at

all out of the true. Finally, a small machine seems unusual and distinctive; for, out of the hundreds which took part in the parade at Chicago, "Number 234" was the only one that did not exceed forty-six inches in height!

I assume myself to be simply "an average man" as regards physique. I have never made any pretense at being an athlete,—much less have I ever thought of entering any kind of athletic competition. The only tests of endurance connected with my academy life,—1862–5,—which I now recall as having warmed my pride, were these: I once shouldered a regulation army musket on a march of six miles with the "home guard"; I once skated a dozen miles straightaway on the snow-crust; I once walked 25 m. in a day; and I once split a cord of walnut wood and lugged it in my arms up four flights of stairs. During the four following years of my college career I took two or three 20 m. walks, swam half a mile on two or three occasions, and became the most persistent patron of the bone-shaker in my class during the three months' prevalence of the velocipedic furor. In October, 1874, with the assistance of a classmate, I rowed a lap-streak boat from Springfield down the Connecticut River and around the Sound to New Haven, in three days,—the distance being estimated at from 125 to 140 m.,—and the exertion cost me nothing more than a temporary soreness and stiffness, though my companion suffered serious detriment. On the 23d of June, 1875, as the final act of a tour among the White Mountains, I went on foot from the Flume to Littleton, a distance of 15 or 16 m., whereof I ran the last five or six under a blazing sun, "in order to catch the three-o'clock train," whose approaching whistle inspired me to put in a tremendous spurt on the last half-mile. That was my first and only "long-distance race" against a locomotive engine; but I won. Though born and brought up on a farm, where horses were always within my reach, I never learned to ride horseback, and never cared particularly about driving.

I used to consider myself a tolerably expert "dodger" in the game of prisoner's base, which had great vogue at the academy; and I believe I have never since engaged in any athletic pastime which could not be practiced solitarily. I was a regular patron of the gymnasium, both at the academy and at college; and, during the fourteen years since then, my usual morning custom, except on days when more extensive exercise was impending, has been to swing the Indian clubs for a quarter-hour after taking a cold-water bath. The latter practice has been persisted in by me for some eighteen years as my inevitable first act after getting out of bed; and not even the mornings of my four voyages across the stormy ocean were allowed to be exceptions to the rule. A bath and change of clothes are also my first demand at the end of a day of bicycling. Food is always made a secondary consideration, then, with me, no matter how sharp my appetite. Indeed, I can abstain from food for a great many hours, whether I am engaged in driving the wheel or driving the pen, without suffering any special inconvenience; and a rule which obliged me to "take my meals at regular hours" would exasperate me to the last degree. For many years my simple and savage custom has been to "eat

when I was hungry," or when food was conveniently accessible, whether once, twice, thrice, or four times a day, whether at daybreak or at midnight. That this course should be pursued without prejudice to health is, perhaps, due to my profound faith in the first Latin maxim ever given me to construe: *Fames condimentum est optimum.* "A good appetite" has, indeed, always been with me, and I have never doubted that it was "the best sauce." I have never spoiled it by making trial of tobacco or fire-water, or highly spiced dishes. I have not even tasted tea or coffee since I was a boy of fifteen. Otherwise I am omnivorous, and take with a relish, and with sure digestion, all sorts of eatables,—flesh, fish, fowl, vegetables, or fruit,—which are ever anywhere offered for human consumption, provided, of course, that they have not been doctored with pepper or other fiery sauces.

Perhaps the foregoing explains why I never feel the need of "going into training" for a tour. I am always "in training." I am always in condition to enjoy a day's ride of forty miles on a bicycle, even though I may not have mounted it for months. I sometimes have occasion to laugh on being told of people who mistake me for an invalid, on account of the lack of ruddy color in my face; for, in reality, I have been exceptionally lucky in avoiding all approach to serious illness since my early childhood. During a period of more than twenty years, ending with the last week of the summer of '82, I never was confined to my bed by illness, I never swallowed any medicine, and I never asked advice of any physician. An attack of chills and fever (the penalty, doubtless, of my neglect of bicycling during the two months previous) then forced me for the first time to strike the flag to Fate, and enter his hospital for a week's dosing with quinine. Nevertheless, within three weeks afterwards, I started forth on my pleasant autumn tour of 400 m., and no reminder of my illness kept me company. Since then, however, I have noticed that the strain of holding the handle-bar for 40 or 50 m. is sufficient to remind me of the weakness in my left elbow, caused by dislocating it on the occasion of my first mount in 1879, though in the three years which elapsed between that event and the attack of fever the existence of such weakness was never once suggested to me.

The statement of my habits and beliefs in regard to drinking while on the road has been reserved to the end, for the sake of emphasis. My practice is in direct defiance of the teachings of "that eminent London writer, Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., F. R. S.," in his "rules for health in tricycling," as reprinted from *Good Words* in *The Wheelman* for January. My practice is in flat opposition to the solemn warnings of all the other eminent medicine-men, from A to Z, whose prolonged contemplation of the needs of the human body in its phases of disease has robbed them of the vision which enables the unsophisticated savage to clearly see its needs in a state of health. My practice is to drink freely, frequently, unstintedly! How else can a man, who sweats as copiously as I do, preserve his comfort, or rightly regulate his temperature? Fire-water always excepted, I eagerly imbibe

almost every conceivable beverage that comes within reach. Water, ice-water, soda-water, mineral-water, lemonade, milk, chocolate, sarsaparilla, root-beer, lager, shandygaff, ale, porter, half-and-half, cider, and light wines,—all these "drinks" I swallow in great quantities, when heated by riding; and I also delight in chopped ice, water-ices, ice-cream, melons, lemons, oranges, apples, and all sorts of juicy fruits. Solid food is of small consequence to me on a hot day's ride, but drink I must have and plenty of it. "Drink as little as possible"? Well, I *should* smile! Rather do I drink as much as possible, and thank Mother Nature betimes for the keen physical delight implied in the possession of so intense a healthy thirst simultaneously with the means of gratifying it healthily! Your little riding-rules may do well enough for babes and sucklings of the tricycle, Dr. Richardson; but don't you presume to thrust them upon a six-thousand-mile bicycler like *me!* How I wish that you, or some other abstemious Fellow (of the Royal Society, London), had tried to trundle a tricycle behind me for fifty miles through the blazing sands of Long Island on that historic "hottest day of seven years"! Perhaps then you would have adopted my theory that thirst, under such circumstances, is one of Nature's warning signals which it were dangerous to disregard. Perhaps, again, you would have preferred pertinaciously to die for your theory, even at the risk of being buried with Truth at the bottom of one of the numerous wells which I that day drank dry! I'm sorry to appear uncivil, but my rage at your repressive rules *must* be given vent, and so I finally break out into rhyme in this way:—

Just hear the roar, "Two-Thirty-Four,"
  Of all these learned buffers,
Who say they think 't is wrong to drink
  When raging thirst one suffers!
But you and I know that 's a lie,
  And so I shout out gladly:—
"Drink all you can, my thirsty man,
  Nor choke in saddle sadly!
Don't ever fear good lager-beer,
  When there 's no water handy;
Drink pints of ale, milk by the pail,
  But never rum nor brandy!
Drink half-and-half, or shandygaff,
  Or lemonade, or cider;
Drink till your thirst is past its worst,
  Then mount, a freshened rider!
Keep fairly cool (that is the rule),
  Curse not, nor fume, nor worry:
(My 'fume' joke means tobacco smoke);
  Nor take risks in a hurry;
Nor tear your shirt while on a spurt;
  Nor clothes while in a snarl don;
Just make no fuss; just be like us—
  'Two-Thirty-Four' and Karl Kron."

VIII.

AROUND NEW-YORK.[1]

WASHINGTON SQUARE, which is the real center of the world, as the three thousand subscribers to this book are well aware, stands at the head of Fifth Avenue, which is the wealthiest and most famous street in America, as intelligent people in general are well aware. The Avenue stretches northward from the Square, in a perfectly straight line, for six-and-a-half miles, or until terminated by Harlem River, unless it be considered as ending where a break is made in it by Mount Morris Square, at 120th st., about a mile below the river terminus, and about a half-mile above Central Park, whose eastern wall fronts upon the Avenue for two-and-a-half miles. Double that distance intervenes between the southern wall of the Park and the southern terminus of Manhattan Island, which is a little park called the Battery; and Washington Square lies just about midway between them. "Of the 26,500 acres comprising the area of the city, 14,000 acres compose Manhattan Island, which is thirteen-and-a-half miles long, and increases in breadth from a few hundred yards at the Battery to two-and-a-quarter miles at 14th st. Its breadth is but little less than this for the next five miles, or to 114th st.; while for the last four miles, or from 144th st. (just below the region of Washington Heights) to Kingsbridge, the island averages less than a mile in width. It was originally very rough, a rocky ridge running from the south point northward and branching into several spurs which united after four or five miles, culminating in Washington Heights, 238 feet above tide-water, and in a bold promontory of 130 feet at the extreme northern point. The East River, which is simply the outlet of Long Island Sound, separates it from Long Island, on the east; a narrow arm of the Sound (called Harlem River and Spuyten Duyvil Creek, though forming a mere tidal channel of connection with the Hudson) separates it from the mainland of the State, on the north; while the great Hudson itself (often called the North River) separates it from the State of New Jersey, on the west. On the south lies the bay, beyond which, distant half-a-dozen miles from the Battery, is Staten Island, whose easternmost point approaches within about a mile of the westernmost point of Long Island to form the Narrows,—the passageway between New York Harbor and the Atlantic Ocean. The settlement of the island was begun at the Battery (by the Dutch in 1623), and extended northward very gradually, so that, at the opening of the present century, when the population numbered 60,000, there were few

[1] From *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, April, 1885, pp. 211, 212.

residents as far up as the region of the present Washington Square, which the city purchased in 1797 for a Potter's Field. Burials ceased to be made long before 1830, however, when it was changed to Washington Parade Ground. The houses now surrounding it are numbered consecutively (1 to 79), from the north-east corner westward, southward, eastward, and northward. No. 79 is a recently-built apartment-house for bachelors, called 'The Benedict'; and its broad front of red brick combines with the brown-and-blue stone of the old church adjoining, and the white granite *façade* of the massive University Building, just beyond, to form quite an imposing eastern boundary for this most attractively secluded Square."[1]

Fourth Street forms the southern boundary of the same, and the streets below that are irregular in nomenclature as well as in length, breadth and direction. In this old part of the city the great bulk of its business is transacted, and its "tenement house population" live there—one of the wards containing more than 290,000 of them to the square mile. It is a confession of pecuniary weakness and of social unimportance for a New Yorker to reside below Washington Square, for this oasis of eight acres serves as a well-recognized dividing line between wealth and poverty, virtue and vice, distinction and obscurity. It is a stock joke, on the local variety-stage, to speak of South Fifth Avenue (the "French quarter" of New York) as if it were in every way equal to *the* Avenue; but though the social separation of the two streets is of the superlative sort, the slight geographical barrier between them is represented by the width of the Square. From this extending southward also is Thompson Street, distinguished as the "negro quarter"; while the "Irish quarter," the "German quarter," the "Jew quarter," and the other foreign "groups," which give the city so cosmopolitan a cast, must all be sought in the densely-populated region below the Square.

Above it the streets are all numbered consecutively rather than named; and the reckoning of distances is rendered easy by the fact that any given twenty of them cover a mile: 34th st., for example, being a mile above 14th st. Each of these is of extra width, as a special thoroughfare, and the same may be said of 23d, 42d, 57th, 72d, 79th, 86th, 96th, 106th, 116th, 125th and 145th; while 59th and 110th are important as respectively marking the lower and upper boundaries of Central Park. Fourteenth Street extends in a straight line across the island, east and west, from river to river, and all the streets of higher numbers are exactly parallel to it, though the continuity of many of them is broken by the Central Park and smaller squares. The longitudinal roads of the island are laid at right-angles to these streets, and are designated as avenues, being parallel to Fifth Avenue, which, though not exactly in the center, may be considered the backbone of the system. "The house-numbers begin there, and run east and west, a new hundred beginning at each of the other numbered avenues, whether the prior hundred has been filled out or

[1] "Appletons' Dictionary of New York," p. 160, somewhat altered.

not." Thus, 101 East 50th st. is the first door east of 4th av.; 201 East 50th st. is the first east of 3d av.; 101 West 50th st. is the first door west of 6th av.; 201 West 50th st. is the first west of 7th av., and so on. The higher the number, the further the distance from Fifth Avenue, the nearer the approach to the waterside, and, usually, the poorer the character of the house. East of First Avenue may be found Avenue A; and, in the lower part of the system, also Avenues B, C, and D; while Eleventh Avenue is on the extreme west side. To accredit a man with residence upon any of these is to announce him as far removed from the world of society and fashion. Broadway, the longest thoroughfare of the island, extends in a straight line from the Battery to Grace Church (10th st.), in a direction nearly parallel to that of the avenues; but it then takes a diagonal course to the westward, crossing 5th av. at 23d st., 6th av. at 34th st., 7th av. at 44th st., 8th av. at 59th st. (the southwest corner of Central Park), 9th av. at 64th st., 10th av. at 70th st.; and at 106th st. it enters 11th av., whose identity there becomes merged in it. Broadway above 59th st. is known as the Boulevard, and is laid out with two wide road-beds, separated by small parks of grass and trees in the center, as far as 125th st. It continues of extraordinary width for two miles above that, or until it joins the Kingsbridge road at 170th st., and trees are regularly ranged along each of its sides. Above Kingsbridge, it is again Broadway.

Below Central Park (59th st.), the island is so completely covered with buildings that such of its original inequalities of surface as have not been graded out of existence are practically hidden or forgotten. A resident habitually thinks of the city as flat, though considerable hills and depressions may be found on both Broadway and Fifth Avenue, if one cares to look for them; and, on many of the lateral streets, sharp descents are noticed as one approaches the waterside. The stone pavement which covers all the streets of the city (with insignificant exceptions), for five miles above the Battery, is usually spoken of as "Belgian block"; and much of it really is so, as in Fifth and other avenues. Broadway and many other streets, however, are paved with stones shaped like bricks, but much larger, laid edgewise, and with the long side at right-angles to the main line of traffic. Though I have driven my bicycle over these five miles of stone blocks (doing the last half of the distance, through Fifth Avenue to the Park, without dismount), I must declare that there is little pleasure in such rough riding. In the winter, however, I have often seen the cracks between the stones so well filled with frozen mud or snow as to supply a smooth surface; and I hope I may sometime find leisure to make an extensive trial of the New York streets while in this attractive condition. The city sidewalks are almost all composed of broad, smooth flagstones,—brick or concrete being rarely used for the purpose,—but, as their curb is six inches or so above the street level, the bicycler who resorts to them must dismount at every crossing. In a north-and-south direction, therefore, he must make twenty stops to the mile; but, in an east-and-west direction, he may go by stretches nearly a quarter-mile long between

the Hudson River and Fifth Avenue. East of that thoroughfare his stops will be twice as frequent, for Madison av. is interpolated between 5th av. and 4th av., and Lexington av. between 4th av. and 3d av.; while the distances between 3d av., 2d av., and 1st av. are less than those between the avenues on the west side.

There is no special municipal regulation against bicycling on the sidewalks, though each policeman may prohibit it on his own beat, under the general orders given him to keep the walks clear of all "obstructions." It depends upon circumstances or personal temper whether any individual policeman exercises this right of prohibition; but the probability is against his doing so unless the number of people on the walk is so great that no prudent person would wish to ride a bicycle among them. Policemen have urged me to mount on the crowded sidewalks of Wall Street, and have ordered me to dismount on upper Fifth Avenue when the walks were almost vacant. The same officer who may grant the request to ride, if politely put to him, for the sake of seeing "how the thing is started," may soon afterwards, on meeting a man already in the saddle, order him to leave it, for the sake of seeing "how the thing is stopped," or because the whim takes him to gratify his feeling of authority by humbling the pride of the superior creature whom he imagines to look down disdainfully upon himself from the serene upper heights of the wheel. The street children are a much greater obstacle than the patrolmen, however, to sidewalk touring in the metropolis; for the appearance of a bicycle in most of the densely-populated quarters will generally draw out so tumultuous a swarm of them as to force the lover-of-quiet to dismount, in order to rid himself of his escort,—even if he can persuade them to give him a pledge of safety by taking to the roadway, instead of running noisily alongside him on the walk. The children will usually agree to this at the outset, as they are anxious to see the riding; but the newcomers in their ranks will continually infringe upon the rule; and the task of shouting with sufficient vigor to drive them out of reaching distance of the rear-wheel, and of simultaneously keeping a sufficiently sharp eye for obstacles ahead of the front wheel, is too great a task to be paid for by the pleasures of the experience.

There is a broad sidewalk of hardened earth (having a central line of flagstones on the 8th av. side from 59th st. to 110th st., and on the 5th av. side from 90th st. to 110th st.) which serves as a border for Central Park, and on which a bicycle might be driven for about six miles without more than twice that number of dismounts being required by the curbs; but the walk is under control of the same persons who have charge of the walks inside the park walls, and they prohibit wheeling upon it. This is no great deprivation, however, for the roadway of 5th av. is macadamized from the park-entrance to Harlem River; while a wheelman along the west side, who might wish to avoid the Belgian blocks of 8th av. by resorting to the flagstones, would rarely be molested,—so slight a watch is kept of the very few foot-passengers

along that thoroughfare. The west-side bicycler, furthermore, would usually prefer to avoid the desolate 8th av. altogether, and try the Boulevard, before described as extending in the same general direction, a little to the west of it; for this is macadamized as far as 155th st., and probably soon will be to its junction with the Kingsbridge road at 170th st. When I first began riding, in 1879, its surface was in rather better condition than now; and the construction of a double-line of street-car tracks, within the last few months, will impair the facility formerly enjoyed by the bicycler for changing from one side of the Boulevard to the other, though each side of it will still afford him ample space to ride upon. Four transverse roads, as they are called, pass under Central Park from east to west, leaving 5th av. at 65th st., 79th st., 85th st. and 97th st., and entering 8th av. at 66th st., 81st st., 86th st., and 97th st., respectively. The sidewalks of all the four are smooth, as are also the roadways of some of them. The highest passage (97th st.) is the poorest of all, and the lowest is chiefly to be recommended, on account of its nearness to 72d st., which is an important macadamized thoroughfare both east and west of the park. The Belgian blocks of its lower border, 59th st., may be ridden more easily in an easterly direction, because there is a descending grade from 8th av. to 5th av. At the upper end of the park, macadam covers the whole surface of 110th st. from river to river,—its westernmost terminus being the Riverside Drive. This is a broad parkway, of excellent macadamized surface, which extends along the heights overlooking the Hudson, from 72d st. to 129th st., and which may also be entered at 116th st. and elsewhere. Its average width is about 500 feet and its area is 178 acres. It has been open to the public only two or three years, but some handsome residences are already to be found there, and the expectation is that its eastern side will in course of time be solidly lined with them. The same hope is held in regard to the adjacent Boulevard; and, indeed, the whole region west of Central Park is destined soon to be covered with fine houses, though the shanties of the squatters have not yet completely disappeared from the rocks. They may still be seen, also, in the corresponding unsettled region east of the park; and though the avenues and streets nearest to it will finally be filled with elegant mansions, a majority of the habitations on the lower ground near the water will be of a humbler sort than a majority of those west of the park. North of this is a region not yet built upon, where market-gardens and hotbeds cover unbroken acres of ground which the city map represents as cut up by the east-and-west numerical streets. When these are really built, upon the lines now laid down, it is likely that many of them may be macadamized, as 116th, 145th, 152d, and 155th sts. already are. A level, macadamized stretch, about two miles long, straight from Central Park to Harlem River, is supplied by both 6th av. and 7th av., but the latter has a good deal of earth on its surface, and is much frequented by the drivers of fast horses, so that the former is to be recommended to the bicycler, who should turn west at 145th st. and thence ride a half-mile northward to the end of 7th av., in case

he wishes to cross at Central Bridge. If he continues on 145th st. to the top of the hill, he will find the macadamized Boulevard (11th av.) just beyond; or he may turn into St Nicholas avenue (macadamized) when half-way up the hill, and follow it northward until (at 161st st., where it crosses 10th av.) he finds its name changed to Kingsbridge road; while, if he turns left from 145th st., he may follow the avenue in a south-easterly direction, crossing 8th and 7th avs. obliquely, and reaching its end at the junction of 6th av. and 110th st.

The rider who enters Manhattan Island at Harlem Bridge (3d av. at 130th st.) may go through 127th st. to 1st av. and down this to 109th st., mostly on macadamized surface; thence to 92d st. the roadway is unpaved, but I have found its frozen earth to supply smooth wheeling in December; while from 92d st., to its origin at 1st st., 1st av. can boast nothing better than Belgian block. The next thoroughfare to the eastward, Avenue A, offers the best riding surface in that part of the city, for it is smoothly macadamized from 86th st. to 57th st., and is not marred by the presence of horse-car tracks. There is a hill at each end, and the lower one is steep enough to be rather difficult; but from the top of this an excellent view may be had of the river-traffic, from the fence overlooking the water, a few rods to the east. This abrupt terminus of 57th st. is just about opposite the jail, which stands a quarter-mile from the southern end of Blackwell's Island; and the end of 86th st. is just opposite the light-house which stands at the northern point of that island. Stations of the 2d av. elevated railroad are at both those streets, and also at 65th, 75th and 80th sts.; and the rocky water-front of much of this region is occupied by monster beer-gardens and picnic-grounds, of which the one called Jones's Wood (opened in 1858) is perhaps the oldest and most widely-known. At the foot of 86th st. a pretty little public park is also included between Avenue B and the river.

Blackwell's Island, though two miles long, is only about a sixth of a mile wide; and the 7,000 people who are confined to its area of 120 acres are all under the care of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, whose office is at 3d av. and 11th st. By obtaining a pass there, and taking a ferry-boat at 26th st. or 52d st., the island may be visited at any time except Sunday; and I presume there would not be much difficulty in getting permission to visit it with a bicycle. My own written request to that effect, which was sent several years ago, never received any response, however; so that my personal knowledge of the paths of the island has been gained entirely on the decks of passing steamers, where they certainly seem very smooth and attractive for cycling. The heavy granite sea-walls, and the massive buildings, have all been constructed by convict labor, from stone quarried on the island; and though the charity hospital, blind asylum, lunatic asylum, convalescent hospital, almshouse, workhouse and other institutions are situated there, as well as the great penitentiary, which usually contains about 1,200 inmates, it is the latter which gives its distinctive character to the place in the popular imagination. Allusions to "the Island," according to the current slang of

the city, always refer to Blackwell's Island; and any mention of a person who has "gone on" or "got off" the same,—who has been "sent up to" or has "come down from" the same,—implies that he is an imprisoned or a released criminal.

The uppermost half-mile of Avenue A (known locally as "Pleasant Avenue"), from its river terminus at 124th st. to where the water again interrupts it near 113th st., offers a smooth surface for wheeling; and 5th av., almost a mile to the westward, may be reached on the macadam at 124th, 116th, 110th and 72d sts. There is a stretch of rough macadam on 128th st., from 3d to 6th avs.; and the macadam of 116th st. reaches to 7th av., and will perhaps finally be extended to the lower road of Morningside Park. This is an irregular, elongated piece of land, comprising some 32 acres, between 123d and 110th sts., and its lower road—which is a broad macadamized thoroughfare connecting those two streets—begins at its southeast corner, which is about 500 feet from the northwest corner of Central Park. This road was first opened to the public in December, 1884; and the corresponding upper road, extending along the top of the massive wall which is noticed by passengers on the elevated trains, will probably be finished during the present year. The surface will be smooth, and the grades not difficult for the bicycler who leaves 110th st. at 9th av., of which it is the continuation; while the extensive views from the top will well repay him for a brief visit. I have never tried 10th av. below 145th st.; but in the other direction it is ridable for two-and-a-half miles, or to its terminus at 196th st. This is a sort of "jumping-off place," in the woods; a bluff which the map names as Fort George, and which gives a fine view of the meadows stretching along the upper Harlem. Bordering 10th av., at 173d st., is the embankment of the Croton Reservoir; and from this, the highest ground on Manhattan Island, may be had a most extensive outlook, which no stranger can afford to miss. Hard by stands the lofty water-tower of granite,—one of the city's most widely-known landmarks,—and from the base of this the tourist may carry his bicycle down two long flights of steps, to the entrance of High Bridge, whose top is a broad walk of brick, with stone parapets, concealing the aqueduct pipes below. The structure has thirteen arches,—resting on solid granite piers, the crown of the highest arch being 116 feet above the river surface,—and it is 1,460 feet long. The beauty of the scenery makes the bridge a specially pleasant place to walk or ride upon, and I have enjoyed several spins there; but recent regulations command that bicycles on the bridge must be trundled by their owners, and not ridden. A smooth road called Undercliff av. leads northward from the east end of the bridge; but, if a southern course is desired, the tourist may soon make a turn to the left and descend the hill into Sedgwick av., by which he may go without stop, to Central Bridge (end of 8th av.), a mile below.

When I began exploring this region, in '79, my northward course from Central Bridge (then called McComb's Dam) was always through Central av.

to the Kingsbridge road at Jerome Park, whose southern end is bounded by it, while its eastern side is bounded by the avenue, which, a mile beyond, forms a part of the west boundary of Woodlawn Cemetery, and then continues on to White Plains, a dozen miles to the north. I am told that most of this upper section affords decent wheeling at certain favorable seasons of the year; though I found a discouraging amount of sand alongside the park, on the single occasion, in August, when I ventured beyond its lower border. Between there and Central Bridge, a distance of about three-and-a-half miles, the avenue may be ridden without dismount, in both directions; though there are two or three short grades whose ascent is apt to be made difficult by sand-ruts, while the general looseness of surface, and the general presence of many drivers of fast horses, combine to render the course rather unattractive for bicycling. The northward-bound tourist had better turn off from it, about a mile from the bridge, at the first road which branches to the left above Judge Smith's hotel,—some thirty or forty rods from it,—the hotel being distinguished by the fact of its facing the long, straight stretch of the avenue. This road to the left, which may be called a continuation of Gerard av., in the course of a half-mile makes a junction with Undercliff av., before mentioned as leading north from High Bridge, not quite a mile away. The combination is called Ridge av. and extends nearly two miles to the Kingsbridge road, which it enters almost opposite the church that surmounts the little hill on the west of Jerome Park. This is a narrower and hillier path than Central av., but it is a much prettier and smoother one, for it is largely overhung with trees, and it was macadamized in 1884. The tourist who wishes to avoid Central av. altogether, should turn left into Sedgwick av., as soon as he leaves Central Bridge, and he may then ride continuously on macadam, and without dismount, to the Kingsbridge road, though the ascent after passing under High Bridge may be rather difficult to conquer. In the southward direction, too, the whole track may be traversed without a stop.

The distance from the gate of Jerome Park to the head of Broadway in Kingsbridge is a mile-and-a-half, and the middle-point is the foot of a long hill, which I have sometimes ridden down (though I consider the descent a rather risky one), and which I once managed to ride up. At the foot of this hill, the rider should turn to the right, and then, about a quarter-mile later, to the left, down the street leading across the railroad station to Broadway. If, instead of turning left at the foot of the hill, he prefers to keep straight on, he will probably have to dismount at the railroad tracks, if not also at the little Farmer's Bridge, spanning Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and at certain points on the causeway leading to the hotel, situated at its junction with the main road, which reaches down to 10th av. at 162d st., four-and-a-half miles below. If he goes up this road for a quarter-mile, and crosses the creek again at the true King's Bridge, and turns down to the right for forty rods, he will reach the head of Broadway, after having covered about twice the distance required by the direct route from the foot of the hill, as before described. This route,

being newly macadamized, is preferable to the causeway, even though the return journey to the city is to be immediately begun, along the main road from King's Bridge. The macadamized surface of this favorite thoroughfare has varied greatly in quality during the half-dozen years that I have been acquainted with it; but, when in average condition, it may be ridden in either direction without dismount. A short hill just beyond the Inwood schoolhouse is steep enough to stop many northward riders, however; and the ascent of Washington Heights, in the other direction, has been long enough to stop many others, though its descent has afforded excellent coasting for nearly a mile. I use the past tense, because, at the present writing, the rocks which form the basis of the road are being blasted away, and its ultimate grade will be essentially lower than before. I have never visited what the maps designate as the "Public Drive," or "Boulevard," extending from Inwood Station (Tubby Hook), along the bluffs of the riverside, to 11th av. at 156th st., three miles below; but its names seem to imply a smooth surface, —at least prospectively. It passes the point, about a mile directly west of the tower at High Bridge, where stood Fort Washington, an extensive earthwork which the British captured in November, 1776, thereby causing the evacuation, four days later, of its companion stronghold, Fort Lee, on the New Jersey side of the Hudson. The mansion of Madame Jumel, which served as Washington's headquarters during that historic autumn, still stands on the heights overlooking the Harlem, just east of 10th av. and a short distance below the water-tower. According to the city map, the swampy lowlands of this region, which extend from the river's edge to the foot of the heights, are ultimately to have a Boulevard, beginning at 150th st., and reaching around the Fort George bluff to make a junction with the Kingsbridge road at a point opposite Tubby Hook, a distance of three miles. The half mile or more of road northward from the hook, to the end of the bluff which terminates the island at Spuyten Duyvil Creek, is probably ridable; but there is no way of crossing the creek, except on the uncovered ties of the railroad bridge.

My description of the chief cycling routes on Manhattan Island being thus completed, I return to the foot of Jerome Park where the Kingsbridge road crosses Central av., and say that the road continues a somewhat winding southeasterly course for a half-mile, until it crosses the railroad tracks at Fordham, after a sharp descent. Just before beginning this descent, it makes a junction with another smoothly macadamized road, leading southwesterly to its terminus, a mile distant, at Fordham Landing (or Berrian Landing), a little railroad station on the Harlem. This cross-road is intersected at its middle point by Ridge av., before described; and I recommend it as the best route from Fordham to that avenue, while I at the same time offer warning against it, as having no outlet at the riverside. "Pelham and Fordham Avenue" is the double-name given to the prolongation of the Kingsbridge road, beyond the railway crossing; and, by riding a straight easterly

stretch of half-a-mile or more upon its southern sidewalk (great good luck may allow this to be done without dismount), the tourist reaches the Southern Boulevard, on whose macadam he may then spin along for a half-dozen miles without dismount, to its terminus at Harlem Bridge (3d av. at 133d st.). The upper terminus of this Boulevard is Central av. at Jerome Park, about a mile-and-a-half distant from Pelham av.; but I found that upper section too sandy for bicycling, when I first tried it, in '79, and I suppose it is so still, though macadam will doubtless be applied to it at last. The surface of this Southern Boulevard has varied greatly during the years that I have been familiar with it; but it has no difficult grades, and, at its worst, it is always ridable; while, at its best, it supplies some of the smoothest and swiftest stretches for riding that can be found in the whole metropolitan district. If one turns west at the first macadamized street above Boston av. (whose crossing of the Boulevard is distinguished by horse-car tracks), he may ride smoothly for about a mile to Tremont (whence I have wheeled along the railway line a mile or more northward to Fordham), and I presume there may be at least one fairly ridable road among the three or four which lead from Tremont to Central av. Another pleasant easterly route from this last-named thoroughfare may be found by crossing the bridge above Gabe Case's hotel, which is about a third-of-a-mile above Central Bridge, and walking up a short hill (165th st.) to the entrance of Fleetwood Park at Walton av. This has a macadamized surface, upon whose gentle downward slope the rider may go without stop to 138th st., where he will cross the railroad track at Mott Haven station and soon reach 3d av., a quarter-of-a-mile above Harlem Bridge. Walton av. may also be reached by taking the first easterly road above Central Bridge. From the rocky hill-tops along this route, some fine views may be had.

Twenty-four miles is the distance from Harlem Bridge to the bridge over the little Byram River, by which the tourist crosses from Port Chester, the easternmost town on the shore of New York, into the State of Connecticut. Such is the distance, I mean, in case he takes the route described in my chapter on "Winter Wheeling"; and the average excellence of its surface is shown by the fact that, on the 26th of April, 1884, I traversed it all during four hours of the forenoon, spite of considerable rain. On that month, also, macadam was applied to the "bad three miles" above the drawbridge at Pelham Bay, transforming the same into one of the smoothest and pleasantest stretches of the entire route. A quarter-mile below this bridge, Fordham and Pelham Avenue, before mentioned, branches off from the Eastern Boulevard and extends in almost a straight line westward, for four miles, until it crosses the Southern Boulevard where the latter's macadam ends. If macadam ever replaces the present soft surface of these other broad roadways, the bicycler will be enabled to make a continuous circuit of more than a dozen miles upon them without a dismount. Just about at the middle point of the six macadamized miles of Southern Boulevard, the Westchester turnpike, which is also of hard surface, branches off northeastward; and when the tourist has

traveled along it for three miles, and crossed the creek of the same name, he may turn left into a soft road, whose several branches all lead into the Eastern Boulevard, in the direction of Pelham Bridge. I recommend him, however, to continue on the hard road to the right, for nearly a mile, until it crosses the Boulevard at the hamlet of Schuylerville, from which point he can follow its side-paths to the bridge. Before doing this, he may make a pleasant detour to the shore of the Sound, a mile-and-a-half beyond, by keeping straight ahead, on the same macadamized track. Near the end of this, I recollect taking a very smooth spin of a third-of-a-mile, along a road to the west, which had no outlet; and I think that the road leading east, and terminating at the entrance of Fort Schuyler, on Throggs Neck, is most of it fairly ridable, if not also macadamized. At all events, the region is an attractive one for the city cycler to explore.

[1]On the 19th of April, 1883, the centennial anniversary of the day when Washington proclaimed to his army at Newburgh that the long fight was ended, I made a pilgrimage to the historic battle-field of White Plains, situated midway between the waters of the Sound and the Hudson. A mile below the bridge by which I entered Port Chester, and near the foot of its main street (opposite a little park, containing a music stand), there branches westward a broad avenue which is called "Purchase" for the first mile, and afterwards "Westchester." Up this I started, at a quarter-past nine, and rode most of the grades, on the sidewalk flagstones, to the top of the high hill. Macadam, not yet trodden smooth, covered the downward slope, and I walked up the latter half of the ascent which followed. Beyond a big watering-trough of stone, the road makes a turn to the left; and at that point I climbed up on a lofty rock in the neighboring orchard, and watched the waters of the Sound for half an hour, since that was to be my last chance for the day. Thence I wheeled, by an average good road, winding among the hills, but pretty level, near the Mamaroneck river, to the soldier's statue, in White Plains, opposite which a turn must be made to the left, to reach the center of the town. I, however, proceeded up the wide thoroughfare called Broadway to the old cannon, which marks where the American line was drawn up to receive the British, in the battle of 1776. Beyond this is still another monument, in the form of an ancient mortar, which marks a second historic point in that day's strife. I used the west sidewalk in ascending the hill, but returned in the roadway, and when I entered the street opposite the bronze soldier (Railroad av.), I met with a most excellent stretch of macadam, along which I coasted down into the village. Beyond here, after crossing the Bronx river, I found good riding, on a somewhat winding track, composed of light loam, which would probably be loose and dusty in dry weather; and I did no walking till I reached the hill after crossing the tracks

[1]This paragraph is from *The Bicycling World*, May 18, 1883, p. 18. The remainder of the article is from *The Wheel*, March (13, 27) and May, 1885.

near a railway station. This point was five miles from the cannon on the battle-field, and the cannon was seven miles from Port Chester. Another mile brought me to the Vincent House in Tarrytown; and, as I suddenly emerged from the woods upon the crest of the hill leading down to the same, the unexpected sight of the Hudson, which is three miles broad at this point, and of Nyack on the bank beyond, was refreshing in the extreme. A tourist would do well to rest there before descending to the level of Broadway, on the west side of which, a few rods to the north, stands the Vincent House. As the slope of Benedict av. is a sharp one, and makes a right angle with Broadway, it should be descended with care.

At a point called Elmsford or Hall's Corners,—about midway between White Plains and Tarrytown, I crossed the Nepperhan or Sawmill river, a little stream which runs through a pleasantly-secluded and thinly-settled valley, parallel to the Hudson, which it gradually approaches until it empties into it at Yonkers, ten or a dozen miles below. During all this distance a dirt road runs along the east side of the stream, and I am told that its surface is fairly ridable for many seasons of the year, and that it has few steep grades. A railway also runs beside the river, generally on its west bank; and at Ashford station, about four miles below Elmsford, a fine macadamized roadway stretches west, for a mile, to intersect Broadway at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. About half-way between Ashford and Elmsford, there is another cross-road to Broadway at Irvington; and still another such track branches off from the river road, about half a mile above, and passes through the hamlet of Dublin. I hardly suppose that these supply very good riding; but at the cross-road next below Ashford (two miles), Broadway at Hastings is less than a mile distant, and I think that a part of the track (Washington av.) is macadamized. All of these cross-roads from the Hudson, and some of the others between Hastings and Yonkers continue eastward to Central av., whose course is generally within half a mile of the west bank of the Bronx river, all the way from Jerome Park to White Plains.

The Vincent House, in Tarrytown, is perhaps the most notable objective-point known to metropolitan tourists, and it has been recognized as such from the earliest days of cycling. The approach to it from 59th st., either at 5th av. or at 8th av., is usually called 25 miles; and, though there are several variations in the route, it may be generally designated as "Broadway, a macadamized turnpike, overlooking the Hudson River, and identical in most of its lines with the old post road to Albany." Not many miles of its surface are absolutely level; and, of its numerous hills, some are too long and some are too steep for comfort; but I have ridden every one of them, in both directions (I except the highest hill at Dobbs Ferry, where a choice of gentler grade is possible); and, on the 7th of November, 1882, between 2.45 and 6.38 P. M., I rode without dismount from the Vincent House to 59th st. and then back to Washington Heights (155th st.), a distance which my cyclometer called 29¼ miles, though it is usually considered to be somewhat

greater. I am told that this 25-m. route has been traversed in each direction without dismount by several other riders, though the exact statistics of their journeys are not known to me; and nothing more need be said to designate this as the longest and finest straightaway course leading out of the city. When I first tried it, on the afternoon of November 24, 1879, I found a good riding surface as far as the pond about a mile northwest of the Vincent House; and then, after walking up the hill past Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, I trudged through the sand for nearly two miles, or to a point very near the great arch of the aqueduct. Here I was assured that the road continued just as soft all the way to Sing Sing, say four miles beyond; and so I returned to the hotel for the night. The fact that there is no other good public house nearer than Yonkers, a dozen miles below, coupled with the fact that it stands so near the end of the smooth roadway, and is just about a comfortable half-day's journey above 59th st., explains its exceptional importance as a cycling landmark. The casual wheelman will always be sure of finding an excellent dinner awaiting him there, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at a cost of seventy-five cents; and ample facilities exist for supplying special accommodations to larger parties who may arrange for the same in advance. Several respectable restaurants and oyster saloons may also be found in the village, chiefly along Main st., which makes a right-angle from Broadway, where one descends it not far above the Vincent House, and which then slopes sharply to the railway station and steamboat dock, on the river level, about a half-mile from the hotel. At a similar distance above the latter, on the west side of Broadway, stands the monument to mark the spot where the British spy, Major André, was captured in 1780; and at the cross-roads, a little beyond here, by taking the left, through Beekman av. and Cortlandt st., another smooth descent may be made to the railway station. By turning to the right at the cross-roads just named, and soon again to the right at the next crossing, one may enter the County House road, which climbs over the ridge to East Tarrytown, a mile distant, on the Sawmill river-road. This is more than two miles above Elmsford, where I crossed that road on my ride from White Plains; and the map shows that it follows the stream up to its source at Pleasantville, five miles further. I hope to explore it some day, and perhaps push on through Chappaqua and Mount Kisco to the Croton river,—the road along which, for the last five or six miles, before it reaches the Hudson, above Sing Sing, ought to prove fairly level and ridable. A third route northward from Tarrytown to Sing Sing is offered by the Sleepy Hollow road, which is about midway between the sandy Albany turnpike and the Sawmill valley; but of its character I have as yet no knowledge.

The southward route from the Vincent House along Broadway, to the King's Bridge (14½ m.), is probably as pleasant a one for the wheelman as any similar short stretch in America; and, though he may comfortably cover it without leaving the saddle, he will be disposed, on his first visit, at least, to stop many times, for the better viewing of its numerous points of scenic or

historic interest. Four miles from the start, where the direct road leads up a steep hill, surmounted by a church, he should swerve to the right; and then he may coast through the main street of the village for half-a-mile before ascending the gentle grade which will bring him again into Broadway. Even on a northward tour, this roundabout course is preferable, though the church hill may be ridden up in that direction for quite a distance, and possibly even to its summit, by a stronger rider than myself. Here, at Dobbs Ferry, the residence of ex-Judge Beach is notable as being the self-same house in which Washington signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain, May 3, 1783. At Hastings, two miles below, a pleasant detour of a half-mile may be made through the village, by turning to the right at the fork, though the final up-grade is rather steeper than that of the direct route; while, on the northern journey, this descent towards the river is apt to be passed by unnoticed, so sharply does it curve backward from the main road. A half-mile below this point, another fork offers a choice of routes for half-a-mile,—the left having the steepest grade, and the right usually the softest surface. This river-road through the woods affords several fine views of the stream, and of the Palisades which tower above its west shore. It may be more easily ridden in the other direction; and the only time when I ever got through it without stop, while touring southward, was on the occasion of my long straightaway ride. The northward tourist may recognize it from the fact that it branches off just above the point where the termination of the macadam reminds him that he has reached the city-limits of Yonkers. The other road is a trifle shorter, but I should consider the rider very lucky who could go through it in either direction without a dismount. Perhaps one or both of these half-mile stretches will soon be properly paved—thereby closing the only gap in a continuous macadamized track between the Vincent House and 59th st.

The Getty House, facing the little open square of that name in the center of Yonkers, three-and-a-half miles below the northern city-limits, is reached by a descent of more than a mile of varying grades, the lowest one being the steepest. I have never ridden up this but once—which was on the forenoon of the same day when I covered the whole course southward without stop—and, though the sharp pitch is only a few rods long, it is the most difficult one to conquer on the entire course. The rider who conquers it, and then keeps in the saddle for another mile of up-hill work, will probably feel about as thoroughly tired as I did, when he gets to the top. Even in descending this steep slope he should exercise considerable care, for he must then ride about forty rods towards the left, through a street usually crowded with vehicles, to reach the Getty House corner. If he still keeps to the left for another fifty rods, through Main st., he will reach Nepperhan av. (which makes a right angle to the left, and by which he may turn backward towards the northeast, if he wishes to reach the Sawmill river-road); and by continuing southward for twice that distance he will re-enter Broadway, about two-thirds of a mile below the Getty House. I myself generally prefer the Broadway route, whether

going northward or southward, though the distance is a trifle longer, and a hill is to be climbed which the Main st. route avoids. About a mile below the junction of the two routes, Valentine's Lane branches westward through the trees, to make connection with Riverdale av., a quarter-mile distant; and the unpaved grades of this cross-road used nearly always to force a dismount, in the days when Riverdale av. supplied the only practicable path between Yonkers and the King's Bridge. When I had managed to worry through this lane, on the occasion of my straightaway ride from Tarrytown, in 1882, I felt confident that, barring accidents, I should succeed in reaching 59th st. without stop. But the lane need no longer be resorted to, for the macadam of Broadway now stretches unbrokenly to Spuyten Duyvil Creek,—the last unpaved section having been covered with it in 1884,—and affords a charming ride of more than two miles through a well-wooded valley, where the houses are not numerous enough to be obtrusive, and where there is only one ascent long enough to be tiresome.

A very long and tiresome ascent, however, does confront the rider who starts northward from the creek by the old route, which was the only practicable one until the recent macadamization of Broadway at Mosholu. Turning sharply to the left when he leaves the King's Bridge, he will cross the railway tracks after about forty rods of rough macadam, and then turn to the right, up the long hill of Riverdale av., whose top is a mile and a half from the bridge. If he can keep his saddle for the first thirty rods of the climb, he need not stop short of the summit (for the upper grades are gentler), and he may thence continue without dismount for two miles, to Mt. St. Vincent,—though some of the intermediate slopes are steep enough to make the novice groan. On the descending grade of this hill he should turn to the right, into Valentine's Lane, before described, if he wishes to reach the macadam of Broadway; and he may recognize the lane as forming the northern boundary of the grounds that slope downward from a large public-building of red brick, upon the crest of the hill. Here the northward tourist sees the Hudson for the first time after leaving 155th st., and he also gets his first view of Yonkers. Instead of turning into the lane, he may keep straight on for a mile and a half, to the center of the city, though the soft spots in the road will probably cause more than one dismount. The ancient Manor House, which serves as the City Hall and which is one of the very few historic structures of America having a record of more than two centuries, stands here at the corner of Dock st., fronting on Warburton av., though this is simply a prolongation, for a mile, in a perfectly straight line, of the less-straight Riverdale av., which crosses the outlet of the Sawmill river just before reaching Dock st. From the end of the ridable sidewalk of Warburton av., which terminates abruptly in the northern outskirts of the town, one must walk up-hill for a half-mile through the woods to reach Broadway,—passing a spring of good drinking-water a few rods from this. I have never descended this hill to Warburton av., though I think it would have to be

walked; but the views which may be had of the Hudson and the Palisades, when riding along the avenue, repay an occasional choice of this lower route.

The route from the center of Yonkers, through Nepperhan av. northeastward, is a smoothly-macadamized one as far as the first road which crosses it beyond the aqueduct arch. The tourist should follow this road down to the right, for one block, to the cemetery, where he will turn left up the Sawmill river-road. On the 17th of December, 1884, my first dismount on my first trial of this route was caused by a hill which is three miles and a half from the Getty House; but I did much walking on the three miles between that hill and Ashford (where I struck the macadam leading back to Broadway at Dobbs Ferry), though, at a more favorable season, I presume the whole circuit might be covered, in either direction, without a stop. The tour between these parallel and heavily-wooded ranges of hills must surely be a very pleasant one to take in spring or early summer; and the Tuckahoe road, leading eastward across Central av. to the village of that name, and Yonkers av., leading similarly to Mt. Vernon, both seemed smooth enough to tempt me to explore them, on the day I have mentioned, in spite of the warning snow-flakes. I have been assured that fairly ridable roads connect both Tuckahoe and Mt. Vernon, with the east-side thoroughfare along the Sound, which I have already described; and I have no doubt that there are many other routes well worth exploring in this terminal triangle of Westchester County, whose base-line I have drawn at the road connecting Port Chester with Tarrytown. Nevertheless, the famous macadamized turnpike, parallel to the shore of the river which forms the west side of this triangle, will always make the strongest appeal to the bicycler at the outset of his touring in the metropolitan district. Alongside it stand the country castles of our merchant princes, the rural palaces of our railroad barons, and the more modest mansions of other wealthy people who are wise enough to understand that no amount of architectural magnificence can avail to "found a permanent family residence" in America, or to prevent unsentimental heirs from knocking it down with an auctioneer's hammer as soon as the opulent originator has been safely stowed away under the sod. The first notable roadside residence, which the tourist northward from Yonkers may be presumed to have some curiosity about, is less than a mile above the place where the cross-road from the terminus of Warburton av. joins Broadway; and it comes into full view, standing on a knoll to the west, as the rider twists around the crest of a short hill and enters the straight, sloping stretch which it faces upon. Its name, "Greystone," describes the material of this long-fronted, angular "bachelor's hall" belonging to Samuel J. Tilden, ex-Governor of the State. Half a mile above the churches in Irvington, at the first cross-road, if one turns towards the river for a similar distance, he may reach "Sunnyside," the former residence of Washington Irving; and "Lyndehurst," Jay Gould's castellated mansion, of white limestone, is next but one to the north of "Sunnyside." About half-way between Irvington and Dobbs Ferry, or some-

what nearer the latter, on the eastern slope, stands the house of Cyrus W. Field, who is popularly ranked with the owners of "Lyndehurst" and "Greystone" as having amassed millions by "developing" the elevated railways of the city; but who deserves a higher rank than they in the world of wheeling, by reason of his having caused that mile of smooth macadamized roadway to be built from Ashford station to the Hudson.

Instead of ascending the Riverdale hill to the right, after crossing the railroad tracks west of Kingsbridge, I once explored the region to the left (Dec. 18, 1883), when a thin film of frozen snow covered the road, which might prove fairly good in summer. It winds along close to the railway, crossing it twice by bridges (near the point of the Wagner train accident, whose horrors were then fresh in public memory), and ends in a little less than a mile, at Spuyten Duyvil station. From here, a venturesome tourist might possibly scramble across the ties of the railroad bridge and up the heights to the road which leads to Tubby Hook; but I preferred to turn about and ascend a long hill, by a winding road through the woods, mostly ridable, in spite of the snow, until I entered Riverdale av. at a little less than a mile above the railroad crossing. The distance from the station to the point of entering the avenue was a mile and a half; and the entire circuit thus amounted to about three miles and a quarter. A barn-like structure, devoted to the sale of "wood and coal, hay and oats," stands at the point on the avenue where the road for Spuyten Duyvil branches off through the woods. Between this point and Mt. St. Vincent there are two smooth roads which branch westward to the river and connect with each other at the station and settlement called Riverdale; and a detour may well be made through them, for the sake of the view. The map shows a road extending from this station, for about three-quarters of a mile, parallel to Riverdale av. until it joins the same at Mt. St. Vincent; and it probably offers good riding, though I have never chanced to make exploration there.

Tarrytown lies on a certain famous twelve-mile stretch of the Hudson which is called the Tappan Sea, because it has a breadth of more than two miles for nearly all that distance. The voyage by ferry to Nyack, which lies directly opposite, on the west shore, is, therefore, a not insignificant one; and the smooth road southward alongside that shore to Piermont offers as pleasant a three-mile spin as wheelman's heart can wish for. Thence he must turn inland to Sparkill (1½ m.), Tappan (1½ m.), Closter (4 m.), Tenafly (4 m.) and Englewood (2½ m.), and be content to do most of his riding—and a good deal of walking—on the side-paths of rather sandy and hilly roads. It took me four hours to cover the thirteen miles, on the 26th of May, 1882, when the track was probably in average condition; though the bright spring weather made even slow progress a pleasure (if, indeed, it did not invite me to be slow), and I stopped a good while to stare at the sunken-roofed stone house near the hotel in Tappan, where the luckless Major André was jailed, a century ago, before being executed, on the adjacent eminence, which has

since carried the name of Gallows Hill, and which must reach pretty close to the State line of New Jersey. A macadamized road connects Englewood with Fort Lee (5 m.), whence ferry boat may be taken across to 130th st, just a short distance from the Boulevard. I have tried this route in the opposite direction only. Walking up-hill for a half-mile from the dock (though most or all of this might be ridden), I mounted at the fork in the road, and went without stop for two miles, to a point beyond the great Palisades Hotel, since burned,—whence a broad roadway stretches in a straight line to Englewood (2½ m.). The last half of this may be coasted, but I should think the ascent could hardly be made without a stop.

The obstacle which forces the tourist coming down the west side of the Hudson to turn inland at Piermont is the Palisades, "which is a name applied to a long, perpendicular, apparently columnar wall that extends in an unbroken line thither from Fort Lee (20 m.), rising directly from the water's edge. This wall is nearly uniform in altitude for the greater part of the distance, though it varies from 300 to 500 feet in height; but it is narrow, being in some places not more than three-quarters of a mile wide. Its top is singularly even, affording a long, narrow table-land, upon which there is a scant growth of trees. The air is salubrious and the prospects are superb,—the opposite low verdant shore, for a long distance to the north, affording a charming picture."[1] From the site of the burned hotel, a dirt road extends northward through the woods of this remarkable ridge to Alpine (5 m.) opposite Yonkers, which may be reached by ferry; and the map shows the path prolonged even to Piermont; but I presume that the bicycler who tried it would do more walking than riding. The descent to Fort Lee had better not be coasted in summer time, on account of the crowds which frequent the hotel there. Southward from Fort Lee one may ride along the shore without stop for nearly two miles, when he may turn up the hill at Edgewater; or he may continue along it for another mile to Shady Side, where he has a second chance to ascend; or he may ride still another two miles to Weehawken, and there walk up the hill. This is opposite 59th st., though the ferry boat runs to 42d st., and Fort Lee is opposite 155th st., though its ferry, in like manner, lands the passenger a half-mile lower down. By good luck, the five miles may be ridden in either direction without stop, but the last half of the road has little to recommend it; and, as its surface and surroundings increase in badness the nearer one gets to Weehawken, the southward-bound traveler would do well to climb the hill either at Edgewater or Shady Side.

It is a quarter-mile walk from the river-road to the crest of the hill at Edgewater, whence a fine view may be had of the city; and one may ride southward from there, by Bull's Head Ferry av., past Guttenberg (2 m.) and the great water-tower (1½ m.), without stop, to the foot of the hill (1 m.) where the macadam gives place to Belgian blocks. On these, or on the flagstones of the

[1] "Appletons' Dictionary of New York," p. 166.

sidewalks, he may thence work his way to Hoboken Ferry (3 m.), unless he prefer to take one of the horse-cars which will be within his reach soon after passing the tower. The ferry marks the terminus of one of the great railway lines (always called "the D., L. and W.," from the initials of its very long name), and its boats will take a man either directly across to Christopher st., hardly more than half-a-mile from Washington Square, or down to Barclay st., somewhat less than that distance from the City Hall. Taylor's Hotel, in Jersey City, a well-known landmark, stands at the entrance to Jersey City Ferry, which is the terminus of the Pennsylvania railway, and its boats land both at Cortlandt st., immediately opposite (four blocks below Barclay st.), and at Desbrosses st., which is three-quarters of a mile above, and a half-mile below Christopher st. Communipaw Ferry, the terminus of the Jersey Central railway, is three-quarters of a mile below Taylor's Hotel, and lands all its passengers at Liberty st., the next below Cortlandt st. Three-quarters of a mile above Taylor's Hotel, and a half-mile below Hoboken Ferry, is Pavonia Ferry, the terminus of the Erie railway, whose boats land both at Chambers st. (four blocks above Barclay st.) and at 23d st., two miles above.

The distances mentioned as separating the ferries on the Jersey side are much shorter than those the traveler would in fact be forced to traverse, in going from one to the other, for there is no street which directly connects them anywhere near the water-front. In getting from Hoboken to Taylor's Hotel, for example (May 26, '82), I wheeled more than two miles,—much of it on the sidewalks (for flagstone walks are abundant enough in all these squalid suburbs), though I found one main road fairly ridable. I once tried a western route from the hotel (Nov. 16, '80), by turning into Grand st., and then, at a point 2½ m. from the ferry, taking the plank road for 3 m. alongside the canal and across the marshes between the Hackensack and Passaic rivers. This brought me to a disagreeable suburb of Newark which I believe is called Marion, and I then wheeled on the sidewalks, or else went afoot for nearly 3 m., until I reached the smooth pavement at the head of Central av. My usual route to that point from the New York ferries, however, seems far preferable to the one just given, and I thus described it in *The Wheelman* (June, 1883, p. 219): "The road leading up Bergen hill, near the tunnels, may be reached by wheeling on the stone sidewalks,—the distance being a mile from Hoboken Ferry, and somewhat greater from the lower ferries. From the top of the hill to the bridge over the Hackensack (1¼ m.), there is sidewalk riding, mostly on a down grade, requiring only a few dismounts; and then the wheelman may go without stop across the marshes (3½ m.), on a macadamized roadway, though this is sometimes made rather difficult by mud and ruts. Another mile or so of sidewalk riding, in a perfectly straight line, leads to the bridge over the Passaic, which, for the sake of convenience in description, I have previously assumed as 'the apex of the eight-mile Newark-and-Orange triangle,' or as the imaginary point of junction of the chief avenues belonging to that 'triangle.'" I might better have placed my

imaginary point an eighth of a mile west of the river, however, where Bridge st. enters Broad st., for the corner building, in the northeast angle between them, contains Oraton Hall, the "Z. & S." headquarters of the New Jersey wheelmen; and as the tourist may there find the latest news as to roads and routes, he would do well to reckon distances from it as a chief objective point.

Returning from that point, by the route just given, to the top of Bergen hill (6 m.), he may there turn northward and try the sidewalks for 2 m. in a straight line (passing the reservoir on his right, ½ m. from the start); but the road in the course of another mile bends westward down the hill to Homestead station, and then crosses the marshes to Carlstadt (5 m.),—and I know nothing of its character. At the specified distance above the reservoir,—or at considerably less distance,—one may go eastward ½ m., by the cross streets, until he reaches Palisades av., near the edge of the ridge, whose sidewalks are ridable in a bee-line for 2½ m., affording the tourist an excellent panorama of the great city on the opposite shore. The old turnpike from Hoboken to Hackensack crosses the head of this avenue, ½ m. above the Monastery (whose sightly position, on the heights opposite 27th st., makes it a prominent landmark for many miles around); and the street which is just behind the Monastery forms the eastern front of the reservoir, exactly two miles below. At the north end of Palisades av., the tourist should turn east for ½ m., until he reaches the south end of Bull's Head Ferry av., about ½ m. below the big brick water-tower before described. If he wishes to go to Hoboken, he may either descend northward to the horse-car tracks, and then continue his descent southward by the route already given (p. 81), or he may keep right along eastward and southward by the old Hackensack pike. Assuming his wish to continue northward, however, his first chance to descend to the river level will be at ¾ m. above the water-tower (half way between it and Guttenberg), where a rough and winding road, which must be walked in either direction, connects the avenue with Weehawken Ferry. This is the terminus of the West Shore railway, whose boats go to 42d st., and the rocky excavations of whose tunnel are noticed by the tourist a little to the north of the water-tower. I recommend him, however, to keep right up the hill, through Guttenberg, and then (½ m. beyond, where a chance offers of going down to the river) to turn westward ¼ m., and northward ¾ m., to the little bridge over the ravine, where he may descend southward to Shady Side (½ m.), or continue northward to Edgewater and Fort Lee (ferry to 130th st.). The stretch of 7 m. from the upper end of Palisades av. to this terminal point, could probably be covered, by a good rider, without leaving the saddle.

The best wheeling in all that region, however, is offered by the Bergen Line Boulevard, a broad macadamized roadway, 2½ m. long, lying nearly parallel to the Bull's Head Ferry av., and ½ m. west of it. Blacque's Hotel, and Nungesser's, two well-known road-houses, face each other at the head of the Boulevard, and they stand on a line drawn due west from 95th st. Their distance from the ravine-bridge on the hill behind Shady Side is just a mile,

and, though the route has two or three turnings, it is not likely to be mistaken. The macadam terminates where the Boulevard crosses the West Shore tunnel; and though the tourist may continue straight along, on the sidewalks, to the Hackensack turnpike (¾ m.), and thence to Palisades av. (¼ m.), I recommend him to turn off at Fulton st., ¼ m. from the tunnel, and ride across to the water tower, ¼ m. Rumors have reached me of a plan to prolong the macadam of the Boulevard to Bergen Point, a dozen miles below the tunnel; but I do not expect that so magnificent a scheme will be realized in my lifetime. The map shows a series of parallel streets extending all the way from the Point (which is separated from Port Richmond, on Staten Island, by only ¼ m., of the Kill van Kull's waters) to the cross-roads on Bergen hill, 7 m. above, where my own explorations have ended. Much of this neck of land between Newark bay and New York bay is less than a mile wide, and all of it seems to be hilly, and to exhibit a rather poor class of houses. Wheeling there would presumably not be pleasant, but I mean to attempt it, some time, in connection with another visit to Staten Island.

From Blacque's Hotel, at the head of the Boulevard, one may go northwestward, over a course which is often too rough to be ridable, to Fairview (1¼ m.), a gentle grade towards the end turning off sharply into a steep descent. At the foot of this, he may turn northwestward again, by Hackensack pike, for the Club House at Ridgefield (1 m.), whence two northwest roads (rather sandy, the one nearer the railway being preferable) lead to Englewood (5 m.). From there he may return to Fort Lee, along the macadamized route already described (p. 81). Southward from Fairview to the toll-gate at Machpelah Cemetery (2 m.), I have found (May 7, '83) the Hackensack road to supply pleasant wheeling, with one easy hill; but as appearances below were less favorable, I turned about, for 1 m., and then ascended by a macadamized cross-road to the Boulevard, ¼ m. to the east,—passing another parallel road, midway between the two. The distance from the cemetery, by the Hackensack pike, to the head of Palisades av., is about 2 m., and two roads branch off from it to Homestead, whence the thoroughfare distinguished by telegraph poles stretches across the marshes to the hills at Carlstadt (5 m.), as before described. Other routes connecting Newark with New York (at 130th st. ferry: by way of Belleville, Carlstadt and Ridgefield; by way of Little Falls, Paterson, Hackensack and Ridgefield; and by way of Paterson and Englewood,) are described in my thirteenth chapter, "Coasting on the Jersey Hills"; and the latter might perhaps be recommended as supplying the best connection with Boonton, or even Morristown, — leaving Newark entirely aside, in favor of Singac, Fairfield and Pine Brook.

My descriptions have doubtless made this fact plain: that the proper entrance to Manhattan Island for every touring wheelman from the south or west, who wishes to ride there, or to prolong his journey to the north or east, is at 130th st. (ferry from Fort Lee), instead of at the down-town ferries connected with the termini of the five great railway lines. My recommendation

to a cycler who may be brought by train to any one of the four below Weekawken, is to push westward with his wheel to the top of Bergen hill, or else, as a second choice, to try one of the two specified ascents above Hoboken, and thence face northward to Fort Lee. The stranger, however, may readily utilize the ferries to shorten the northward wheeling distance, and at the same time give himself a chance to watch the river traffic. Thus, if he leaves the Jersey Central train, down opposite the Battery, its boat will land him at Liberty st., one block above which he can take the Pennsylvania road's boat back to Taylor's Hotel, and its other boat across again to Desbrosses st. Four blocks above this, and ½ m. below Christopher st., is the starting point of a line of steamboats for Fort Lee; and as these also make a landing near the foot of 23d st., the traveler who comes in by Erie train may sail all the way to 130th st., and disembark there after only two changes of boats. Those who disembark from the down-town boats of the other three railways, at Liberty st., Cortlandt st. or Barclay st., need walk less than half a mile to reach the Erie boat at Chambers st., which will take them back across the river to the other Erie boat for 23d st.; and, in like manner, the D., L. & W. boat up to Hoboken may be taken at Barclay st. by passengers from the other three railways, who prefer this double passage of the river, with a little walking on the New York side, to the task of pushing a bicycle two or three miles on the sidewalks and back-streets of Jersey City.

Along this two miles of river front, from "Pier 1" at the Battery to "Pier 51" at Christopher st., the docks are continuous, and serve as points of departure for nearly all the ocean steamers, as well as for a great number of others which ply to points on the Sound, the rivers and the sea coast. The famous "floating palaces" for Albany and Troy at the north, for New London, Stonington, Providence and Fall River at the east, all start within ½ m. of Desbrosses st.; and the three last-named lines, which conduct an immense passenger traffic with Boston, start within less than ½ m. of the City Hall. The connection between all these docks and piers and ferry-houses is West st., which extends in front of them, its inner side alone being solidly lined with buildings; and South st. performs a similar service for the two miles of docks which stretch upwards from the Battery along the east side, the great Brooklyn Bridge being suspended over them at about the half-way point. Each of these streets is poorly paved and is usually crowded with heavy traffic, so that the horse-cars of the east-side and west-side Belt lines make slow progress through them, and are often delayed by "blocking." The lines take their name from the fact that, starting at the Battery, they keep quite near the opposite edges of the island, until they join each other again at 59th st., the lower border of Central Park. The east-side Belt runs through Av. D to 14th st., through Av. A to 23d st., and through 1st av. to 59th st., while the west-side Belt runs through 10th av., which is a prolongation of West st. above 14th st. I believe these lines are the only ones in the city which are chartered to transport baggage as well as passengers; and the bicycler may

always be sure that, for a fee of 5 or 10 cents, he can get his wheel carried, on the front platform of a Belt car, to the point on 59th st. where he may at once touch the macadamized roads to the northward, either at 8th av., at 5th av., or at Av. A. On the other lines, I presume that a quarter-dollar, or perhaps a smaller perquisite, would quiet any scruples which the commander of the car might have about admitting a bicycle to the platform, when no passengers were crowding it. I recollect that no objection was made when I brought my machine down from 116th st. to 59th st., on an 8th av. car; though I was then able to pack it in smaller compass than usual, on account of having broken it in two. On general principles, I should caution a stranger against hiring a city expressman to transport his wheel, unless he is content to see it put up at sheriff's sale, to pay for "charges." Perhaps even then he would have to go to Ludlow Street Jail, until his friends at home could raise the cash balance still due to the honest carrier.

The keepers of the railway baggage-rooms in the ferry-houses will give an official receipt (brass check) for a bicycle left in their charge, but "their charge" will be a quarter-dollar, when it is redeemed. Such storage-places, in addition to their safety, and their convenience to a man who wishes to go about the city a little before taking his wheel up to 130th st. by the river ferries, or to 59th st. by Belt car, have the special merit of being accessible at all hours of the night as well as of the day. A tourist entering the city during business hours (8 A. M. to 6 P. M.), at any of the designated ferries between Liberty st. and Chambers st., will always be welcomed to temporary storage for his wheel at the office of the Pope Manufacturing Co., 12 Warren st., which is next south of Chambers st., and which extends from the river to the City Hall Park at Broadway, ¼ m. At the entrance of its salesroom may be seen the old original "Columbia No. 234" (as explained on p. 48), making a mute appeal for "1,000 more supporters" for this present true history of its strange life and adventures. Second only in importance to my remarkable bicycle, there stands hard by another unique object, which has helped it to give celebrity to the city: I mean the great structure spanning the East River,—"the largest bridge in the world,"—whose terminus is just across the park. The length of the bridge considerably exceeds a mile (5,989 ft.), and its breadth (85 ft.) allows a central promenade (13 ft.) for foot passengers, two railroad tracks on which run passenger-cars propelled by a stationary engine at the Brooklyn end, and two broad roadways for vehicles, on the outer sides. The central span across the water, hung from towers whose tops (measuring 120 ft. by 40 ft.) are 278 ft. above its surface, is 1,595 feet long; the span on each side, from the tower to the anchorage, is 930 feet long; the approach from the terminus to the anchorage is 1,562½ ft. long on the city side and 971 ft. on the Brooklyn side; the height of the floor, at the towers, above high-water mark, is 119½ ft. and it increases thence to the center where it is 135 ft. above. The Brooklyn terminus is 68 ft. above high tide. The grade of the roadway is 3½ ft. in 100 ft.; and its material is stone blocks along

the approaches, and transverse planks in the center. Construction began January 2, 1870, and the bridge was opened May 24, 1883. Its cost has exceeded $15,000,000.[1]

The only time that I ever honored this celebrated structure by driving "No. 234" across it, was on March 25, 1884, when I felt constrained to do something extraordinary by way of celebrating my wheel's happy escape from beneath the heavy hand of the United States Government, and by way of compensating it for the ignominy of a week's enforced association with the underlings of the custom-house. As all eastward-bound vehicles cross in the south roadway of the bridge, and all westward-bound ones in the north roadway, there is no chance for collision, and the path is wide enough to allow a bicycler to ride past a team which may be moving too slowly. He himself will probably prefer to move rather slowly, however, both in order that he may better enjoy the view, and because the surface is not favorable to rapid riding,—to say nothing of the upward half of the grade. Perhaps the southern roadway affords the rider a finer outlook, though the views on both sides the bridge are wonderfully attractive, and no visitor to the city should miss the enjoyment of them. The pedestrians' promenade in the center, having an unobstructed outlook in both directions, may be recommended as the preferable place for the sight-seer; and caution may be offered against the gratings in the stone-paved approaches of the bridge, as liable to entrap the tires of a bicycle. The boats of Fulton Ferry start just below the bridge-tower on the Brooklyn side,—though they are ¼ m. below the tower on the New York side,—and in each city they start from the terminus of a thoroughfare called Fulton st. The other terminus of this, in New York, at West st., is within two blocks of the ferries at Cortlandt st. and Barclay st. (¾ m.); but a tourist who enters the island at either of those points and wishes to take ferry to Brooklyn, is recommended to trundle his wheel down Broadway to Trinity Church, and thence through the famous "gold-mine" which it faces, to Wall Street Ferry, whose boat will land him at the foot of Montague st. Walking to the top of the hill, 30 or 40 rods, he may wheel thence without dismount, mostly on asphalt, to the entrance to Prospect Park (2½ m.), which is the object that all New Yorkers have in view, whenever they go to Brooklyn.

The distinguishing section of this route is supplied by Schermerhorn st., an asphalt stretch of ¾ m., included between Flatbush av., from which it starts diagonally, and Clinton st., which terminates it at right angles; and this terminus is the point towards which wheelmen's routes converge from all the lower ferries of Brooklyn. Thus, from the Wall Street Ferry, the rider should go ¼ m. on Montague st. and then turn right for ¼ m. on Clinton st., to reach the point in question. From South Ferry, he should go ¼ m. on the Belgian blocks of Atlantic st., then turn left into Henry st. (which is parallel to Clinton st., and, like it, stretches straight southward from Fulton st. to

[1] "Appletons' Dictionary of New York," p. 79.

Gowanus Bay, 1½ m.), then right, into Joralemon st., then right, into Clinton st. From Hamilton Ferry (which is considerably further south, though its New York landing is at the Battery, close to South Ferry), he should go through Hamilton av. to Union st. and then to Henry st., where his route will be the same as before given,—the whole distance being asphalt except a few rods of stone at the ferry. From Fulton Ferry he should walk up the hill, one block to the right, to Columbia Heights, upon whose broad western sidewalk he may wheel ¼ m. without dismount, to Montague st. This same route should also be taken by passengers from Catharine Street Ferry, and it may be taken by passenger who comes over the Bridge,—though in each case there will be need of a preliminary ¼ m. of sidewalk business. A more direct route from the Bridge terminus is to follow the sidewalk of Fulton st. for ¼ m., until Clinton st. is met, branching off diagonally to the right; or else to reach Henry st. by going a few rods along any one of the side streets which branch off to the west from Fulton st.

It will appear from the foregoing that a tourist who lands in New York at any of the ferries on West st., and who prefers (instead of visiting Wall st., as suggested) to follow that same street down to the Battery (either on foot, or in a Belt car), may there begin a long or short sail across to landings in Brooklyn, which are almost directly connected with the asphalt pavements, that reach without break to Schermerhorn st. The Battery is also the starting point of the ferry boats for Staten Island. Brooklyn, however, by means of the so-called annex boats, which start from Fulton Ferry, has direct water communication with all the railway termini on the Jersey side of the Hudson; and the traveler from the south or west is thus enabled to reach Long Island without setting foot in the city at all. Assuming him now to be at the head of Schermerhorn st., whatever route may have brought him there, I remark that its asphalt usually has holes enough to demand careful riding, and that the act of getting over the horse-car tracks, at several of the cross streets, is sometimes rather troublesome. Belgian blocks, of easily ridable surface, will be found on Flatbush av., where one leaves Schermerhorn st., and also between 7th av. and the Park terminus; but most of its south-side pavement is asphalt, as far as 7th av., down which (or down 6th av.) one may continue on asphalt to Lincoln pl., or to Berkeley pl., and then ride up the hill, still on asphalt, by either of those parallel streets, to the stone-paved circle, known as the Plaza, which forms the entrance to Prospect Park,—1 m. from the end of Schermerhorn st. The most direct route from Fulton Ferry to that point is through Fulton st. and Flatbush av. (1½ m.); and a stranger who may have any curiosity to see the City Hall, or the shops of the chief business thoroughfare, can trundle his wheel in that direction and occasionally improve a chance for riding it on the sidewalk flags or the Belgian blocks of the roadway. The United States Navy Yard may be entered at the City Park, which is less than 1 m. from the City Hall, and which may be reached more directly by going through Sands

st., at the terminus of the Bridge. The Naval Hospital is near the other extremity of the government grounds, 1 m. east of the City Park, and within ½ m. of Bedford av., which is an important thoroughfare (mostly of asphalt surface), beginning at Division av. (½ m. from the ferries leading to Grand st. and Roosevelt st. in New York), and stretching thence southward, 2½ m., to the Eastern Boulevard, at a point ¾ m. west of the end of its macadam, and 1¼ m. east of its beginning, at the stone-paved Plaza before Prospect Park.

The area of ground contained in this is 550 acres, and purchase was made in June, 1866, for $5,000,000. The lake covers 61 acres, and is overlooked by the "carriage concourse" (186 feet above the ocean-level, but easily accessible by bicycle), whence a fine view may be had. The "drives" for carriages extend over a distance of 8 m., there are 3½ m. of bridle-road, and 11 m. of pedestrian pathways and rambles, lined with fine old trees, and amply supplied with drinking fountains, arbors and rustic seats.[1] Nearly all the walks afford a good wheeling surface of concrete or else hardened gravel; and the bicycler may well disport himself upon them for two or three hours, in a leisurely exploration of all their various turns and windings; for no restriction has ever been put upon such use of the walks, since the earliest recorded days of Brooklyn bicycling in '79. But, if he wishes to treat the central walk of the park as a thoroughfare for reaching the lower entrance, he will find the distance thither to be 2 m., divided about midway by "the gardens," where he will have to dismount and take his wheel down the steps and across the road; and he is advised to dismount also at the next crossing. Entrance is made to "the gardens" on an up-grade, from under an arch; and a turn up-hill to the right will take one to the "concourse" before named, while a turn to the left will lead across the road without the necessity of climbing down any steps. Still a fourth route may be taken at "the gardens" by going down the steps towards the lake, and following the path which skirts it: finally crossing the "west drive" and taking a path down to the park entrance, just opposite the end of the more direct path.

From this southern entrance or exit of the park, there stretches the Boulevard—officially termed the Ocean Parkway, 200 ft. wide and 6 m. long—directly down to the ocean beach of Coney Island. After a short westward turn from the entrance, it extends due south, though there is one broad angle near the end which causes a variation from a perfectly straight line. The broad central roadway of the Boulevard is separated from the narrower roadways on each side, by sidewalks shaded with double rows of trees, and it can be ridden in either direction without dismount, at almost any time between March and December, though the condition of its surface greatly varies with the seasons. It is often thronged with pleasure vehicles (especially its northern half), and it witnesses a great deal of fast driving and racing,—stones, marking ½ m., being prominently placed along its west side, for the

[1] "Appletons' Dictionary of New York," p. 46, somewhat altered.

benefit of those who wish to time themselves. The grades are unimportant, though they sometimes call a halt when the surface is muddy, or when the road-master's roller has been too long absent. At the ocean side, one may comfortably wheel, on concrete or plank walks, to Vanderveer's Hotel, on the west (open all the year round), or to the more fashionable Brighton and Manhattan hotels on the east, which are open only from June to October. During that interval, the return may be made to New York or Brooklyn by various lines of steamboats and railway cars; but the man who wheels back must simply retrace his outward course,—though the map shows a highway stretching through Gravesend, New Utrecht, Fort Hamilton and Bay Ridge to the west side of Greenwood Cemetery, whose eastern border is quite near the southern entrance to Prospect Park.

Two miles east of its northern entrance, where the macadam of the Boulevard ends, the tourist may turn to the left, and then proceed northeastward, by rather rough road to East New York (1 m.), where he will strike what is called the Jamaica plank road (though its surface is mostly rough and rutty macadam, rather than planks); whose first toll-gate is met in about 1 m., and the second one in ¾ m. This is just 3 m. from the end of the Boulevard (as measured by me July 30, '80, and April 7, '84), and on the latter date I had an excellent spin for about 2½ m., or until I passed under the railway. Jamaica is about 2 m. beyond this; but I only proceeded half that distance before turning off into the Hoffman Boulevard, a sandy and hilly thoroughfare, much of it unridable, which extends northward to Newtown, 4½ m. Macadam stretches thence westward through Winfield, and up a steep hill which I was barely able to ride (July 13, 1880), for almost 2m.; followed by 1½ m. of poor sidewalks, to Queens County Court House, and then 1 m. of smooth flagstones, to Hunter's Point Ferry. This route from Newtown may be varied by turning northward from the macadam, ½ m. after crossing the railroad at Winfield, and going 1 m. more by a somewhat winding course to "Dickinson's" a well-known cross-roads tavern, and thence 2½ m. to Astoria Ferry, which is the northernmost connection between Long Island and New York. Its opposite landing is at 92d st., just above Blackwell's Island, but its boats also make a half-dozen passages daily down to Beekman st., adjoining Fulton Ferry, 6m. below. My earliest printed road-report describes a ride from Astoria Ferry (Aug. 29, '79), "northward, along the flags of the sidewalk, for about ½ m., till the macadam is reached at the top of a hill by a church,—on Trafford st., I think. Thence a down-grade leads to the shore road, which is excellent for more than a mile, though a short, rough hill requires a single dismount. The view of the Sound just above Hell Gate is before the rider all the while, and is a very pretty one. Afterwards, at the street whose terminus is just south of the ferry, beside the bridge over Sunswick Creek, and whose name I think is Broadway, I rode due east on the dirt and flag sidewalks for 1 m. or more. By turning left, I might then have reached the direct road for Flushing, which I tried on a return journey some

time later; but I should recommend the tourist thither to go to the end of the shore road, before described, and there turn inland to meet the Flushing road, at a point 2 m. from the ferry. His own route to that point will thus be 4 m., and though I am unacquainted with the latter half of it, I am sure it cannot be more disagreeable than the 2 m. of direct road. The southward route from the bridge at the ferry, which I crossed on foot, allows riding on the flag-stones 1 m. without dismount, to the post office at Ravenswood, and then 1 m. more without dismount to the ferry at Hunter's Point."

This ferry lands nearly opposite, at 34th st., also at 7th st. (1¼ m. due east from Washington Square), and at James Slip, which is the third pier above the tower of the big bridge. Next below James st. is Roosevelt st., by whose ferry a return may be made up the river to the Broadway Ferry, Brooklyn, which is within ¼ m. of the asphalt of Bedford av., as before described; or the Brooklyn side may be reached near the Bridge, by taking ferry at foot of Catherine st., which is second above James st. The Broadway Ferry connects Broadway, Brooklyn, with Grand st., N. Y., which is an important thoroughfare stretching westward across the island to Desbrosses st., whose ferry is 2¼ m. distant, and may be reached directly by horse-car. In New York, the ferry takes its name from Grand st., and some of its boats go to Grand st. in Brooklyn, ¼ m. north of the Broadway landing, and just south of the ferry to Houston st., N. Y. This is also an important thoroughfare, through which the tourist may trundle his bicycle 1 m. to Broadway, and then a similar distance to West st., ¼ m. below Hoboken Ferry. At the east end of Grand st., and very near the east end of Houston st., one may take a "green" car which runs to the Weehawken Ferry, at 42d st., crossing 5th av. at Broadway and 23d st. From the foot of 23d st., ¾ m. east of this crossing, another ferry may be taken to Greenpoint av., Brooklyn, which is 1 m. below the ferry at Hunter's Point, and a similar distance above the one at Grand st. This Greenpoint Ferry also sends boats to 10th st., 1¼ m. east of Washington Square. The boats between Astoria and Beekman st. make a stop at Greenpoint av., or very near it; but the excursion steamers to Flushing, Roslyn, Glen Island and other places on the Sound, rarely land on the east side at any point above Fulton Ferry, though they take New York passengers at or near Grand st., 10th st., 23d st. and 34th st. At Glen Island there are extensive sidewalks of concrete; and the tourist may thence easily cross to the macadamized roadway of the mainland, at New Rochelle, and either wheel directly back to Harlem Bridge, or else proceed to Port Chester and Tarrytown, by routes given on pp. 73-76. Newtown Creek is just below Hunter's Point; and the interval between there and the asphalt of Bedford av. (3 m.) contains no better pavement than Belgian, while sidewalk-riding presumably requires a dismount at every curb,—though two lines of horse cars are available for the journey. What were formerly the villages of Greenpoint and Williamsburg are now combined to form Brooklyn's "Eastern District" (abbreviated to E. D., for postal purposes), and its only building

prominent enough to serve as a landmark is the Williamsburg Savings Bank, whose dome can be seen from quite a distance. It may serve to pilot the wheelman to the head of Bedford av., ¼ m. south and west. A fountain marks the head of the avenue, whence one may go on the Belgian pavement of 4th st. four blocks to Broadway, and thence four blocks to the ferry.

Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, seems always to have been managed by men of intelligence, whose governing motive has been to make it as pleasant a resort as possible for all classes of citizens; instead of a red-tape labyrinth for the exhibition of "rules," or a piece of political plunder whose "patronage" might help their own personal aggrandizement. Hence, though it is somewhat illogical in the managers to welcome cyclers to the walks (where wheels do not properly belong) and to exclude them from the macadamized roadways (where they by right ought to be, with the other pleasure carriages), their mistake is one of judgment, and it causes little practical inconvenience. They were quick, at the very outset, to recognize bicycling as an attractive and gentlemanly pastime, well-worthy of their approval and encouragement; and their rules concerning it, however unwise they may be in fact, or unjust in theory—were based upon that friendly belief, and not upon stupidity, nor perversity nor narrow-minded ill-will. The Park Commissioners of New York, on the other hand, seem to be a rather ignorant and dull-witted set of people, whose quarrels and "dead-locks" over the great question, "How to make 'a fair divvy' of the patronage?" have been for years one of the minor scandals of metropolitan government. The average intellectual caliber of men who let a magnificent popular pleasure-ground fall into decay while they, its appointed conservators, devote most of their official lives to wrangling over the engagement of John Smith as gate-tender or the dismissal of John Brown as cart-driver, is evidently not large enough for the easy reception of new ideas. Hence comes about the absurdly amusing anachronism that the managers of the most famous public park of the most enterprising and novelty-welcoming nation on the face of the globe have decided to "write themselves down" in history at the very last end in the list of obstructionists, who will have finally been forced to submit to the inevitable and grant wheelmen the simple justice of "equal park-privileges" with other citizens. The rulers of Central Park may putter and palaver with the plain commands of Fate for a while longer, but the ultimate execution of those commands is just as inexorable as if they were addressed to people endowed with a better capacity for recognizing manifest destiny.

Nearly six years ago, I printed a half-column letter in one of the city dailies,[1] saying: "The announcement that the Park Commissioners, at their yesterday's session, decided 'unanimously' against the admission of bicycles to Central Park, though it may seem to the uninitiated like a final settlement of the question, in reality only serves to open it. There are at present prob-

[1] In *The World*, October 27, 1879, fifth page, fourth column.

ably no more than a dozen or fifteen bicycle riders in the city, and as they are unorganized and unacquainted with each other, it is plain that the 'unanimous negative' of the Commissioners was called forth by the petition of only a very few individuals. When the number of metropolitan bicyclers increases to 100, as it surely will within twelve months, or to 500, as it probably will within two years, their right to share the benefit of the public parks can hardly be disputed by any one. When, then, the bicycle riders shall outnumber the horseback riders, though they may not demand the 'equal justice' of having a like number of roads built for *their* exclusive use, they will surely have influence enough to gain for their wheels the full freedom of rolling along the existing roads. * * * After all, however, it may happen that the metropolitan bicyclers of the future will not ride in Central Park. The dreadful possibility that I refer to is that the Park of the future may not be a fit place for a gentleman to ride in. Certainly, if its paths and other belongings are allowed to go towards destruction as rapidly in the immediate future as they have gone during the brief period since Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted was so politely thrown overboard by the revolution of a machine which is not a bicycle (I mean the machine called 'city politics'), no bicycler will have any inducement to visit it, except it be the mournfully sentimental one of gazing upon a magnificent ruin."

Surreptitious spins on the park paths and roads were occasionally indulged in, during 1879-'80, mostly "'neath the light of the midnight moon," by youngish riders who cared less for their own personal dignity than for the adventurous "fun" of slipping noiselessly past the drowsy guardians of the forbidden domain; but, in the spring of 1881, the clubs of the city united in a formal petition that their just right to enjoy its privileges be recognized. A favorable report was made, on the 1st of June, by that one of the Park Commissioners to whom the matter was referred, as a special committee (S. H. Wales, resigned April 4, 1885); but the majority "objected," and so put upon the wheelmen the necessity of making a test-case. Accordingly, at about 9 A. M. of Saturday, July 2,—a forenoon made memorable by the assassin-shot fired at President Garfield,—three of their representatives entered the park at 6th av. and 110th st.: H. H. Walker, of the Manhattan (aged 33), riding a bicycle, and S. C. Foster and W. M. Wright, of the Mercury (aged 28 and 26 respectively), riding a tricycle. Their arrest quickly followed, as by arrangement with the captain of police, and, after the few hours' detention needed for the formalities of refusing to pay a $5 fine and of securing a release on parole, the long-talked-of suit against the Park Commissioners was fairly under way. More than a year later, Judge Lawrence, in Supreme Court, Chambers, decided it by saying that he would not interfere with the judgment of the Commissioners, though he made no pretense of defending that judgment; and in March, 1883, the Supreme Court, in full bench, sustained this technical decision, "not to grant the petition for a writ of *habeas corpus*."[1]

[1] An abstract of this was given in *The Wheel*, July 19, 1882, p. 172; an abstract of the

Public opinion, as represented by the press, arrayed itself with constantly increasing emphasis on the side of the cyclers, during these two years of "lawing," however; and "politics" had meanwhile substituted one or two men of modern ideas for the "objectors" of the old-red-sandstone period, in the composition of the Board; so that, when the League voted to have its fourth annual parade in New York, permission was graciously granted the paraders to wheel through the park. The appearance of 700 of them there (May 28, 1883) served still further to fix popular approval, and Commissioner Viele, in responding to a toast at the evening's banquet "said that it was the first day in many months in which there had been no accidents in the park from runaway horses, and showed by the whole tenor of his speech that he was in favor of allowing wheelmen all the privileges accorded to horsemen." The following week, June 8, the Park Commissioners voted the use of the "west drive" of the park (59th st. at 8th av. to 110th st. at 7th av.), between midnight and 9 A. M., to such members of the League as the President thereof might recommend them to issue passes to,—he consenting to be held responsible for the conduct of these favored ones while in the park. The privilege was soon extended so as to include the Riverside Drive "except between 3 and 7 P. M."; and the exception, so far as I am aware, was never enforced. In fact, after the first few weeks of the experiment, no proper-appearing bicycler was ever asked to show his "certificate," at any hour, on the Riverside Drive,—and very rarely was he asked for it when entering the park itself before 9 A. M. Last autumn, however, the anger of the authorities was aroused somewhat by the sight of numerous "beginners," ununiformed and unskilful, wobbling and tumbling about the lower part of the Drive; and, as a remedy, the orders now in force were issued, December 4, 1884.

These rules ignore the League in favor of the clubs, and substitute for the written permit (which the gate-keepers were too lazy to demand a sight of) a metal badge ("to be inscribed with the owner's name and worn upon the left breast") of such monster size as to challenge general notice. To wearers of these badges, the Riverside Drive and the west drive of the park from 59th st. to 72d st., are open at all hours; and the west drive from 72d st. to 110th st. is also open from midnight until 9 A. M.; except that tricycles are not admitted to the park at all. "Lighted lamps must be carried at night;" and this is also one of the rules of Prospect Park. The rule that "badges will be issued only to competent riders, members of regularly organized and uniformed clubs, whose captains will be held responsible for the conduct of their members," was modified in January so as to include those of the unattached who are willing to prove their competency by a display of

lawyers' speeches, April 12, 1882, p. 117; the report of Commissioner Wales, with suggested rules for bicycling in the park, Feb. 1, 1882, p. 76; Comments of "J. W." upon these rules and upon a volume containing 940 pp. of "testimony in the case," Feb. 15, 1882, p. 84. The expenses of litigation were borne by the Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, and amounted to nearly $8,000, as is explained, with other details of the case, in their little book, "What and Why," pp. 48-50.

wheelmanship satisfactory to a representative of the Commissioners, "who will conduct an examination of candidates, in front of the Arsenal, every Friday morning."

In process of time, of course, all this tiresome official tomfoolery will be thrown overboard in New York, just as all similarly silly devices (for interfering with the right of cyclers) have already been thrown overboard by every other civilized city in the world. No vehicle invented by man ever stood in so little need of "regulation" (to prevent interference with the rights and pleasures of others) as does the modern bicycle or tricycle; and the only "rule" about it that needs enforcing in a public park is the same rule that must be enforced there concerning every other pleasure-carriage: namely, its expulsion from the roads whenever the incompetence or recklessness of its driver renders it a public nuisance. The incompetence or recklessness of our Park Commissioners has insured to New York the bad eminence of standing last on the list of cities whose road-rulers have shown the mental and moral strength requisite for grasping this simple truth. The length of the interval by which the metropolis of America is destined to lag behind the other great capitals of the world, in respect to doing justice to cyclers, may be shortened in three ways: (1) by increasing the pressure of public opinion upon the existing Commissioners; (2) by trying to insure the accession of men of modern ideas to vacancies in the Board; (3) by carrying the test-case to the Court of Appeals, in order that final judgment may there be pronounced on its merits, and on the ultimate authority of the Commissioners, after a presentation of arguments by the ablest of lawyers.[1]

"Number 791," on the east side of Fifth Avenue, just opposite the 59th st. entrance to Central Park, was the wheelmen's headquarters in the early

[1] Central Park has an area of 840 acres (exclusive of the 15 acres of Manhattan Square and the 32 acres of Morningside Park, which are separated from it by 8th av.); and the work of creating it out of a waste of rock and swamp was begun in 1857,—the credit for the landscape design of it being due to Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux. Its length exceeds 2½ m. by 256 ft., and its breadth is 79 ft. more than ½ m. The length of its macadamized carriage-ways or drives, having an average width of 54 ft. and a maximum width of 60 ft., is about 9 m.; the length of the bridle-paths, having an average width of 16½ ft., is about 5¼ m.; and the length of the walks or footpaths, having an average breadth of 13 ft. and a maximum breadth of 40 ft., is about 28½ m. The wooded ground covers about 400 acres, on which have been set out, since the opening of the park, more than 500,000 trees, shrubs and vines. The Croton Reservoir, which extends nearly across its entire width, may be considered as separating it into two parts,—the part lying above the northern line of the reservoir comprising about ⅓ the area of the park. Its seven western gates, on 8th av., are at 59th, 72d, 79th, 85th, 96th, 100th and 110th sts.; and the seven eastern gates, on 5th av., are at the same streets, except that 90th takes the place of 85th, and 102d takes the place of 100th. The reservoirs have an area of 143 acres, and the lakes of the park cover 43 acres additional. A description has already been given of the four transverse roads (p. 68) which allow the east-and-west traffic to go on beneath the level of the park; and some statistics of the future may be added, for the sake of completeness, concerning the six new parks which have been projected, in and near the annexed district, north of the Harlem River: (1) Van Cortlandt Park, just below the Yonkers line, within less than a mile of the Hudson River, 1,069 acres; (2) Bronx Park, between West Farms, and William's

years of metropolitan cycling. A shabby wooden structure there supplied shelter for the clubs, whose respective "rooms" were in close connection with the office, salesroom and repair-shop of a bicycle agency,—afterwards removed to 59th st. The establishment of G. R. Bidwell & Co., on 60th st (No. 4), now offers to cyclers in that part of the city all needed facilities for repairs or storage. Bicycles and tricycles may there be hired (at 50c. or 75c. for an hour—$2 or $3 for a day of twelve hours) for use upon the road; and learners may secure the aid of "a competent instructor of six years' experience," in the spacious riding-school on the second floor, which extends across the front of Nos. 2 and 4. Below it (No. 2) are the rooms of the Ixion Bicycle Club, for two years occupied by the Citizens Bicycle Club, whose permanent home is on 58th st. (No. 313, north side, a few doors west of 8th av.) *The Wheel* of April 18, 1884, presented a picture and full description of "this first house ever built to be specially and entirely devoted to the use of a bicycle club," and praised the success of the architect, a club-member, who designed it. The corner-stone was laid December 27, 1883, and the dedicatory reception was given December 3, 1884. The material of the house is brick and terra-cotta, and it covers a lot measuring 100 by 20½ ft. In order to have legal possession of this important piece of property, the club was incorporated under the laws of the State, August 30, 1883 (though its organization dates from June 1, 1882); and its printed list of active members in August, 1884, exhibited 76 names. The rooms of the New York Bicycle Club (organized December 18, 1879, and having 41 active members and 7 honorary ones, in February, 1885), are in the building at the corner of 57th st. and Broadway They have served satisfactorily as headquarters for the past two years; and as the club-janitor is housed in the top story, entrance can be had at any hour. The members of this oldest city club are banded together, as a matter of business convenience, for riding and touring purposes,—distinctively if not exclusively,—and, while not lacking in *esprit* for the organization as such, they do not depend at all for their other social pleasures upon meetings at the club-house. A similar characterization may be applied to the Brooklyn

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Bridge, divided by the river, 653 acres; (3) Crotona Park, below N. 3d and Boston avs., 135 acres; (4) Mary's Park, in Morrisania, about 25 acres; (5) Claremont Park, about ½ m. east of High Bridge, 38 acres; (6) Pelham Bay Park, on Long Island Sound, about 1,700 acres. With coastal indentations and open water-front, this park will have a shore line of nine miles; and it is to be connected with Bronx Park and Van Cortlandt Park by a macadamized boulevard.—"Appletons' Dictionary of New York," pp. 50, 248, somewhat altered.

At the present writing (April 14, 1885) the New Parks Bill, proposed by Mayor Grace, as a substitute for the act of 1884, whose provisions are presented above, is pending before the New York Legislature. This bill reduces the total area of the six parks from 3,945 acres to 1,400 acres,—cutting off Pelham Bay Park entirely, and substituting for it Edgewater Park (33 acres), now known as Spofford's Point and bounded by Edgewater road, Hunter's Point road, Farragut st. and the shore of the Sound. The bill reduces Van Cortlandt Park to about 750 acres, Bronx Park to about 300 acres, and Crotona Park to 90 acres; and it limits to $1,000,000 the amount to be raised by tax at the outset, whereas the act of 1884 requires the issue of $3,000,000 in bonds.

Bicycle Club (organized June 21, 1879), whose rooms are at 366 Livingston st., corner of Flatbush av., one block north of the asphalt of Schermerhorn st. The new headquarters of the Long Island Wheelmen (50 members) are 1 m. beyond this, on the corner of Flatbush av. and 9th av., just at the entrance of Prospect Park. The rooms of the Heights Wheelmen (at 159 Montague st., north side, about half-way between Henry and Clinton sts., ¼ m. from the ferry), are very generally frequented by the members, as a sort of social resort, in much the same way that the Ixion rooms are used, in New York; and the Brooklyn Heights Bicyclers, a boys' club, store their wheels near by, at 188 Columbia Heights. In the Eastern District, the rooms of the Bedford Cycling Club (organized October 5, 1884, and having about 25 members) are at 775 Bedford av.; while at 159 Clymer st., just off from the asphalt of Bedford av. stands the club-house of the Kings County Wheelmen, a two-story structure of brick, newly refitted for its present tenants. Organized March 17, 1881, and legally incorporated May 7, 1884, this club has always been a very active one in regard to the management of racing and social "events"; and, in respect to the number and enterprising good-fellowship of its members, it ranks as a sort of east-side counterpart of the Citizens Bicycle Club, of New York. Its house is within ½ m. of the ferry, and is quite near the rooms long occupied by the club at 138 Division av.

At each and all of these club-quarters, the visiting wheelman is likely to find at least a few members waiting to welcome him, on almost any evening; and, on Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings, he will be likely to find several of them ready to accompany him over their favorite roads. If he reach the club-rooms during business hours, when no members are in attendance, he will usually find a janitor in charge, to whose keeping he may safely entrust his wheel. A storage room for bicycles may also be found in the basement of "the magnificent temple of the New York Athletic Club," on the southwest corner of 6th av. and 55th st., though I allude to it chiefly for the sake of calling the stranger's attention to the existence of this "finest athletic club-house in the world," which cost $300,000, and was taken possession of by its members in February, 1885. As regards the rapidity with which the visitor may make combination of the various ferry-routes which I have described (pp. 85, 88, 91) as a means of getting around the city, and as regards the expensiveness of the process, I may say that the ferries near the foot of the island make very frequent passages, and charge a toll of one, two or three cents; which is increased to ten cents in the case of the Battery boats to Staten Island, the "annex" boats connecting Jersey City with the Brooklyn end of the Bridge, and the East River boats connecting the New York end of the Bridge with Astoria and Long Island City (Hunter's Point, opposite 34th st.). A tax equal to the toll is exacted against the bicycle on most of these routes (Staten Island, I think, is one of the exceptions); whereas the boats at 130th st. (10c.), 42d st. (5c.) and between Canal st. and Fort Lee (15c.) make no charge for the machine, if my own experience represents their

rule. These up-town ferries, and also the ones running from Astoria, make fewer trips than those in the down-town region, and they stop business for the night at an earlier hour. Five cents is the uniform fare on all the horse-car lines of the city, on the Broadway stages, and on the elevated railways during six hours of each day (5.30 to 8.30 A. M., and 4.30 to 7.30 P. M.), and during the whole of Sunday. During the other eighteen hours of the other six days of the week, the fare is ten cents, on all the elevated roads; and I recommend the visitor to ride the full length of all of them, as the cheapest way of exhibiting to himself the magnitude and massiveness of the metropolis.

By starting at the Battery in a train of the so-called 6th av. line (which enters that avenue 2 m. above, by the street just below Washington Square, and which leaves it at 53d st., continuing thence through 9th and 8th avs. to the Harlem River at 155th st), the tourist may be carried 10 m. in a comfortable and elegant car, whose windows will show him a swiftly-changing succession of strange and interesting scenes. So novel and expeditious a mode of sight-seeing, at such insignificant a cost as half-a-cent a mile, is nowhere else offered in the world. From the elevated terminus, the journey may be continued by a connecting train across the Harlem to High Bridge, Kingsbridge, Yonkers and Tarrytown, through the Nepperhan valley, already described (pp. 75, 79); and a belated bicycler, who may choose to leave his wheel in that region for the night, can therefore get back to the city with but slight cost or delay. I advise the explorer on the return trip to change cars at 59th st. (which is the station nearest the clubs' headquarters and the south-west corner entrance of Central Park), and go thence by the 9th av. line, along the west edge of the city, to the terminus at the Battery. He will do well, also, to "stop over" for a train or two at 116th st., the loftiest station in the city, for the sake of a more leisurely view of the wide stretch of country there spread out before him. The concourse of pleasure vehicles which may be overlooked here in the afternoon, and the long rows of street lamps in the evening, make this station a particularly notable one. It differs from most in being placed inside the tracks, instead of outside them,—thus enabling a transfer to be made between the trains going in opposite directions, without the necessity of an intermediate descent to the street. Such change implies the payment of a new fare, however, whereas no extra charge is made the traveler for any number of changes between trains going in the same direction. The 3d av. line leads from the Battery to Chatham Square, thence through the Bowery to 8th st. and thence through 3d av. to the terminus at 129th st., just below Harlem Bridge. This is nearly a mile east of the nearest station on 8th av., and, though a horse-car line makes close connection, the explorer is advised to walk eastward along 127th st. to the terminus of the 2d av. line, and ride back in one of its cars to Chatham Square. This route turns away from 2d av. at 23d st. (after allowing its passengers to look down upon the tops of four-story houses, and to have extensive views of East River in the region of Hell Gate), and it connects at the Chatham

Square terminus with the 3d av. line to the Battery, and also with a short line to the City Hall (entrance to the Bridge). Another transfer may be made, without payment of extra fare, along the short line through 34th st., connecting both the 3d av. and the 2d av. tracks with the ferry to Hunter's Point (Long Island City); and still another branch connects the 42d st. station on 3d av. with the Grand Central Depot. After thoroughly exploring these remarkable railways (implying, say, about 40 m. of travel, at a cost of 20c.), I advise the visitor to take a seat beside the driver of an omnibus at one of the ferries (either at the Battery, or at Wall st., or at Fulton st.), and ride up through Broadway and one of the avenues to the terminus of the line (30th st., 42d st., or 47th st.). The station of the United States Army Signal Service in the tower of the Equitable Building, at 120 Broadway, is the third outlook which I always recommend to the man who wishes to "see" New York City. Elevators give free access to the roof; and the views to be had there (or from the adjacent spire of Trinity Church, which must be climbed on foot) can be matched nowhere else upon this planet, in respect to the vastness and variety of human bustle and activity simultaneously exhibited upon both land and water. Neither London, nor Paris, nor Liverpool, nor any other one of the world's great ports or capitals, can show anything at all comparable to it.

"The County Atlas of Westchester" (New York: J. B. Beers & Co., 36 Vesey st., 1872, pp. 80, price $10) has proved of great service in the compilation of the present report, and I recommend its study to those who wish to make extensive explorations by wheel in the region described. Its largest map (about 28 inches square, on a scale of 4 m. to the inch, divided by 10-m. circles centering in the New York City Hall) takes in the cities of New Haven, Ct., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Trenton, N. J., several towns of Pennsylvania, and nearly all of Long Island. The other pages measure 14 by 17 inches, and the last 70 of them are given entirely to maps, some of which show the entire surface from the Battery to Tarrytown and beyond, on a scale of 120 rods to the inch. The same publishers issue atlases, of similar size and price, for more than 30 other counties of the State, and for more than 100 counties in other States, as follows: Maine, 2; Vermont, 10; Massachusetts, 10; Connecticut, 6; New Jersey, 10; Pennsylvania, 21; Maryland, 2; Ohio, 9; Kentucky, 5; Michigan, 11; Missouri, 14; Kansas, 7. They also publish pocket-maps at the following prices: New York City and surroundings, $1; Brooklyn, 35c.; Kings County (which includes Brooklyn), 50c.; Long Island, 75c.; Lake George, $1.25; Sullivan and Ulster Counties, 50c.; Rockland and Orange Counties, 50c. (the scale of these county charts being 2½ m. to the inch, and the size of the sheet about 24 by 18 inches).

The "Descriptive Catalogue of maps and atlases published by G. W. & C. B. Colton & Co." (32 pp., fine type, sent free from 182 William st., N. Y.) gives the prices of about 250 maps, covering all sections of the Union, and many foreign countries. I urge those who may wish to buy large wall-maps, for hanging up in wheelmen's club-rooms, to consult this list; and I shall describe several of its pocket-maps in the foot-notes of my later chapters. It is to be understood that each map, unless otherwise specified, is printed in colors, on bank-note paper, and folded in a cloth-bound cover. I heartily recommend to every explorer of the region described in the present chapter, Colton's "Westchester County" (issued 1867, revised 1884; scale, 1 3-4 m. to the inch; sheet, 29 by 18 in.; price, 75c.), which represents, with perfect clearness, all of my routes lying in that county, and also the roads in the southwest corner of Connecticut. Another admirable chart for bicyclers, on account of its large scale, 1-2 m. to the inch, is "Staten Island" (1884, 32 by 27 in., $1); while "Long Island," 2 m. to the inch, is also excellent (1873,

revised 1884, 68 by 32 in., $2.50), though rather unwieldy for pocket use. It shows the roads along the whole coast of Connecticut, for 5 m. inland, and also contains a special map of Brooklyn and the lower 5 m. of New York; so that, mounted, for the wall ($5), it would be an addition to any metropolitan club-room. Smaller maps of the island are published at $1.50 (58 by 27 in.) and 50c. (25 by 12 in.), and separate maps of Brooklyn (37 by 30 in. and 32 by 24 in.) at similar prices. "New York City" (78 by 32 in.), with hotels and public buildings shown, costs $2.50 (mounted, $5); or the lower half of the same (39 by 32 in.), the region below 96th st., can be had alone for $1.50; but a better city map for hanging in a club-room is that which shows all the country within 15 m. of the City Hall, on a scale of 1-2 m. to the inch (64 by 64 in., mounted, $6). A pocket-map on a smaller scale (29 by 26 in.), showing all the country within 33 m. of the City Hall, and having 10-m circles reckoned from there, may be bought for $1; and another one of the city and suburbs (26 by 19 in.), scale 1-2 m. to the inch, for 50c. Of New York State, there are four maps (18 by 14 in., 32 by 29 in., 42 by 38 in. and 74 by 70 in.), costing respectively, 50c., $1, $1.50 and $10,—the latter being French's topographical map, mounted. New Jersey has three (18 by 14 in., 26 by 19 in. and 26 by 35 in.), prices 50c., 75c. and $1.25,—the latter being on a scale of 5 m. to the inch, and having its railroad distances shown by space-marks signifying miles. A new map of the northern half of New Jersey is promised for 1886; with the adjoining southern counties of New York, and a good part of Westchester county on the east (75c. or $1), and its scale of 3 m. to the inch will doubtless make it acceptable.

Other map-publishers are G. H. Adams & Son, 59 Beekman st., and E. Steiger, 25 Park pl., and the offices of all four are quite near the City Hall Park. Facing this, is the newly-opened sporting-goods emporium of A. G. Spalding & Bros., 241 Broadway; while the similar extensive establishment of Peck & Snyder, at the old-time quarters, 126-130 Nassau st., is only a few steps away. E. I. Horsman's store, 80-82 William st., is about 1-4 m. beyond; and the route thither leads past I. Perigo's, 87 Nassau st., and R. Simpson's, 98 Fulton st. Wilson's "Business Directory" presents classified lists of all the trades and professions. Trow's "City Directory," giving the names, occupations and addresses of the entire fixed population of New York, is kept open for the use of the wayfarer at every drug-store; and, by application at the office of any hotel, he may freely consult Mackey's "A. B. C. Guide," or Bullinger's "Counting House Monitor," published weekly and containing the time-tables of the railway and steamboat lines, with fares, distances, and other useful information.

There is one book, however, which the explorer of the metropolis should inevitably buy, and carry in his pocket for constant reference. I mean "Appletons' Dictionary of New York," compiled by Townsend Percy, in 1879, and having new editions in each year since then, "revised to the date of issue." It contains 248 pages, compactly printed in double columns of brevier, measures 6¾ by 4¼ inches, is half-an-inch thick, weighs seven ounces, and is mailed, postpaid, on receipt of 30c. by the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., of Bond st. One of its maps, on a scale of 1½ inches to the mile, shows all the roads of the city to the Yonkers boundary (including those of Central Park), with the routes of the horse-cars, the elevated railways and the ferries; another map gives the lower 2 m. of the island and a part of Brooklyn, on a larger scale; and a third map exhibits a section of the region round about, on a scale of 4 m. to the inch. Time-tables and fares of all the ferries, locations of the piers, starting-points of all the steamboat and steamship lines, routes of the horse-cars, rates of cabs and hacks, stations of the elevated roads, directory of streets, and lists of telegraph-offices, police-stations, theaters, hotels, restaurants, churches, clubs, societies, hospitals, and other institutions, may be mentioned among the numberless carefully classified bits of statistics, compactly presented, which render this little book worthy of its big name. It is a genuine pocket-companion, which no visitor can afford to be without, and which will save from three to ten times its cost during every day of his sojourn.

For the convenience of wheelmen who may desire to have this present chapter as a pocket-companion also, I intend to republish it as a separate pamphlet (to be supplied by mail in return for twenty-five one-cent stamps), and I shall prepare for it a special index, giving references not only to every town and village but also to every street, road, ferry, club-house, hotel and landmark of any sort whose name is mentioned in the text.

IX.

OUT FROM BOSTON.[1]

WHEN I finished my 500-m. autumn tour, on the last Friday evening of last September, by circling round the fountain in Washington Square, the old straw hat which had sheltered my head during the journey was "unanimously called in." Mortal eye saw it not again until the early dawn of the last Saturday in May, when the dozen bicyclers who rode in the baggage-car from Fall River to Boston had the pleasure of inspecting that same historic head-gear. By that sign also was my identity revealed to the youth who had consented to take a two-days' ride with me, according to my proposal in the *Bi. World*, and who, after a 10-m. spin from the suburbs, was awaiting my arrival in front of the Hotel Brunswick.

Mounting there at 8.30, we took a 5-m. path to Harvard Square, stopping a half-hour for breakfast at Carl's, and proceeded through Cambridge, Malden, and Lynn, to Salem, where we tarried from 1.45 to 3 P. M. at the Essex House, 26½ m. from the start; thence to Wenham, 4 m., one hour; Ipswich, 6 m., ¾ h.; and Rowley railroad station, 5 m., ¾ h. There we took the train to Portsmouth, N. H.; and after indulging in 4 m. more of wheeling, in order to visit the Kittery Navy Yard, in the State of Maine, dismounted for the night at the Rockingham House, at 8.15. The weather of the day had been favorable; for though the clouds threatened in the morning and a few rain-drops really fell, the afternoon was bright. The clouds of the next morning, however, were not only threatening, but they fulfilled their threat. We left Portsmouth at 5 o'clock, and reached the Merrimac Hotel in Newburyport, 20 m., at 8.45, in a thoroughly dampened condition, for the heavy mist of the early part of the ride definitely turned into rain during the last hour. The last 5 or 6 m. comprised the poorest roads encountered on the tour, and during the last 2 m. the mud became quite troublesome. Having breakfasted and cleaned our wheels, we had a fire made for the drying of our garments, and betook ourselves to reading, as a pleasant way of passing the time until the 5 o'clock train should start for Boston. Even when we went down to dinner at 1.30, we had no hope of avoiding this inglorious ending of our excursion, though the rain ceased to fall soon after noon. The bright sun, however, soon tempted an examination of the roads, and the examination tempted us to risk the mud and start along at 2.45.

Once clear of the shaded streets of the town, we found no trouble, for the soil and sunshine had absorbed the moisture of the morning, and the

[1] From *The Bicycling World*, August 26, 1881, pp. 188–189.

track, freed from the dust of the previous day, was at its very best. The rain had freshened all the foliage and given life to the atmosphere; the fruit trees were in full bloom, and in many cases so overhung the road as to fill the air with fragrance; in short, it would be hard to imagine pleasanter conditions for riding. The pump on Rowley Green, 6 m., was reached in an hour after starting, during which hour about a mile of perfect shell road was whizzed across, and the second hour showed a record of 8 m. more. The third hour, 6½ m., brought us to Salem, in ample season for the train. When I dismounted in front of the Hotel Vendome, Boston, at 8.20 o'clock, the cyclometer indicated 93 m. for the two days. My companion proceeded a little further, and as he rode somewhat before joining me, his record for the two days was a dozen miles greater. Considering that he was a boy of eighteen, who had never before been on a tour or ridden more than 20 m. in a day, I thought his ability to do 105 m. without inconvenience or subsequent ill-effects was a pretty good proof of the healthfulness of bicycling. He was a leader on the road more of the time than a follower, and he often bobbed along serenely, through sand and ruts, when I myself, out of prudent regard for my more venerable bones, preferred to make frequent dismounts. Save for the six hours' delay, we should have covered the whole distance from Portsmouth to Boston on that memorable 29th of May; and I am sure he will always be as glad as I am to recommend the track in question to all wheelmen who have not as yet had the pleasure of its acquaintance.[1]

My record for Monday, the 30th, was 19¾ m., which included 4 m. in the tail of the great parade, and an afternoon spin to Chestnut Hill Reservoir. The next day I did a similar distance, as one of a party of eighteen, who lunched at the Blue Bell Tavern in Milton, by invitation of the Boston men. Wednesday afternoon (I did n't get started till afternoon, because I did n't "go home till morning," from the orgies at St. Botolph's) I went to Dedham, and rode some 35 m. over the admirable roads of that region, including another visit to the reservoir, and a coast down the hill there, when my wheel

[1] In wheeling towards Portsmouth, the Seabrook sands can be avoided by following the horse-car tracks from Newburyport, by the Chain Bridge, to Amesbury, instead of crossing the Merrimac River on the old travel bridge, near the railroad bridge at Newburyport. After crossing the Chain Bridge, wheelmen should take the second right turn at the guide-board marked "18 m. to Portsmouth," which road leads to the large Rocky Hill meeting-house, where a guide-board is marked "Hampton, 9 m.," which road ends at Methodist Church in Seabrook. Thence the regular travel road can be followed to Portsmouth. On the return trip the right-hand guide-post at the fork of the roads at the Methodist Church in Seabrook, marked "Amesbury Village, 3½ m.," should be followed, instead of the left one, "Newburyport, 4½ m." At the open space, about 2 m. beyond, is a guide-board inscribed "Newburyport, 2 m.," meaning the boundary line, not the city. This road leads to Rocky Hill meeting-house, where the straight road, instead of turning to the left, leads to the horse-car tracks north of Chain Bridge. This route is only about a mile longer than the direct road, and with the exception of one sharp hill, the road is excellent, and free from sand. The trip of 65 m. from Boston to Portsmouth, can be easily made in a day by any fair rider, and I myself have made it without any forced dismounts on account of hills or sand.—TELZAH, in *Bi. World*, Aug. 26, 1881, p. 190.

ran away with me but did n't quite throw me off. During about half of this afternoon's ride I had a pleasant chance companion in the person of a sturdy youth on a big wheel, who said his brother drove a sixty-inch, and who will himself, I doubt not, ultimately attain the requisite stature for driving a similar monster. On Thursday morning, at 9 o'clock, having sent my baggage to Springfield, I bade adieu to the Hotel Vendome, and rode out to Cambridge for breakfast. I had planned to start at 5; but the rain was drizzling down when the waiter called me then, and I was glad to sleep for another three hours. Even at 9 the sun had not been shining long enough to dry the roads; but by noon, when I left Harvard Square, all ill-effects of the rain had disappeared. At Mount Auburn Cemetery, the superintendent denied my vehicle the privilege of entering the gates; so I journeyed through North Cambridge to the Monument House in Lexington, where I stopped for lunch at 2 o'clock, some 21 m. from the start and 10 m. from the college yard. I was told that the road towards Concord was inferior, and so went from Lexington to Waltham, an excellent spin of 6½ m., in about ½ h. Leaving there a half-hour later, my first stop was caused in an hour by some road repairs in Wellesley, 7½ m. At South Framingham, I took another rest, leaving there at 6, and reaching Northboro' hotel, 14½ m., at 7.45, making 54½ m. for the day.

When I made my next mount, at 5.30 on Friday morning, a chilly wind from the east blew against my back and threatened all the while to turn the prevailing heavy mist into unmistakable rain. The best I dared hope for was to reach Worcester before the roads should get too slippery. I did reach the railroad station there, 9 m., in 1¼ h., which I thought creditably fast traveling, considering the hills. Where the roads fork at about the middle of the journey, I took the "new" or left-hand one, and went down grade for about a mile to the railroad track (where perhaps a tourist bound for Boston might well take the road for Westboro' rather than the Northboro' road, down which I came). If any of the Worcester riders remember the bad words I used about the journey from that city to South Framingham, in the report which I printed concerning my first ride from Springfield to Boston in 1879, let me confess to them that it was all a mistake,—a clear case of "a good man gone wrong." Trusting to the Grafton route described in "The American Bicycler," I failed even to follow that with accuracy, and therefore used up the whole of a day in doing some 25 m. I now wish to say that the proper track between Worcester and Boston is as good a one as need be.

The east wind and heavy mist were as threatening as ever when I finished breakfast in Worcester; but, remembering the proverb that "it's an ill-wind that blows nobody good," I ventured to hope that mine might be the body which this particular ill-wind (cursed through the chattering teeth of everyone else whom I met) was destined to benefit. So at 7.40 I mounted again, and in an hour had got to the hill beyond the brick church in Leicester, nearly 6 m. I stopped next at Spencer, an hour later, 4½ m. The mist here was almost thick enough to cut, and the shivering Spencerians, clad in over-

coats, evidently felt murderous towards me for my apparent ability to keep warm without a coat of any sort. Brookfield, 8¼ m., was reached at 11.35, and West Brookfield, 3 m., ½ h. later. When I started on again at 2 o'clock, the mist had lifted, but the east wind was still threatening me, and at times in the afternoon there were occasional brief sprinklings of rain. At the hill by the lake side, about a mile beyond the hotel where I should have taken the left-hand road to Warren, I took the right-hand one; and, when I discovered my mistake, I determined, rather than retrace 3 m. of poor road, to push on to Ware instead, and complete my tour to Springfield by that longer (and probably rougher) route. Five miles more brought me to Ware, at 3.30 P. M.; and Thorndike, 8 m. on, was reached an hour later. A mile of good sidewalk riding led to Three Rivers. Jenksville, 7½ m. on, was reached in 1½ h., spite of several hills, and another mile of good sidewalk then led to Indian Orchard, at which place I should probably have arrived two hours earlier had I taken the Warren route. Dusk had now settled down, and darkness soon followed, with occasional rain-drops; but the east wind still helped me, and I rode nearly all the way across the plain, either in the rut or on the adjoining edge of hard gravel to the horse railroad terminus in East State st., Springfield, 5 m., at 8.15. Then followed 3 m. of slow wheeling over the dimly-lighted macadam of the city streets and the planks of the North bridge, whence I walked 2 m. homeward without trying a single mount. My day's journey of 64½ m. was completed at 9.45 P. M.; and by 10 o'clock the rain, which had been threatening me every hour since daybreak, was pouring down in right good earnest. The cyclometer showed 286½ m. for the seven successive days, an average of 41 m.; and this was the first occasion of my mounting a wheel each and every day of a given week. (Later report, p. 112.)

[1] Pemberton Square, in Boston, may properly be taken as the terminus of the smooth roadway of the State of Massachusetts, and I recommend it as the objective point to be kept in mind by any one who plans to begin or finish a bicycle tour at the capital city of that ancient and honorable commonwealth. It is an eminently respectable little enclosure (perhaps 25 or 30 rods long and about as wide as Broadway), with a macadam roadway surrounding the central strip of grass and trees, which are protected by an iron fence. Red brick houses, mostly devoted to lawyers' offices, shut it in quite solidly; and as the outlet of its southern end (westward, into Somerset st., and so, by a turn of a few rods to the left, to the head of Beacon st., just east of the State House) is not opposite the outlet of its center (eastward, by a short macadamized descent into Scollay Square), the explorer of Pemberton Square always has the uneasy feeling of having got himself into a cage or *cul-de-sac*, at whose entrance he carelessly failed to notice the warning, "No thoroughfare!" This mistaken impression is heightened by the extreme contrast which the scholarly quiet of the place presents to the rattle and roar which

[1] From *The Bicycling World*, May 22, 1885, pp. 60-64.

characterize the adjacent plaza called Scollay Square. That stone-paved opening is the terminus of Tremont st., a main artery of the city, stretching westward for 3 m. or more (and, practically, also of Washington st., which runs nearly parallel to it); and, as the tremendous horse-car traffic through those and other thoroughfares converges and concentrates about this point, Scollay Square is a place where the car-drivers and teamsters ceaselessly rage at one another,—roaring out their robust curses and merry jests from morning until midnight,—and where the car-conductors continually do cry. In strange contrast to all this rush and tumult, is the profound repose of the decorous little Pemberton Square, which I have before described as situated but a few rods away, and which I have thought worth describing to wheelmen because its name has long been familiar to them in connection with the *Bi. World*, whose office has been in one of the upper-floors of No. 8, at the north end of the square, since October 28, 1881.

On descending thence to Scollay Square, the tourist is immediately confronted by the Crawford House (where I have secured a very decent night's lodging for a dollar, on two or three occasions), and if he wishes to patronize a more pretentious or expensive hostelry, he may find the Revere, the Tremont, Parker's and Young's all within 40 or 50 rods to the left or right. The City Hall and the Court House are close to the two last-named; while Faneuil Hall, the Post Office and the Custom House, as well as many of the theaters, museums and other places of interest, may be found within ¼ m. of the square; and nearly all the steamboat-docks, ferries and railway stations are within ½ m. of it. The great brick building which serves as a terminus for the railway from Providence (the Albany terminus is ¼ m. east, and both lines lead to New York), and which stands a few rods from the south side of the Public Garden, may be reached by riding westward from Pemberton Square along Beacon st., as far as it forms the northern border of the Common and the Public Garden, and then along Arlington and Boylston sts. (respectively the western and southern borders of the garden), a distance of about 1 m., without dismount. The massive clock-tower of this building, whose dials are illuminated by night, is notable as a landmark that may pilot the tourist to the house of the Boston Bicycle Club, hard by (No. 87 Boylston st.), or to the still more elegant mansion (No. 152 Newbury st.), built by and for the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, and said to be the most substantial structure of its sort in the world. It was dedicated March 25, 1885, and an illustrated description of it occupied a half-dozen pages of *Outing* for that month. "This magnificent temple of the wheel has three stories and a basement, with a frontage of 24 ft. and a depth of 90 ft., and it stands 22 ft. back from the sidewalk, whence a wheelman may ride directly into the arched doorway, upon an incline of concrete, which takes the place of steps. Red brick, terra-cotta and light shades of Nova Scotia stone, combine with the broad bay-window and oriel of the second story, and the inscribed scroll-slab in the gable above the third, to form quite a handsome front. The land is owned in fee simple, though the

vote to 'form a corporation for the purpose of purchasing land and building a club-house' was taken as late as March 4, 1884; and the beautiful structure owes its existence to the agency of one man—Colonel Albert A. Pope." An illustrated history of the Boston Bicycle Club, the oldest in America (by Charles E. Pratt, for four years its president, in the *Wheelman*, March, 1883, pp. 401-412), gives a picture of its former house on the corner of Union Park and Tremont st., which was taken possession of December 5, 1881; and also of Cobb's Tavern, in Sharon, a favorite objective point for club runs.

The finest boulevard in the city is Commonwealth av., stretching in a straight line from Arlington st. (the western border of the Public Garden) to the street called West Chester Park (1 m.), and at right angles to each of them. It is the second street south of Beacon st. (the north windows of whose north-side houses overlook the Charles River); and just below the avenue is Newbury st. and then Boylston st.—these five thoroughfares being parallel to and equidistant from each other, for the specified mile. This is distinctively the fashionable "Back Bay district" of Boston, reclaimed in recent years from the marshes which used to be flooded by the river tides, and it is now pretty solidly covered over with the most ornate and expensively-built houses in the city. Dartmouth st., which is the third western parallel of Arlington st. (border of Public Garden), forms the eastern side of the great Hotel Vendome, which fronts northward on Commonwealth av., and it also forms the eastern side of the New Old South Church, which fronts southward on Boylston st. The rear of this church is close upon the rear of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club house, which fronts northward upon Newbury st.; and one block eastward from the church is Trinity Church, fronting on Trinity Square (a favorite rendezvous and starting-point for club runs), adjacent to which are the Hotel Brunswick, the Institute of Technology, the Museum of Fine Arts, and the Natural History Museum. All these buildings are within ½ m. of the clock-tower, before recommended as a useful landmark for the visitor's guidance, and this may also serve to show him where Columbus av. branches off southwestward from Boylston st.; for that avenue, after about ½ m. of Belgian blocks, offers nearly 1 m. of asphalt surface, to West Chester Park, up which he may turn, right, to Commonwealth av. Dartmouth st. also affords a smooth connection between this and Columbus av., near the end of whose asphalt a turn may be made, left, through East Chester Park, and then by way of Albany, Swett, Boston, Columbia, and Washington sts., out of the city to Milton Lower Mills, and so to Quincy, Brockton and Taunton, or to Pawtucket and Providence. Chestnut Hill Reservoir, however, is the best objective point for the stranger to steer for when he first wheels out from Boston; and the best route thither, from the end of Commonwealth av., is the direct one which is supplied by Beacon st., leading over the so-called Mill-dam. Brighton st., which is crossed at right angles just before entering the reservoir (whose roads allow a circuit of 2¼ m. of ideally smooth macadam) is almost exactly 5 m. from Pemberton Square.

My only visit to the editorial rooms before noted as overlooking this square was on the afternoon of the day of my landing in Boston, Sept. 10, '83, on the return from a tour in Nova Scotia. I then gave careful study to the various suburban wheeling routes which had been marked upon the large map hanging from the wall, and I procured a copy of the *Bi. World* of August 31, containing H. W. W.'s brief report of the roads leading to Providence and Warren, R. I. (63 m.). Two other tourists were my companions, next morning, as far as the reservoir,—our route being the indirect one through Brighton,—and before they took leave of me, at the point where the road dividing the two ponds of the reservoir has its outlet on Beacon st., their united praises of a certain hateful "take-me-too belt" were beginning to have the deplorable effect of unsettling my just prejudice against it. At 10 o'clock I started on, taking the first turn to the left (Hammond st.) on the brow of the hill which I ascended westward from the reservoir road, and going by this street and then La Grange st. to the store in West Roxbury at 10.40 (5 m.). There I turned to the right, and, in a few rods, took the left fork in the road (Center st.) to Memorial Hall, in Dedham, at 11 (2½ m.); passing under the railway just above the station called Ellis (2½ m.), and stopping for dinner at Norwood (1½ m.); whence I rode to the post-office in Walpole (4½ m.) in 44 min., which was just double the time taken by H. W. W., who, however, reported the surface in superb condition. In ordinary weather this track (about 16 m.) between the reservoir and Walpole could be ridden in either direction without dismount; and, on the present occasion, in spite of the deep dust caused by six weeks' drought, I did hardly any walking. The direct road for Providence from Walpole leads through Wrentham, but I, in obedience to the guide before quoted, took the road for Foxboro', and then, 1 m. out, where I ought to have turned to the right, down the turnpike, I mistakenly kept straight on for 1 m. Turning here, I walked 2 m. along a bad road which would never be ridable in any weather, and finally reached the turnpike again, in North Walpole, whence I rode 4 m. to Foxboro', and, with some detours, to the central park in Mansfield, 3½ m., finishing there at 6 o'clock a day's record of 35 m.

In lack of any regular hotel, I spent the night at an odd sort of public boarding-house, whence I started at 8 A. M. of Wednesday, in a threatening mist, which soon became a light rain, and reached East Attleboro' (8½ m., though W.'s record says 9½ m.) in 1¼ h.; thence through the manufacturing villages of Dodgeville and Hebronville to Pawtucket (8½ m.), in 1½ h. Here I halted an hour for dinner, in the midst of a heavy shower, which had not ceased when I, being already pretty thoroughly soaked, resumed my journey. An hour later (3 m.) I took brief shelter at a church shed in East Providence, and soon afterwards got off from the proper track and tramped through the woods, on one of the cross-roads, for 4 m. or so, without getting a single chance to ride. Following this came 6 m. of riding, the latter part of it on a smooth shell surface, to Warren, at 4 o'clock; and then 4 m. of sidewalk

wheeling, with only occasional dismounts, to Bristol, making 34½ m. for the day. There was no rain during the final hour; but it fell pretty steadily during the night, and at times in the following forenoon. The sun shone out at 1 o'clock, and the rest of the day was bright and hot, in spite of two or three short showers. Between 3 and 6.30 P. M. I traversed 19 m., ending at the Hotel Dorrance, in Providence. The sidewalks of Bristol I explored for 3 m. before beginning the return journey, and the best part of this was the 8 m. of shell road between the Barrington bridge beyond Warren, and a certain point opposite Providence, where I turned to the left for the hotel, which I reached (3 m.) after much trundling on the sidewalks. Though the rains had made the roads heavy, they were all ridable, and I was only 1½ h. in doing the 8 m. The scenery of this route overlooking Providence bay and river is attractive; and, if I had kept straight northward, instead of crossing it to reach the city, I presume I might have had these water-views all the way to Pawtucket, about 5 m. above. Bristol is a sleepily respectable old town, near the end of the peninsula between Providence Bay and Mount Hope Bay, and is distant 5 m. from the very lively manufacturing town of Fall River, which lies upon the eastern shore of the latter. A ferry used to connect Bristol with the northern end of Rhode Island island, upon whose southern extremity, about 10 m. below, stands the city of Newport; and the present keeper of the light-house, at the old ferry landing, about 2 m. from the center of Bristol, occasionally plies his row-boat for the accommodation of a casual traveler who wishes to visit the island.[1]

My own wheel entered Newport by boat and left it by train, on the occasion of its single visit there in 1880; but the train-journey, which was on the

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1 "H. P.," in *Outing*, August, 1884, pp. 350-354, describing a September ride from Providence to Newport, says: "We enjoyed the prospect spread before us as we let our machines run along the down-grade from Bristol. The road continually becomes steeper, with here and there a patch of sand, until it terminates on the beach near the light-house. The keeper was twenty minutes in rowing us across. Mounting then near the Bristol Ferry House, a commodious summer hotel, we toiled up a steep hill, abounding in sand, ruts and stones, and, at the top of it, instead of continuing straight south, we took a cross-road to the right, and, after following it for about a mile, again turned south into the 'West' road. Immediately on turning into the cross-road, the wheeling became better, and the road is ridable from here into Newport, with the exception of two hills, 5 and 6 m. distant from N. The last 5 m. were traveled quickly, under the rising moon, and we ended our run, from Middletown into Newport, on a perfectly macadamized road. Previously, however, we had rolled our wheels over the fair island in every direction: Now along Bellevue av., bordered on either side, for 2 m., with fine residences; now into the country, ever varying in aspect, where the ancient windmills and old farm-houses contrast strangely with the modern pinnacled and gilded cottages; now to Paradise, and to the Hanging Rocks, under the shadow of which Bishop Berkeley was wont to sit while he was writing the 'Minute Philosopher'; now around the Ocean Drive, which stretches for 7 m. along the rocky shores of the Atlantic ocean. * * * Instead of going to Bristol, as we did, the wheelman may, at Warren, bear to the east, and go through Fall River. Crossing Mt. Hope Bay, on the Slade's Ferry bridge, he may ride south through Fall River and Tiverton, crossing the Seaconnet river over the 'Stone' bridge, to Rhode Island. But this route is at least 5 m. farther, with the last 2 m. at 'Ferry Neck' on Rhode Island, through very deep sand."

first day of summer, ended quickly at Taunton, and I thence wheeled to Boston (40 m., 9.30 A. M. to 8 P. M.), with four companions, who were the first ones I ever toured with, though I that day completed my 1,000th m. Through "the swamp," 6 m. from the start, we did much walking or slow riding for 3 m., and then, at the hotel in Brockton, 5 m. beyond, we rested 1½ h. for dinner. At the Robertson House, in Quincy (13 m.), we also halted ½ h. for cooling beverages, and quickly again at the Blue Bell Tavern, about half way to Milton Lower Falls (4 m.); whence our course led through Roxbury (3 m.) to the hotel in Brighton (5 m.), where I spent the night. Cobb's Tavern, in Sharon, just beyond South Canton (a favorite objective point of the Boston Bicycle Club), is 6½ m. from Milton Lower Mills, and Mansfield is about the same distance beyond Cobb's. "These roads as far as Mansfield are excellent, much better than our country pikes," is the report of a Pawtucket man (*The Wheel*, Feb. 6, '85), who took that route homeward from Boston; "and from Blue Hill to Cobb's they are like billiard-tables, giving us the pleasantest part of the run."

My route to Pawtucket, from the Hotel Dorrance, in Providence, on the morning of September 14, was 5 m. long, and lay through Westminster st. to N. Main st., whose car tracks I followed to Olney st. and then up-hill to the macadam of the Swan Point road (1¼ m.), the sidewalks being generally ridable without need of dismounting at the curbs. After going up-hill to the left through the center of Pawtucket, I turned to the right at the top of it, and proceeded along the sidewalks to Valley Falls Bridge (1½ m). The sign "8 m. to Woonsocket" was 1¼ m. beyond here, and I followed the sidewalk to Ashton, and then the road, a gradual ascent of 1 m. or more, to the church on top of Cumberland hill (5½ m.),—having been 3 h. in doing the 13½ m. The descent was sandy, and most of the next 3 m. had to be walked, to the region of the bridge, followed by 1 m. of riding to a central point in Woonsocket. After this came 1 m. of rather poor road or sidewalk, of black sand or loam, to Blackstone, on a little stream of that name, whose dark and dirty waters have an outlet at Providence; and I was told that the river-road running alongside it all the way to that city was continuously sandy. The only header of my four days' tour was had here, while trying to ride along a narrow ledge between a deep rut and the bushes, just before reaching Blackstone. About 2 m. beyond is Millville, where I bought a ticket for the train which I was told would save me from 6 m. of sand; but, on learning that a quarter-dollar would be exacted for carrying my bicycle that distance, I refused to submit to the extortion and so plodded on. After 1 or 2 m., the road gradually improved, and I reached Uxbridge (26½ m. from the start) at 2 o'clock, and halted briefly for lunch. The railroad station in Worcester (18½ m.) was reached at 5.20 P. M., and no walking was required on the way,—the final third of it, from Millbury in, supplying the smoothest stretch of the tour,—Northbridge, Farmersville, Fisherville and Saundersville having been previously passed through. Taking train to Springfield at 6, I rode thence 4 m. into the country; total, 49 m.

Two months before (June 16-17, '83), I wheeled from West Springfield to Pemberton Square, in Boston (103 m.),—my first day's ride (5 A. M. to 6 P. M.) ending at Spencer, 44 m. from the start. The first dismount was caused on the sand plain, 7 m. after starting, and 2½ m. before I reached Indian Orchard, where I stopped for breakfast at 6.30. At Jenksville, 1 m. beyond (where I recommend tourists to cross the bridge, l., and take the route for Ware, in spite of what my report of 1881 says against it, on p. 104), I turned to r., and, after crossing the railway, kept alongside it through the sand; following which was 1 m. of clay or loam, continuously ridable; so that I reached North Wilbraham, 3¾ m. from the bridge, in just 1 h. White sand, alternating with short ridable stretches of loam, was the rule as far as Palmer (5½ m.) and West Brimfield (5½ m.), though I managed to get over each section in about 1½ h. The hilliest and sandiest track of all was in approaching the last-named station; and beyond it I encountered "road repairs" for 1½ m. Progress then became pleasanter along the shaded banks of the Chicopee River, whose waters plashed merrily over the stones; and the ridable stretches were more frequent to West Warren (2 m.), whence I rode all the way to the hotel in Warren (2½ m.), and rested there 3 h. for dinner. Resuming the wheel at 3.30 o'clock, I found decent roads to the fork (2½ m., near the hill and pond) where I, two years before, unwittingly turned towards Ware. I now recommend that route as rather less objectionable than the one just described. The distance between this pond and the bridge at Jenksville is 23 m. by either road, and each one of them contains more miles of unridable surface than any similar stretch of the entire route from New York to Boston. Next in number may be ranked the bad miles which the tourist on this track must conquer between Milford and Meriden, in Connecticut.

The smoothest spin of the afternoon ended at the pond in East Brookfield (7 m. from the last-named pond), following which came a big hill and several smaller ones, ending at the Massasoit House in Spencer (3½ m.); and when I started thence, at 5.30 o'clock, next morning, I was forced to do considerable walking, here and there, by sand, or loam in the form of deep white dust, or gravel which had been carted on by the road repairers. I surprised myself by riding to the top of the big hill in Leicester where the churches are (first on the east sidewalk, then on the concrete of the west one and finally in the roadway), and also to the top of the following hill, where stands the brick church,—for a short shower had by this time made the surface heavy. Just as I stopped for breakfast at a restaurant, a little beyond the public square in Worcester (11½ m. and 2½ h. from the start), the rain began again in good earnest, and it was still drizzling when I resumed my ride at 9.20. Turning northward at the railroad station, I soon climbed up the big hill on which stands the State Hospital, descended thence across the causeway of Lake Quinsigamond, climbed another hill and so reached the fork (3½ m.) where one sign points to "Shrewsbury 1¾ m." and the other says "Westboro 6½ m. The former route is preferable, though it slopes continuously upward

for about 1 m. from this point, and it is the route by which T. Midgley once rode straightaway to Boston without dismount; but, as I had tried it when riding in the other direction, two years before (p. 103), I thought I would explore the Westboro' route, and so I plodded straight ahead, up one tremendous hill and many smaller ones, sandy and difficult at best, and some of them too stony even for riding down,—until, at 11.40, where a cross-roads sign said "Northboro' 3 m. to the l.," I turned off to the r., and found good riding to the railroad station in Westboro' (10 m. and 2½ h. from the restaurant in Worcester). Thence I wheeled continuously,—not stopping even for the road repairs on the down-grades,—by a winding and hilly road, to the hotel in Ashland, 9 m. in 1¼ h. Resting there a similar time for dinner, I rode to South Framingham (3 m. in ¼ h.) and thence without stop (3¾ m. in 25 min.) to the drug-store in Natick. Mounting there at 4.30, I stayed in the saddle till 5.45, when I met some wheelmen at the water trough of Chestnut Hill Reservoir (11 m.), and, after speeding once around it with them, I took a detour out through Brighton, and finally reached Pemberton Square and the Crawford House, at 7.45 o'clock, with a day's record of 59 m. I sailed the following morning for Portland,—there to join the party whose week's adventures "in the Down East fogs" may be found detailed in Chapter XX.,—and I remember that several of my short day's journeys "in the procession," over roads of equally good average surface, tired me far more than this solitary Sunday jaunt, which was more than double the length of the longest of them. The air was clear and bracing, with bright sunshine, after the forenoon's rain; and the afternoon's roads were rather improved by this. I think that from Ashland (23 m.), and perhaps even from Westboro' (32 m.), I might have ridden to Pemberton Square without a stop. After getting near the top of the hill at Newton Lower Falls, instead of turning l., to obey the sign "Boston 10 m.," I kept on, r., to the summit, "Boston 9 m."; followed the telegraph poles until I reached the sign "Beacon st." in the woods, and then continued along it, up some steep but smooth hills to the reservoir.

"The Cyclist's Road Book of Boston and Vicinity," by A. L. Atkins, League Consul for Boston, was published by him April 11, 1885, and is mailed from his residence, 17 West Walnut Park, or from the office of the *Bi. World*, on receipt of 15 c. It contains 41 "routes," all starting from Trinity Square, and arranged in tabular form. The names of streets or other localities make a column in the middle of the page, preceded by the word "right" or "left," and followed by an adjective describing the surface, or else a numeral designating the distance. There are 24 of these pages (6 by 4 in.), and a similar number given to advertisements; but the latter may be readily stripped off with the cover, leaving as a residuum ½ oz. of valuable information (about 5,000 words) which can be easily tucked into the vest-pocket, and which is well worth the trifle charged for it to any wheelman who rides in the region of Boston. Many of these "routes" are also given in detail in "The American Bicycler" (Boston: Charles E. Pratt, 1879) pp. 134-149; and in the second edition thereof (1880, price 60 c.) additional ones, in tabular form, cover pp. 212-226, and raise the total of "routes" to 85, though more than half of these new statistics belong outside of Massachusetts. "The First Annual Hand-Book, 1884-5, of the Mass. Division, L. A. W." (compiled by Edward K. Hill, Chief Consul for 1883-4, Worcester, and published in July, 1884, by J. P. Burbank, Boston), contains 21 "routes," condensed, with intelligent de-

scriptions, into 4 pp. of fine type; lists of towns "with the qualities of the riding in each," arranged alphabetically by counties (4 pp.); general and sectional descriptions of the State (5 pp.), hotel list (6 pp.), League information, with names of consuls and other officers (11 pp.), advertisements (6 pp.), and a dozen blank pages for memoranda. Its size is 3¾ by 6¾ in.; weight, 1½ oz.; price, 25 c.; and every wheelman who designs to take a tour in the State should buy a copy of the Division officers (M. D. Currier, at Lawrence, or F. P. Kendall, at Worcester).

The book just named recommends to the attention of riders a map of the region around Boston (surveyed 1883, scale 1 m. to 1 inch, price $1.50, mounted $3), within a radius of about 30 m., taking in Brockton, s.; Natick, w.; Lowell, Andover and the whole of Cape Ann, n. The same map with a radius of about 12 m. (taking in Cohasset and Dedham, s.; Natick and Concord, w.; Wakefield and Salem, n.) sells for 75 c., and is a more convenient size for use upon the road. The Topographical State Atlas (official, 1871, scale 2½ m. to 1 in.) offers each county separately for 50 c. (cloth back, 75 c.), folded in cover for pocket use; and both these and the Boston maps may be purchased of Cupples, Upham & Co., 283 Washington st. "Berkshire," a good map for pocket use, is mailed free to every one sending a request to the Berkshire Life Insurance Co., of Pittsfield, whose advertisement has a place, of course, in one corner of the sheet. The size of this is 32 by 24 in., though the map covers only about ⅝ of it; and, as the county reaches entirely across the w. end of Mass., the roads of Conn., s.; N. Y., w., and Vt., n., are shown for about 3 m. from the border. The scale is about 2½ m. to 1 in., but all the roads are clearly shown, as well as the hills, mountains, streams and lakes; while a special surcharge of red is given to the main roads, and special symbols of that tint (star, cross, circle and square) show the place of each school-house, cemetery, church and railroad station. As the roads from Williamstown (n. w. cor. of co.) to Pittsfield are fairly ridable, and thence down the Housatonic valley to Conn. are very fine, I expect that the Berks. Life Ins. Co. will be quickly forced to print a new edition of their excellent map, to meet the demands which wheelmen will make for it, as a result of this present announcement. The copyright (1883) is held by its designer, Walter Watson, C. E., and the engraving and printing are by Struthers, Servoss & Co., N. Y. G. H. Walker & Co., lithographers, 160 Tremont st., Boston, publish the following county maps: Essex, 1884, 32 by 24 in., 1½ m. to 1 in., which covers all the coast-line of the State from the suburbs of Boston to the border of New Hampshire; Worcester, 1884, 25 by 21 in., 2 m. to 1 in.; Franklin, 1885, 28 by 18 in., 1½ m. to 1 in.; Hampshire and Hampden, 1884, 28 by 22 in., 1½ m. to 1 in.; Bristol, 1880, 28 by 18., 2 m. to 1 in., "prepared expressly for this atlas"; Plymouth, 1880, 30 by 20 in., 2 m. to 1 in.; and Barnstable, 1880, 22 by 20 in., 3 m. to 1 in., "prepared expressly for this atlas." The Cape Cod extremity of the State is included in the latter county; Plymouth takes in the rest of the coast as far as Hingham, and Bristol covers the region between Plymouth and Rhode Island. Just north of these two counties is Norfolk (whose map is now in preparation) stretching from Worcester County to the coast; while between the two latter and Essex, lies Middlesex, whose map (30 by 25 in., 1½ m. to 1 in.) is to be issued May 15, 1885. The three parallel counties of Franklin, Hampshire, and Hampden make a square section of the State, with the western end of each bounded by Berkshire and the eastern end of each by Worcester, which also covers a square section nearly as large as the three combined. The publishers mail these maps at the uniform price of 25 c. (or 50 c., if colored); and any desired road-route in Massachusetts may thus be traced out in advance, by every tourist who supplies himself with one or another of these cheap county charts.

"The Wheelman's Hand-Book of Essex County" (compiled and published in April, 1884, by George Chinn, of Marblehead, and Fred E. Smith, of Ipswich, and mailed by them on receipt of 20 c.) is described upon its title page as "containing brief sketches of the various cities and towns of the county, with a list of their objects of interest; a directory of hotels, clubs, consuls and executives; road-routes, etc.; also the history of the League of Essex County Wheelmen." It comprises 48 pp. (5½ by 8 in.) of which 12 pp. are given to advertisements, and weighs 2½ oz. The towns are arranged alphabetically, and no attempt is made to connect them by "routes," or to tabulate or index the information in the pamphlet; but every tourist from Boston to Portsmouth ought nevertheless to equip himself with it, as well as with Walker & Co.'s map of

Essex. King's "Dictionary of Boston" (550 pp., 1,500 alphabetized topics, cloth bound, price $1), compiled by Edwin M. Bacon, editor of the *Advertiser*, ought to be bought by every visitor to that city. His "Harvard and its Surroundings" (1878, pp. 92, heliotypes, cloth, $1) is a model guide to Cambridge. The remainder of the series issued by the same Moses King are as follows: "Handbook of Boston," "Handbook of Boston Harbor," "Handbook of Springfield" ($1.50), and "Pocket-book of Cincinnati" (15 c.). G. W. & C. B. Colton & Co., 182 William st., N. Y., publish maps of "Boston and adjacent towns" (34 by 29 in., $1), "Mass. and R. I." (18 by 14 in., 50 c.), which contains a plan of the Boston region; "Mass., R. I. and Conn." (33 by 31 in., $1), and the "New England States" (41 by 32 in., $1.50, mounted $3), giving eastern part of Mass. on large scale, with parts of New York and Canada. G. H. Adams & Son, 59 Beekman st., N. Y., also publish a map of "Mass. and R. I." (1874, 6 m. to 1 in., 60 c.), on two sides of a sheet, 19 by 28 in., which is worth the attention of bicyclers. I heartily recommend to them also a map which Walker & Co. are to publish June 1, and which I have just seen a proof impression of. On a sheet 30 by 24 in., and on a scale of 1 m. to 1 in., with circles drawn at 1 m. intervals from the State House in Boston, it shows every main road between Manchester (n. e.), Marshfield (s. e.), Walpole (s. w.), and Billerica (n. w.), covering a region 14 m. n., 15 m. s. and 8 m. w. of the central point, which is practically Pemberton Square. The names of the important streets are given, as well as those of the hills and brooks and other landmarks. The price is 50 c., or 75 c. if colored; and the colored edition is folded in a cloth-bound cover. Covers also accompany their colored county maps. Cupples, Upham & Co. have just informed me that their State Atlas of '71 is nearly out of the market,—second-hand copies selling for $8—and that they have a few sheets of the separate counties, at 50 c. (cloth-backed, 75 c.) each. Their "Mass., R. I. and part of Conn." (32 by 21 in., 2½ m. to 1 in., folded in cloth cover 4 by 6 in., weighing 2 oz.) sells for $1, or $2 if mounted. Their map of the Boston region (scale 1 m. to 1 in.) is issued in two sizes, with three styles and prices for each size. The largest ("20-m. circle") is 44 by 42 in., weighs 2 oz. on parchment paper, and costs $1.50; backed with cloth and folded to 5 by 7¾ in., it weighs 7¼ oz. and costs $3; bound and varnished, on rollers, it costs the same; folded in cloth-slip and case, $3.50. The "10-m. circle" is 32 by 21 in., and costs 75 c. (1¾ oz.), $1.75 (3½ oz.) or $2.25 (4 oz.). These are the two maps described at the beginning of the previous paragraph as recommended by the League officers. The "5-m. circle" of the same publishers (who "also keep in stock a full supply of maps of all the States,—this department of the business being under the charge of a member of the Mass. Bi. Club") is on the much larger scale of 3½ in. to 1 m., and costs 25 c. in paper cover (2 oz.), $1.25 in cloth cover, cloth-backed (4 oz.), or $1.75 if enclosed in a slip-case (5½ oz.),—size of sheet being 35 by 28½ in.

The westward road "out from Boston" was the course chosen for the first American bicycle ride of "100 m. straightaway in a day"; and the rider was Paul Blatchford, of Chicago, Captain of the Amherst College Bicycle Club, who, in returning from the League's second annual meet, wheeled from Boston to Amherst, 102 m., in 15 h., ending at 8.30 P. M. This was only a day or two before my own westward ride (see p. 103), and his route coincided with mine between Wellesley and Ware. A few days later, June 6, 1881, another member of the same club, George F. Fiske, of New Haven (Amherst, A.B., '81; Yale, M.D., '83), weighing 120 lbs., and riding a 48 in. Columbia, started from the college-yard at 4 A. M., and got beyond Belchertown, 10 m., at sunrise, 1 h.; the second 10 m., to Ware, "over hilly, stony and sandy roads, half of which had to be walked," required 2 h.; and a stop of 1 h. was made for breakfast. Reaching Worcester at 11.30 A. M., and halting 1 h. there for dinner, he rode thence through Shrewsbury, Northboro', Framingham, Wellesley, West Newton, Brighton, and across the Milldam to Cambridgeport, at 5.45 P. M., 102 m. "In a half-hour, with a groan, I reluctantly mount, for the hardest 23 m. of the day. Every muscle protests vigorously, but I know that this is one of the longest road-rides in the country, and I rejoice to sacrifice my muscles for the honor of the club which is so far ahead of the other colleges in long-distance riding. I dismounted but once during the 23 m., and reached the hotel in Framingham at 8.30 o'clock. This was the fastest spin of the day, and during the last 10 m. it seemed as if I had outridden and left behind my muscles; for a sort of numbness set in, and the riding was merely

mechanical. I stayed in bed only from 11 till 3.30 o'clock, and at 4 A. M. resumed the ride homeward. My muscles were, if possible, stiffer and lamer than the night before, but began to limber up a little at Northboro', where I breakfasted. Worcester was reached at 8.30; Ware at 2 P. M.; the only header of the two days rewarded some reckless down-hill riding near Belchertown; thence a driving rain accompanied me to Amherst at 6 P. M., 80 m. The next day I experienced no ill effects, and was in better trim for further riding than when I started, though I had covered 205 m. within 38 h." This is condensed from a three-column report in *Bi. World* of April 28, '82, p. 298; and briefer accounts appeared in *Amherst Student* and *Boston Herald*, soon after the tour. His best day's ride, previous to this, had been 80 m. In November, 1883, while touring in the Harz Mountains, he completed a riding record of 10,000 m., of which a summary will be presented in a later chapter; and on June 3, 1884, between midnight and 11.40 P. M., he rode 205 m. (328 kilometers), back and forth between Leipsic and Dresden,—though the best previous day's road record in Germany was 300 kilometers.

The next day's run of 100 m. "out from Boston," of which I have found any record, was reported thus for C. A. Hazlett's "Summary" (*Outing*, Feb. 1884, p. 371): "On Nov. 18, 1883, three members of the Springfield Bicycle Club, C. E. Whipple, O. N. Whipple and F. W. Westervelt, started from the U. S. Armory at 4.30 A. M. For 3½ m. they found good wheeling; the next 5 m. very sandy, and all took headers. From Wilbraham to Palmer and West Warren, the roads were fair; thence to the Brookfields, sandy and stony. About 2 m. out of Brookfield they stopped at a farm-house for breakfast. They found the road good, but very hilly from Spencer to Leicester. Here they were met by Mr. Lamb, who wheeled to Worcester with them, where they stopped ½ h. to telegraph home. Contrary to what had been told them, they found every hill between Springfield and Boston could be coasted with safety. Their next and last stop (½ h.) was at a farm-house at Southboro', where they began to realize what good roads were. The prospect put new life into their tired limbs, it being the first long run they had ever taken. From Framingham they wheeled through Natick, Newton Lower Falls, Chestnut Hill Reservoir, to the Public Garden, Boston, and dismounted in front of Brigham's restaurant at 6.45 P. M." A year later (Nov. 9, '84), three other members of the same club, F. Eldred, A. O. McGarrett and W. J. McGarrett, rode from the city hall, Springfield, to the U. S. Hotel, Boston, in 14¾ h. (riding time, 13½ h.), taking breakfast at Warren, dinner at Worcester and supper at Boston. Four days afterwards, L. B. Graves rode from Northampton to Boston, over a course previously measured as 104 m. by Butcher cyclometer, but which was increased 1 m. by a mistaken detour at the end. From his report in *Wheel*, Nov. 28, '84, I extract the following: "Start, 4 A. M.; Amherst, 7 m., 1½ h.; Belchertown, 10½ m., 2 h., and stop 1 h. for breakfast; Ware, 10 m., 2 h. Roads from N. to A., first half fair, second half poor and sandy; A. to B., not bad, though the grade is steadily upward; B. to W., the worst stretch of the day, including plenty of long hills, so rough and sandy, as hardly to allow riding on down grades. I left W. at 11 o'clock, in company with S. W. Coe; rested for dinner at the Massasoit House, Spencer, 1 to 2 P. M.; reached Worcester at 4, and waited there till 6, for repairs to steering-head of machine (Yale 54 in.); thence to Brighton at midnight, with one lamp to give light for both of us. Fortunately the roads were in very good shape, and the only fall of the entire trip was a header taken by my companion, when he struck a high curbstone in the dark. Towards the end, we went astray from the proper track, to Roxbury station, and thence we jounced along the cobble stones of Tremont st., instead of the asphalt of Columbus av., so that it was 12.50 A. M. when we reached the New Marlboro Hotel, and sat down to a hasty supper. This was a trifle less than 21 h. after the start at N., and my riding time was just 16 h. Neither of us had ridden much during the preceding days, and we both felt in good condition the day following." The same paper of Oct. 17, '84, gave a brief report of a Sunday ride from Orange to Boston, Oct. 5, 111 m., between 5.30 A. M. and 10.30 P. M., taken by C. H. Shepard and W. R. Winchell, of the first-named town. Their riding time was 14 h., and their good condition at the finish was shown by the fact that they next day wheeled 55 m. The road from Orange to Fitchburg was far from good, and they were 6 h. in "walking" the 32 m. They found fine wheeling between there and Northboro', and went thence to Boston over the well-known route.

X.

THE ENVIRONS OF SPRINGFIELD.[1]

THE bicycle is an index to the existence of good roads, just as certainly as the good roads themselves are an index to the existence of a high degree of civilization in the locality possessing them. There is solid significance, therefore, in the fact that the largest and most energetic bicycle club in America is now flourishing in the little inland city of Springfield. If the highways of Hampden County had not been greatly improved from their condition of thirty years ago, it is hardly probable that the last three years would have witnessed the phenomenon of an increase in the number of local bicyclers from three to three hundred. The recent "tournament" may no doubt be made to teach various interesting "lessons" as to the power of personal energy and shrewdly-planned business combinations in bringing great things to pass; but its most impressive and lasting lesson ought to be connected with the fact that an exceptionally good series of local roadways is the ultimate basis upon which the tournament itself really rested. Were the roads of the region as poor now as in 1850, Springfield bicycling would not be much of a power to conjure with,—would not supply the machinery for creating such a show as that which lately attracted thousands of strangers to the city.

The late Samuel Bowles, while editor of the *Springfield Republican*, in his varied efforts to persuade the citizens to improve their special local advantages, and to improve upon them, took frequent occasion to direct their notice to the attractiveness of the numerous roads in the region round about, and to the comparative inexpensiveness of expanding these into a connected series of "park drive-ways," to be used for purposes of pleasure and recreation rather than for heavy business traffic. His plans for thus easily ensuring some excellent "breathing-places" around a city whose lack of a central park could only be met by an enormous expenditure of money, always seemed to me eminently practicable as well as admirable; and I still hope that, in the course of a few years more, when a thousand or so of Springfield's citizens shall have become regular riders of the wheel, these same plans may be realized. The men who drive horses may not always greatly love the men who drive wheels (though, of the numberless things which "frighten horses," it would be hard to name one which causes fright less frequently than the bicycle), but they always do have a great liking for good roads; and they ought clearly to see not only that good roads will develop bicycling in any given locality, but that the increase of bicyclers there will tend to make the

[1] From *The Wheelman*, December, 1883, pp. 186-192.

good roads better and more numerous. In like manner, this present minute report of my personal observations on the roads of Hampden County which are most practicable for bicycling, though designed chiefly as a guide for the benefit of visiting wheelmen, will serve also to assure other strangers that the environs of Springfield may be readily explored by any sort of pleasure-carriage. Old residents, too, may, perhaps, be interested in reading of well-known paths as related to the new mode of locomotion, and the description may possibly even recall to their minds some agreeable combinations of routes for their own afternoon drives.

In pushing my bicycle a distance of 8,000 m., I have made trial of about 4,000 distinct miles of roadway, situated in fifteen separate States of the Union, and in Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the islands beyond; but in this somewhat extended experience I have never found another town of which it can be said, as of Springfield, that a bicycler, starting at its central square or city hall, can ride without dismount for eight or ten miles towards all four points of the compass,—north, south, east, and west. The streets of the nation's capital city are incomparably the cleanest and best paved ones to be anywhere found upon the North American continent; but when a Washington wheelman gets beyond the limits of the municipal asphalt, his choice of routes for a comfortable afternoon's ride becomes extremely limited. The New Yorker has, within easy reach,—north, south, east, and west of his beloved Manhattan Island,—finer and more extensive macadamized roadways than any which Western Massachusetts can boast of; but the four series of roads are disconnected by water from each other, as well as from the island, though many miles of good riding may be had on the northern part of the island itself. The State House at Boston stands on a hill beside the sea, but though the man who mounts its glistening dome beholds much water, he also overlooks a territory possessed of a larger "mileage" of smooth, hard roadway than exists elsewhere in any such small area of the New World. The entire suburban region, within a radius of 15 m. or so, is cut up by a network of roads which are almost all excellently macadamized, so that a bicycler may ride long distances without the necessity of dismounting or of frequently repeating his course. The rolling country around Boston does, indeed, justify the laudations of its friends who extol it as "the paradise of American wheelmen." We have nothing elsewhere to equal it, or to be easily comparable to it. The region that ranks next to it in attractiveness must be "next by a very long interval"; but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, that rank may fairly be assigned to the region around Springfield. Outside the Boston suburbs, I think there is no other place but this where the bicycle may be driven so far in so many directions without stop, and where such extensive and pleasant routes, which involve no repetitions, may be so easily laid out.

"Purgatory," rather than "Paradise," however, would be a visiting bicycler's designation of that section of the city's chief thoroughfare on which he first tries his wheel when he emerges from the eastern portal of the rail-

road station, for this is just about at the middle of that busiest mile of Main st., where the macadam has been worn into ruts, and holes, and ridges; where it is kept almost continuously muddy by regular watering-carts or casual showers, and where every one of the cross-walks causes a tremendous jolt. This mile section of roadway, which stands in such crying need of a new top-dressing of powdered stone, extends from Memorial Church, on the north (where the cycler turns to the left in seeking the northern entrance to the camp on Hampden Park, or the West Springfield route to Holyoke), to State st., on the south, which thoroughfare leads eastward up the Armory Hill, and is the old post road to Boston. The horse-car tracks run along it for a mile and a half, and, though the first half of this distance is up-grade, it is macadamized smoothly enough to be ridable for a bicycle. At the fork, where the horse-car tracks end, the left road should be taken, and again the left into the woods, at the next fork, 2½ m. beyond. Thence the course extends 4 m. in a pretty direct northeasterly line across the plain, after which a choice of several streets is offered in descending to the hotel in the manufacturing village of Indian Orchard. The hill to the eastward may be easily ridden up, and the rider soon crosses the Chicopee river, at the Jenksville bridge, beyond which he can proceed on the sidewalks for ½ m. or more towards Three Rivers before being forced to halt. This point, where he stops, is upwards of 9 m. from the City Hall in Springfield, and marks the eastern-most limit of good riding. The whole distance may be done without dismounting, though at many seasons of the year an average rider would be unlikely to get across the sand plain without once or twice leaving the saddle. On the last Thursday of last December, when the sand was well packed together with frost and ice, I myself rode without stop from the west end of the South bridge, which is 1½ m. below the corner of Main and State sts., to the hotel in Indian Orchard. The time was an hour and a quarter, and the cyclometer recorded the distance as exactly 8 m. Its record between Jenksville and West Brookfield is 24 m., by either one of two routes, both of which are very poor, and necessitate much walking through the sand. The route which I recommend as preferable leads through Three Rivers, Thorndike, and Ware; while the one usually taken by tourists leads through North Wilbraham, Palmer, West Brimfield, and Warren. The point of separation is at the Jenksville bridge, where the man bound for Palmer turns to the right, instead of crossing the river; and the two routes come together again at the pond, which lies a mile to the west of the hotel in West Brookfield. From that point to Worcester and Boston the roads are almost continuously ridable, and they generally supply very good riding. The best route from Worcester to Boston is through Shrewsbury, Northboro', and Framingham.

The northward ride from Springfield is the smoothest and prettiest one, however, and usually ends at the Holyoke House, 9 m. from the City Hall. The up-grades are few, and easily ridden in either direction, and there is nothing to prevent the veriest tyro from doing the whole distance without

dismount, except occasional repairs to the road-bed. This consists for the most part of reddish gravel, containing clay enough to pack it firmly together; and, though liable to be badly affected by the spring frosts or by long-continued rains, it undoubtedly forms the best single stretch of country road in Western Massachusetts. The road-races of the bicycle club are run upon it, and its average smoothness is shown by the record of time made therein,—38 min. The tourist from Springfield should turn left from Main st. at the gray stone church, where the double-track of the horse-railroad terminates, and he may there advantageously take the concrete sidewalk for 30 rods or so to the railroad bridge. Descending past the entrance to the park, he turns left to the iron bridge across the Connecticut, and thence goes northward along the river road to Holyoke. He should not turn towards the river, however, at the two places in the road where signs point eastward to Chicopee. From the Holyoke House I have ridden westward over the canal bridges and railroad track, and, on the concrete sidewalks, to the crest of the hill, on which stands the city hall, a massive structure of granite. Thence through the park, and by streets leading northward and westward, one may reach the old turnpike in Ireland Parish, at a point just above Craft's tavern, distant about 2 m. from the Holyoke House. There are excellent views along this course, and I think that an expert rider might cover it all without a dismount, though I myself have never been able to conquer the long, winding Ewingsville hill, which forms a part of it, and which needs to be descended with considerable care. On reaching the turnpike I have ridden northward without stop for some 2 m., or to a point beyond the brook at the foot of the long descent. Two miles above here is the station at Smith's Ferry, and 2 m. further is the station miscalled Mount Tom, though that lofty peak stands far away to the west. The roadway of these 4 m. is the worst stretch which the bicycler will encounter on the west side of the river in touring from Hartford to Bellows Falls, being so soft and sandy as generally to forbid progress except on foot. From the Mount Tom station I have found fairly good riding to Easthampton, 2 m., and an excellent road thence backward for a similar distance to a certain point on the ascent of the real Mount Tom. The last mile of the ascent, ending at the half-way house, I accomplished on foot, but I think the descent towards Easthampton might be safely made on the wheel, and no stop be required before completing the 3 m. The 2 m. of roadway leading downward from the half-way house to Craft's is softer than the other slope, and requires considerable walking; though the turnpike southward from Craft's continues good for about 2 m. to Gates's hill. The rider who can descend this safely, and ascend the shorter slope which succeeds it, will have no trouble in reaching the main river-road again, at the watering-trough below Ingleside, 6 m. from the Springfield bridge. The mile between the trough and Gates's is rather difficult for one going northward, and, though I have ridden it all to the final hill, I have never tried that hill, and do not believe it can be mounted. The view from this upper road is even finer than

that from the smoother road below, and a northward descent into the latter may be made by the tourist who does not care to turn under the railway track towards Gates's.

My recollection as a pedestrian of twenty years ago is that the main road from Easthampton to Northampton, 5 m., would be practicable for a bicycle; and other wheelmen have told me that the meadow road, from Mount Tom station to Northampton, is for the most part ridable, and that they had little difficulty in proceeding thence through Hatfield and Whately to Deerfield. The route of my own first ride up the valley was less wisely chosen, however, for I was forced to walk through 3 m. of sand before reaching Hatfield, and another mile of the same after leaving it. My advice to tourists, therefore, is to take the train from Smith's Ferry to North Hatfield, as I have done on subsequent occasions. From that point to South Deerfield the distance by the "east road" is 6 m., and by the "west road" only about three-quarters as far, though I have found the former to be preferable. Thence one may go most pleasantly without dismount for 7 m. or more to the Cheapside bridge, below Greenfield; and the road continues good to Bernardston, Brattleboro, and Putney. The distance to that point from Springfield, omitting the short railroad ride indicated, is 56 m., and I have wheeled it, without special effort, in a single day. On the following forenoon I occupied three hours and a half in accomplishing the next 14 m. to Bellows Falls, where I took train over the mountain to Rutland, and wheeled thence westward to Whitehall, in the course of the afternoon, a distance of 25 m., whereof the first two-thirds supplied most excellent riding.[1]

[1] According to the report of L. B. Graves (League consul at Northampton, Feb., 1884), the road leading to Williamsburg, 9 m., n. w., is a fairly good one, so that, on the return journey, it is sometimes possible to get over it without a dismount. The distance has often been covered in an hour. Following the horse-car tracks along Elm st., up-hill from the Mansion House, and generally using the sidewalk, as the roadway is somewhat sandy and stony, the rider will reach the village of Florence, about 2½ m., where he should turn to the left of Cosmian Hall, and take the second road, to the school house; then turn to the right and descend a hill, cross a bridge, turn to the right again and follow what is called the old river road directly to Leeds (4 m.), crossing the river on the way. Haydenville (½ m.), is reached by crossing the railroad track, turning up-hill to left, and again turning left ¼ m. beyond. Thus far the side-paths generally supply the best riding, but from here to Williamsburg, 2 m., the main road is good enough to be often traversed by moonlight. Good coasting is offered between Florence and Northampton on the return. At Haydenville, the tourist may take the Horse Mountain road (which is fairly good, with some steep hills that must be ridden carefully) to Whately, 4 m., and thence a rather inferior cross-road, through woods and swamps, to South Deerfield, 2 m., where he will meet the regular valley turnpike leading from Northampton to Greenfield. This roundabout course between these two county seats is said to be pleasanter than the direct route through the sands of Hatfield. Turning to the right, near the Briggs House in Haydenville, the tourist should turn left at the fork, and keep on near a brook in a valley; then turn left at next cross-roads, and after passing through Whately, take the right at the fork. The Hockanum road, s. e. from Northampton, about 2 m., to the hamlet of that name just after crossing the Connecticut river ferry, is usually sandy; but the next 3 or 4 m., ending at South Hadley, are better, though somewhat hilly towards the end. The tourist should keep along in sight of

The westward route from Springfield is the shortest, and in some respects the most difficult, for there are several hills to be climbed, whereof the first is extremely tiresome, and there is said to be no good riding whatever beyond the western end of Franklin st., in Westfield, which is the extreme point to which a rider may go in that direction without dismount. The distance from Springfield city hall is 10 m., and a combination of careful riding and good luck seems to me necessary to enable a wheelman to get over it all without a stop. From the end of the iron bridge over the Connecticut the tourist continues westward along the north side of the Common, in West Springfield, and then northward a few rods to the post-office, where he turns westward again and soon reaches the big hill, which is rather difficult to climb, though its surface is smooth and hard. A quarter-mile beyond, where the left-hand road leads downward to the Mittineague railroad station, he must turn up-hill to the right, and a mile later he will descend to Block brook, and climb a much longer hill. In the course of the next mile he will encounter the steepest descent of the route, and will cross the bridge over the railway; crossing under it again, a little ways on, at the so-called deep-cut, and still again a half-mile westward. The road follows the tracks for a mile and a half, and then divides at Mill brook, the right-hand branch going under the tracks, and thence in a curve of 2 m. to the railway station in Westfield. The left-hand road, which is much the better one, crosses the brook and then the river, and in another mile crosses the river again and brings the tourist to the thickly-settled part of the town, though the central park is nearly a mile beyond; and the Pine Hill cemetery, which is the end of the smooth riding, is nearly a mile beyond the park. There are several miles of concrete

river for about 2 m., then turn to r. at cross-roads and go direct to South Hadley, which is the seat of the well-known Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary. There he may either turn w., and cross the river at Smith's Ferry, or follow the direct road down to South Hadley Falls and cross by free bridge to Holyoke, say 5 or 6 m. From the ferry at Hockanum, the tourist turns eastward if he wishes to visit Mt. Holyoke, where a fine view may be had. The mountain road is unsafe for bicycling, however, and the last few hundred feet of the ascent must be made by railway car or stair-climbing. In going s. w. from Northampton to Easthampton, 4 or 5 m., the tourist should cross bridge at the foot of South st. hill, then take sidewalk up-hill to end of walk, and turn at cross-roads; keep on past the ice houses at Rocky-Hill pond; cross the brook and then the railroad, beyond which is a quarter-mile of deep sand; keep straight ahead at the school house, descend a hill and cross a covered bridge just before entering Easthampton, whose concrete sidewalks supply good riding. The road thither is rather hilly and sandy and is at its best soon after a summer shower. The road s. from Northampton through the meadows to the Ox Bow (Mt. Tom station) is also apt to be soft, so that, in the early spring and late autumn, the railroad track, to which it is parallel, is often chosen as affording better riding. Entrance may be had to this meadow road by turning left, through Maple st., after crossing the bridge at the foot of South st. hill. The road from Northampton to Amherst, n. e., 7 m., has been ridden in 40 min., but usually requires twice that amount of time. The character of the soil is sandy, with some stretches of clay, and the side paths and walks supply most of the good riding. Hadley is the intermediate village, situated about 3 m. from the Mansion House, and the Connecticut river bridge is about half-way between. A long hill must be climbed just before reaching Amherst, and a good run may be made there on sidewalks to North Amherst.

sidewalks in Westfield, along which the bicycler may glide without need of dismounts, and the road leading to Southwick is said to be a fairly good one. At the close of December, 1882, I wheeled from Westfield to Springfield with only one dismount, and that happened on the long upward climb after crossing the railroad bridge, though I understand that this hill has often been conquered by other wheelmen.[1] The road branching northward from the brow of the hill west of Block brook leads to the mountain picnic ground, called

[1] I myself rode up it, Sept. 16, 1884, as the final act in a tiresome day's journey of 40 m., across the hills from Lee, ending thus a five days' tour from Newark, by way of Newburg and Poughkeepsie, about 200 m. I was forced to walk more on this last day than during all the previous four; and the longest stretch of hopelessly deep sand was that which ended at the head of Franklin st., in Westfield. From the Morgan House, in Lee, I had 2½ m. of good wheeling, to a big hill of sand; 5½ m. beyond which, at the old tavern stand (West Becket), I turned (l.) down through the woods, to N. Blandford, instead of keeping the direct road (r.) to Otis, and at noon I reached the Mountain House in Blandford, where a fine view may be had. Though the grade is downward for the 8 m. thence to the end of Franklin st., I was 2½ h. in reaching that point; and I do not believe the journey from Westfield towards Lee would be any easier. Another tourist, who pushed his bicycle over the Berkshire hills a day or two earlier than myself, reports as follows: "Williamstown to Lanesboro, 16 m. of rather soft road, requiring a whole forenoon. Obedient to a bad adviser (who told us to shorten our route to Springfield 6 m. by avoiding Pittsfield, which was our next objective point), we turned to the left, at the first cross-road beyond the hotel, and after two hours of alternate walking and rough riding, reached Dalton, 6½ m. A few miles farther on, the road becomes even worse, soon turning into a mere mountain path, hardly accessible to a man on foot; and so we ventured upon the railway, and there found capital wheeling. Proceeding cautiously (on account of the projecting ties and the narrowness of the path), but at a fair rate of speed, we passed through Hinsdale and Washington and reached Becket about dusk, 13 m. from Dalton. On the morning of Sept. 15, we again took to the track, but the many cuts and culverts, together with the sharp lookout we were obliged to keep for trains, made riding anything but pleasant, and we were glad to arrive at Westfield (14 m.) with our bones still in their proper places." An earlier explorer (M. D. B., in *B. W.*, Sept. 2, '81) gave similar testimony: "Beyond Pittsfield, a veritable *via mala* begins, and hardly ceases for the 40 m. thence to Westfield. To the summit of the mountain in North Becket (15 m.) but little of the sandy road can be ridden, and the 9 m. thence to Chester, over another mountain, must be traveled on foot. I rode from there to Westfield between the railroad tracks.—a dangerous and desperate measure,—but the gently descending grade, and the fine scenery, were compensations for two or three heavy falls and the haunting presence of peril." As a curious offset to this, I may add the information given me by a credible witness, that he has several times driven a horse from Springfield to Peru (12 m. from Pittsfield,—Dalton and Hinsdale being intermediate towns), a distance of 45 m., in 6½ h., and has made the return drive in 5½ h.,—passing through Russell, Huntington and West Worthington. The same rapid animal has also drawn him to the same point by a longer and hillier route, through Northampton, Williamsburg, Worthington Corners and Worthington Center. Still another strange story concerning this rough route is contained in C. A. Hazlett's summary, "Notable Runs and Excursions of 1883" (*Outing*, March, 1884, p. 454), thus: "On Sept. 19, William V. Mason, jr., of the Rhode Island Bicycle Club, made a run of 100 m., from Springfield to Hudson, by way of Russell; and he returned, Oct. 12, from Hudson to Springfield, by way of Chester, 112 m. He reports the roads in fair condition, and the weather on both runs all that could be asked. Both runs were made alone, and no special training had. He was in fine condition at the finish of both runs. Several headers taken, but none of any serious account." Additional details of these two very remarkable rides have been diligently sought for by me, but have not been supplied.

Bearhole, about 2½ m. distant, and most of it is practicable for the bicycle. Very extended views may be had from the lofty ridge along which this road runs. The return route from Westfield may be still further varied by descending the hill at Mittineague, crossing the Agawam river, climbing the hill beyond, crossing again at the covered Agawam bridge, and proceeding thence in a straight line eastward to the old covered bridge at Springfield. The distance, 3 m., may be done without dismount, though the first half, ending at the Agawam bridge, requires careful riding. Instead of the second half, another good route of equal length leads northward along the river across the railroad track, and thence eastward along the south side of the common in West Springfield to the iron bridge. The main street of the town extends a similar distance southward to the old bridge, and has a brick sidewalk which is continuously ridable, though no need exists of resorting to it except in muddy weather. Roughly speaking, the roads connecting the three bridges may be said to form an equilateral triangle, each side of which is 1½ m. long; and the whole circuit may be made in either direction without stop.

The southward route from Springfield crosses the iron bridge into Agawam, about 1½ m. below the city hall, and extends along the river bank for nearly 3 m. till it reaches the main road at Porter's distillery. I have ridden this course northward without a stop, when November frosts had stiffened the sand; but I think that at most seasons of the year there are some soft places which can hardly be driven through. An excellent clay road extends southward from Porter's through the town of Suffield; and in August last I rode down it for 7 m. until a new coating of gravel on the hill beyond the bridge, 2 m. north of Windsor Locks, forced my first dismount. Four long hills had to be climbed on this course, and I considered the act of riding up the last and longest of them, which is directly opposite Thompsonville, quite a creditable feat. The two following miles of roadway were the smoothest of all, and commanded a fine view of the eastern side of the valley. From the old bridge over the Agawam, by the main road eastward along the river and then southward, the distance to Porter's distillery is 3 m., and the first two-thirds of it may be easily ridden in either direction without stop, over a road of clay and gravel, though two hills have to be climbed near the river. For a mile to the northward of Porter's the roadway is rather soft, and the eastern sidewalk supplies a preferable path; but an expert rider might perhaps have the luck to reach the distillery without a dismount (6 m. from the city hall, by way of the North-end bridge), and he could then go at least 7 m. further without halting, and perhaps also to Windsor Locks.[1] As a Hartford man

[1] On Dec. 4, 1884, I rode from West Springfield until stopped by the newly-laid stones of the railway-crossing below Windsor Locks (16½ m. in 2 h. 40 min.), except that I was forced to make one intermediate halt, on the frozen ruts of an up-grade beyond the little brook in the woods, about 10 m. from the start and 4 m. south of Porter's. From the crossing I went without stop to the highest water-course of the long Windsor hill (5½ m. in 50 min.), which I never before so nearly succeeded in conquering.

has wheeled up to this point without stop (13 m.), it even seems possible that a bicycler might stay in his saddle for the entire route from Springfield to Hartford, 28 m., as here described. Indeed, I have heard it rumored that a Springfield man has really wheeled to Hartford without stop, down the east side of the river, but I can hardly credit the story, because such a feat would seem to me more remarkable than anything yet known to have been accomplished on a bicycle. The roads through East Hartford, East Windsor, Enfield, and Longmeadow, are for the most part soft and sandy, and though the bicycling tourist is cheered by many miles of good sidewalks, these are by no means continuous. I drove my wheel down this route, on the 9th of January, over the frozen snow and with a strong north wind at my back (28 m.), in less than five hours; but my progress along the same course in summer has been considerably slower.

A southwesterly ride of 9 m. without a dismount may be had by way of the North and Agawam bridges, through Feeding Hills, toward Southwick ponds. Turning to the right after crossing the Agawam river, the left-hand road must be taken at the first fork, and a rather difficult hill ascended; then, about a mile from the bridge, where four roads meet, a turn should be taken away from the telegraph poles, and the main road leading from Mittineague should be followed straight across the plain, 2½ m., to the town hall in Feeding Hills, and ¾ m. beyond it, when a turn should be taken to the south, and, after 2 m. more of level riding, another turn westward, to a short hill which causes a stop. About 5 m. beyond, after several other turns, the picnic-grounds between the ponds are passed. The main road is reached at the Methodist church, a mile westward, and the southward course from there continues smooth for 2 m. to Veits's tavern, just beyond the Connecticut line, where five roads come together. One of these leads to the old copper mine and prison on Turkey hill, in Simsbury, and is presumably ridable; and the route thence to the river road in Suffield cannot be a difficult one. I was told that the northward course from the Methodist church, through Southwick to Westfield, was generally smooth and hard; and the "back-street" route from Feeding Hills to Westfield is also said to be practicable for the wheel. From the point about 3 m. southwest of Feeding Hills, where the Springfield rider is first forced to stop, he may return through Mittineague, climb its steep hill, coast down the long hill to the post-office in West Springfield, and ascend the church hill (10 m.), without dismount. The view from the hill is a fine one, but its northern slope must be descended with care, on account of the loose gravel. The westward road from the church makes two southward turns in reaching Mittineague, but avoids the hills, and is all ridable, though usually requiring dismounts.

The roads branching off towards Chicopee, at points 1½ m. and 2 m. above the church hill in West Springfield, are not as hard as the main road to Holyoke, but can usually be ridden to the bridge without dismount. The planking of this bridge needs more attention than that of the two iron bridges at

Springfield or the one at Holyoke, but is much better than that of the old bridge at Springfield, whose cracks threaten disaster to the tires of a careless rider. The village streets of Chicopee and Chicopee Falls are not particularly bad, but their numerous concrete sidewalks supply much pleasanter riding, and the curbings are not usually abrupt. The town hall in Chicopee stands ¾ m. from the bridge, and the approach thereto, along the left-hand sidewalk of Exchange st., is uninterrupted. There is no need of a stop in crossing the road in front of it to the concrete walk leading up-hill to the bridge at Chicopee Falls, about 2 m. I myself, on the 25th of August, continued across this bridge, and climbed the steep hill beyond it, but was forced to dismount at the end of the sidewalk soon after beginning the descent. This was at a point nearly 3 m. from the town hall, and the road keeps descending for 2 m. further, until it reaches the railroad crossing a few rods below the Willimansett station. The whole descent may be easily made without dismount, though hardly any riding would be possible on the upward slope. The main road leading back to the town hall, distant 4 m., is called Chicopee Street, and is entirely level, but is believed to be too soft for bicycling. In the other direction, for 2 m. along the riverside north of Willimansett, I found this road to be ridable, except a few short pitches, though none of it supplied good riding, and the whole would probably be impassable in bad weather. A mile of smooth riding on the sidewalks and bridge extends this route to the Holyoke House, whence a return may be made to Springfield over the well-known course. From the town hall in Chicopee to the Memorial Church, 3½ m., one may easily go without dismount (the road being really an extension of Main st., and macadamized as far as the city limits), and, of course, the return from Holyoke to the city hall may be made by this route also without dismount. The northward ride would be less agreeable, on account of the need of climbing the Chicopee hill,—from which, by the by, a fine view of the valley farming-lands may be had. The route connecting Chicopee Falls with Indian Orchard is about 5 m. long, and nearly a quarter of it usually has to be traveled on foot. The extension of State st., beyond the terminus of the horse-car tracks, supplies good riding for 2 m. or so in the direction of Sixteen Acres; and Walnut st., which branches southward from State at the corner of the Armory grounds, may likewise be easily followed for 1¼ m., to the water-shops, and twice that distance beyond into the region of East Longmeadow, whence it is likely enough that a practicable route might be found leading through Longmeadow proper, and so back to Springfield. The return from the water-shops may also be made by following the horse-car tracks through Central, Maple, and State sts. back to Main, mostly on a down grade; or, if the cemetery be visited, Pine st. may be traversed thence to Crescent Hill, where a fine view may be enjoyed, and a winding descent be made thence to the region of South Main st. The steep slope of Ames's Hill, leading into Maple st., should be descended with caution; and the south sidewalk of Union st. should be taken by hill-climbers,

as they approach the summit, or they will be unlikely to reach the summit. Visiting bicyclers should remember that the most commanding view of the whole Springfield region may be had from the tower of the United States Arsenal, and, also, that the smooth roads and walks within the government grounds are guarded by government muskets against the passage of bicycles.

An inspection of the roads as outlined on the county maps may doubtless suggest the exploration of other attractive bicycle routes in this region; but the ones described in this present report are certainly numerous enough to sustain my opening assertion that the region is exceptionally well adapted for bicycling. Without going outside these roads, and without repeating his course upon them, a rider who starts at the city hall may lay out pleasant round-trip routes of any desired length. Thus, up the east side of the river, through Chicopee Falls and Willimansett to Holyoke and down the west side, through the old bridge and Water st. to the starting-point, supplies 21 m., without a rod of repetition. This may be increased at will to 28, 29 or 30 m., by taking one of the westward and southward routes through Agawam to Porter's distillery, and there turning back northward by the river road to the starting-point. Or a rider may continue down the west bank and cross the river for the return journey at Thompsonville, or Enfield, or Windsor Locks, or Hartford, in which latter case his circuit will be about 75 m. long. The west-side route to the Holyoke House, thence westward to Ireland Parish, southward to Ingleside, eastward to Chicopee, and homeward through Carew, Chestnut, and Dwight sts., offers a circuit of about 22 m., with hardly more than a mile of repetition; and a very skilful rider might, perhaps, do the whole distance without a stop. The simpler Chicopee circuit, ridden in the same direction, may be easily done without dismount, whether restricted to 10 m. or increased to 12; or it may be increased to 17 by the addition of Chicopee Falls and Indian Orchard on the east. A westward circuit of 7 or 8 m., involving no repetitions — and, in the case of a good rider, no dismounts in either direction — may be made from the old bridge to Agawam bridge, to Mittineague bridge, to the West Springfield post-office, to the church on the hill, and thence northward or eastward down to the river-road leading back to the North bridge and the city hall. If this route be continued northward from the church to Chicopee, a man may keep his saddle for 15 or 16 m. before reaching the starting-point; and the length of the Holyoke and Indian Orchard circuits can, of course, be increased by combination with this route. Assuming the ridable character of the roads (as yet unexplored by me) connecting Westfield with Southwick, and with Feeding Hills, a Springfield cycler has choice of a 32 m. or a 22-m. circuit in visiting the former village. Equally long southwestern circuits may be made from Springfield to Southwick ponds, Simsbury, and Suffield, — the shorter one leading thence up the west bank of the river; the longer one extending across Enfield bridge and thence through East Longmeadow to the watershops and the city hall.

The route by which a rider may, without dismount, reach the top of the church hill in West Springfield, from a point 10 m. to the southwest, has already been described; but there will then be no obstacle to his easy progress to the Holyoke House, 7 m. further, and for another mile to the south end of the concrete sidewalk in South Hadley Falls, making 18 m. straightaway without stop. Or, if he were strong enough to climb westward from the Holyoke House and surmount the Ewingsville hill, he might even cover 21 direct miles of roadway before the sands below Smith's Ferry forced a halt. From the church hill in West Springfield northeastward to the town hall in Chicopee, and thence southward to the bridge below Springfield, a distance of 10 m., no obstacle exists to cause a dismount; and as it is sometimes possible to continue thence 3 m. to Porter's distillery and 7 m. to the covered bridge, a lucky rider might chance to do the 30 m. without stop, though he would finish at a point hardly a dozen miles distant from the point of starting. Still a third variation of this route, for a long stay in the saddle, would lead through Feeding Hills, West Springfield, Chicopee, Springfield, and Indian Orchard, to Jenksville. The distance is 27 m., and the chance of completing it without stop is better than in the case of the 30-m. and 21-m. routes.

I should be glad to see the competitions of the local club take the form of road races, wherein the victory should be given not to the fastest rider, but to the one who covered the most miles of roadway without leaving his saddle or repeating his course. The effect of such contests would be to fix public attention upon the fact that the region has such an unusually large proportion of good roads as to make it an attractive place for bicyclers to visit and explore individually, and an appropriate place for the race-course and camp-ground, which may be annually made the scene of their largest collective gatherings and exhibitions. Yet, the proportion of good roads ought to be still larger, and the quality of the best of them ought to be still better. Let us hope that the ultimate influence of the "tournament" will be in the line of helping bring to pass both of these desirable things.

"The Atlas of Hampden County" (N. Y.: J. B. Beers & Co., 36 Vesey st., 1874, pp. 70, price $10) has proved of service in the preparation of this chapter. Wall maps of Springfield and Westfield ($8 each) are also issued by the same publishers. G. H. Walker & Co., 160 Tremont st., Boston, publish pocket maps of "Hampshire and Hampden" (1884, 28 by 22 in.) and "Franklin County" (1885, 28 by 18 in.), whose scale, 1½ m. to 1 inch, and price, 25 c., ought to attract the patronage of bicyclers. These, and the excellent map of "the Berkshire Hills," which is distributed gratis by the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, of Pittsfield, are described more fully on p. 112. A small map of the city may be found in the Springfield Directory, which can be consulted at any drug-store; and the same map is appended to King's "Handbook of Springfield," an authority for those who wish to go into the details of local history and institutions. The Springfield City Library, in a handsome building on State st., contains 50,000 volumes, which may be freely consulted; and there also, in a finely furnished reading room, the visitor may without charge examine all the newspapers and periodicals of the day.

"Handbook" is a rather deceptive title for the volume just alluded to, which is an octavo of 394 pp., 8½ by 6 in. in size, containing more than 150 views and portraits, with indexes of 2,700 references. Its sub-title, "a series of monographs, historical and descriptive, edited by Moses

King," gives a better idea of its importance, for it is, as the preface says, "the most pretentious work of its kind yet issued for any American city of 35,000 population." It was published in October, 1884, by James D. Gill, at the subscription price of $1.50, which was afterwards increased to $2; but a "clearing out sale" in May, 1885, caused its reduction to $1, which seems remarkably cheap for such a large and expensively-made book. Its price is likely to be advanced again to $1.50, however, as soon as the edition is nearly exhausted. The 22 chapters, or "monographs," represent the work of as many different citizens; and the three entitled "Surroundings of Springfield" (Rev. J. W. Harding), "Highways and Byways" (Heman Smith) and "Traffic and Transportation" (M. F. Sweetser), covering pp. 51-92, are specially recommended to the study of wheelmen. I cannot resist the temptation of assuring them, on the authority of the first-named writer, that my native town, during the eighteenth century, "exceeded Springfield in population by about 800, and was, indeed, in most respects, the leading town in Western Massachusetts. At the east end of its old common, where now stands the abutment of the light and spacious North-end Bridge (said to be the noblest highway structure in the country), there was a ship-yard, in which were built the sloops 'West Springfield' and 'Hampshire' and the schooner 'Trial,' ranging from 60 to 90 tons burthen. The common itself was the camping-ground of two British armies. Gen. Amherst, with 7,000 men, halted here for two days and two nights, on his march to Canada; and the captured army of Gen. Burgoyne was encamped on the same spot for a similar time, while on the way to Boston,—when Gen. Reidesel, the Hessian officer, was the guest of Parson Lathrop. Here, too, Capt. Luke Day drilled his insurgents in 'Shays's Rebellion.'" The marks of the bullets with which Gen. Lincoln's troops dispersed those rioters, in January, 1787, may still be seen upon the quaint stone monument, on State st., Springfield, just beyond the s. e. corner of the Armory grounds, where it has stood since 1763, to point the way to Boston. Another historic landmark which deserves notice from the sentimental tourist is the great elm in the s. e. corner of Court Square, which gave shade, a century ago, to the "huge wooden tavern" where Zenas Parsons offered lodging to Washington (Oct. 21, 1789); and the old house itself still stands, near the w. terminus of Court st. The present main highway eastward through the State was formerly called the Bay Path (*i. e.*, the path to Boston, on the bay); and the hap-hazard manner in which all the other Springfield streets were laid out and named, is recorded by Heman Smith in a way that presents an amusing contrast to the "half-mile square" regularity which governed the New Haven founders of the same period, as I record on p. 132. Charts of Springfield in 1827 and 1883 accompany this chapter, and the "Directory" map of it in 1884 (19 by 17 in., 1¼ m. to 1 in., colored by precincts,) is appended to the volume. My last extract from its text shall be the following remarks made by President Dwight, of Yale, concerning his "travels" in 1803: "The roads of the Connecticut Valley were generally good throughout a great extent. Hence the inhabitants were allured to an unusually extensive intercourse with each other; and a multitude of strangers have at all times been induced to make this valley the scene of their pleasurable traveling."

In the road-race of the Northampton Bicycle Club (Oct. 25, '84), the route was from the cor. Main and South sts., in that town, down Maple st., by meadow road parallel to railway, which was crossed at Mt. Tom station, and so, past Smith's Ferry, direct to west end of North bridge at Springfield; whence a return was made on the same track to the starting point. Whole distance, by Butcher cyclometer, 33½ m. Race was started at 10.15 A. M., and was won by E. E. Davis, in 3 h. 26½ min.; C. H. Howard, second, by 23 min.; W. L. Larkin, third, by 6½ min.; L. L. Campbell, fourth. The men were started 10 min. apart, and at the bridge the two first named (first and second starters) were just 10 min. apart; while Campbell (third) had gained 2 min. on them and Larkin (fourth) had gained 1 min. on Campbell. The latter rode slowly on returning, because of a cramp in the arm. The only rests taken were at the bridge; and the only places where much walking was enforced were the sandy stretches near Smith's Ferry, and the up-grade of the long hill, about 2 m. below there. This seems to me a remarkably swift race, considering the character of the track; and I regret that no record was kept of the time required to cover the worst part of it,—between the hill just named and Northampton.

The course of the longest straightaway day's ride yet taken in America (July 8, '84) led

through "Springfield and its environs"; and a report of it may, therefore, be appropriately appended to the present chapter. The rider was a member of the Meriden Wheel Club, William Collins (b. August 27, 1852), whose record for the year was 2,700 m. on a 52-in. Expert, "the actual running expenses of which for 2,500 m. were less than $1, oil included." He began riding in the spring of '82, but kept no record for first two seasons. Leaving Meriden at midnight, carrying Excelsior cyclometer but no lantern, though the moon was obscured by clouds, he went through Berlin Center and New Britain to Hartford, at 2.45, where he crossed the river and took the east side route to Springfield (48 m.), at 6.15 A. M. "At no level place on this course did sand cause a dismount, except once on a side path, under the pine trees;" and, on other occasions, he has "ridden up all the hills." After a halt of ¾ h. for breakfast, he proceeded to Palmer at 9.40; was accompanied thence to West Brimfield by Mr. Chandler; reached East Brookfield at 12.30 (85 m.); stopped 1 h. for dinner; Worcester at 3.30 (105 m.); Ayer Junction at 8; Pepperell at 10. This is only 10 m. from Nashua, but he added 2 or 3 m. by wandering from the proper track on the way thither, so that the end was not reached there until 12.25 A. M. The record was then 155 m., whereof less than 5 m. belonged to July 9. "During this last stage of the journey a heavy mist or light rain prevailed, and three headers were taken in the sand. The only other header was by daylight, before reaching Springfield. Weather was cool and cloudy, with wind rather against me, but not strong enough to have an ill effect. The roads between Palmer and Worcester are, as you say, the poorest stretch between New York and Nashua; but, as I expected to find them worse, the fact that they were only poor encouraged me to kick onward. Between Clinton and Ayer Junction I found a magnificent stretch of road,—almost like a race-track for 11 m.,—and this put new life into me. I was tired, of course, when I reached Nashua, but not exhausted. Perhaps it is worth adding to the record that I have never used ardent spirits or tobacco in any shape."

Another straightaway run on this same course (130 m. in 22½ h., which included 2½ h. devoted to riding 43 m. additional by train), was reported to me by Dr. N. P. Tyler, League consul at New Haven, whose day's ride of 107 m. between Springfield and that city may be found described in the next chapter, as well as his long stay in the saddle (25 m.) on the difficult course between W. Haven and the Saugatuck (pp. 138, 149). The following is condensed somewhat from the record as printed in the *Wheel*, Jan. 23, '85: "Leaving New Haven, at 2.15 on a clear, calm afternoon (Oct. 19, '84), with McDonnell cyclometer and very small lantern, I reached Meriden, 21 m., in 2½ h., and rested ½ h. for supper; then went through Berlin to New Britain at 7.25 P. M., 33 m. I was obliged to light my lantern 1 m. out of Meriden and ride slow, on account of darkness, reaching Hartford at 9.10, 43 m. Leaving there 1 h. later, after a hearty supper, I took the W. side of river, going up through Agawam, and reaching Springfield at 3.52 A. M., 72 m. Out of Springfield, by way of Boston turnpike, I found sand, practically unridable; and after a few miles of this, I took to the railroad tracks, and made good time to East Brookfield (8.30, 108 m.); where, being ordered off the track, I boarded the train due at 8.37 and rode as far as S. Framingham, from which point I had heard the roads were good. They proved, in fact, like a race course; and, mounting at 11.03, I rolled off the first 16 m. by 12.06. Then, taking a wrong road into the city, I consumed ¾ h. in doing the last 6 m.; and I reached Pemberton Square (office of the *Bi. World*), at 12.45 P. M. of Oct. 20, with a cyclometer record of 130 m. to represent an actual riding time of 17¾ h. After a bath and dinner, I rode to the Reservoir with a friend, going several times around it, and back, a total of 13 m. My machine was a 51-in. Rudge racer, weighing 26½ lbs., without brake (Lillibridge saddle); and it was in perfect condition at the end of the 143 m., though it had had neither oil nor wrench at any time on the journey."

The League consul at Westboro', F. O. Swallow (b. Dec. 16, 1854), pharmacist, supplies for me the following report: "On Nov. 4, '83, I wheeled from here to the club house on Union Park, cor. Tremont st., Boston, without leaving the saddle,—41¾ m. in 3 h. 48 min. The first 31 m. (2 h. 38 min., or an average of 11¾ m. to the h.) were straightaway, and included 8 m. which I had never before traversed; the next 6¾ m. represented three circuits of the upper basin of Chestnut Hill Reservoir; and I went thence directly to the club house for my first stop. My swiftest riding was between South Framingham and the Reservoir, at the rate of 13 m. an hour."

XI.

SHORE AND HILL-TOP IN CONNECTICUT.[1]

"THAMES," the historic name of a more famous English stream, is applied in Connecticut to nothing else than the final section of a river or confluence of rivers, stretching entirely across the State, from the Sound to Massachusetts. At Norwich, the easterly branch takes the name of Quinebaug, and the railroad for Worcester follows its general course, until the stream bends westward and finally disappears in little brooks of Hampden county at Brimfield, near the feeders of the Chicopee river, flowing in the other direction. An easterly branch of the Quinebaug, called French river, similarly sinks away into the ponds of the border-towns of Worcester county. The westerly branch of the Thames at Norwich is named Natchaug, and *its* westerly branch, above Willimantic, takes the name of that town, which name afterwards gives place to Middle river, Furnace brook, and Roaring brook; and all three of these feeders take rise on the border of Massachusetts. Mashapaug Lake, just below the same border, has an outlet called Bigelow river, which forms another terminus of the Natchaug, though shorter branches of this are called Mt. Hope river, Fenton river and Still river. Hop river, a western parallel of the Willimantic branch of the Natchaug, joins it near that town; and from there northward to Massachusetts (about 25 m.) the Willimantic river is closely adjoined by the Northern railroad, which also runs alongside the west bank of its outlet, the Thames, for the dozen miles below Norwich. The eastern border of the State is nearly 50 m. long, and the little Pawcatuck river serves as a boundary for the 8 m. nearest the Sound. Parallel to this stream, and about a dozen miles west of it, is the Thames, a really noble sheet of water, whose scenic beauties I like to imagine as a magnificent aggregate of all the lesser attractions which may characterize the wide-stretching network of littler rivers whereof it forms the confluence and culmination. Shut in by lofty hills,—many of them heavily wooded,—and with occasional rocky promontories or headlands projecting into its broad expanse, there is a certain majesty about it which does not attach to any section of its distinguished namesake, though I recall the placid beauties of the English Thames as something very dear to me.

I have never attempted any inland wheeling in eastern Connecticut; but its map shows that roads closely adjoin all the streams which I have catalogued as converging southward from the Massachusetts border, so that the tourist who simply follows the current of any one of those streams will ad-

[1] From *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, June, 1885.

vance in a fairly direct line towards the coast. As all English roads lead to London, so all these river-roads lead to New London,—a little old-fashioned city (pop. 12,000), sleeping serenely on the west bank of the Thames, and rarely disturbed by anything more serious than regretful dreams of the brave old days when fleets of adventurous whale-ships made its name well-known in the world of trade. "I found very fair wheeling there in July," says a report which I printed in 1880; "the favorite route leading from the city hall and post-office, easterly through State st. and southerly through Bank st., for nearly ¾ m.; then east and south along the shore-road to the Pequot House, nearly 2 m., and to the light-house, ½ m. beyond. The whole distance may be traversed in either direction without dismount; and the two miles or so of shore-road, being composed of powdered oyster-shells, is as pleasant a place for a short spin as one need wish for." Local riders assured me, three years later, that they had occasionally gone northward along the river as far as Norwich without any serious trouble, but had never extensively explored the shore of the Sound, either to the east or to the west,—because of a general impression that the roads were sandy and unridable. I was told, too, that certain parts of the road leading through Niantic and South Lyme, were occasionally flooded at high-tide; and I was recommended to take the hillier, inland road, as suppying the preferable westward course—at least to the Connecticut river.

It was on the morning of the last day of June, 1883,—four days after the completion of my touring experiences with the Down East Party, at Mount Desert (Chapter XX.),—that I faced westward from New London on my wheel; and, as I silently turned my back upon the quiet old town, within whose limits and in whose behalf I had silently "struggled for the unattainable" during the final week of six successive Junes, I felt both the regret which always oppresses a man when conviction comes that his ideal *is* unattainable, and the relief which always accompanies the consciousness that a long struggle is ended. My struggle had been to provide an ideal management for the annual race between the representative crews of New England's two oldest colleges, and to separate from it all subsidiary rowing contests, because of their tendency to complicate the problem of providing a clear course upon a navigable stream. In lack of legal authority for controlling the river's surface, "moral suasion" must be depended upon for the enforcement of the needed regulations; and this ceases to be a power to conjure with, just as soon as the rowing of small races in safety has deadened people's sensibilities to the truth that the most elaborate safeguards should be taken to avert disaster in the rowing of larger ones. In 1878, when "the mayor and leading citizens" invited me up to New London (to secretly serve as *deus ex machina* in helping them demonstrate the possibility of successfully managing, under extraordinarily difficult conditions, an event which had always been mismanaged elsewhere, on courses much more easily controlled), I found everyone ready to accept without question the minutest details of the precautions

which I, in the name of the local committee, promulgated for the government of the river. The unanimous chorus in praise of New London management, which the newspapers chanted after the event, was the more significant because of its contrast to their denunciations of previous mismanagement on other courses in former years; but though it was repeated in the season following, and again, and again, or until the exceptionally perfect government of the Thames course came to be taken for granted, as a universally recognized fact which needed no comment,—my eyes were never thereby blinded to the dangers and difficulties which beset the management. The distance of its advance ahead of all previous efforts, as judged by outside critics, represented approximate perfection; but, as judged by me, with an inside knowledge of its actual defects and possibilities, this great advance seemed less important than the distance by which the management still fell short of my ideal standard. The final abandonment of this ideal as unattainable was forced upon me by the stupid persistence of one of the competing colleges in bringing subsidiary contests to the river, and thereby impairing the popular belief in the necessity of any rigid rules like "No unofficial boats to be in motion at the time of the race." The extent to which these wretched little side-shows demoralized public opinion was made plain by the fact that the Collector of the Port who, in '78, vigorously proclaimed for me, through the columns of his newspaper, the necessity of obeying the rule just quoted, openly violated it in '82, by running a private steam-tug in the wake of the race. This act was a disheartening token that my ideal of good-management was never likely to be realized; and when, a year later, I learned that the sagacious railway superintendent who, from the outset, had put at my command the men, material and money needed to effect a respectable result, was about to remove from the State, I definitely gave up my "struggle for the unattainable," as aforesaid. I abandoned my dream of creating "an ideal environment" for the annual boat race. As I turned my back upon the city, that summer morning, I also resolutely put behind me all thought of ever again attempting to realize the great scheme which had possessed my mind for more than a dozen years. I saw that life was too short. From that day forward, I have ridden no other hobby than the bicycle!

I had to walk with it, however, up the hill leading westward from New London at a point a little beyond where the shell-road for the light-house, as before described, branches off to the left. At the fork, 1¼ m. further, where the left road points for Jordanville, I took the right, reached a roadside well of excellent water in 2 m., and Niantic river, 2 m. beyond, at 10 o'clock. The track was sandy up to this point, but afterwards it grew harder, and the sidewalks and paths were generally good,—so that riding rather than walking was the rule. A mile beyond the river, I passed the post-office and store of Flanders (East Lyme), and at the school house in the fork of the roads, 2½ m., I turned to the right, passed Rogers pond, 3 m.; reached the main street of Old Lyme, 2 m., found good riding on the w. sidewalk as far as the store and

church, 1 m.; and got to Clark's hotel, at the ferry on the Connecticut river, 1 m., at 1 o'clock. I had been 5 h. in doing the 17 m., and, as I indulged in no very long stops, a poor average of roadway is indicated. The clusters of laurel blooming luxuriantly in the woods, and from high rocks overhanging the road, gave that forenoon's route a rather pleasant place in my memory, however. A row-boat summoned by a horn from the other shore, took me across the river, after dinner; and the necessity of climbing several cherry trees and of halting for a shower at Saybrook Junction (2 m.) resulted in my leaving that station as late as 4 o'clock. The next hour brought me to the church and post-office in Westbrook (5 m.); and a similar time and distance took me past the Morgan School in Clinton (with its monument to mark it as a resting place of Yale College in 1705), to the corner or street crossing, where I left the main road, and wheeled down to the shore (1 m.), in order to spend the night at the Bacon House. The houses and sidewalks or paths were pretty nearly continuous during this afternoon's route, instead of exceptional, as during the forenoon's; and I found one specially good stretch of 3 m., after leaving Saybrook Junction. It was here that I completed my 7,000th m.; and my record for June (20 riding days, in N. Y., Mass., Me. and Conn.), was just 400 m., whereof the repetitions amounted to not more than 50 m. My afternoon's progress would have been faster except for the mud which was caused by the shower; and the entire track from Saybrook to New Haven may be called continuously ridable.

I had an extremely pleasant ride to New Haven, the following forenoon (27 m. in 5 h.), through the clear, bracing air and bright sunshine, on roads quite free from dust and mud. From the corner in Clinton to the flagpole in Madison (4 m.), I kept mostly on the sidewalks, and I was 1 h. in wheeling thence to the green in Guilford (5 m.), where I decided to leave the turnpike in favor of the shore road, and so followed the telegraph line out from the s. w. corner of the green and turned l. with the poles at the first fork. The road across the marshes supplied goodish riding, though it is overflowed when the tides are very high. On a hill on Leete's Island (3 m.), I stopped before a little gravestone at the left of the road to copy the inscription: "Simeon Leete, shot here by the Enemy, 18 June, 1781, æ. 29," and then I hastened on to the station at Stony Creek (2 m.), whence to the green in Branford (4 m.), I found the riding almost continuously good, in spite of the hills. From there I went without stop to the summit of the big hill (2 m.), and again without stop to the watering trough near Tomlinson's bridge (3½ m.), by which I entered New Haven.[1] The dock of the New York steamboats is just beside

[1] I believe this is the only one of the old cities in America, whose street-system was definitely planned and fixed at the very beginning. The well-to-do and eminently-respectable band of emigrants who founded New Haven, two and a half centuries ago, laid out the place in the form of a half-mile square, bounded by State and York sts., running nearly n. and s., and Grove and George sts., running nearly e. and w. This tract was divided into nine squares of equal size, by Church and College sts., parallel to the first pair, and Chapel and Elm sts., parallel to the second

this bridge; and I rode from it without dismount to the city hall on Church st., facing the green,—my route being alongside the car tracks to Wooster st., through that., l., and its prolongation, over the railway bridge, then a few rods l., to the head of Crown st., which soon crosses Church st. at right angles. All three of these streets, and many others in the city are macadamized; and, as a very large number of the New Haven sidewalks are without abrupt curbs at the crossings, long rides may be taken continuously on their bricks or flagstones. Oyster-shells supply a smooth surface for several of the suburban roads,—*e. g.*, the one to Lake Saltonstall, which I should have mentioned as a pretty sheet of water that I passed after descending the big hill west of Branford, whose roads are of red clay. I might also have made a pleasant detour along another shell-road, if I had turned l. at the crossing, about 1 m. before reaching Tomlinson's bridge, and gone southward, along the ridge overlooking the harbor, to Morris Cove (3 m.); or, if I had turned r. at the same crossing, I should have had a similar smooth track to Fair Haven (2 m.), where the river may be crossed, and entrance be made to the city by other shell roads.

I had entered the city in that way eleven weeks previously, on the day (April 17, '83) when I began my fifth season as a tourist, by riding down from Hartford, 42 m.; and the stretch of shell-road from Montowese to Fair Haven supplied the only decent riding I had during the last section of the journey. The trick-rider, D. J. Canary, accompanied me, that afternoon, from Meriden to Wallingford, which probably accounts for my doing the distance (7½ m.) in so short a time as 1 h., as well as for my having two side falls in sand ruts,—for these I should not have attempted to plow through, had I been alone, instead of trying to follow the lead of such a distinguished "stayer." We did not really enter the town, for our road was alongside the pond which lies just west of it; and I found that the road grew sandier from that point southward. About 1 m. on, I turned l. from the straight pike for New Haven, and, after much walking, reached the church in North Haven (5 m.), and finally (3 m.) the hoped-for shell-road before named. I was almost 2 h. in getting across the 6 m. below Wallingford, and I do not recommend the route. Eight months later (Dec. 12), I used a part of the same track, in riding from Meriden to Bridgeport (7 A. M. to 6 P. M., 38 m.), when an inch of fresh snow had added a new element of danger to the frozen ruts. From the Winthrop House to the end of the sidewalk on Cook av. (1 m.), and thence to the rail-

pair; and the four streets last named therefore bound the central square of the nine, which forms the city green. The other eight have each been subdivided into four smaller squares; but this system of symmetrical rectangles has not been maintained in building the numerous additions which have made New Haven rank next in size to Boston among the cities of New England. Many of the modern streets take an oblique direction from the borders of the original "half-mile square," so that it now appears on the map as the central and most regular feature in a large area of territory which has been pretty solidly built upon. An excellent hand-book for the visitor is "Yale and the City of Elms" (12 mo, pp. 200, heliotypes, cloth, $1), compiled by W. E. Decrow, a graduate of the college in '81, and published by him at Boston, in '82.

way culvert (2¼ m.), I made fair progress. At the fork, 2¼ m. on, where I turned l. towards Wallingford in April, I went up-hill to the r., and rejoined the main road again in 1 m., near the stone marked "X. m. to N. H." I took the l. at the fork where the r. leads to Hamden, and I turned squarely to the l. about 3 m. below the stone. Much walking was required during the 3 h. which I gave to the 9½ m. ending at this point; but the next 2 m. were mostly ridable and brought me near the railway station at North Haven, where, without crossing the tracks, I turned r. and proceeded along the side paths to New Haven (7½ m.) at noon. At the fork, where the sidewalks of the main street in West Haven terminate, and where, in previous trips, I had turned l. for the shore road, I tried the experiment of turning r., over the railway. An experience of 1½ h. on rough and hilly roads (there had been no snow-fall in this region, but the sun had sufficed to make considerable mud) carried me 5 m. to a junction with the turnpike at the brook 2 m. from Milford, where a sign says "7 m. to N. H." The first 5 m. of this is noted in my chapter on "Winter Wheeling," as "a straight stretch through a sandy, deserted and altogether uninteresting country,—perhaps the meanest section of the entire tour,—and I was 1 h. in getting over it." The turns and windings of the route just described, however, are so numerous, and there are so many forks, that a tourist who tried it in approaching New Haven would be apt to go astray. I recommend, therefore, that, in leaving Milford for the city, the shore road be taken,—by turning r. from the n. end of the green.

When I started out through the snow-covered streets of Meriden, that morning, my plan was to follow the advice of some New Haven riders, who told me of a good road leading through the hills to Mt. Carmel, from a certain point in the turnpike near Wallingford; but I managed to miss it, and so kept straight down the Quinnipiac, as before reported. A Meriden tourist also writes: "I recommend any one coming here from New Haven to take the first road to the r., n. of Mt. Carmel, as the route through Cheshire is more indirect and sandy." That route, with all its faults, however, I have found preferable to either of the two other paths that I traversed in '83 between Wallingford and New Haven. The chapter on "Winter Wheeling" describes the road to Cheshire, and thence directly to New Britain; but in April, '84, I rode from New Haven to Meriden, and back again, by the Cheshire route, and I tried it a third time (Dec. 5, '84) as a part of a day's tour from Meriden to Bridgeport, 40 m. From the Cheshire Academy the tourist should go eastward 1½ m., northward along a smooth ridge ½ m., follow telegraph poles around a curve to l. and then r., on a down grade, to bridge, 1½ m.; turn there to r., and at sawmill turn l. and follow pleasantly shaded road along a brook to pond (2 m.), where he should *not* cross bridge at l., but keep right on for 1 m. to South Meriden (Hanover), though, on the outskirts of this, he will turn l. at the road which comes directly over the hill from the sawmill. Thence to Meriden is 2 m., ridable without dismount. I was 2 h. in getting from Cheshire to Meriden, on the first occasion (which was my last

day on "No. 234"), and Pope cyclometer called the distance 8 m.; but, returning along the same route ten days later (my first ride on "No. 234, Jr."), I covered it in 1 h. 20 min., and Butcher cyclometer gave the distance as 9 m.; which it increased to 9½ m., on my third trial in December. On each of these journeys toward Cheshire I had to walk for nearly 1 m. on the sandy upgrade leading southward from the bridge. I wheeled from Cheshire through Whitneyville to New Haven (14½ m.) in 2 h., though the surface had grown definitely softer during the ten days since I had tried it in the other direction (2¼ h.); but in December I rode from Cheshire through Mt. Carmel to Centerville without stop (8 m. in 1 h.), and then made the mistake of turning r., in order to enter the city through Dixwell av., which is usually recommended by New Haven cyclers, as being 1 m. shorter than the Whitney av. route.

I say "mistake," because I found that the dirt sidewalks, which supply a smooth connection between Centerville and Dixwell av. in milder weather, had become muddy by the action of the sun upon the frost; while the roadway itself was so sandy as to be barely ridable. It would have been better for me if I had kept straight ahead by the road which passes Lake Whitney, for I might have traversed it without dismount; and I advise all strangers, wheeling between New Haven and Meriden, to take that route, whatever be the weather. No such stranger should fail to make the ascent of East Rock, which is now the distinguishing feature of a magnificent public park, supplied with macadamized roads, whose grades were determined by careful surveys and engineering. Orange st. stretches in a perfectly straight line from Crown st., in New Haven, to the bridge at the base of the Rock, where the ascending road begins; but, from the parallel thoroughfare, Whitney av., a cross-street may be taken, just s. of Whitneyville, to a little swing-ferry, which will land the tourist very near the same point. My only ascent of this new park road was made on foot (Feb. 22, '85), and though most of the grades seemed quite gentle, there was a rather sharp one near the summit which I thought (however easily it might be surmounted separately) would be likely to stop the average rider who reached it in the weary condition caused by a mile of continuous climbing. I am told, however, that the entire ascent has been several times made without stop, by Dr. Tyler and other New Haven riders. From the north side of the eminence, a descent may be made to the road for North Haven, which is just at the foot of it; and if any tourist, in wheeling between Meriden and New Haven, insists upon trying that road (in spite of my assertion that the route through Centerville and Mt. Carmel is far preferable), let me remind him that a passage through this beautiful park is in the direct line of his course. Let me remind every sentimental tourist, indeed, that East Rock is not only one of the highest, but perhaps also the most distinguished of the Connecticut hill-tops. I am not aware, at least, that any other mountain in the State has figured so many times in song and story; though I must beg pardon of the poet whose lines I now quote[1] for applying them to a

[1] "Holyoke Valley," in *The Round Table*, July 2, 1864, p. 35.

different scene from the one which he wished them to celebrate,—for the verses force themselves upon my memory whenever, in these later days, I gaze at shore and hill-top from the outlook of East Rock:

> On restless wings the years have fled, New Haven, over thee and me,
> Since last my wandering pathway led upon these heights that guard thy lea.
>
> I see the hazy waters meet the sky, and count each shining spire,
> From those which sparkle at my feet to distant steeples tipt with fire.
>
> For still thy beauties are the same. The robins sing their choral tune,
> Within thy mantling elms aflame, as in that other, dearer June,
>
> When here my footsteps entered first, and summer perfect beauty wore,
> And all thy charms upon me burst, while all the wide world lay before.
>
> No less each fragrant walk remains, where happy maidens come and go,
> And students saunter in thy lanes, and sing the songs I used to know.
>
> Thus much 't is given me to find, but, while the natural eye beholds,
> Sad Memory, to the picture blind, her fairer inward scene unfolds.
>
> I gaze, and feel myself alone, and walk with solitary feet;
> How strange these wonted ways have grown! Where are the friends I used to meet?
>
> In yonder shaded Academe the rippling meters flow to-day,
> But other boys at sunset dream of love, and laurels far away.
>
> And, ah! from many a trellised home, less sweet the faces are that peer
> Than those of old, and voices come less musically to my ear.
>
> It pains me that yon river can still pour its full unchanging stream,
> And we more transitory than the mountain's clod, the water's gleam.
>
> Sigh not, ye mountain pines, nor give the whispers which I yearn to hear—
> Soft tones, whose memories shall live forever in my straining ear;
>
> But smile, to gladden fresher hearts, henceforth: for they shall yet be led,
> Revisiting these ancient parts, like me to mourn their glory fled.

Chapter XIX. describes my "winter wheeling" northward, to Hartford and beyond; and, in my Springfield chapter (p. 122), I have reported the route which I traversed between those two cities, Dec. 4, 1884. On the afternoon of that day, when I reached the crest of the hill s. of Trinity College, where New Britain av. is to be descended s. w. by those who seek the town of that name (and it is an objective point on all the best wheeling routes that connect Hartford with New Haven), I turned squarely to the s., and rode 1 m. along the macadamized ridge, having fine views of the country on both sides of it. At the end I followed the telegraph poles along the old turnpike in a straight line to the hotel at Berlin (9 m. in 2 h.), where the red clay road from New Britain joins it; and my report reads: "hills and ridges in succession, muddy and sandy by turns, no attractive views, few houses; the sandy spots, made ridable by the frost, would probably be too soft in the summer, and the muddy places would probably be ridable then." If I had taken the usual and preferable route, s. w. from the college hill, I should have had a choice of courses, after crossing under the railway at Elmwood (about 3 m.), for there the meadow road to Newington branches to the right, and I was told that New

Britain riders prefer it, except at the muddy season. I myself have had better luck, however, by keeping due west, up a long hill (ridable but tiresome), surmounted by a school-house, and to Corbin's corner, about 1 m. beyond, where a turn is made s., followed by nearly 2 m. of poor riding; then a short ascent after crossing a brook (I have conquered this but once in a half dozen trials), another turn s., and 2 m. of smooth roadway to New Britain. About ½ m. after taking this last turn, a junction is made with the other road that stretches e. to Newington and Elmwood (4 m., which I have found more tiresome, on account of mud and ruts, than the 5½ m. just described). Another ridable route to the last named place, from Hartford, leads through Asylum st. (which crosses the tracks at right angles in front of the railway station, and whose stone sidewalk is ridable up-hill to the w.), and then Farmington av., in the same westward direction to Quaker lane, which is the second or third cross-street beyond the terminus of the horse railroad, and which leads southward in a pretty direct line to the main street in Elmwood, about opposite the meadow road for Newington. The church-spire of West Hartford is hardly 1 m. away, when the turn is made into Quaker lane, and a parallel road extends from that church to the school-house on the hill beyond Elmwood. Farmington is 5 m. to the n. of Plainville, and the same distance s. w. of West Hartford; and local wheelmen have told me that the roads connecting them are fairly ridable. I lately learned, also, from a resident of Berlin, that the direct road between there and Hartford, which I have described as difficult in December, has been traversed by him, both n. and s., without dismount.

At the fork, 2 m. e. of New Britain, where the tourist sees the church-spire, beside the hotel at Berlin, 1½ m. ahead, he should aim for it, by taking the l. road, for in that way he may go to Meriden without stop (6 m. s. from the hotel, though the hill just before reaching the hotel is rather hard climbing). If he turns r. at the before-named fork, and then crosses the railway, he may ultimately reach the same road, after considerable rough traveling. I once found there (Dec. 11, '83) so much of the latter, that, in despair of reaching the former, I turned westward, over a railway bridge, and tried again the southward course, which I had happened to hit upon in my earliest exploration of the region (June 10, '80), and of which I then printed the following report: "Below Berlin the road runs along the west side of the railway for some distance, and, within 4 m., it leads over several long hills, which have to be ascended on foot, if not also descended in the same manner. Mounting at last, near the top of one of these, the rider may go without stop to the hotel in Meriden (3½ m.), though he will have to climb a tolerable hill soon after the start, and also a short, steep one about 1 m. from the finish. Between these points, the road has a continuous downward slope, varying pleasantly in degrees of steepness, and for more than a mile it runs through a magnificent, shaded glen or gorge,—worthy of a nobler name than 'Cat Hole Pass,'—the very perfection of wheeling." At the fork, 4 m. n. of Meriden, on the other road, either branch may be taken, for the two converge again

s. of Berlin; but whoever turns l. at the fork, as I prefer to do, should turn r. at the next chance which offers.[1]

[1] About the middle of September, 1883, roads and weather being favorable, Dr. T. S. Rust, Captain of the Meriden Wheel Club, drove a 56 in. wheel by this route to New Britain and Hartford (about 23 m.) without leaving the saddle. On December 1, '83, William Collins, of the same club (whose day's ride of 155 m. from this town to Nashua, N. H., has been recorded on p. 128), starting at 5 A. M., reached Springfield in about 6 h., and arrived home at 8 P. M., with a record of 100 m. shown by the 50 in. cyclometer which was attached to his 52 in. wheel. A more remarkable day's run by the same rider (May 31, '84, 4.30 A. M. to 8.20 P. M.) extended from the Grand Union Hotel, 42 st. and 4th av., N. Y., to Meriden,—his route being through 5th av., Central av., past Jerome Park and Woodlawn Cemetery (near which he made a detour of ½ m. in losing his course) to Mt. Vernon and New Rochelle,—which point he might much more readily have reached by the shore road (p. 73). He took the direct pike from Milford to New Haven; and the Dixwell av. route thence to Centerville and Cheshire. He had lunch at Jerome Park, breakfast at Mt. Vernon (½ h.), dinner at Southport (1 to 1.30 P. M.), reached Bridgeport at 2.30, and New Haven at 5.30 o'clock. His longest stay in the saddle was between there and Cheshire, and his longest stretch without rest was between Southport and New Haven. "The weather was cool and pleasant," he writes, "and the idea of attempting the trip first occurred to me when I reached the hotel, the previous evening, after a ride to Hempstead, L. I., and back. I make it a point, on such long trips, to dismount at all hills, in order to save myself for the finish; but I think, if two days were given to the journey, the whole distance from New York to Meriden could be traversed, without a single forced dismount."

A ride of June 23, '83, from Fair Haven to Ridgefield, which adjoins the most northeasterly town of Westchester county, N.Y., was thus reported to me by John H. Whiting (b. Nov. 24, 1849; grad. Yale Law School, 1876): "Started at 3.15 A. M., to avoid heat, and passed Savin Rock, Milford, Stratford, Bridgeport, Fairfield, Southport, Green's Farms, and Saugatuck to Westport (35 m.), at 9 A. M. My first 8 m., to Tyler's Point, were without dismount; the 6 m. thence to Milford required ½ m. of walking; the 3½ m. to Housatonic river at Stratford required perhaps ¾ m. on foot; the 10 or 11 m. thence to Southport forced only one dismount; and the last 7 m. to Westport made me leave the saddle thrice. Resting there ½ h. for lunch, I proceeded to Wilton, 6 m.; lost my way there and went nearly to Redding; thence by newly-made, rough country road to Branchville, 3 m.; and to Ridgefield (4 m., mostly up-hill), at 1.30 P. M., the whole distance being nearly 60 m., though the length of other routes to New Haven is from 45 m. to 50 m. I rode a 50 in. Harvard, for I believe in a small wheel, and learned on a 46 in. I frequently go 25 m. or more without any other rest than is implied in a brief stop for a glass of beer, but I rarely have time to indulge in a straightaway ride like this." The same rider afterwards prepared for me a statement which I printed in the *Wheel* (Jan. 23, '85), and now reproduce, with slight verbal abbreviations, as follows: "This is to certify that Dr. N. P. Tyler and myself left New Haven Nov. 4, 1884, for a run to New York City and return, but were prevented by the rain from going further than White Plains; that we reached Bridgeport, 20 m., following the shore road, in 2 h. 5 min., and South Norwalk, 36 m., in exactly 4 h. Dr. Tyler rode from New Haven to the Saugatuck river with but two dismounts, and the distance between the first, in West Haven, and the second, beyond Green's Farms, was 25½ m., measured by both a McDonnell cyclometer and an Excelsior cyclometer. The absence of the bridge over the Saugatuck compelled us to cross by the railroad bridge, or we should have reached South Norwalk without another dismount. We reached Stamford, 44 m., 5½ h. after starting. Wednesday I rode from White Plains to Milford, 51 m., inside of 9 h.; running time, 7½ h. Dated at New Haven this 8th day of Nov., 1884. John H. Whiting. Subscribed and sworn to this 8th day of Nov., 1884, at said New Haven, before me, Julius Twiss, Notary Public."

Dr. Tyler himself adds the following details: "When we left Stamford, at 2 o'clock, after halting 1 h. for dinner, there were dashes of rain, and the road became heavy. We went through Greenwich, and then struck w. to Glenville, but were compelled to turn s. again across

"Interested wheelmen will perhaps often hereafter take pleasure in visiting the charming valley of the Naugatuck, and pedaling over the first country roadway that knew the sinuous track of the bicycle, and coasting the hill of the first genuine header." So wrote Charles E. Pratt, in his entertaining historical sketch (*The Wheelman*, Oct. 1883, p. 12), which gave the biography, portrait (1869) and autograph of the inventor of the crank bicycle: Pierre Lallement, who was born Oct. 25, 1843, at Pont-a-Mousson, near Nancy, France, and whom the close of his fortieth year found, after many ups and downs of fortune, employed as a skilled mechanic by the Pope Manufacturing Company, at Boston. The sketch says that Lallement, in the spring of 1866, having successfully made shorter trials between Ansonia and Birmingham, wheeled from Ansonia to New Haven, "and there rode his novel vehicle on

what is termed Hog-pen Ridge, 3 m., and very fine riding, to the Port Chester boulevard. It was then raining torrents and the mud was inches deep, but we pushed on, reaching White Plains at 5.30 o'clock, 61 m. At 8.45, I started on alone for Tarrytown, reaching there at 10 P. M., with the rain still falling. I would advise riders to go direct from Stamford to Port Chester, and then push w. to White Plains, as the better and shorter road. Greenwich is, however, decidedly hilly. I rode a 26½ lb. Rudge racer and Lillibridge saddle. This ride was remarkable in reference to the 25½ m. without dismount, as your own knowledge of the road makes you well aware. My first stop was caused by a long, steep hill, 4½ m. out from New Haven; but I have since ridden around it by another road without stop." It seems from this that a skilful rider might have the good luck to go from Cheshire to South Norwalk and beyond (say 50 to 55 m.) without leaving the saddle; though I must say that Dr. Tyler's good luck as well as "staying" power appears to me very extraordinary. I have as yet heard of no "stay" equally long upon a course which I know to be so difficult as that one. The latter part of it, Southington to South Norwalk, I myself have explored but once (Dec. 6, '84), when I made numberless dismounts, and did much walking through the sand, with several detours (9 m. in 3 h.); and I therefore recommend through tourists to stick to the turnpike, and avoid those two towns entirely, as I have always done on other occasions. This preferable route leads across the railway beyond Fairfield, and includes a long hill at Westport (which I have ridden up, two or three times, though it makes me groan), and another one beyond Norwalk (4 m.), the road up which branches off to the r. from the main street leading to South Norwalk. The two routes converge at Darien (4 m.); and the traveler coming thence towards New Haven, who wishes to go through South Norwalk, should bear to the r. after crossing the brook. Again, after riding up the hill leading out of Norwalk, on the s. sidewalk, he should cross the green, and leave it from the diagonally opposite corner, for the road on the l. of the church will take him astray towards Weston. If he wishes to exchange the direct pike for the shore road at Westport, he may turn r. and follow the river down 2 m. to Saugatuck; or if he sticks to the pike until he reaches the little octagonal house at a cross-roads he may there branch r. and pass through Southport, rejoining the main road again at the before-mentioned railway crossing w. of Fairfield. When he reaches that town, he should turn r. and then l., in order to enjoy the broad and shady sidewalk of its main street; and, in case of riding towards Southport, he should be careful, when he reaches the end of this main sidewalk, to follow it round the corner, l., instead of taking the sandy road directly in front of him. When he leaves Stamford he will encounter a hill, which is tiresome to climb, from whose summit he may see the church spires of Greenwich, 5 m. beyond; and, shortly before reaching them, he will pass up a rough grade (which I have never ridden) through a cutting in the rock that is famous in tradition as the one down which dashed the heroic horseman, General Putnam, dear to the hearts of boyish students of our Revolutionary history, and escaped unharmed from the fusilade of the British cavalrymen, who dared not spur their steeds in further pursuit of so desperate a rider.

the public green and on the streets." Considering that I was then a resident of the city, in my early bloom as a brown-coated Freshman of Old Yale, it grieves me to record my personal absence from the green and streets, during those historic hours. The exhibition could hardly have excited much general attention, however, for it was not discussed at all among the undergraduates; and if any allusion to it was printed in the city papers, I failed to read the same. It may have happened during the three weeks' April vacation; but, at all events, nearly three years more slid by before my young blood was first fired by the magic name "veloss," in the opening days of 1869.

A pilgrimage along that primal path where the pioneer tourist, Pierre Lallement, had hopefully pushed the prototype of all existing bicycles, seventeen years before, was a thing which appealed to my historic sentiment, as the correct caper to indulge myself in. Accordingly, I did indulge in the pilgrimage, some months before I saw the suggestion in the *Wheelman*, or learned there that the $2,000 for which Lallement finally managed to sell his patent on "the crank idea," formed the richest reward that he ever reaped for his ingenuity in "setting the world on wheels." Twenty-six days had my bicycle rested ingloriously in a stable, when I dragged it out (July 27, '83) to face the fierce glare that beats upon a New Haven sidewalk in midsummer, and drove it along the same, through West Chapel st., past the new Yale Athletic Grounds, to the cross-road connecting West Haven with Westville. The latter part of this distance (2 m.), after leaving the sidewalk, was most of it too sandy for riding; and I halted just beyond here to listen to a laughing negro's story of a dog that barked at me from a distance and then hurriedly disappeared. "I saw dat ar dog run into by a bicycle on Whalley av., a few days ago," said the man. "He frew de feller off, and den he lipt hom'erds two mile widout stoppin',—worse dan dem greyhounds useter, down to New Orleans." Sand continues for another ½ m. to the toll-gate (2 o'clock), where stone on l. says "3 m. to N. H." Thence the track is generally ridable to the cross-roads (5⅞ m. in 1 h.), near which is an advertising plank, "8 m. to N. H.";—the descending road here, l., leading to Milford, on the shore. The bridge over the Naugatuck river, just above where it flows into the Housatonic, at Derby, is 1¼ m. beyond, and by it I cross into Birmingham, and wheel to the crest of the hill on concrete sidewalk on l.; crossing the street there and ascending another slope to r., on r. walk, past the soldiers' monument, and so to the s. bridge at Ansonia, 2 m. This is the course where Pierre Lallement "took the first regular header from the first crank bicycle known to our history" (pictured in the *Wheelman*, p. 10); and the distance between the two bridges may easily be done in either direction without a dismount. The more direct road, which joins them on the e. side of the river, is also said to be ridable. My afternoon's record, with detours at each end of the route, was 15 m. I tarried a day in Ansonia, with a lawyer who was my academy classmate twenty years before, and whose character as a wheelman I now first discovered. Stress of weather, however, prevented our making any trial together, except

on foot, of the various steep sidewalks of smooth concrete, where the local riders delight to test their prowess as hill-climbers. I had a chat with a man who worked in the same machine-shop with Lallement, during nearly all the period of his stay here in 1865-66. He recalled him as a pleasant young fellow, whose good-nature made him popular among the other workmen, and whose inability to use English, except in fragments which he had "broken" in a very Frenchy manner, led them very generally to call him by the nickname "Crapoo." This variation of "Johnny Crapaud" was doubtless easier to utter than "Lallement"; but the fact of its being in vogue serves in its way to confirm the testimony of my informant that the utterers all looked upon "Crapoo" with a sort of good-natured contempt, as a man of no particular account. He did not impress them at all as a possible inventor, even prospectively; and as for his two-wheeled hobby-horse, by whose contortions upon the street, when working hours were over, he caused them to laugh, they never suspected that *it* contained any idea worth patenting, or that he himself thought he had discovered anything important when he put it together. The Ansonian tradition of Lallement, if his fellow-workman gave it to me truly, is that of a light-hearted and intellectually light-weighted young mechanic, whose animal spirits found casual vent in rigging up an amusing toy, to play with upon the streets; and whose relative helplessness (resulting from ignorance of the language and customs of America) caused the others to treat him with a certain kind indulgence, as if he were a sort of sprightly, grown-up child, who "was n't to blame for being a foreigner."

My next day's ride of 40 m. led up the valley of the Naugatuck to Waterbury, 17 m., and thence northwestward up the hills to Litchfield. Crossing the n. bridge of Ansonia at 10 o'clock, I went up-hill to the watering trough, where I turned r. and proceeded 3 m. to the fork, making one dismount about midway, where I first reached the river level. The l. road at the trough supplies a ridable surface back to Birmingham. At the fork I took the r., though the l. would probably have done as well, for the two converge in ½ m., at the pond by the church in Seymour, where I designed to cross the river; but as the bridge there, by the Wilbur House, was in process of repair, I mounted again and went along the west side of the pond, then over the north bridge and railroad, without stop to the hill. I found a little sand at the foot of the descent before I reached the first of the small bridges beside the pond (¼ m.); and I then rode 1 m. without stop, up a long sandy grade and down it to the water-trough. Descending another stony hill, I stayed in the saddle for near 3 m., or almost to the top of a big hill, opposite a picnic grove, on the river below,—passing meanwhile the "Beacon Falls Hotel" and the neater looking "High Rock House by E. Brown," with a big brick factory between them, and riding for quite a distance on a cinder path. The descent of the hill was followed by a continuous though gentle ascent until I reached the Naugatuck Hotel (3 m.), at 12.40 P. M.,—no preliminary stop having been forced upon me, spite of the soft and rough sur-

face. Having disposed of dinner in ¾ h., I rode 1½ m. to the fork on the hill and to this point a man might, by good luck, wheel without stop from the pond, 9 m. below. He might also continue from this point without stop to the green in Waterbury, then w. across the bridge and n. to the fork, 5 m. I reached that fork in 1 h. after leaving the hotel,—having made many stops in changing from one sidewalk to the other, on account of the mud in the street. Taking the l., I passed the Oakville post-office and store (1¾ m.) and reached the hill in Watertown where the churches stand (2½ m.) at 3.30 o'clock. Here I turned off from the direct turnpike for Litchfield, and went up a hill to l., surmounted by a big summer hotel, around which I turned to the r., and again at the fork took the r., past the fair grounds, to the post saying "3½ m. to Morris; 3½ m. to Watertown." Just 1 m. beyond this post, I turned to r. and climbed nearly to the crest of the hill at the cross-roads in Morris, 3 m. The spires of Litchfield soon came into view; and it was not until I had walked up the last slopes of a long hill, and reached the level of the village street, that I enquired the route to Bantam Lake, and discovered that I should have turned l. 1 m. below. However, being on the summit, I thought I might as well "see Litchfield"; and so I sped along the w. sidewalk ¼ m. to the Mansion House (the opposite hotel is the "United States"; while the "Lake View," a larger and more fashionable establishment, is ¼ m. to the west), and ¼ m. beyond, to the end of the North street; then back by the e. sidewalk to the starting-point. I rode down the long hill, and made the turn l. 1 m. beyond; whence 1¾ m. of riding and walking brought me to the Bantam Lake House at 7.30 o'clock.[1]

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1 The sun shone bright, that day, but the air was very cool, and a strong breeze from the south was generally a help to me. The scenery along the entire route was varied and attractive. Most of the roads which I traversed were probably at their best, because of the previous day's showers. The first part of them, indeed, would hardly have been ridable except for this; and when I walked down the Litchfield hill, two days later, the sand seemed so deep that I should not have attempted to ride down, had my wheel been with me. From Waterbury the track through the Naugatuck valley was said to continue good as far n. as Winsted,—say 25 or 30 m. Though I kept on the e. bank from Seymour to Waterbury, a road reaches from that city down the west side of the valley to Birmingham, and thence to Stratford; but the final section of it is reported sandy and unridable,—the road through Derby and Milford supplying a preferable route to the Sound. In Ansonia, as I should have remarked before, the favorite stretch of concrete, for the up-grade trials of wheeling, is the sidewalk of Foundry Hill, beginning at the self-same foundry where Pierre Lallement was employed, twenty years ago. There is said to be good riding from Waterbury to Bristol (10 or 12 m.), thence to the adjoining town of Plainville, and so to New Britain. Westward from Bristol, the direct road for Litchfield (say 15 m. or more) leads through Terrysville, Thomaston and Northfield; and it is said to be ridable. In the summer of '79, Dr. G. F. Fiske, who was then an undergraduate at Amherst, toured from New Haven to Poughkeepsie, by way of Birmingham, Oxford, Roxbury and New Milford. "We had lots of walking to this point," he writes; "but we thence rode straight across, over Plymouth mountain, to the Hudson, and had wheeling most of the way."

Litchfield quite won my heart as a type of the quiet, old-fashioned and eminently-respectable New England town at its best estate. It is well worth visiting, if only for the sake of convincing one's self that such placid villages really do exist, undisturbed by the rush and roar

Resuming my tour at 5.30 o'clock on the morning of August 1, I went to the Litchfield post-office (3¼ m. in ¾ h.) by the w. road, directly from Bantam Lake to the Shepaug terminus,—the half-mile hill from there to the post-office requiring considerable walking. At the end of the sidewalk of the North st., I took the l. road for Goshen and made my first dismount in 3 m., at the end of a long hill; then walked up and rode down a succession of soft and sandy ridges for ¾ m.; then sped along the smooth clay surface for 2½ m. to the flagpole in front of the Goshen House, where I halted at 7.30 for an hour's rest and breakfast. The latter half of this final spin was undulating, but the first half afforded 1 m. of perfectly level riding, along the hill-top, with beautiful views on either hand.[2] From the hotel I faced eastward for 1½ m., to the crest of the next parallel ridge, along which I rode northward. Just a few rods above the point of turning, a white marble slab says to the tourist: "Here stood the Liberty Pole in 1776." Along the hard loam surface of this historic hill-top, whose grade slopes gradually upward, with one or two quite difficult pitches, I sped along without stop to the cross-roads (2½ m.), having superb mountain-views bounding the horizon on both sides of me for the entire distance. No stop was needed at the cross-roads, where the decline began, nor indeed until I reached the next up-grade, 1 m. beyond. After this I had 1 m. of up-and-down, through the woods, where much walking was needed; and then 1 m. of riding, in the open, and so down a difficult slope to a brook-side school house at South Norfolk. The next mile was mostly afoot and up-hill to the cross-roads sign "Goshen 9 m., Norfolk 3 m., Winsted 8 m."

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of the railways, and unruffled by the fret and bustle of "fashionable summer-resort people." All the residences seem to shelter well-to-do owners, and almost none of the residences seem constructed for the purpose of proclaiming the owner's wealth. Many of the houses exhibit above the central doorway a date that indicates a century or more of history; and it soothes the nerves of the sentimental tourist to find such kindred spirits who are able thus to take pride in living within the same wooden walls that afforded comfortable and dignified shelter to the worthies of Washington's time.

The Shepaug river, a branch of the Housatonic, takes its rise at Bantam Lake; and it gives its name to a little branch-railway, which creeps along its bank from the main line, and, once in a while, furtively sends a little train to quietly put down its passengers at the little terminal station "behind the hill of Litchfield." But the placidity of that noble hill-top is not impaired at all by this lowly reminder of the struggling outside world. The locomotives of the Shepaug, when not entirely disabled and out-of-commission, perfectly understand the proprieties of the place, and even in their most rampant and hilarious moods, "roar you as gently as sucking doves." They are proud, too, of Bantam Lake, as the largest pond in Connecticut.

[2] The village of Sharon is about 15 m. due west of Goshen (Cornwall being the intermediate town), and I presume that most of the distance could be ridden, though a mountain range would have to be crossed; and from Sharon a good road extends w. through Amenia to Poughkeepsie on the Hudson. A n. w. road from Goshen also leads directly to South Canaan (10 m.) and from there, or from a point s. of there, a w. road leads to Lakeville (5 m.), whence to Sharon (about 8 m.) good wheeling may be had. A road winds through the mountain-passes e. from South Canaan to Norfolk (about 8 m.); and a n. w. road from there extends along the railway and the Blackberry river to its junction with the Housatonic, in North Canaan, the border-town adjacent to Sheffield, in Massachusetts.

After crossing the railroad bridge, I rode up a long, sandy grade, with fine views most of the way (2 m.), and then passed through the little park in Norfolk to the "store" (1 m.), at 11.30, where I rested an hour and munched a lunch, as a hotel dinner could not be obtained until 1 o'clock. I had now traveled 21½ m. from the lake; and when I dismounted at the Carter House in New Hartford, at 6.30 P. M., my day's record was 38 m., but the afternoon's route is not worthy of much praise. Between New Haven and Norfolk my cyclometer registered 77 m., and I can recommend the track to any tourist who likes to trail his wheel among the hill-tops; but, from Norwalk, he ought to proceed n. w. to Sheffield (say 12 or 15 m.), where he will meet the excellent road leading northward through the Housatonic valley to Pittsfield (say 30 or 35 m.). My own course from Norfolk was eastward, however, and I devoted 1 h. to traversing the 4 m. which brought me to the cross-roads post saying "1 m. to Colebrook." A half-mile beyond this a heavy shower drove me to take refuge in a farmer's shed; and the track was very muddy when I started on, 1 h. later, and plodded across hill after hill to a fork, whose l. branch, marked "Hitchcockville," would have taken me to New Hartford, by way of Riverton and Barkhamsted, whereas the r. branch did take me there more directly, by way of Winsted.

It should be understood that, at this fork, I definitely turned backward from my objective point (Springfield), in the hope of finding better roads which would render a roundabout route thither practically shorter than the direct one. Otherwise I should have turned n. at the previous cross-roads (which was only 5 m. from Massachusetts), and gone through the villages of Colebrook and Colebrook River to Tolland; thence e. through the sands of Granville to Southwick and Feeding Hills, or else n. e. from Granville to Westfield. From there to Springfield (9 or 10 m., see p. 120), or from Feeding Hills to Springfield (7 or 8 m., see p. 123), one may ride without dismount. I probably should have had fewer miles of walking or of poor riding on that unexplored route than on the much longer one which I did in fact traverse. The distance backward from the fork to Winsted was 4 m., along a winding, sandy, southward descent, with an occasional short up-grade. The air was sultry and sticky, after the shower, in contrast to its bracing quality in the forenoon; and I walked as much as I rode. From a laurel arch, which some firemen were erecting on the outskirts of the town, I went 1 m. on sidewalks to the post-office; whence the highway follows the general line of the railroad along the Farmington river. It would probably all have been ridable except for the rain, and I did in fact ride most of it, though I used 1½ h. in covering the last 6½ m., ending at New Hartford. The Carter House, there, is a new and clean one, in pleasant contrast to the other establishment; and its owner said that the direct s. w. road through Torrington to Litchfield (say 15 m.) supplies very good wheeling.

The Farmington river (whose feeders reach over the line into Massachusetts) after taking a s. e. course for about 13 m. from New Hartford,

suddenly turns back to the n. for a similar distance, running along the w. base of a mountain range to Tariffville, whence a s. e. course carries it to the Connecticut at Windsor. The village which gives its name to the stream lies on the outside (s.) of its remarkable bend, and is connected by good roads with Hartford (about 9 m. n. e., see p. 137), as well as with Plainville and New Britain. I think, too, that the river-road is good all the way from New Hartford to Farmington (Collinsville and Unionville being the intermediate villages), and that the mountain scenery of that westerly branch of the V-shaped Farmington valley must be quite attractive. The heavy morning mists hid the hill-tops from me, however, when I started from the hotel at 6 o'clock, and sped along the sidewalks 1½ m. to the bridge. Crossing this, I rode on paths 1 m. and then walked ¾ m. through deep sand to the second bridge and cross-roads where sign to the r. says "1½ m. to Collinsville; 15 m. to Hartford." I kept straight on, however, up and down a succession of short, sandy hills and then along a level stretch to Hawks's tavern in Canton, where I stopped 1 h. for breakfast. The distance was 2 m., but the 3 m. route by way of Collinsville could have been ridden more quickly. Indeed, if I had kept right down the river to Farmington, and crossed thence to Hartford, I should have reached Springfield sooner; or, had I turned n. at Farmington, followed the river up to Tariffville, and crossed e. from there to Windsor Locks, my course must have proved faster than the direct one actually chosen; and I might have reached this river-road at Avon by going 3 m. directly e. from Canton. Instead of this, however, I turned n. as soon as I crossed the railway, after leaving the tavern at 8.15, and took the l. at the first fork. Getting around the base of the spur called Wilcox mountain (the southernmost of the chain which embraces Hedgehog mountain and Barndoor hills to the n.), I reached the Farms Village post-office, 4½ m., in 1 h., and again made the mistake of continuing northward, instead of striking eastward for Simsbury and Tariffville. At the fork, by the second stone house, 2½ m. on, where the r. led to the hamlet of Salmon River, I kept the l., and quickly got into a hilly region again. Soon after passing between the Barndoor hills, which mark the end of the Farmington valley, I took a header, on a sandy descent, but suffered no damage. My only other spill in making this trail from New London to Springfield (along the coast to New Haven, and thence among the hill-tops of northwestern Connecticut, 185 m.) was a needless side-fall, just before reaching Litchfield; though I let my wheel drop once, in a sand rut, the day that I left there. A heavy black cloud had been following me for some hours, when, just before noon, the rain began to fall; and, soon after that, 18 m. from the start, I turned r. and rode for 1 m. along a level ridge, to a cross-roads (the village of West Granby being all the time in sight, 1 m. to the n.), and down hill for ½ m.; then s. and e. along the plain till an increase of the storm drove me to an hour's shelter in a shed. A little beyond this, where the woods skirt the plain and a sign says, "3 m. to Granby, s.," I turned n., and in less than 2 m. reached the house, at the junction of five roads, which was

once well-known as Viets's tavern,—situated just about ¼ m. inside the northern border of the State of Connecticut.

The road due w. from here leads over the mountains to Colebrook, about 15 m., though I had traversed 33 m. since leaving that point, the previous afternoon. The s. e. road from Viets's leads to the old copper-mine on Turkey hill (3 m.), which was once a State's prison, and whose ruins are worth visiting. Ridable roads of red clay lead from there e. to Suffield and n. to West Suffield; and the e. road from Viets's also leads through both those villages, and to the Connecticut river at Enfield bridge or at Thompsonville ferry. My own course continued n., however, nearly 2 m. without stop, spite of the drizzling rain, to the cross-roads just below the Methodist church in Southwick; and the next 2 m. leading through the center of the village were said to be equally ridable. The inscription on the guide-board was "4 m. w. to Granville; 9 m. e. to Suffield," and I rode e. for 1 m. to the picnic grounds between the ponds, and halted there at 2 o'clock, to get dinner in one of the booths where other bedraggled pleasure-seekers were taking shelter from the storm. Beyond here, at the first fork, 1½ m., I turned l.; l. also at cross-roads, 1½ m. later; r. at the triangle, 1½ m., on crest of hill, and l. at base of it, where sign says "9 m. to Springfield." This is the point to which a rider from that city may come without dismount, as mentioned on p. 123. I went straight n. to the second cross-roads, 2½ m.; then up hill, e., to the park in Feeding Hills, ¼ m. (stopping betimes to strap to my handle-bar an umbrella which had dropped from some passing wagon); then without dismount across the plain, spite of some up-grades and soft stretches, to the telegraph poles, 2¼ m., where the sticky clay soon brought my wheel to a standstill, when I turn r. to follow them. I cross the covered bridge over the Agawam, ¼ m.; pass the West Springfield post-office, 1¼ m.; scale the church hill, and speed northward in the sunshine to the finish at 6 o'clock,—with a record of 39 m. for the 12 h., and of 2 m. for the final ½ h., the only smooth spin of the entire day. I cannot say that I recall the day with special pleasure, or that I think the forenoon's roads will ever swarm with bicyclers; but as the scene for a quiet October ramble of a nature-loving tourist a worse choice might easily be made than these hill-tops along the Farmington valley.

A route of 70 m., from Poughkeepsie to Lee (which I explored in making the five days' tour whose final day—Lee to Springfield—is described on p. 121), may appropriately be mentioned here, as it included 15 m. of good wheeling across the n. w. corner of Connecticut. The distance from the Hudson river eastward to the border town, Amenia, is about 25 m., through a rolling country, most of whose hills are ridable—the longest of them being a short distance w. of the village just named. Deep dust, the result of a protracted drought, covered the surface of most of the roadway when I wheeled from Poughkeepsie to the hotel in Pleasant Valley (7 m. in 1¼ h.), at 3.30 o'clock, that Sunday afternoon. An hour later, at Washington Hollow (5 m.), having delayed somewhat to converse with a local rider who accompanied me,

I turned r. at hotel to the watering-trough and toll-gate; and at the fork where stands the big tree, ¾ m. beyond, I obeyed the sign which pointed to the Sharon pike. Pratt's hotel in Amenia, where I spent the night, is 10 or 12 m. from this point; and there I found all the people shivering, and bewailing the chilliness which had been increasing all the afternoon, until now, at 7 o'clock, the air seemed almost frosty. The contrast between this and the "heated term," so prolonged and intense, which had not really ended when I began my tour, two days before, was most extraordinary, and I was glad to assume my jacket before going in to supper. During this final hour, the hands of my Butcher cyclometer (which had registered all the revolutions of my "234, jr.," and whose accuracy I had not previously questioned) "stuck" at the 1,000th m.-point, and then jumped backwards a little. During the forenoon's ride, from Newburg to Poughkeepsie, it had recorded only 16½ m., as against the 19 m. shown by the "Ritchie" of my comrade, whose familiarity with the road made him confident of the distance. So I estimated my travel that day as 44 m., though the record gave but 38 m. On the following day, the "thousands" dial of my cyclometer remained at zero, until the "mile-pointer" had revolved four times, and then it began to count again regularly with that pointer, "1,001," "1,002," and so on. I found that the registry fell somewhat short of the truth, however; and the makers soon replaced the instrument by a newer one.

The weather of that next day (Sept. 15, '84) was of an ideal sort for riding, and I covered about 46 m. (9 A. M. to 6 P. M.), though my cyclometer registered some 7 m. less. I took the l. at the fork, 2½ m. e. of the hotel; and, after crossing a brook, 1½ m. beyond, I observed on the r. a small marble monument, inscribed "N. Y." and "Conn.," marking the boundary between the States; and on the l. a red brick house, which doubtless "stands on the line." About 1½ m. e. is the village of Sharon, where I turned n., and continued along a succession of hills of hard-surface to Lakeville (7 m.), stopping to view its pretty pond and wide surrounding stretch of country, before descending to the village. Thence 1½ m. to the Maple Shade Hotel, in Salisbury, at 11.15, and a halt of 1½ h. for dinner. At the fork, just beyond here, the r. leads through the mountains to Twin Lakes station and East Canaan, 6 m.; and at Sharon I might also have taken a similarly hilly course to reach the river-road and railway along the Housatonic, either at West Cornwall (n. e.), or at Cornwall Bridge (s. e.), about 8 or 9 m. in each case (see p. 143). After dinner, however, I kept straight to the n., having the Taghconic range of mountains, with peaks 2,000 and 2,600 ft. high, towering closely upon my l.; and in ¾ h. (5 m.) I entered Massachusetts, a few rods beyond the little bridge at Sage's ravine. About 3 m. further on, opposite "the Dome," where the mountains seem to end, or bear off to the l., a road turns r. to Sheffield (2 m., see p. 143); and a similar r. road, perhaps 1 m. beyond, leads quickly to the field of the fight in Shays's Rebellion (1787), which field is beside a brook about midway between two school-houses; but I did not turn at either place, and so reached

South Egremont at 3 P. M., 8 m. after entering the State. A smooth ride of ½ h. (4 m.), took me thence to the Berkshire House, in Great Barrington, where a big boy on a bicycle told me to turn up-hill, l., at the fork, instead of taking the bridge at the r. and wheeling through the flat directly to Evergreen mountain, where he said I should have to walk before descending to Stockbridge. He had gone there without stop by the other route, he said,—the chief obstacle being the hill at the start. Having managed to crawl up this, I continued without stop along the height overlooking the river to Van Deusenville (say 2 m.), where I turned r., and then, after crossing the railway, mistakenly kept straight on for 1 m., till I met the direct road from Great Barrington, near the foot of the ascent by Evergreen mountain. My cyclometer ceased to register during the ¼ or ⅓ m. that I walked up this; and I then had smooth riding to Stockbridge, say 2 m. Thence beside the river through South Lee and to East Lee (5 m.) there was no need of a stop; but, at the latter point, I turned backwards, to the r., and sped along the concrete sidewalk ¼ m. to the Morgan House in Lee, where I spent the night. The recommended route which I failed to follow, after crossing the track at Van Deusenville, turns l. there and keeps close along the river and the railway, through Housatonic and Glendale, to Stockbridge, perhaps 4 m. I was told that the road up the river from Lee to Lenox Furnace, New Lenox and Pittsfield continued good; and the direct route connecting the latter town with Stockbridge (10 or 12 m., with the village of Lenox half-way between,) was called excellent. I believe that a ridable road extends to the mountain at West Stockbridge; but beyond there a bicycler would doubtless be forced to do much walking among the hills, before reaching Canaan Four Corners, about 8 m. n. w. The road from there to the Hudson river (25 m. or more) has been wheeled without a stop.[1]

1 By a Brooklyn schoolboy, C. C. Woolworth, jr., July 27, '83, at which time he was only 16 years old. "Starting at 6 in the morning from Canaan Four Corners, where I spent most of the summer, I reached my father's paper-mill, beyond the village of Castleton, in just about 4 h. Roads fine; weather cool, and air free from moisture. I coasted down from the Hubbard House, conquered the next hill for the first time, and turned l. along the level to E. Chatham. The country between there and Chatham is rolling, with one big hill; roads thence to Valencia and Kinderhook are mostly smooth and level. From K. I rode n. to Castleton along the ridge (½ of this is good and ½ is rutty), and in descending to the river road I took a header, by letting my 50-in. Columbia strike some loose stones. I also stopped near C. to reset tire of rear wheel. These halts were made within less than 3 m. of my journey's end, and I'm sure I'd previously ridden at least 25 m. without dismount, though I had no cyclometer. When I finished, at the mill, I felt a trifle weak in the legs, but was all right again in ½ h. or so."

I have been greatly helped in preparing this chapter by Beers's new map of Connecticut, (published 1884, revised 1885, scale 2½ m. to 1 in., price $6), which ought to be hung on the wall of every bicyclers' club-room in the State. It measures 4 by 3 ft., but the dissected edition for carriage use, is folded into a cloth case, 1 ft. square, and consists of a dozen sections of that size, all connected by a muslin backing. The townships are separately tinted, the county lines are shown in red, an index of 900 references makes each locality accessible, and the population of each town in 1870–80, arranged by senatorial districts, is printed upon the margin. The whole of Westchester county is included, and the n. shore of Long Island. Connecticut has eight counties, half of them along the shore, and the other half along the line of Massachusetts; and

the publishers intend to issue, in 1886, a paper edition of their map, in three sections (50 c. to 75 c. each). The western section will give Litchfield and Fairfield (with the adjacent Westchester,—an excellent map for New Yorkers); the central section will give New Haven and Middlesex, on the shore, and Hartford adjoining them on the n.; while the eastern section will include New London, Tolland and Windham. Elaborate atlases for all these counties except the two last named have been issued by the same publishers, as described on p. 99; but their price is prohibitory to bicyclers, unless in the case of clubs. Most of Beers's atlases, indeed, are out of the market; and I catalogue them because, having been published by subscription, copies may presumably be consulted in many of the local libraries and hotels. G. H. Adams & Son, 59 Beekman st., N. Y., issue a map of Conn. (1874, 26 by 18 in., 6 m. to 1 in., ½ oz., 50 c.), which includes a good part of R. I., N. Y. e. of the Hudson and the whole of L. I.,—though only a few of the main roads are shown. A much more carefully-prepared map of the State (revised 1884, 28 by 19 in., 5 m. to 1 in., 75 c.), giving a minute but tolerably clear showing of all the roads, is issued by the Coltons, 182 William st., who also have a smaller one, 18 by 14 in., 50 c.

Connecticut's most persistent road-rider is probably Dr. N. P. Tyler (b. Oct. 11, 1848), a graduate of Yale in '76, and League consul at New Haven until he removed thence to Jersey City, in July, 1885, with a four years' record of about 14,000 m., whereof a summary will be presented in a later chapter. His first long run (107 m. inside of 19 h., with only about 12 m. of repetitions; recorded briefly in Hazlett's "Summary": *Outing*, Feb., 1884, p. 373) was thus reported to me: "The roads being in good condition, and fine weather having prevailed for several days, with n. w. wind, I took train northward and reached the rooms of the Springfield Bicycle Club at 10.30 P. M. Two members thereof decided to accompany me, in attempting a 100-m. run; and, having finished supper, we started at 1.15 A. M. (Nov. 17, '83), with bright moonlight, very little wind, and thermometer showing 24°. Found fair wheeling to Westfield, 9½ m., and there struck s. e. for the turnpike to Hartford, and got lost in a desert of sand; scrambled up a fifty-foot embankment of the Canal railway, and followed its tracks 1 or 2 m. to a cross-roads, where I dropped wheel and broke handle-bar, which mishap enforced a return to the city; so we reached our former track in 6½ m. (16), and Springfield again in 8 m. (24), where I turned off 2½ m. more (26½) before getting a new handle-bar fitted. Then at 8.30, I started on alone, down the e. side of the river, against a strong s. w. wind, which made progress difficult; and at East Hartford I had to retrace my course about 1 m., before crossing into the city, 28½ m. (55), where I dined. Proceeding then 1½ m. towards Berlin I retraced my course to Hartford (58), in order to go to Farmington, 10 m. (68); and I found the road thither was partly very fine and partly very poor; but thence to New Britain, 6½ m. (74½), Berlin, 4½ m. (79), Meriden, 8 m. (87), and Wallingford, 6½ m. (93½), the roads were all good. Ruts and sand were encountered between there and the axle works in Centerville, and darkness meanwhile settled down; but the track was good thence to Dixwell av., where I was met by a wheelman who escorted me in to the finish at New Haven, 13¾ m. (107) at 7.55 o'clock. I was pretty tired and one knee ached, though I think this resulted from the extra exertion required in fighting the wind, which at times was almost a gale. During the next day I wheeled 15½ m., in making my usual professional calls; and then, at 11 P. M., accepted an invitation to take a moonlight ride with W. C. Palmer, whose expected companion on a 100-m. run to Springfield had failed to join him. With a full moon and good roads to favor us, we went about 1 m. beyond Branford; back to East Haven; down by the light-house; up along the shore; through Fair Haven to Montowese and back to New Haven, 29½ m. Halting ½ h. to indulge in some porter-house steaks, we wheeled 1½ m. beyond West Haven; then back to the city; then 4½ m. towards Woodbridge and back again; then 2½ m. about the city; then to Whitney Lake and back, a total of 26½ m., making 56 m. for the whole ride. It was now just 6 A. M., and as my knee began to be painful again, I abandoned the idea of a second 100-m. run, though I made my usual calls during the day. Within an interval of 52¾ h., therefore, I had wheeled 178 m., measured by McDonnell cyclometer; which was perhaps a fair record, considering that I used a heavy Expert Columbia, and had bad roads and winds to contend with on the first day."

XII.

LONG ISLAND AND STATEN ISLAND.[1]

As fate compelled me to be in New London, on the 7th of July, 1880, I thought I might as well take my wheel along with me on the boat, cross with it to Greenport by next morning's steamer, and thence drive home again through Long Island, over the roads which a resident wheelman whom I met at the Newport convention had assured me were good ones. From Greenport one may ride s. and w. to the hotel in Mattituck, 12 m., without dismount, though a stop is apt to be caused by the sand of a short hill, about 2 m. before reaching there. At a little ways below the hotel in Southold, 5½ m. from Greenport, the road divides, but the two branches soon join again, and the r. one should be taken rather than the road going straight up the hill. In front of the hotel at Mattituck a turn is made to the l., and sandy stretches of road are soon met with. The hotel in Riverhead is 9½ m. further on, and it took me nearly 2 h. to get there, though not much walking was required.

On the following morning I went by train to Yaphank, perhaps 15 m. beyond, for I was told that deep sand prevailed for about that distance. Mounting there at 9 o'clock, I rode across the plain in a southerly direction for rather more than 2 m., then turned to the right just beyond a hotel, and went through Brookhaven to Bellport (4 m.), Patchogue (3 m.), and Sayville (4½ m.), where an hour's stop was made for dinner. For the next 9 m., ending at the bridge in Islip, the sidewalk was generally adhered to; also for another mile, ending at Bayside post-office. The hotel in Babylon, the largest town met with on that day, is 4½ m. beyond. Amityville, the next place, is about 5 m. away, though I rode more than 6 m. to reach it, by reason of a detour along a meadow road to the water side, in order to take a swim. Distance from Yaphank by the cyclometer, 34½ m.

Had I designed to go directly to New York, I should probably have started for South Oyster Bay and Hempstead on the morning of the 10th, after my all-night's struggle with the flies and mosquitoes of the hotel in Amityville. Instead of this, I turned northward and rode to Farmingdale, 5 m.; Pine Grove Hotel, 2½ m.; Woodbury station, 5½ m.; and Cold Spring Harbor, 3 m. I really traveled nearly 20 m. that hot Saturday morning, however, for I was obliged to return to Farmingdale from a point about 2 m. beyond, in pursuit of my pocket-book, which I had carelessly laid down on the counter of a youthful "dealer in fruit and root beer." I found that he had closed his shop and harnessed up a horse wherewith to pursue me and restore the prop-

[1] From *The Bicycling World*, Nov. 26, 1880, p. 37.

erty; but he not only declined to accept any reward for his trouble in doing this, but actually refused to let me pay for the beer which I drank to satisfy the thirst aroused by my rapid return. From the hotel in Cold Spring Harbor one may ride southward 1 m. to the Episcopal church, and then he must walk up-hill nearly as far. About 2 m. further on he crosses the railroad track at Syosset station, ¼ m. beyond which is the Jericho turnpike, and this must be taken to the r. Some very smooth stretches of road are to be found in the 2½ m. ending here, and the similar distance intervening between here and the hotel in Jericho is nearly all ridable.

From Jericho to Jamaica the turnpike is excellent, and no stop is necessary unless caused by the sand near the top of a double hill, 5 m. from the start, though the cobble-stones in front of the toll-gates need careful attention. My cyclometer made the whole distance 15 m., though when I returned over the same track, on the last day of the month, it registered only 13½ m. (On this second occasion I dismounted only once—at the solitary brick house which shelters a beer saloon near the railway crossing in Mineola, 6 m. from Jericho. The road here is hard and level, but I wanted something to drink.) A plank road begins at the East Jamaica Hotel, and extends 1½ m. to the village proper, though the unplanked track beside it is generally preferable. Passage through the village can best be made on the r. sidewalk for 1¼ m., to the Hoffman Boulevard, which branches to the r. and leads to Newtown, 6 m.; whence I proceeded to Hunter's Point, where my cyclometer's record for the day was 35 m., and for the whole distance between Greenport and New York, 131 m., including 22 m. in the neighborhood of Cold Spring.

The roads of Long Island, as above described, average considerably better than those between New York, New Haven, Springfield, and Boston. The worst impediment of the whole journey was a half-mile stretch of sand near Woodbury station. Except in this case, I do not think I walked for as much as ¼ m. at a time in the 120 m. registered between Greenport and Jamaica. The Woodbury sand, moreover, would be avoided by a rider who went direct from Farmingdale to the Jericho turnpike; and perhaps the other route from Amityville to Hempstead might be found even more attractive. From Cold Spring Harbor, a pleasant 5 m. ride may be taken to Columbia Grove Hotel on Lloyd's Neck, though a short walk will be needed just before reaching the hotel. Beyond this the shaded road through the grove is smooth for at least 1 m., and perhaps for 2 m. or more. Returning, a good road leads to Huntington and thence back to Cold Spring, the last 3 m. being downgrade and requiring no dismount. From Huntington I went to Centerport and Northport, 5 m., but I cannot say much in praise of the roads.

Returning from Cold Spring to New York, August 3, I determined, for variety's sake, to explore the north-side road, though knowing perfectly well that it would not be found equal to the Jericho turnpike. The path chosen led through Oyster Bay, 4 m.; Norwich, 2¼ m.; Roslyn, 6¼ m.; hotel on hill at Manhassett, 3 m.; macadam at Little Neck, 2½ m. I was 7 h. in reaching

this point, including stops of 2 h.; for a good deal of walking had to be done, up-hill and through sand, even before a heavy rain drenched me through and put the roads at their worst. For 6 m., however, through Flushing and to Harry Hill's hotel, about 1 m. beyond the bridge, the macadam was almost perfect and was little injured by the storm, save where the sand had washed over it. I made the distance without dismount, and was favored with a continuous shower bath all the while, ¼ h. From Harry Hill's to Astoria ferry—a distance of 3 m., which I increased by an unlucky detour to 4—I stolidly shoved my "bath tub" through the deep mud, and made no attempt to ride until the flagged sidewalks were reached. I should judge that the road-bed even when dry would be barely ridable, though it might be reached by a cross-cut from the excellent track which skirts the shore for 1 m. or so above Astoria. Length of day's journey, 28 m.

The tour of Long Island I think can be safely recommended as a pleasant one for the wheelman, though he had best ride in the cars between New York and Jamaica, as well as between Yaphank and Riverhead. If he does this he may easily get over the remaining 90 m. in two days; and of course an expert may readily do it in one. Probably the best single stretches on the island are those from Jamaica to Jericho, 15 m.; from Mattituck to Greenport, 12 m.; and from Flushing to Little Neck, 6 m. The latter case of unusually smooth macadam seems to be the only exception to the rule that the north-side roads are more hilly, sandy, and unattractive than those of the center and south side.

[1]A year later (Sept. 4, '81), I took steamer for Flushing, and, mounting there at noon, was just 1 h. in getting to Snell's hotel at Little Neck, about 5¾ m. This stretch of macadam, which is 6 m. long, and which in 1880 I found in perfect condition, was in poor order in many places on account of ruts and sand. After dinner I went across country by a somewhat winding, but for the most part ridable, clay road, till I struck the Jericho turnpike near the Hinsdale station, 3¾ m., in a little less than 1 h. Up the turnpike I went at speed for perhaps 2 m. or more to the cross roads beyond the asylum, where I turned towards Garden City, reaching Stewart's Cathedral at 3.50 P. M. Forty minutes later I was 3 m. further, at Greenfield Cemetery, beyond Hempstead. Another similar period of time and space brought me to the flag-pole in Merrick. At 5.30 P. M., while still in the same town, I reached the south-shore road, and an hour later South Oyster Bay, 5 m. Then a half-hour's sidewalk business in the dust, 3 m., to the Douglass Hotel in Amityville, at 7 P. M., making 29 m. for the afternoon. This route between the Jericho turnpike and the hotel had not been tried by me before, and I do not recommend it, for I think it inferior to the Hicksville-Farmingdale route.

Starting next morning at 6.15, I rode to Babylon (5½ m., 50 min.), and stopped an hour for breakfast. Then through Bay Shore, Islip, Sayville,

[1]From *The Bicycling World*, July 28, 1882, p. 463.

Patchogue, and Bellport to Brookhaven at 1.45 P. M., 25 m. of smooth and pleasant riding. Thence away from the shore to Yaphank, in whose vicinity I made several detours, ending at the railroad station at 5.30 P. M., with a day's record of 42½ m. Starting from the same station at four o'clock of the following afternoon,—the afternoon of "the yellow day,"—I rode backwards 14 m. to Sayville, finishing there in the moonlight at 7.30 P. M. Between whiles I had gone by train to Greenport, with the idea of there striking a boat which would take me across the Sound to see the Centennial Celebration at New London and Groton. Disappointed in this, I sat on the shore during the forenoon, peering into the queer yellow mist which obscured a pinkish sun, and listening to the cannon shots which rolled across the water from the far-off celebration. Then I took train back to Yaphank, and mounted as aforesaid for a three hours' ride in the blazing hot air.

Starting from Sayville at 6 on Wednesday morning, and stopping an hour for breakfast at Babylon, I kept along the familiar south-shore road to Amityville just 20 m.; then turned off to the r. for Farmingdale, 4½ m.; there made another turn l. for John Noon's; then a turn to the r. and a ride across the plain to Hicksville, 5¾ m., at 1.30 P. M. Stopping there ½ h. for dinner at the Grand Central Hotel, a ride of 20 min. took me to the hotel in Jericho, 2½ m. The turnpike thence to Jamaica (about 15 m.) is usually excellent, hardly requiring a dismount; but on this occasion, by reason of the long absence of rain, the first part of it was quite soft and dusty. Hence it was not until 4.20 that I reached the brick beer saloon beyond the railroad crossing, not far from Mineola,—a 6 m. ride and walk. Thence I rode without stop to Hinsdale, exactly 4 m., in exactly ¼ h.,—this being my longest, swiftest, and hottest spin of the entire day. Then I turned into the cross road towards Little Neck, and made my first stop in ½ h. at a well about 2 m. on, where I learned that no trains were running between Little Neck and Flushing, on account of financial troubles. Thus my plan of taking the cars at the former place was blasted, and I was not sure that any train went in to the city from Flushing later than 7 o'clock. So from Little Neck I speeded desperately along to catch that train, risking my own little neck among the ruts in the gathering twilight. At last I despairingly took to walking and running, and was favored with the whistle of the departing train when I got within twenty rods of the station. However, another train left at eight o'clock, and took me and my wheel with it on its rear platform.[1]

[1] This day's ride of 50 m. has been alluded to in previous chapters (pp. 12, 54, 63), as probably supplying the severest physical test of any of my wheeling experiences, because such intense heat as prevailed then had not been known on the Atlantic slope for a period of seven years, and nothing equal to it can be found in the atmospheric records of the four years which have since elapsed. The fact that a man of average physique like myself could escape unharmed from a 50-m. run, beneath the scorching sunshine of "the hottest day in eleven years," seems worth insisting upon as a proof of the healthfulness of the exercise under proper conditions. In the eighth chapter, "Around New York" (pp. 90–91, 87–88), I have described the routes connecting Jamaica with that city by the ferries at Astoria, Hunter's Point, Williamsburg

and Brooklyn; and I have also made mention of several maps of Long Island (p. 99). Still another one, "just completed after two years' labor," is advertised as "the most elaborate map of the island ever made." It is published by Gaylord Watson, 278 Pearl st., N.Y. (51 by 27 in., $3), and would doubtless prove useful on the wall of any local club-room. A clearly engraved little map (21 by 7 in., 6 m. to 1 in.), which may be easily tucked into the smallest pocket-book, accompanies the pamphlet, "Long Island of To-day," which was copyrighted in 1884 by Charles M. Heald, general traffic manager of the Long Island Railroad, with the idea of increasing the traffic of that road by an alluring presentation of the island's attractions. The book is an octavo of 100 pp., exclusive of 30 pp. of advertisements, and contains nearly 50 wood-cuts, supplied by the American Bank Note Company, who are also to be credited with its handsome typography. "The literary work was entrusted to Julian E. Ralph, of the New York *Sun*," who seems to have done it as well as could have been expected of a compiler whose contract forbids him to be critical; though he draws the long-bow rather needlessly in calling the little 20-m. stretch between Riverhead and Greenport "the most remarkable country road in America—the longest street in the United States except Broadway, which traces a parallel to the Hudson all the way to Albany." Apparently he never heard of "Talbot Street," extending through Canada for more than 500 m., nor of that other street which really *is* the longest as well as the most remarkable one in the United States: I mean the macadamized roadway which stretches straight through the Shenandoah Valley,—every rod of it ridable by bicycle for 150 m. My book, in fact, describes a great number of other country roads which are longer and more remarkable than this particular piece of Long Island, so oddly chosen for eulogy. More interesting than this chance misuse of the superlative, about a subject of which he was ignorant, is the compiler's statement of the railway mileage of the island, which amounts to 354 m.; for, on the authority of a newspaper paragraph, the managers have lately decided that a passenger's bicycle shall be carried free, as personal baggage, provided he himself puts it on and takes it off the car. "Long Island of To-day" is enclosed in an illuminated paper cover of tasteful design (with vignettes showing the characteristic pastimes of the place, one of which is "bicycling"), and no tourist thither should begrudge the 25 c. requisite for the purchase of this valuable guide-book.

The earliest recorded day's ride of 100 m. through Long Island was described in the *Wheel* of Sept. 21, '83, by "Selah," who says it was accomplished about the middle of the previous summer by an acquaintance who objected to the publication of his name as savoring of boastfulness. This was James Allen, a resident of Hempstead who has a law-office in New York, and who, I hope, will pardon me for publicly accrediting him with the ride. I consider it a very remarkable one, and I regret that he neglected my request for personal statistics, to be added to the facts which I now reproduce from the *Wheel*: "Starting from Hempstead at 4.35 A. M., the route led through South Oyster Bay, Amityville and Babylon to Islip, 27 m., in 2¾ h.; thence, after a stop of 35 min., to Patchogue, where a halt was made for breakfast from 9.20 to 10 30. There began the worst 38 m. of the tour, of which 18 m. were a desert of sand. In crossing from Quogue, on the S. shore of the island, to Riverhead, it was almost impossible to keep in the saddle; and the heat also grew troublesome in the passage through this desert of scrub oak and pine. After resting 1 h. at the Griffin House in Riverhead, a start was made at 5.15 on the last 22 m. of the course, which was finished at Greenport at 7.05 P. M., 14½ h. after leaving Hempstead,—the Mattituck Hotel having been passed 1 h. before." The only other similar tour which I have yet heard of was taken June 28, '84, by two unattached members of the League, B. W. Doughty and P. J. Bernhard, who reside in Jamaica and attend to their daily business in New York, and who have supplied me with the following report: "Leaving Jamaica at 3.35 A. M., we were 15 h. 10 min. in covering the 102 m., ending at the Wyandank House, in Greenport, at 6.45 P. M. The weather was cool, but the N. E. wind was against us all the way. Our longest stay in the saddle was from the start to Babylon (27 m.), a little more than 3 h.; and the roads continued in very fair condition for 23 m. further, to Patchogue. From there to Westhampton they were very sandy, and thence to Riverhead (7½ m.) the sand is ankle-deep and enforces walking for at least 2-3 the way. The road from Riverhead to Greenport is fair for the first 6 or 8 m., but for the last 14 or 16 m. it is unusually fine; in fact, for a dirt road, one of

the very best we have ever ridden over. We had been riding for about three years, but had never 'trained' a minute for anything, as we go to the city for business every day; and our fresh condition at the finish was simply a surprise to us. There was no blister or mark on our bodies to remind us of the ride; and we are positive that, if daylight and good roads had continued, we could have wheeled at least 50 m. further. Our longest rests were ½ h. at Patchogue and ½ h. at Riverhead, though we made many short stops for lemonade or soda, without keeping any record of them. The slight stiffness which we felt, next morning, passed off after a few minutes in the saddle." I may add that a Flushing correspondent assures me (May 12, '85) that though the macadam between that place and Little Neck has not been repaired since my trial of it in '81, "on the hottest day in eleven years," it continues fairly ridable during the spring and early summer; and that local riders do not then have much difficulty in getting over it without dismount. "Southampton and Bridgehampton have 20 m. of handsome pike," said a resident of Northville (*Wheelman*, Dec., '82, p. 217), who started thither by riding from his home to Mattituck, 5 m., without stop, and taking steamer at Greenport for 1 h.'s ride to Sag Harbor. "From there to Bridgehampton, 3 of the 4 m. are ridable; the next 6 m. to Southampton are first-class; also 2 m. to the ocean, e. of Silver Lake, and the return on the w. side of the same. Between the village and Shinnecock hills, 2 m., we had a fine sidewalk run." Quogue is only 8 or 9 m. w. of these hills; and the environs of Southampton supply much excellent riding.

Long Island is described in "Appletons' Dictionary of New York" as a narrow, fish-shaped strip, separated from the mainland of Connecticut by the Sound on the n., and washed by the ocean on the s. Its greatest length from w. to e. is 115 m., and its average breadth, n. to s., 12 m. "The head of the fish" forms the eastern shore of New York harbor; the back extends opposite the mainland; the tail, broken into several flanges by bays and inlets, is the eastern extremity; while the belly, protected from the fury of the waves by the Great South Beach, stretches in an almost symmetrical line from Coney Island to Montauk Point. Along the n. shore there is a narrow ridge of hills called the backbone, but the remainder of the island slopes gradually to the ocean. The s. shore is one immense sand-bank, separated from the island proper for nearly its entire length by inlets from the ocean, the largest of which is the Great South Bay, which extends for 100 m. without a break behind the beach of the same name, which is at no point more than 5 m. wide. Rockaway and Coney Island beaches, whose nearness to the city has rendered them famous as summer resorts, are only western extensions of the Great South Beach. The island's area is 1,682 sq. m., and its population about 750,000, of which ⅔ are within the city limits of Brooklyn. Its soil is fertile except near the sandy s. shore; and its resemblance in shape to a salmon is specially marked in the bird's-eye view which forms a frontispiece to the book, "Long Island of To-day." Its w. end approaches within 1 m. of the easternmost point of Staten Island, and the two thus form "the Narrows," through which entrance is made to New York harbor. Staten Island has the shape of an irregular triangle, whose base, n., is separated from New Jersey by the Kill van Kull and Newark bay; its shortest side, w., is still nearer New Jersey, the separation caused by Staten Island Sound being rarely more than ½ m.; while its longest side, e. and s., is bounded by New York harbor and the lower bay. Its greatest length is 13 m., greatest breadth, 8 m.; area, 60 sq. m., and population, 40,000. It is very hilly, and its outer shores are almost everywhere dotted with the villas of business and professional men, who go to New York daily for their work. The hospital-ship of the quarantine station is anchored off the s. shore of the island; the forts and batteries of the e. shore command the approaches to the city; and the Sailors' Snug Harbor, facing the n. shore, is an asylum for aged and infirm seamen, whose extensive buildings challenge the attention of the passer-by. They have ample accommodations for 1,000 inmates, the grounds attached amount to 160 acres, and the annual revenue for the maintenance of the establishment is about $250,000. The only railway of the island follows its longest side, about 1 m. inland, from Tompkinsville (at its n. e. corner, which is nearest to New York, 6 m.) to Tottenville, at its s. w. corner, whence a ferry boat crosses hourly to Perth Amboy, N. J. The island forms Richmond County, and the county town of that name is about midway between the terminal towns of the railroad, and 1 m. distant from it at Court House Station.

I began my wheel explorations for 1881 by embarking from the Battery at 9 o'clock of April 22, on a ferry-boat, whose voyage ended a little less than 1 h. later, at Vanderbilt's Landing, Staten Island. Thence I rode southward without stop, to the end of the macadam at Fort Wadsworth, 1½ m., of which ½ or ¼ was very good riding, while the rest varied from tolerable to poor. Taking the sidewalk to the w., I was beguiled by a sign pointing "to the boulevard," into descending to a sandy road along the s. shore; but at 1 m. from the fort I gave up hope of finding a comfortable southwest passage around the island, and so returned to the starting point. Continuing northward from Vanderbilt's, through Stapleton, I rode up a long hill, and then down it towards the w., and around it towards the e., on the shore road, till I nearly reached the church on the same hill again. I think this was New Brighton, and the distance from the foot of the hill in Stapleton was 2 m. Turning back along the shore road, repassing the Sailors' Snug Harbor, and continuing a generally westward course, a ride of 4 m. brought me to the Continental Hotel, Port Richmond, where I paid 50 c. for a very poor dinner.

Thence along a winding road towards the s. and w., I went without stop for 3 m., to the bridge at the cross-roads, where stands the Bull's-Head tavern. On the return, as the wind no longer favored me, two or three dismounts were required by sand or ruts. Proceeding westward again from Port Richmond, I found the macadamized shore road was very good indeed for 1½ m., ending at the most westerly landing place of the Battery boats. A half-mile beyond this, the road being barely ridable, I paid an honest oysterman twenty-five cents to row me across to the main land. Disembarking in Elizabethport, at the head of Jersey st., which is paved with tolerably smooth Belgian blocks, I rode along the same or else on the sidewalk flags to Broad st., in Elizabeth, up which I turned to the r. till I reached the Nicholson-paved street, branching off on the r. towards Newark. The distance of this point from the shore was nearly 3 m., and I was ¼ h. in getting over it. This wood-paved street, Frelinghuysen av., stretches in a bee-line for 3½ m. to the fire-engine house in Newark, though the wooden-blocks give place to macadam during the last 2 m.; and it was in front of this engine-house that I first tried the saddle of a rubber-tired bicycle (March 14, 1879), with the kind assistance of its owner, the pioneer wheelman of Newark, J. Lafon.

A visit to Staten Island can be safely recommended, I think, to any metropolitan bicycler. The macadamized shore road from Fort Wadsworth, on the s. e., to the last ferry landing on the n. w., about 8 m. long, can be taken without a dismount; and though some parts of it are very poor, other sections are as good as possible, and two or three of these afford excellent chances for coasting. The outlook over the water is almost continuously attractive, and from several points may be called superb. The two lines of boats from the Battery start on the even half-hours; and all their landings are within a few rods of the shore road. No charge for the wheel is made in addition to the ten-cent fare. My advice to a tourist would be to go ashore at either the

southernmost or the westernmost landing, though this is not important. From Port Richmond a ferry-boat runs at brief intervals to Bergen Point, on the main land, and I was told that there was a good macadam road there, though my informant could not say that it continued smooth all the way to Jersey City. For an afternoon's ride of from 10 to 25 m., the Staten Island roads which I have described seem to me as attractive a place as can be offered to a New Yorker. There is a chance, too, that further exploration might bring to light other smooth paths in the interior of the island.

The foregoing words of mine, as published in the *Bi. World* of May 20, '81, were well supplemented by the report of "B. Bugle" in the same paper of March 24, '82, from which I quote the following: "The interior roads of the island vary from fair to bad. About the best is Richmond road, not to be confounded with Richmond turnpike, which latter is generally unridable. After descending the hill at Tompkinsville, a turn should be made from the shore back to Van Duzer st.; keeping along this, a turn will bring the rider into Richmond road. Continuing along this for about ¼ m., a high, bare hill will be reached, at the foot of which the bicycle should be left, while the rider makes the short but steep ascent. The view from the top is the finest in the vicinity of New York City. Continuing southwardly along Richmond road for about 1 m., a road will be noticed turning off to the r., and it may be recognized by a high picket fence painted black, running along its s. side. This is the Clove road, running through a natural gap in the two ranges of hills, which extend partly through the island, and which, though too beautiful to be missed, will test the road-riding education of the bicycler. When the fork in the roads is reached (1¼ m.), the road to the right, bounded on the right by a high iron fence, should be taken, which will afford an almost continuous coast of nearly 1 m. back to the shore road at West New Brighton.

"If, instead of turning off at the Clove, the rider keeps along the Richmond road, a ride of about 4 m. will bring him to the village of Richmond, the county seat, where, if he is of an inquiring turn of mind, he may visit the jail and county buildings. From here he should take the Springville road (which he will probably find unfit for riding), w. to the Morning Star road (so called from a tavern which some hundred years ago went by that name), n. to Graniteville, turning to the right at the engine house, and then down the Church road or Richmond av. to the shore road at Port Richmond. Opposite the ferry slip here may be noticed an old tavern which is rendered notable by the fact that Aaron Burr died in its eastern room. A week could be very pleasantly spent upon the island by any bicycler to whom mere distance riding and racing are not the sum total of cycling existence. It is better to come early in the season, because, aside from the cooler weather, the mosquitoes will be met as single spies, whereas a later visit will be apt to find them in battalions.

"At about its middle point, the island is nearly divided laterally by a sort of lagoon, known as the Fresh Kills, an arm of the narrow strait which separates it from New Jersey. South of this the roads are generally sandy, and

offer but few inducements to the bicycler. North of it the country is covered with hills, none of which, however, attain an altitude of more than 450 ft. I should advise the New Yorker who can spend but a day upon the island to take the north shore ferry, from the Battery to Elm Park, and ride from there, according to directions, to Grymes hill, where the finest view can be obtained; then back to the shore road, to the fort, and return. At Mariners' Harbor there is a row-boat ferry to Elizabethport, and at Port Richmond a ferry to Bergen Point. A good map is published as an advertisement by a clothing house at 254 Broadway, where I have no doubt that free copies can be had."

An admirable pocket map of Staten Island, on the large scale of ½ m. to 1 in. (1884, sheet 33 by 28 in., folded in cloth cover, $1), published by the Coltons, 182 William st., N. Y., shows all the roads with great plainness, as well as the hills and swamps. There are wide stretches of these on the w. side, as well as in New Jersey, just opposite; and the map exhibits a 13-m. section of that State, including the towns of Perth Amboy, Woodbridge, Rahway, Roselle, Elizabeth and Bayonne. The w. end of Long Island is also shown, as well as "mile circles," reckoned from the city hall in New York,—Tottenville, in the s. w. corner, being thus designated as 19 m. distant. "The Staten Island Rapid Transit Railroad" appears on the map as skirting the shore from Bowman's, at the n. w. corner, opposite Elizabethport, e., s. and s. w., to the light-house at the Richmond Club Ground (about 14 m.); but I suppose the actual construction of the line is a thing of the future. The island's "reported roads" are shown in a chart (3½ by 2½ in., 4 m. to 1 in.) of Wood's road-book, of which a full account may be found on p. 177. A similar map of Long Island (10 m. to 1 in.), covering another page of the same useful guide, shows the situation of most of its routes, which are described in this chapter, as well as some others which bicyclers have explored, and it mentions the fact of ferry-connection across the Sound between Port Jefferson and Bridgeport. The route of 26 m. leading to the former town from Northport (through Camac, Smithtown and Setauket) is called "level and fairly ridable." The same adjectives are applied in the same book to the loam road on Staten Island connecting Tottenville with the macadam at New Dorp (10 m.). Through travelers from Philadelphia who take the inland route as far as Elizabeth, are advised by the guide that "a short and comfortable termination of the run may be had by wheeling 2 m. to Elizabethport, whence a new and useful line of ferry boats runs to New York, touching at Staten Island on the way." The permanency of the new line is threatened by litigation, at the time these words are written; but, even if the line shall be discontinued, the tourist can readily obtain access to the island from Elizabethport by row-boat, and complete his journey thence to the city by a very pleasant ride up the bay on a steamer of one of the regular lines. The quoted warning against mosquitoes should by no means be disregarded; for my own second ride on the island, though taken on a cool day late in the season (Sept. 15, '82), found so many of them, even on the summit of Grymes hill, that my enjoyment of that noble outlook was seriously impaired by the attacks of these persistent pests. I believe the island has never been formally attacked by more respectable foes, though its situation makes it of strategic importance in military operations, and I do not forget the futile forays made there by Generals Sullivan (1777) and Stirling (1780), when it served as a camping-ground for the British armies. Just across the Narrows, however, on ground now covered by the extensive collection of houses called Brooklyn, was fought the battle of Long Island (Aug. 28, 1776), notable as the first struggle that followed the Declaration of Independence. A description of it, by J. W. Chadwick, with illustrations and map, may be found in *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1876, pp. 333–346. The result of the battle gave New York City into the keeping of the British until independence was really won; and the shores of these three islands ultimately looked upon the final act in that great drama, on the "evacuation day" (Nov. 25, 1783), when the last departing transports of the defeated "armed invaders" disappeared forever down the Narrows.

XIII.

COASTING ON THE JERSEY HILLS.[1]

BEFORE me lies spread the "topographical map of a part of northern New Jersey," an official publication (1882) of the State Geological Survey, whose executive chief is Professor George H. Cook, the Vice-President of Rutgers College. To his courtesy I am indebted for my copy of the map, whereof it is not possible to make public purchase, inasmuch as "the results of the survey are intended for the benefit of the citizens of the State, and the board of managers have charge of and direct the distribution of its collections, reports, and maps." I presume, however, that a well-recommended application from any respectable Jerseyman would be apt to meet with favorable attention. The map is 35 in. sq., and, as its scale is 1 m. to 1 in., representation is clearly made of a large section of land and water, including all of Staten Island, the w. end of Long Island, the bay and city of New York, and the Hudson River, almost to the point where it ceases to serve as a boundary for New Jersey. "Contour lines are drawn 10 ft. apart in plain country, and 20 ft. apart in the hilly portions, and numerals are attached to show the height of contour lines in feet above mean tide." The engraving and coloring are excellent; the roads are clearly defined; the heights of the hills which they cross can be seen at a glance; the swamps are made prominent as well as the brooks and rivers; in short, the whole map is eminently calculated to delight the heart of a touring bicycler; and if any similarly accurate representation of the topography of any other equally large section of American soil is now in existence, I have yet to learn of that fortunate fact. In the good time coming, when bicyclers shall more generally enforce their views in legislative enactments, we may reasonably hope not only for more good roads, but for more State Geological Surveys as creditably managed as this present one.

Looking down on this map, whereon I have indicated in red the many miles of road that my wheel has whirled along, I see that the region whose facilities for "coasting" I wish to recommend lies chiefly within the limits of a nearly equilateral triangle, whose sides may be said to average about 8 m. in length. The bridge over the Passaic river, by which the New Yorker enters the city of Newark, may be assumed as the point of meeting of the straight macadamized roadways which form two sides of this triangle: Springfield av., which starts from the court-house and extends s. w. in a bee-line for more than 5 m., and Bloomfield av., which goes n. w., straightaway for 3 m. to Bloomfield, and then with but slight turnings for 2 m. more to the hill at

[1] From *The Wheelman*, June, 1883, pp. 215-221.

Montclair. These two diverging avenues do not in fact meet at the bridge, but begin at points which are about 1 m. distant from it, on the s. and the n.; and good riding on them, as one goes out of Newark, does not begin until the top of the first hill has been reached. The road which forms the third and longest side of the triangle is neither as straight nor as smooth as the other two, for only that section of it which is called the Orange Valley road, extending northward along the base of Orange Mountain, from South Orange to the northern border of Llewellyn Park, about 4 m., is macadamized. The prolongation of the Valley road southward from South Orange leads up-hill, and is a fairly good dirt track of nearly 3 m., till it completes the angle by meeting the macadamized prolongation of Springfield av., at a brook just east of Wyoming. An inspection of the map would seem to show that the other angle might be nicely completed by following the direct road northward from Llewellyn Park till it meets Bloomfield av. on the hill in Montclair; but as this would require contact with much sand and clay, the road really to be chosen is the one running eastward to Watsessing, whence Bloomfield av. is reached, and so Bloomfield and Montclair.

Within this 8-m. triangle, and having the same general course as the two broad avenues which help enclose it, are three other similar roadways, which begin in Newark, and are terminated by the Valley road at the foot of Orange mountain. South Orange av. is the longest and most winding, but its course is much like that of Springfield av. Park av. is the shortest and straightest, the 3 m. of it between the railroad crossing and the main entrance of Llewellyn Park seeming to lie in a bee-line. Central av. keeps parallel to the one last-named for its entire length, and lies about 1 m. to the s. of it. It is really the central one of the five main lines described as diverging in a westward direction from an imaginary point of meeting at the bridge; and, if there be any need of making choice between paths which are all so pleasant for riding over, it may, perhaps, be called the best. Main st., through which run the horse-car tracks, is midway between Park and Central avs. and parallel to them; and it is macadamized for 3 m. or more from its starting-point at the Valley road. The four most important of the cross or connecting streets, which may be roughly described as parallel to this western border of the triangle, and running in a n. and s. direction, are the following, named in the order in which one meets them in riding out Park av. from Newark: (1) Grove st., which extends s. to Central av.; (2) Arlington av., which extends to Central av.; (3) Park st., which goes to Main st., whence, a few rods west, Harrison st. serves as a continuation of it across Central av. to Centre st., by which a return may be made back across the avenue to Main st. again. Harrison st. extends to South Orange av., and so does Munn av., next east of Arlington av.; but the last few rods of each extension are unpaved. The most easterly connection between Park and Central avs. is through Roseville av., whose macadam is not specially good. Roseville av. also crosses Sussex av., which is parallel to Central, and macadamized for 1 m. or less. Another im-

portant path is Prospect st., going northward from Main st., for 1¼ m., to connect with the Watsessing road to Bloomfield av.

Almost all of the numerous lesser streets in and around Orange are macadamized; and within the triangle outlined by me there must be, at least, 50 m. of this so-called Telford pavement, whose smoothness, when kept in good condition, as most of it is, could hardly be improved by "sand-paper." I hope my description has made plain the truth, that a bicycler may so lay out his route through these connecting roads as to ride very many miles without repetitions, and even without leaving the saddle. I myself kept in continuous motion there for 3½ h., Nov. 2, 1882, and made a cyclometer record of 29 m. If pleasure be sought in the sight of well-trimmed lawns and fine houses in great variety, it can be sought most successfully at Orange. But the characteristic bicycular attraction of my "8-m. triangle" is the coasting, for which all the avenues, and most of the streets that have been paved, offer extraordinary facilities; while, on the other hand, none of the grades are very hard to surmount. All the change and variety which are supplied or implied by hill and dale, forest and plain, shade and sunlight, human stir and desert solitude, may be had within the limits described; and the extensive views of land and water which are obtainable from the highest roads of the "triangle" are fine and refreshing enough to amply repay the trouble of ascending them.

Higher than any of these, or, at least, steeper, is the last stretch of road leading to Eagle Rock, whence the finest view of all may be had, and whence the bicycler may coast continuously for 1¼ m., or almost exactly to the point where, in coming up the Valley road from the other direction, he must turn to the right, as before described, in order to reach Watsessing and Bloomfield av. In other words, a person going northward along the Valley road has simply to follow the macadamized continuation of it, as it turns up-hill and forms the northern border of Llewellyn Park, in order to reach the summit in question. "Ixion" prints interesting letters (in the *Wheel* and *Bi. World*, April 27, 1883), describing his recent ascent to Eagle Rock on a 44-in. "Facile," and his coast down therefrom upon the same in less than three minutes. I agree with him in the expressed belief that no bicycle had previously been propelled to that summit, and that his exploit was a good test of the remarkable powers of the Facile as a hill-climber. My own single visit to the rock was made on the 15th of last November; and, though I toiled up the lower grades in the saddle, with a few stops for taking breath, the last steep pitch at the summit was quite beyond my powers. I took seven minutes, rather than three, in coasting back, for I always indulge in that sport cautiously; though, after the first sharp corner has been safely turned, the track in question seems free from danger.

The macadamized extension of Bloomfield av. is not, in fact, terminated by the hill at Montclair,—though, as riders often turn about at that point, I have made it serve as one corner of the 8-m. triangle described,—but reaches on to Verona, Caldwell and Franklin (there are two other hamlets called

Franklin on my map of less than a twelfth part of the State), about 5 m. A clay road, which is, at many seasons of the year, nearly as smooth as macadam, extends westward for 3 m., whereof the first two are as straight as the crow flies, to Pine Brook post-office, which is the terminus of an omnibus line from Newark, and also the terminus of the good roadway. Here, then, is an excellent track, 13 m. long, which may be ridden in either direction without a dismount, and nearly every rod of which may be coasted in the course of a round trip. An average rider in doing the 26 m. could easily ride a dozen with his feet off the pedals; though, perhaps, he would be obliged to walk up the big hill westward at Montclair, and the big hill eastward at Caldwell. I myself have never conquered the latter but once, and the former I have oftener walked up than ridden. From its top one may coast continuously for 2 m. and more down to Bloomfield, except that the pedals may have to be worked for a few rods in the case of two or three short ascents which the momentum may not be quite sufficient to master. The *Bi. World* of June 17, 1881, contained a brief report of mine under the same title that is employed for the present chapter; and, though I have had experience of many new hills in the two years' interval, my final words in that report can be reprinted with truth today: "Beyond Montclair there are facilities for up-hill racing such as I have never seen other roads afford. Several bicyclers could there compete abreast, if need be, on perfectly equal terms. On this westward route, also, there is one particularly smooth stretch, where a rider may coast for a mile down a grade so gentle that the return trip is hardly thought of as an ascent. If the excitement of a lightning-like flight through the air is desired, however, there are plenty of steep hills where it can be had, and without danger of any obstacle's sudden appearance at a cross-road. On these little Jersey 'mountains,' coasting congenial to all tastes is attainable. The perils of the pastime are reduced to the minimum; the pleasures thereof are increased to the maximum."

Springfield av., the s. w. border of the triangle, whose very name ought to have had power to attract me to it at the outset, was not, in fact, discovered by me until after I had had three years' acquaintance with all the other important thoroughfares in the Newark and Orange region. Its macadam begins at the corner of Morris av.; and, mounting there on the 5th of November last, at 10.50 A. M., I passed Irvington at 11.05, Middleville at 11.15, Milburn at 11.30, turned to the right into the cinder path at 11.33, and made my first dismount at the railroad station in Short Hills at 11.37. The cyclometer called the distance 7¼ m.; but the return trip, which was also made without dismount, in 44 min., it called only 7 m. The roughest pavement was that between Newark and Irvington, while the cinder path, from the Short Hills station to the main road, supplied, perhaps, the smoothest one of the many good places for coasting. Two days before, when I first discovered this avenue near Wyoming,—having come down to that point on an exploring tour from the Valley road at South Orange,—I did not have the luck to turn off towards Short Hills, but kept straight on for ¼ m. past the reservoir, and then, at

the first cross-road, turned to the right and walked 1½ m. along a sandy upward slope to a bridge on its summit, spanning a dry ravine. Mounting there, I rode along a fairly good track through Chatham to the hotel in Madison, 4 m. in 35 min.; thence without stop to the public square in Morristown, nearly 5 m. in 40 min. The return trip to Madison I also made without stop, in 2 min. less, and, after reaching the dry bridge beyond Chatham, I improved upon my former route by taking the first road to the l., for this, spite of its unattractive appearance, allowed me to ride most of the way to Short Hills.

My first visit to Morristown, however, was made on May Day of 1882, and by a different route. Starting from the hotel in Orange at 8.15 A. M., I went westward along Main st. to its nominal end at the Valley road,—for beyond this the street is called the Mountain road,—and up the same I toiled, much of the way on foot, until I reached St. Cloud at the top, 2 m. from the start. Then, after 1½ m. of good track, mostly coasted, I began the ascent on foot of the second mountain, and was forty minutes on the way to the flag-pole in Northfield, 2½ m. Thence to West Livingston and Hanover there was much walking and rough riding; but beyond this latter point I had a long stay in the saddle, and I stopped at the tavern pump in Whippany at 11 o'clock, with 11½ m. on my day's record. I was an hour riding from there to the Mansion House in Morristown, not quite 5 m., over an excellent track, which might be made without dismount, and which I did so make in returning, when the wind favored me. In leaving Whippany for Morristown one must turn l. at the mill-pond and journey towards the south. Monroe is the name of an intermediate village, if it can be called one; and near this is the long hill which I failed to ride up. By this route "Washington's Headquarters" is reached before one arrives at the center of the town; and no patriotic wheelman should fail to halt at that historic mansion. The lofty hill beyond the court-house and reservoir in Morristown is well worth walking up, for the sake of the extensive view therefrom; and I found good wheeling for 1 m. to westward, as well as in the principal streets of the town. At Hanover post-office, on my homeward journey, I bade adieu to my forenoon's route, and rode thence northward, without stop, to the Swinefield iron bridge, 2½ m. in 17 min. This was my most creditable mount of the day, for I climbed two rather soft hills, and overcame other obstacles, which would have caused a halt, had not the wind helped me. From the bridge, by a road winding to the r., and mostly unridable, I went 2 m. to Pine Brook; and thence, over the smooth track before described, to my starting-point in Orange, at 7.45 P. M., with 45 m. to my credit. I may as well say here that when, in September, 1880, I pushed my wheel from the Delaware Water Gap to Pine Brook (55 m.), by way of Blairstown, Johnsonburg, Alamoochy, Waterloo, Stanhope, Drakesville, McCainsville, Dover, Rockaway, Denville, and Persippany, I found most of the roads about as rough and hard to get over as are the names just quoted. I therefore give warning against that route, for I think I should have fared rather better if I had aimed for Morristown. The best course between New-

ark and that city is by way of Springfield av.; but the one by way of Bloomfield av., Pine Brook, Hanover, and Whippany, is also to be recommended as part of a round trip[1]. I never descended the stretch of 1½ m. from St. Cloud to Orange, but I know it must be fine for coasting. (See p. 175.)

Two additional paths, connecting the Newark and Orange system of roadways with the Hudson river, have been explored by me as follows: On the 4th of May, 1882, under the inspiration of one of "Ixion's" reports, I made a tour to Pompton and Paterson, turning off from the macadam of Bloomfield av. (just above the post-office) in Verona, and riding due n. without a stop for more than 2 m., or until I began the descent of the hill beyond the ravine at Cedar Grove. After that the road grew rougher and

[1] The Elizabeth Wheelmen (organized June 7, 1883, and quartered at 116 Broad st.) reported 20,000 m. as the aggregate mileage of the 50 members' road-records during 1884, though more than half the men had never mounted a bicycle before July. The highest record (about 3,000 m.) was made on a Star machine by the club-bugler, A. S. Roorbach, an artist, who frequently chooses rough and out-of-the-way routes, for the sake of securing sketches, and whose most notable excursion of the year (as reported in the *Wheel*, Oct. 3, '84) contains the following facts: "The trip to the Delaware Water Gap was taken with comparative ease, Danville (47 m.) being reached in 12½ h. Starting on again at 7.15 the next morning, I reached the Gap at 2 P. M. (18 m.), and after spending a day and a half there, started for Elizabeth on Monday, Aug. 18, at 6.52 A. M., with the intention of reaching home, if possible, that day. My total time for the 67½ m. from the Gap to Elizabeth, was 15 h. 33 min., of which 2 h. 5 min. was taken for rests, leaving 13 h. 28 min. actual running time, giving an actual rate while in motion, of 5 m. an hour. Beyond Morristown, the outward route led through Walnut Grove, 5½ m., of short bits of riding and walking; Suckasunny, 7 m., of which only the first two and the last were ridable; Flanders, 4 m., of fairly level roads or side-paths with some sandy spots (beautiful scenery); Bartleyville, 1 m. of good, level road; Drakestown, 4 m., half of it through a highly-picturesque, winding gorge, on an up-grade, fairly ridable; Hackettstown, 1 m. of down-grade, too steep for sure riding; Vienna, 5 m., first half of it up-and-down, too steep for wheeling, then a final mile of coasting; Danville, 1 m. of ridable surface, fairly level; Hope, 5 m., with 2½ m. of walking over the rough ore-roads of Jenny Jump mountain; through Mt. Hermon, Centerville and Knowlton to Columbia, 7 m. of rough and hilly road, with some good stretches; thence to the finish at the Water Gap ferry, 6 m. of deep sand, not allowing ½ m. of wheeling. On the return journey, I took the w. side of the river to Portland, 6 m., hilly, sandy and stony, allowing about ⅔ of wheeling; thence to Mt. Hermon, 5 m. in 1½ h., and thence homeward by the outward route, to Morristown at 6.30 P. M., 43½ m. from the Gap. From Milburn I took the longer route through Irvington, as it was then too dark to try the side-paths of the Morris turnpike directly to Elizabeth through Springfield. Between Morristown and the Gap there were very few miles which did not require some hard pedestrianism; but, on the whole, I was amply rewarded, from an artist's point of view for my straightaway cut across the mountains." With this may be compared a notable six days' run of 345 m., ending Saturday, Oct. 25, '84, and reported in the *Bi. World* of Oct. 31: "R. D. Mead, Captain of the Essex Bicycle Club, rode on Monday week from Newark to Milford, 70 m., through Dover, Branchville and Dingman's Ferry; on Tuesday, through Delaware Water Gap, to Mt. Hope, 47 m.; on Wednesday, through Hackettstown and Morristown to Newark, 56 m.; on Thursday, through Plainfield, Somerville and Trenton to Bristol, 75 m.; on Friday, through Philadelphia and towards Lancaster, 61 m.; and, on Saturday, a part of the way to Newark, 36 m. This extraordinary riding, crossing New Jersey on three courses, was accomplished with the roads in a terribly rough condition, and deep with the dust from the long-continued drought. Messrs. Harris and Sargeant of the same club, accompanied Mr. Mead on the ride to Philadelphia."

sandier, and I was ½ h. in doing the 1½ m. ending at Little Falls. In order to reach that village I turned aside from the direct route for Pompton, resuming it again at Singac, 1¼ m. up the Passaic river, which I there crossed. The road down the river from Little Falls to Paterson, about 4 m., was said to be very good, but I have not yet tried it. From the bridge at Singac to the railroad crossing at Mountain View, 2¼ m., the path is perfectly straight, and I was ¼ h. in reaching the last-named point from Little Falls. The side-paths were generally preferable to the roadway for the next 3 m., which I covered in ½ h., during which the powder-mills near Wayne were passed on the left. Instead of keeping to the direct road northward, which would have led to Norton's Hotel, I now crossed the bridge over Pompton river, and rode 1 m. westward to Pequannock, turning there sharply to the r. and going due n. in a bee-line through the village of Pompton Plains, and so e. again to Pompton and Norton's Hotel. The distance from the bridge was just 5 m., and I was 50 min. in doing it. Smooth and level sidewalks for almost the entire way made this the swiftest and pleasantest spin of the trip. Leaving the hotel at 4.45 o'clock, I proceeded to work my way across an almost uninhabited region of sandy and stony hills, with an occasional shower of rain to encourage me, until I reached the village of Haledon; and, about 1 m. beyond this, I began a sharp descent into Paterson, and crossed the Passaic (by the bridge nearest the line of the Erie Railway) at 6.30. The distance from Pompton was nearly 9 m., and as I had to walk at least a third, or perhaps a half, of it, I do not specially commend the route. Having ridden 1 h. or more in the forenoon, before branching out from Verona, my day's record, including a final mile on the Paterson macadam, was 41 m.

Three days later I took my wheel from the Pickwick House in that city, where it had been safely guarded by big bales of unspun silk, and started due e. for Hackensack. From the bridge over the Passaic the course was n. e. for 2 m. straight, and then s. e. for twice that distance,—the last 3 m. being in a bee-line. The only hamlet on the way is Arcola, where Saddle river is crossed, soon after turning the angle from n. to s. The track thus described leads up and down a succession of parallel ridges or hills, and, though much of the roadway is sandy, I found the side-paths generally ridable for short stretches; and I was 1 h. 40 min. in doing the distance. Red clay was the material of the final ridge or hill from which I descended into Hackensack, and the view of the river and valley of that name, which was enjoyed before making the descent, was a rather pretty one. Going south from here by a good macadamized turnpike for 2½ m., I crossed the river at the Freiburg bridge, just beyond which run two parallel railroad lines; 1 m. to the e. I reached the longer toll-bridge spanning Overpeck creek, and then, in another ½ m., the Club House in Ridgefield. Just 1 m. e. from this, on the crest of a hill 280 ft. high, which must be climbed afoot, the tourist will begin a ½ m. descent that will bring him to the top of the Edgewater hill, whence he may descend n. to the level of the Hudson, and ride along it to Fort Lee, 2 m.

above; or, instead of descending to the river, he may turn s., in order to reach the boulevards leading towards Bergen Hill, as described on p. 83.

Such tourist will please observe, therefore, that, if he wishes to reach "the triangle" by the Paterson route, which I have described without specially recommending, he should make the w. descent into Ridgefield, instead of turning s. at the Edgewater hill. A third path from Ridgefield to "the triangle," as explored by me on the 20th of December, 1881, I mention in order to give warning against, though perhaps it might not be so bad at another time of year. From the Freiburg bridge I rode w. for 1 m., instead of going n. by the Hackensack turnpike; then, by a rather winding road through a swampy, wooded country, I went s. about 2 m. and w. the same distance, walking pretty continuously through the mud until at Woodbridge I climbed a hill 200 ft. high. From here I rode by short stretches on the plank and dirt sidewalks, through Carlstadt, Rutherford, and Lyndhurst, to the bridge across the Passaic at Avondale, but was 1 h. in doing the distance, which is less than 4 m. Having followed the fairly good sidewalks of the river-road for 2 m. down to Belleville, I there discovered that an ideally smooth macadamized avenue ran parallel for the whole distance on the crest of the hill, ¼ m. to the w., and gave excellent chances for coasting. So I rode back to the head of it at Avondale, and found it extended thence nearly 3 m. toward Newark. When the macadam ended, I followed the sidewalks of the same avenue 1¼ m. further s., and there came to its point of junction with Bloomfield av. (For report of this route reversed, see p. 168.)

[1]In describing the roads around New York (Chapter VIII.), I have devoted no less than a half-dozen pages (80–85) to those upon the Jersey shore; and the routes from the 130th st. ferry to Englewood may be found on pp. 81, 84. On the 7th of May, 1883, I mounted there at 3 P. M. (having previously ridden 25 m.), and after following the main street w. for perhaps ¼ m. beyond the r. r. crossing, I turned s. and then w., and in ¼ h. was stopped by the upgrade of red clay leading to School-house No. 9. Thence I went s. about 1 m. to the Teneck road, and along it w. over a succession of hills, one of which I descended (4 m. in 1 h.) just before crossing the bridge into Hackensack. A wide stretch of the country thus traversed belongs to William Walter Phelps, one of the largest land-owners in New Jersey; and the only really good riding I found was on some of the macadamized roads connected with his private residence. From a store in the center of Hackensack (1 m.) I went 1 m. straight n. w. to the 7-m. plank; and thence in ½ h. to the hotel at Arcola, 2½ m. A little beyond here I made a sharp turn l., to cross the bridge over Saddle river, and then, ½ m. further, instead of continuing n., I turned s. w., and went in a bee-line to the Broadway bridge leading into Paterson, walking up two hills on the way. Forty minutes later, after passing the 3-m. plank, I reached the corner of Broadway and West st., in Paterson, 14 m. and 3 h. from the

[1]The remainder of this chapter is now for the first time published.

start at Englewood. Crossing the West st. bridge, I turned l. up the hill, passed the soldiers' monument which overlooks Broadway, and then descended l. to the falls. These present a spectacle well-worth visiting on its own account, and they also have a certain historic interest attaching to them as the scene of Sam Patch's demonstration that "some things can be done as well as others." Trundling my wheel across the little foot-bridge, just below the one off which he used to jump into the yawning depths beneath, I kept along the s. bank of the stream, mostly on sidewalks and paths, to Lincoln bridge; thence in roadway to bridge under r. r.; thence a little beyond the 4-m. plank to the canal bridge in Little Falls. Crossing this, I turned l. to the second bridge, which I did not cross, but followed the course of the brook. Darkness had now settled down, and I soon made a needless detour, after passing under a stone culvert, by walking up-hill to a r. r. station which proved to be the terminus of the road. I walked, in fact, nearly all of the way, through Cedar Grove, until at last I reached the well-known macadam at Verona post-office, whence I wheeled about 10 m. without stop, to the end of Central av. in Newark, at 10 o'clock, with a day's record of 57 m., which included 34 m. of roads never previously visited, and 10 m. never before traversed in the same direction. The parallel road on the n. side of the river, from Paterson to Little Falls, was said to be ridable; and my earlier ride thence to Pompton has been described on p. 165.

Four days afterwards (May 11), I rode from Elizabeth to Rahway, the distance from the head of Frelinghuysen av., in the former town, to the Farmers' and Mechanics' Hotel, on the outskirts of the latter, being a trifle more than 6 m. My course led down Broad st. to the court-house and Sheridan Hotel (1 m.), where I turned r., and soon reached St. George's av., leading s. to the first-named hotel. It continues straight on from there to Metuchen and New Brunswick, whence the tow-path is said to supply (on Sundays, when there is no traffic) excellent riding to Bound Brook,—the distance between each of the four towns being about 6 m. At the hotel I turned l., to reach the center of the town, and I completed a circuit of 3 m. before arriving at the same point again. From there I returned n. for 1½ m. without stop, to a certain point where I took the plank walk. My downward ride was mostly done on this walk, with frequent stops on account of missing planks. Red clay and sand made this course a rather difficult one, and its character was said to be about the same all the way to New Brunswick. I tried it under rather favorable conditions; but in very wet or very dry weather I presume it would be unridable. A fortnight later, in attempting to find a new route home to the city, I turned n. at the post "8 m. to Paterson," near the Mansion House in Montclair, and proceeded 2 m. along a hard, graveled road to a point past the r. r. station in Upper Montclair, where I was told that sand and rough clay were all that could be hoped for beyond. So I made my second start at the junction of Bloomfield av. with Belleville av. in Newark, and proceeded n. along the sidewalk of the latter (whose flagstones are con-

tinuous on the e. side) for 1½ m., to a point beyond the cemetery, where I took the macadam of the roadway, which is rough for ½ m., until the horse r. r. tracks leave it, and turn r. down the hill to the river. At Avondale, after a 3-m. spin along the ideal macadam of the ridge, I crossed the river, and after going under the r. r. bridge, wheeled along the w. sidewalks pretty continuously to Rutherford, 2½ m. Thence to Carlstadt, beyond which I went too far n. towards Hackensack; but at last made a turn r. (3½ m. from Rutherford), which brought me to a r. r. station in ¾ m.; then, in 1½ m., I turned n., and within 2 m. reached Freiburg bridge, the western approach to Ridgefield, described on p. 166. I have since been told that the route straight across the marshes from Carlstadt, popularly known as the Paterson plank road (which I have expressed an ignorance of on p. 81), is fairly ridable; and I might have saved the hills by going that way. I delayed so long in taking supper with a friend at Ridgefield, that, when I reached the ferry at Weehawken, "the last boat had gone," and I was obliged to drag my weary bones up the heights again, and get slow transit to Hoboken by horse-car. It was 10.30 P. M., therefore, when I finally trundled my wheel into Washington Square, with a record of 45½ m. for the 12 h. The boats connecting with the night trains of the new West Shore railway now give later access to New York (42d st.) than those of the old ferry, just above; and a new road, paved with Belgian blocks, has been graded upwards from the railway terminus, to the brewery at Fulton st., which is described on p. 84 as connecting the two parallel boulevards. Macadam has lately been applied to the easternmost of these, from the region of the tunnel to Guttenberg (1 m.), and also to a part of the sandy stretch between Ridgefield and Englewood (p. 84), which are destined to be connected, in a few years, by a continuously smooth roadway. As a result of legal complications with a bankrupt railroad, the prolongation of Fulton st., just described, is barred to ordinary traffic; but I suppose that a foot-passenger can have no trouble in descending to the station along the sidewalk, even though he be accompanied by a bicycle.[1]

[1] "Paulus Hook" was the name held in Revolutionary times by that part of Jersey City where now stand the ferry-houses of the Pennsylvania railroad and Taylor's Hotel (p. 82); and "Marion," the first station (3 m.) on that road, is best reached by going along the sidewalk flags of Montgomery av., parallel to it; then turning l. one block and r. three blocks. It may be reached from the other direction by turning r. soon after crossing the r. r. tracks where the ascent of Bergen Hill begins on the w.; and Philadelphia riders recommend this route as the best for those who wish to go to Taylor's Hotel without climbing to the summit of the hill. An illustrated article (covering the first 14 pp. of *Lippincott's Magazine*, July, 1884) descriptive of "Some New Jersey Suburbs of the Metropolis," takes Short Hills as a type of what is brand-new, and Bergen as the best surviving representation of the antique. I make room for the following extract: "Upon Bergen Hill, within cannon-shot of Wall st., there is more to recall the primitive condition of Manhattan than can be found upon the island itself. Although, looking eastward, the underbrush of masts and spires and roofs show him a modern commercial city, looking westward over the marshes the prospect is very much the same that was presented to the primitive Dutchmen who first climbed here. The marshes, still bare, are swathed, of an April afternoon, in swimming and luminous mist, which reduces Newark to a vague uncertainty, all

A northward route from Avondale, mentioned in the preceding paragraph, was thus described by a tourist of Sept. 3, '84: "At the end of the macadam, turning l., r. and r., we soon passed the depot and struck the main road again, which brought us into Passaic, 3½ m., where we took the river road and found good side-path riding to Paterson, 5½ m. Thence we went nearly e. for 2 m. to Arcola,—to reach which town a turn must be made s. (r.), at the terminus of the road from Paterson, for a few rods; then e. over a bridge crossing the Saddle river. The first road beyond is the direct one n., and is nearly straight to the 'three forks,'—the side-path riding being excellent to this point. The center road at the forks should be taken past the cemetery, and all is then plain sailing to Hohokus (6½ m. from A.); but before reaching Allendale (2 m.) the track grows hillier; and between Ramseys (2 m.) and Mahwah (1¾ m.), we were forced to dismount on several stiff grades. Soon afterwards, however, we reached an excellent cinder path, which brought us quickly to Suffern (3 m.), whose hotel is only a few rods beyond the border line of New Jersey." My own route in reaching the same place from Newark, ten days later, was a longer and poorer one, which I chose partly through ignorance, and partly for variety's sake. Having traversed the well-known macadam to its end (10 m. from the "Z. & S." starting-point) at the corner in Franklin, where the l. road leads due w. to Pine Brook, I turned r. and proceeded along a rough surface to a hill (1 m.), which caused a few rods' walking. My next stop was made 1 m. beyond (after turning l. at bridge), and ½ m. of walking then brought me to the cross-roads, where the l. leads back to Pine Brook, and where I turned r. for the church at Fairfield, and then l. at a point beyond it, ½ m. from the cross-roads. Two Bridges is a pretty little place at the junction of the streams, 3 m. from Franklin; and after crossing both of them, I followed the second one to the l. for 1 m., until, just below Mountain View, I reached the main road previously described as connecting Little Falls with Pompton (p. 165). The same road might also have been reached by turning r., after crossing the

but a few gaunt chimneys, and through which the masses of the Orange hills loom faintly blue. The slope of Snake Hill, nearest us, is still unplanted and unbuilt. This shining ribbon almost under us is the Hackensack, and that narrower and further gleam the Passaic. All these were here when the Dutchmen came, and it all looks very much as it must have looked then. The streets of Bergen, too, though more or less modified, retain the primitive arrangement of a palisaded village; and here and there along them are architectural relics of the Dutch dynasty. The most remarkable and interesting of these is the Sip house, which has an interest unique in this country, to the best of my knowledge and belief, in being now the residence of the descendants in the seventh generation of its builders, by whose family it has been continuously occupied. A very credible family tradition asserts that Lord Cornwallis once lodged and slept here, when he was in command of East Jersey. It was down what is now Bergen av. that Sergeant-Major John Champe galloped, pursued by his own comrades as a deserter, to escape to the British lines and kidnap Arnold, in order to deliver the traitor up to Washington, and to justify the American commander in liberating André. Champe's escape was narrowly successful; but he found it harder to leave his new friends than his old, and had to go soldiering about in Virginia under Cornwallis before he had an opportunity to make a real desertion."

two bridges; and I think such turning may be safely recommended to any who choose to go from Pine Brook to Paterson by this route.

From the bridge at Mountain View I went without stop 1½ m., to place where sign on r. says "3½ m. to Pompton"; and there I crossed canal bridge to l., and then bore around to r., riding n. through the village of Pompton Plains to place (3 m.) where road forks r. to steel-works and Norton's Hotel (p. 165). I kept straight on to the l., however, and then, about ½ m. above (where I should have turned r.), turned l. and rode 1 m. to Bloomingdale, where I found my mistake and rode back again.[1] One mile beyond this, I turned r. at a tavern, having previously turned l. after crossing a bridge; and I turned l. in 2 m. at a church, and then rode at speed for 1 m. to the tavern at Oakland station. This looked so unattractive that, though darkness was settling on, I thought I would try to reach a better one; but I soon went astray, by turning up-hill at the first r. road, and then failing to take the next r. road for Crystal Lake. So I came back to the tavern at Oakland, after a useless tramp of 1½ m., at 7 o'clock, with a record of 26½ m. The fact that my cyclometer registered only 17 m. during the 5 h. of the afternoon, when I was in almost continuous motion, shows that it fell short of the truth; and I presume the lesser distances recorded may not be quite accurate. Pompton pond, which I passed just before nightfall, is a pretty sheet of water, alongside which I noticed the tents of some campers-out. The mountain ranges seem to converge as one rides up to Pompton from the s.; so that they are there distinctly present to one's notice instead of being remote points on the horizon, as at the start. Next morning, therefore, I found that I was riding along the pleasantly shaded western slope of the eastern range, while the western range was far off to the r.; and the surface seemed to gradually in-

[1] Echo Lake, at Newfoundland, is only about 6 m. n. w. from Bloomingdale; but, as a halting-place for the night on a two days' circuit of 85 m. between Newark and Greenwood Lake it is just 49 m. from the headquarters of "Z. & S.," who send me the following directions for route: "From Pompton, go to Wanaque and Boardville, turning l. at foot of hill within 200 yards of school-house, and proceeding thence in almost a direct line to the lake. The hotel here, known as Brown's or Cooper's, gives a good dinner for 50 c., and the run from Oraton Hall (39 m.) can be made easily in 7 h. After amusing yourself for a few hours on the lake and around it, take a 10-m. run down to Newfoundland, over excellent slate roads, and stop for the night at J. P. Brown's well-kept hotel, which is usually crowded during the summer. If you leave at 8 in the morning, you will reach Rockaway (30 m.) at noon, easy riding, and can get a good 50 c. dinner at the hotel directly to the r. after crossing the canal. There is considerable sand between there and Denville, but the side-paths are fair; and, by taking the grass at side of road between Denville and Fox Hill, a rate of 6 m. an hour can be kept up, spite of sand and stones. Thence there are excellent roads for a part of the way to Pine Brook; and the rest is the well-known track. The round trip of 85 m. has frequently been made in a day. The side-paths along the banks of the several lakes and ponds are superb. While at Newfoundland, you should spend an hour or two in visiting Clifton Falls; and, while you are at the Government powder works, near Middle Forge, run ½ m. l. and climb Picatinny peak, the view from whose top is a grand one. If you leave wheel at the roadside for 1 h., the ascent and descent will occupy about half the interval, and give you the other half in which to enjoy the view."

crease in smoothness all the way to the Jersey line, which I crossed at 8 o'clock (having done the 8½ m. in 1¼ h.), and then stopped an hour in Suffern for breakfast at the Eureka House. In spite of my two detours (4 m.), and much longer general route, the cyclometer record to this point was not quite 35 m., as against the 34½ m. of the party mentioned on p. 169, who continued straight on to Lake George, and went thence to Pittsfield, Springfield, New Haven, Tarrytown and New York, a circuit of 530 m.

An interesting report of their tour was printed in *Bi. World* (March 13, 20, 1885, pp. 332–334, 347), from which I have already quoted, on p. 121, and from which I shall present other extracts in my next chapter. Their northward route from Suffern to Newburg (exclusive of a 3 m. detour, not reckoned) was identical with my own, and measured 33 m., while my cyclometer recorded less than 29 m.; so that my record of lesser distances must be taken with some allowance. I reached Newburg at 4.30 o'clock, having stopped from 1 to 2 P. M. for an excellent dinner at Highland Mills Hotel. The other party had turned aside at this point and climbed up the mountain 1½ m. (riding part of the way), in order to spend the night at the Lake House. They there found very fine views of the lake and valley, as well as good food and lodging, and they coasted the whole distance back to Highland Mills on the morning following. "The road from here to Newburg," their report truly says, "leads through scenery that will delight the eye at every turn; and too much can hardly be said in praise of it, for no dismount need be made except at one or two bad hills near the end." My own record for the afternoon is that I turned r. at the red mills, 5 m. from the hotel; r. at the railroad, 2 m.; l. towards Cornwall mills, and r. at Merrittville (Vail's Gate), 1½ m.; then l., along a specially smooth surface, to Newburg, 1½ m. Of the forenoon's ride, through the valley along the Ramapo river, I should have said, that, within ½ h. after finishing breakfast I traversed the 4 m. to Sloatsburg, on a course whose surface suggested the ridge-road along Lake Erie. I wheeled all the hills, including one smooth one which was difficult because of length, and several short ones which were difficult because of roughness. Between Southfield (7 m.) and the iron works at Greenwood (3 m.) and beyond, I found occasional stretches of sand; but the red clay-gravel which forms the surface in the region of Highland Mills (4 m.) is ideal material for road-building. The direct route thither appears to be the one leading r., at the school-house which is met soon after the smooth surface begins; but the proper path winds along to the l., and offers a chance for very swift riding to the hotel, and for some miles beyond, as before described. Washington's Headquarters should be visited by every patriotic pilgrim who journeys through Newburg; and the local wheelman who escorted me thence to Poughkeepsie, next morning, was an old soldier of the civil war, who had also served efficiently, the previous October, in managing the citizens' centennial celebration of that memorable day when Washington proclaimed at Newburg the formal recognition of our national

independence. It was in eminent accordance with the fitness of things, therefore, that our course should lead "through Liberty st. to the great balm tree" (2 m.), where we turned up-hill to the r., and made a l. turn 2 m. on; passing then through Marlboro (4 m.), Milton (4 m.) and reaching the river-side ferry below Highlands (5 m.), opposite Poughkeepsie, at 10.20 A. M., just 4 h. after starting. The final 1¼ m. can be continuously coasted, on a steady down-grade, and the whole road is of average excellence, with some specially fine stretches, and some specially attractive vineyards alongside them. As the road on the e. side of the river is also good, and rather more direct, a pleasant circuit of 35 to 40 m. may be made between Newburg and Poughkeepsie, without repetitions. My comrade had several times measured it with Ritchie cyclometer, and was therefore confident that the distance we traversed together was 19 m., though my own record for the 4 h. was 2½ m. less. The rest of this tour from Poughkeepsie on the Hudson to Springfield on the Connecticut (about 130 m.), may be found reported on pp. 146–148, 121.

My only wheeling in New Jersey, s. of Rahway, was on May 17, '84, when I went from Hoboken to Somerville (39½ m., 9.30 A. M. to 7 P. M.), and May 18, when I went thence to Philadelphia (61 m., 5.40 A. M. to 6.40 P. M). A Star rider of Elizabeth, whose day's journeys between there and the Water Gap are reported elsewhere in this chapter (p. 164), accompanied me thence to Westfield (5½ m.) and Plainfield (4½ m.), though we were 2½ h. on the way. A better route from Newark is said to be by the macadam to Milburn, 5½ m. (p. 174), sidewalk thence 1 m. to Springfield, poor and sandy roads thence 6½ m. to Scotch Plains, and 2½ m. of level sidewalks straight to Plainfield. I was ¾ h. in riding thence to Dunellen, 3 m., and 1¾ h. more in reaching Moore's County Hotel in Somerville, where I stopped for the night. About half-way between these two places I passed through Bound Brook (whence to New Brunswick, 6 m., the tow-path supplies good riding,—p. 167), and I thence went due w. to the end. When I started next morning, I turned l. at the hotel, and rode 5¼ m. in 3¼ h., for my first dismount. The road had been a winding one, and its signs had mostly pointed to "Wood's Tavern," though I am not aware that I ever reached any such point. When I mounted again, I turned l., and followed the telegraph poles 1 m. to "the brick house,"—the only one in that region,—and there turned l. down the street which it faces, to the white church and cross-roads at Harlingen, 4 m. I might have turned here to r., but I did turn to l., and rode up a big hill beyond. After crossing the r. r. at a creamery station called Venaken (1½ m.), whose name seemed unfamiliar to the people whom I questioned, I ought to have twisted around to the r., but I kept straight along to the first road turning squarely to the r., and on this I was forced to do my first walking of the day,—about ½ m. of sandy up-grade. Then I turned l. on the main road, down which I should have come if I had turned r. at either Harlingen or Venaken; conquered the cemetery hill at Blawenburg, which was a difficult one, and turned r. for the Stoutsburg Hotel, where I halted 1¼ h. for breakfast. For some miles below here, the

road is betwen parallel ranges of mountains, though not very near them. Pennington, 23½ m. from the start, was reached at 11, and the bridge over the Delaware at Trenton (9 m.), 2 h. later. Then followed 9 m. of very pleasant riding, much of it on sidewalks and along the river, to Bristol, where I took ferry across to New Jersey again. Beyond Beverly (4 m.), I turned l., passed the cemetery on l., and, after some walking through the sand, reached the Camden turnpike, which extends in a bee-line towards Philadelphia, over a succession of low hills. I walked up many of these, owing to the softness of the surface, though the down-grades were mostly ridable, and reached the ferry at 6.20 P. M., a little less than 60 m. from the start. I was delayed here a long time in crossing and getting supper (for I had had no food since finishing breakfast at 9), and then wheeled or walked in the gaslight along Market st., which had a new stone pavement like that of Broadway, to the Bingham House, where the cyclometer showed the mileage of my new wheel, measuring the distance from Hartford, to be just "234."

When next I entered New Jersey, by crossing the river from Easton to Phillipsburg, at 5 A. M. of June 5, the cyclometer registered 828 m., representing a continuous circuit, which had extended as far s. as the Luray Cave, in Virginia. Two members of the Lafayette College Bicycle Club met me at the United States Hotel, that morning, and piloted me to the proper point for taking the tow-path, about 1 m. from the bridge. After 7 m. of rather rough riding on this, I had a fall, by letting my wheel get into a hole in the grassy edge of the path,—my only previous fall with "No. 234, Jr.," having happened 510 m. previously, on the 21st of May. My companion also took a plunge down the bank, by reason of the sudden snapping of his left handle-bar; but he then rode without a dismount for 2½ m., or until we left the tow-path, though the surface of this was so rough that I thought it barely ridable, even with both handles in proper condition. After halting 1 h. 20 min. for breakfast at the St. Cloud Hotel in Washington (16 m. from Easton), I started on alone, at 9.10, and took the tow-path again by turning l. just before reaching the r. r. bridge. I rode as fast as I could, with few dismounts, to the store opposite Hackettstown (10 m. in 1¼ h.), for the surface was fairly good,—much smoother than the section nearer Easton,—and I was assured by the canal men that it continued equally ridable as far as Dover. My previous trial of a few miles of this, between Waterloo and Stanhope (Sept. 24, '80) had not been a happy one, however, and so I exchanged the path for the highway through Hackettstown to the top of Schooley's Mountain (6 m.), where I stood on the stroke of noon, at the entrance to the grounds of a summer hotel called Belmont Hall, after having done about 1 m. of walking, on the up-grades, which were generally shaded. The descent of 2½ m. to German Valley was a rough one, which required ¾ h.; and the 5 m. thence to Chester led along hilly roads which had been recently "worked." After halting ¾ h. for dinner, I proceeded onward to Mendham (5½ m. in 1 h.) and, 5 m. beyond there, reached the limit of my previous rides w. from Morristown. Here began the good rid-

ing of the day, and I sped along to Madison without a stop; thence more slowly through Chatham and Short Hills to the well-known macadam of Springfield av., 62 m. and 14 h. from the start. At Irvington, 5 m., I turned l. down Clinton av., and found good macadam nearly all the way to its end (2 m.), a little ways from St. Stephens church, in Newark, and quite near the fire-engine house, at the head of Frelinghuysen av. Two blocks beyond the end of Clinton av. I turned l. into High st., and rode along it in the dark to Central av., whence I walked to the corner of Broad and Bridge sts., and left my wheel there at Oraton Hall (Z. & S.), at 8 o'clock,—the day's record of the cyclometer being almost 72 m.

I thus finished a 20 days' circuit of 765 m., which had extended through a half-dozen States; and this final pull, across the hills and sands of New Jersey, was the longest and most difficult day's journey of all. I completed then a twelve months' record of 4,337 m., and I do not suppose it will ever again be my good fortune to enjoy so vast and varied an amount of wheeling within so brief a period. More than fourteen weeks elapsed before I next mounted a bicycle, and took the five days' September tour described on pp. 169–172, 146–148, 121; and my only later experience on the Jersey hills was near the close of the following month (Oct. 19, '84), when I accepted a friend's invitation to accompany him on a visit to the "basaltic columns,"—though, as I was forced to ride one of his 50-in. machines, I did not venture to follow his example when he coasted down therefrom, for nearly 1 m., along Mt. Pleasant av.[1] This extends w. from the Valley road, at a

[1] A good picture of the columns (Julius Bien's lithographic reproduction of photographs taken by H. J. Brady, of Orange) is given for the frontispiece of the "Report for 1884 of the State Geologist," Professor George H. Cook, who says that "an excursion to the basaltic columns at Orange, and across the mountain and valley beyond, is full of interesting material; and the view from the top of the mountain is one of the finest on the continent." I quote the following from his Report, pp. 22, 23: "The remarkably fine exposure of columnar trap-rock at the quarry of Mr. John O'Rourke, on the southeastern slope of Orange Mountain, has attracted a good deal of public attention during the last few months. The rock is the same with that which forms the crest of each of the three ranges of the Watchung mountains. The fine exhibition which is made at this place is due to the work of Mr. O'Rourke in first clearing away the loose rock and debris from the front and surface of the ledge of trap-rock, and then working in, as he has had occasion to do, in getting out his road-making material, until he has exposed a vertical face of the rock, which is 700 ft. long, and 100 ft. high in the middle, and 30 ft. high at one end, and about 20 ft. at the other. The whole of this rock surface which is in sight is made up of prismatic columns as regular in their form as if they had been dressed out by a stone-cutter, and packed together so closely that there are no vacant spaces or openings between them. The columns generally are parallel to each other, and those at the two ends of the quarry are nearly perpendicular, but the large and high mass in the middle is made up of prisms, which are inclined at various angles, generally in a direction towards a central line. The work which has been done in quarrying here has exposed the structure of this mountain rock, so that it is in admirable condition for study, better, probably, than it can be found anywhere else in the State, and it is more easily accessible than any other in our country, so that it has already been seen by thousands of visitors. The view in the frontispiece is taken when looking towards the n. w., and is near enough to the top of the mountain to show its crest line, with the columns extending all

point a little below Llewellyn Park and a little above the terminus of Main st., in Orange, and most of the ascent is ridable. Beyond the quarry where the columns are, it bisects Prospect av., a 2-m. stretch of macadam, on the crest of the mountain, connecting the Eagle Rock road on the n. (p. 161) with the Northfield road on the s. (p. 163); and about 1 m. further, it reaches the dirt or gravel road, extending through the lowlands from the macadam of Verona (n.) to that of Milburn (s.), a distance of about 10 m. I take these facts from Wood's road-book, whose excellent "map of the Orange riding district" (scale 3 m. to 1 in.) gives a clear idea of routes in the entire "triangle" described by me on p. 160. I see by this, also, that a smooth connection (macadam and side-paths) between S. Orange av. and Springfield av. is supplied by Valley st., which is parallel, on the e. of the railway, to the rather rough prolongation of the Valley road, described on p. 160. The map fails, however, to exhibit Clinton av., which is the best connection between Irvington and Newark, because the stones of the city-end of Springfield av. may be thereby avoided. It is specially to be recommended to riders from Elizabeth who may wish to go to Milburn or Morristown, because it ends quite near the head of Frelinghuysen av.; and this "now affords an unbroken stretch of level macadam, 3¾ m. long." These are the words of an Elizabeth writer who published his rejoicings (May, '85) over the recent removal of the last of the Nicholson pavement, and at the same time announced the intention of the local bicycle club to lay wooden gutter-bridges at the crossings of the city's main thoroughfares, so that its sidewalks may be followed continuously, without the need of dismounting at the curbs.

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the way up. At the bottom the columns appear to run down to the level surface which is kept for the convenient working of the quarry. In reality they do extend down 6 or 8 ft. below the level of the working ground, and stand upon the red sandstone rock which everywhere underlies this trap. The perpendicular columns at the left hand or s. w. end of the quarry are 30 ft. or more in height, and are 5 or 6 sided, some of the sides being as much as 2½ ft. in width. Those at the right hand or n. e. end of the quarry are shorter, 15 to 20 ft. in height, and a little inclined. They are larger, however, than the others, some of them having sides 4 ft. wide. These very large columns are some of them bent near the top, turning off towards the left, and presenting the appearance of having been crooked after they were formed, and while still soft and flexible. The surface of most of the large columns are marked as if they were regularly laid up in courses like bricks in a building. These courses are about as thick as common bricks, and have about the same inequality or unevenness of surface that buildings of brick have."

New Jersey has the honor of being the best-mapped State in the Union; and, as the first words of this chapter, written two years ago, gave praise to the first fruits of the State Geological Survey, so now at the end, I gladly give place to extracts from its latest official Report, showing the more recent progress of an enterprise in which every intelligent Jerseyman ought to feel a personal pride. Within three years from now, the prospective tourist will be enabled to study the entire surface of the State by charts of the same scale and character as the one described on p. 159, but of the more convenient size of 24 by 34 in. Julius Bien & Co., of this city, are to be accredited with the careful and attractive lithography of the map, which, "as far as done, meets with the hearty approval of all who have seen it"; and the power of a good example is notably shown in the fact (which is specially significant and encouraging for wheelmen) that, "since the map was begun, a number of other States have organized surveys for similar maps of their ter-

ritory." This official "Atlas of New Jersey" (on a scale of 1 m. to 1 in., with contour lines showing every rise of 20 ft. elevation in the hilly parts of the State, and every rise of 10 ft. elevation in the more level parts) is to consist of 17 sheets, 27 by 37 in., intended to fold once across, making the leaves of the atlas 18½ by 27 in. The location and number of each sheet is shown by a reference map (20 m. to 1 in.) printed on the paper cover of the atlas; and another map of the entire State (5 m. to 1 in.) is to be added, on a sheet 27 by 37 in. The apparent overlapping of the adjacent rectangles of the atlas does not imply an increase of engraving, as the printing is not done directly from the engraved stones, but from transfers, which can be joined together in any way that may be required. In like manner, any two adjoining sheets can be cut and fitted accurately to each other to form a single map. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 cover all the Archæan and Paleozoic rocks; 2, 3 and 4 cover all the Archæan and all the iron ore district; 5, 6, 7 and 8 cover the red sandstone formation; 8 and 9, with 10, 11 and 12 cover the clay and marl districts; 9, 13, 16 and 17 cover the entire Atlantic shore. Nos. 3, 4 and 7 were issued in March, 1884; 2, 16, and 17 in March, 1885; 1, 9, 13 and 17 will be ready by the end of '85; and 8, 11, 12, 5, 10, 14 and 15 will follow, probably, during '86, '87 and '88. The Survey's annual report for '82 was accompanied by a geological map of New Jersey (6 m. to 1 in.), revised up to that date; and its latest corrections were named as "additional railroads, minor improvements in geological coloring, new places on the sea-shore and the life-saving stations." The State Topographer, C. Clarkson Vermeule, reports that the season's work of '84 included the survey of 1,582 sq. m., making the whole area surveyed 4,438 sq. m., and as the whole State is estimated to contain 7,576 sq. m., it may be said that the work is now completed over ⅗ of its area,—by far the roughest and most difficult part of the State to survey. "The expenses are kept strictly within the annual appropriation of $8,000. The results of the Survey are intended for the benefit of the citizens of the State; and application for its publications may be made to any member of the board of managers." A final extract will serve to show the progress and prospects of road-recording on a broader field: "The United States Geological Survey, Major J. W. Powell, director, is engaged in preparing a topographical and geological map of the United States. Work is being done for this purpose, by it, in Va., N. C., Ky. and Tenn., and to some extent in several of the other States. In Mass. the legislature has joined with the U. S. Survey in making a detailed topographical survey and map of that State on about the same scale as ours in N. J., each of the parties paying one-half of the expense. In our State, where the survey had at that time already extended over about half its area, the U. S. Survey proposed to pay the further expenses for completing the field work and mapping of the remainder of the State; they being allowed to take copies of the maps which were already completed, and we being allowed to make copies of the remainder of the maps, which are to be prepared at their expense. They proposed also to take into their employment the same persons who had been up to that time engaged in our survey. They only asked that we allow them the use of our instruments for carrying on the work. This arrangement, being plainly advantageous to both parties, was entered upon on July 15, 1884, and is working satisfactorily. It relieves the funds of the State Geological Survey from the burden of expense involved in carrying on the topographical survey, and will enable it to follow up in detail the work for which the topographical maps furnish the necessary basis."

Even without its admirable official atlas, which would alone entitle it to pre-eminence, I suppose New Jersey could still be called our "best mapped State"; for I know of no other that has been so often selected for treatment by the makers of private maps. A Philadelphia firm, E. W. Smith & Co., 20 S. 6th st. (formerly Smith & Stroup, 52 N. 6th st.) issue the largest one I have seen (1884, 6 by 4 ft., 2½ m. to 1 in., townships in different tints, and county lines in red), with the title "a topographical map of New Jersey, from actual surveys and official records by G. W. Bromley & Co., civil engineers." Statistics of the census, 1870–80, occupy an upper corner which is practically a blank quarter-section of the map, and the other three-quarters (32 by 20 in. each), distinguished as the northern, middle and southern sections, have been printed on parchment paper, and folded in pocket-covers, by special contract with the New Jersey Division of the League. The whole map, cloth backed, is supplied by the publishers for $10, either mounted on rollers for the wall, or dissected and folded in a case for carriage use; but any one of the three

sections may be had by mail for 52 c. from either of these officers of the League: G. C. Brown, Elizabeth, 116 Broad st.; H. Serrell, Plainfield; W. J. Morrison, Moorestown. "If any one wishes to have a certain route or routes marked out for him, it will be done in colored inks, at an extra charge of 25 c., which amount will go to enrich the treasury of the Division." The officers of this Division urge wheelmen in general to support their enterprise by purchasing for $1.56 the three sections that practically cover the entire sheet for which the publishers charge $10. The same firm issue "a new township and driving map of Philadelphia and vicinity" (38 by 40 in., 1 m. to 1 in., cloth backed, mounted for the wall or dissected for the carriage, $3.50); also "a historical and biographical atlas of the New Jersey coast" (370 pp., maps of the State in 1812 and 1884, maps of the beaches, plans of the cities, colored plates, $10). They manufacture maps to order, and profess to keep in stock a full supply of all the national, State, county, city and railroad maps which are in the market.

Atlases of the State, of the city of Newark, and of the counties of Burlington, Hudson, Hunterdon, Middlesex, Morris, Somerset and Warren, similar to those noted on pp. 99, 126, have been published by Beers & Co., 36 Vesey St., N. Y.; and on p. 100 I describe the three New Jersey maps catalogued by the Coltons, 182 William St., New York, and a fourth (of the n. part of the State, with New York City and Westchester, 3 m. to 1 in.) which is to appear in '86. The most satisfactory chart of the State for wheelmen now within reach is attached to No. 7 (June, 1885) of "Descriptive America, an illustrated geographical, historical and industrial magazine," edited by L. P. Brockett, M. D., and published by George H. Adams & Son, 59 Beekman st., N. Y., at intervals of a month or two (50 c. a number, $2.75 for six or $5 for twelve numbers). This magazine has 32 pp. (12 by 18 in.), handsomely printed on heavy paper, and its map is impressed on a sheet of bank-note paper, the size of two pages. On the back of the map is an alphabetical list of all its towns and villages, each name being accompanied by a letter and numeral, referring to the marginal index which points out its position. This "New Jersey" is on a scale of 6 m. to the inch and shows all the roads; while the maps of the six previous issues of the series (Colorado, Dakota, Michigan, Wisconsin, Florida and Georgia, scale 20 m. to the inch) show only the railways. All these maps, folded separately in cloth-bound covers, and similar ones (not indexed) of 30 other States, including New York, may be had for 60 c. each; and, also at the same price, "Massachusetts with Rhode Island," and "Connecticut with Long Island" (23 by 16 in., 6 m. to the inch, 1873-74), which are better suited for bicyclers. Adams's "Atlas and Gazetteer of New York" (1871, pp. 80, price $10), shows all the counties of the State, on the last-named scale, and a new edition ($12) is announced for 1886. The separate county sheets of this are also to be combined so as to form a single State map, to accompany the "New York" number of "Descriptive America"; and the half-dozen issues of that magazine which are to be devoted to New England will contain new maps of the six States, on the scale of 6 m. to 1 in. Conn., Mass. and R. I. will probably appear in 1885, and Vt., N. H. and Me. in '86. The maps of all the other States will be on too small a scale (20 m. to 1 in.) to show the roads: but the series as a whole is well worthy of the patronage of wheelmen, and I do not know of any other way in which a bicycle club can so cheaply secure so much valuable statistical and pictorial information for the use of its road-riders as by subscribing $2.75 for a half-dozen numbers of this unique magazine. Of the New Jersey, New York and six New England numbers ($4 altogether), it is probably safe to predict that no club-room of the future can afford to be without them.

It is certainly safe to assert that no individual wheelman of the present who attempts any explorations in New Jersey can afford not to carry in his pocket the compactly-printed official guide of the League, whose title-page describes its character, thus: "L. A. W. Road Book of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with the reported roads of Long Island and Staten Island, and the principal through routes of N. Y., Conn., Mass., R. I., Del., Md. and Va., including road maps of New Jersey, Orange Riding District, Staten Island, Pennsylvania, Philadelphia Riding District and Long Island. Compiled, designed and arranged by Henry S. Wood, C. E., Consul for Philadelphia, assisted by Eugene M. Aaron, Chief Consul for Pa., and Dr. G. Carleton Brown, Chief Consul for N. J. First edition, 1885. Times Printing House." This contains 160 pp., size 6¼ by 3¼ in., bound in flexible leather, with pocket and extra blanks but no advertisements;

is ¼ in. thick, weighs 6 oz., and sells for $1. Orders by mail should be addressed to Mr. Aaron, Box 916, Philadelphia; and all sales of the book will accrue to the benefit of the Division, as the task of compilation was assumed purely as a labor of love. The routes are all tabulated in uniform style, and numbered 1 to 46, with variations A, B, C, 1 A, 2 B, and the like, so that the list of them covers 4 pp., and the amount of roadway reported upon (exclusive of duplications) exceeds 8,000 m. The reading matter is in fine type, distributed as follows: Preface, 1 p.; Pennsylvania topography, 2 pp.; Philadelphia riding district, 2 pp.; general review, 1 p.; railroad transportation, with alphabetical list of the "free" roads, e. of Buffalo, 1 p.; consuls, hotels and repair shops in Penn. and N. J., 3 pp.; executive officers of the two Divisions, with abstracts of their rules, 2 pp.; objects and methods of the L. A. W., 2 pp.; odds and ends, 1 p.; N. J. index (references for 250 towns), 3 pp.; Penn. index (references for 525 towns), 5 pp.; N. Y. index (references to 225 towns), 2 pp. Massachusetts index (61 references) and miscellaneous index (81 references) 1 p. This makes a total of nearly 1,150 towns, whose situations on the 110 "routes" (each averaging 100 m. long) can be at once referred to, and it is the best piece of indexing yet given to the subject of American roads. I have already commended the maps of the "Orange riding district" (p. 175) and "Staten Island" (p. 158), which are on the same leaf (6½ by 3¼ in.); and I should presume that the "map of the Philadelphia riding district," covering a whole leaf of that size, and having a scale of 3 m. to 1 in. would be equally valuable to every wheelman residing in or visiting that city. "Long Island," on a scale of 10 m. to 1 in., shows clearly the general relations of the roads there which I have described on pp. 150–155. The more elaborate State maps (N. J., 20 m. to 1 in. and Penn., 35 m. to 1 in.) attempt to give nothing but the roads described in the "routes," and therefore show at a glance those parts of the country which have been most thoroughly explored by wheelmen. Each may therefore be regarded as a very valuable index to the study of larger maps of the same State, and each, "having been photographically reduced from large and accurate tracings" (made by the compiler, whose profession is that of civil engineer), can be depended upon, "even in scale measurements within the possibilities of reading." Except for eyes possessed of perfect vision, these "possibilities" are somewhat limited, owing to the microscopic lettering necessarily used in bringing the maps within the size of the page; but, as a vast majority of wheelmen are young and clear-sighted, this will not be a practical obstacle to the usefulness of the charts. They are really marvels of intelligent condensation, and they instantly give to a long-distance tourist incomparably more knowledge of roads "to the square inch of printed surface" than anything else in America upon which he can set his eyes. The compiler of this book has performed a great service for the cause of wheeling, both in the immediate value of his work as a help to tourists; in its incidental effect of convincing the ignorant, the indifferent and the dissatisfied that the League is a definite power for good; and in its ultimate influence upon the future compilers of the books of other Divisions. A high example of excellence has now been set, by which later works will be relentlessly compared and judged. It is to be hoped that other consuls of the League may improve upon the pattern of this one; but to him will remain the credit of having established a respectable pattern whose existence must prove a check to the production of slip-shod and careless compilations as representative books of the League. The suggestion that all of these should adopt the same size of page, in order that electrotypes may be exchanged for use in the publications of the various Divisions, ought certainly to be obeyed.

By way of encouraging another "good example," of quite a different sort, I will add to my list of Jersey maps a little one (2½ m. to 1 in.) that covers a circular tract of 12 m. diameter, on the Delaware river, and that is freely distributed on a fly-leaf as an advertisement of the *Moorestown Chronicle*, "the only newspaper published within the radius of 6 m. from Moorestown," which village serves, of course, as the center of the chart. The map is divided into m.-circles, and gives a plain showing of all the roads; and I recommend other local newspapers to issue similar ones, as an inexpensive scheme for keeping their names near to the heart of the bicycler—as near, at least, as the breast-pocket of his riding-jacket!

XIV.

LAKE GEORGE AND THE HUDSON.[1]

THIS title is designed to cover the report of my entire August touring of 425 m., distributed through eighteen different days and four different States; for though it began and ended in regions far removed from Lake George, the lake was my chief objective point, and the title will help fix the attention of those who were interested in "W. B. E.'s" account of a July pilgrimage thither, as presented in the *Bi. World* of August 5.

On the second day of the month I took my machine out of the manufactory in Hartford, where it had had an eight weeks' rest to recover from the violent surgical operation implied in receiving a new backbone, and started to drive it up the valley, spite of the liquefying stickiness of the weather. Before reaching Springfield, however, in whose neighborhood I intended to take a three-weeks' outing, a sand-gully in the sidewalk caused a sudden stop, when, rather than save my wheel by taking the risks of a header, I thought to save my bacon by resorting to what Telzah calls "a backer"; in other words, instead of pitching ahead and letting the machine fall on top of me, I jumped back and then tumbled violently forward on top of it. As a result, the driver was sprung sidewise about an inch out of the true, and the little wheel was made to interfere with it by about that interval, while the right crank was loosened on the axle, the latter mishap being one that never befell me before. With the aid of a convenient boy, I pulled the concern into ridable shape again and meandered on. The yawning rents in my breeches were concealed by the friendly approach of dusk, and by the fact that they bore no hue to contrast them with the drawers beneath. Another argument for always touring in white!

On the 18th of August, I rode back to Hartford, starting at 5 in the morning, with a threatening n. e. wind behind me. At the end of 1 m. I had of course to walk up the church hill in West Springfield, but from there rode without dismount to the bridge over Agawam river, 2 m., turning w. at the common and then s. at the first l. road, perhaps ½ m. on, over the railway track and by a curving course along the river to the bridge. Crossing this, the l. road is followed e., and soon leads into the main street of Agawam, which runs due s. until, at Porter's distillery, it makes junction with the river road leading from Springfield. This road should be taken by tourists to the n. if they wish to visit that city, though the most direct and easiest road up the valley is the one down which I came. The distillery was 6½ m. from the

[1] From *The Bicycling World*, Oct. 7, Nov. 11, 1881, pp. 259–260, 5–6.

start; time, 1¼ h.[1] On top of a hill, 4 m. or more beyond, is a white schoolhouse, where one turns into a lane leading e. and down to the river bank at the head of the canal. This was exactly 11 m. from the start, and was reached at 7 o'clock. With the wind helping me, I rode along the embankment without stop to the bridge, 2½ m., and then 2 m. more to the end at Windsor Locks, where I stopped ½ h. for breakfast. At 8.30 I reached the r. r. crossing, and knowing the next 2 m. of highway to be poor, I was tempted to try the hard gravel between the tracks. Riding along it for ½ m., I was forced to walk the remaining 1½ m. to Hayden's station, at which point the highway, or the sidewalk thereof, becomes good again. Soon after this, the heavy mist of early morning grew into unmistakable rain, and the red clay roads of that region, by no means bad in dry weather, grew unridable. So I kept the sidewalks pretty continuously during the 1¼ h. spent between Hayden's and the Weed Sewing Machine Company's works in Hartford, 10 m.,—ending my journey at 10.45 o'clock, 28 m. from the start. The worst part of it all was the final

[1] I have made a similar remark on p. 122, as to the need of taking the river road, between the distillery and the South bridge, in case the city is to be entered or left in that way; but some Springfield riders have lately told me that the best way to get between those points without dismount is to go directly w. from the bridge by a smooth road of red clay to the main street in Agawam. In riding along this to the n., the proper point to turn e. for the bridge, is about ½ m. above the brick building on r. which serves as a town hall and school house. The road turns squarely to the r. between two houses, and is not specially prominent, though the presence of large trees outside the fence may help to fix the place of it. Upon the same p. 122 is described my latest ride to Hartford, showing that I might better have kept the highway instead of resorting to the canal path, and that "the bad miles below the r. r. crossing" have been so improved within recent years that they may now be easily covered without dismount. The canal path was the scene of all my earlier rides, above Windsor Locks, because it had always seemed very smooth and inviting when I had inspected it from the railway bridge above,—where the windows of the passing trains had many times given me tempting views of the rocky shallows of the river, the wooded island, the symmetrical slopes of the curving canal-bank, and the old brown bridge far to the north. As boats no longer ply upon the canal, which is now merely a feeder for the mills, no dismounts are forced by canal teams; and the fact of my ability to wheel along this 4-m. level with no other stop than the one required by the bridge spanning the waste-weir which bisects it, shows that it is fairly ridable. In some parts the ruts of the wagon wheels, or the horse-path between them, must be followed; and the over-growing grass occasionally makes such following difficult. Powdered stone and gravelly red-clay form the basis of the path; and a little additional wagon-traffic would grind it to the ideal smoothness which is characteristic of much of the roadway that runs parallel to it along the ridge about ¼ m. to the w. A fine outlook across the river may be had along that ridge, and it is undoubtedly the preferable course for a tourist who wishes to go up the valley in the easiest and swiftest way. Such a one should turn w. just above the r. r. station in Windsor Locks, then ride up-hill to the n., and afterwards bear w. and n. across a covered bridge. The canal path, winding along the river side, has its own quiet beauties, however, which will repay an occasional trial of it by those who are familiar with the other routes. It is the longest canal in Connecticut,—indeed, the only one now holding water; and it is possible that my partiality for it may have been unconsciously increased by the fact of a rasping family tradition that a grandfather of mine sunk "a right smart of money" when he took the contract for building that same four-mile embankment, some sixty years ago. Anyhow, an occasional resort to it for bicycling purposes seems to be the only practicable show I have for ever getting even so much as a smell of my "undivided share" in the lost inheritance!

stretch of muddy and watery macadam in the city limits. Essaying the sidewalk flags as preferable, I got a "backer" on a slippery cobble-stone crossing, which once more made my wheels interfere. I pulled them apart, however, sufficiently to prevent my rainy ride being finished afoot. Decency demanded an immediate change of costume; and the advantages of white flannel were once again demonstrated. Had my trousers been of a color that gave less prominence to the decorative effects of mud, mist and sweat, I might have been tempted to keep them on!

By the time my wheel had been "trued up" and otherwise put in proper trim for the fall campaign, the rain had stopped and the sun was shining. So I had a pleasant return run on the sidewalks as far as Hayden's station, though I was 1¼ h. on the way, just as on the unpleasant forenoon when I was hurrying to "get through." Threats of rain again appeared here; and as 2 m. of bad road were just ahead of me, and as I could at best only hope to reach the end of the canal by nightfall, I chose to take train to Springfield, whence I rode home 4 m. through the rain and darkness, ending thus at 8 P. M. a day's tour of 42 m. I may add that on the occasion of my ride from Hartford, a fortnight before, I hired a man at the end of the canal to row me across the river to Thompsonville, whence I passed through Enfield and Longmeadow to Springfield. I took this e. side route on my first tour to Hartford in 1879, but all my other rides have been on the w. side, and I am sure this is the best. Indeed, in making the entire tour of the valley from Hartford to Bellows Falls, the tourist has nothing to gain in crossing the river.

Judging from the sad story which "M. D. B." tells about the nine miles of sand between Jenksville and Palmer (*Bi. World*, Sept. 2), I did not make such a bad mistake after all, in the case of my June ride from Boston to Springfield, in taking a roundabout course through Ware and Thorndike to Jenksville, instead of the direct one through Warren and Palmer to the same point; for though I had several hills to walk, I encountered no long stretches of sand. At Indian Orchard, which is a mile w. of Jenksville, a tourist on the way to Hartford might, instead of taking the uninteresting though perfectly ridable path across the plains to Springfield (7 m. to the corner of State and Main sts.), go through Chicopee Falls, Chicopee, and West Springfield. The distance to the church hill in the latter place is a little more than 9 m., and the last 5 m. of it, from Chicopee Falls, may be made without a dismount, in either direction. Between the Orchard and the Falls are several stretches of sand which must be walked through, but most of the road is ridable, and some parts of it along the river are shaded in a very attractive manner. In Chicopee Falls one may ride several miles without stop on the concrete sidewalks, and a good walk of dirt or concrete extends continuously on the w. or n. of the road to the town hall in Chicopee, where one first takes to the street and then to the brick walk on the r. of it in going down towards the bridge, over to West Springfield. In recommending to the through traveler this route from Indian Orchard to Agawam, as preferable to the usual one

which includes the city of Springfield, I need only add, as a final attraction, that he will thus have the felicity of passing in front of the house where I was born, "so many years ago." The place is rendered otherwise remarkable by the presence of "the largest and handsomest maple tree in the State of Massachusetts." No extra charge for sitting in its shade. Photographs at all the book-stores. Beware of the dog.

At seven o'clock on Monday morning, August 22, having despatched my valise to the Fort William Henry Hotel, on Lake George, I started due n. from this big tree, and made just 7 m. in 1 h., with only two dismounts. A hill between the two that caused these stops, was ridden up by me for the first time. Reaching the station at Smith's Ferry, 2 m. on, five minutes in advance of the train, at 8.30, I disembarked therefrom at 9.10, and wheeled e. for ¼ h. to the river road at Hatfield Corners, 1½ m.; then n. 2 m. in the same length of time, to the sand rut under the maple trees. The third stop was caused by a hill at the foot of Mount Sugarloaf, 1½ m. A mile beyond I made my fourth stop, at the store in South Deerfield, to compare distance and time with record of June 7, when I came from Hatfield by the more direct and more sandy road. I found the distance on the present occasion 1½ m. more, and the time 5 min. more. Nevertheless I urge all riders to try the river route, on which only one dismount is needed in the 5 m. between the station at North Hatfield and the hill at Sugarloaf. From this hill one may easily ride without dismount, mostly on sidewalks, for 8 m., through South Deerfield and Deerfield, to the water-trough on the hillside; and if a rod or two of troublesome sand can here be got through, the ride may be continued another ½ m. to the Cheapside bridge, whose planks none but a reckless person would venture to trust his tires to. Just ½ m. beyond this is the railroad station in Greenfield. The steep slope after crossing the track may be ridden up by taking the sidewalk on the left, and the route due n. continues good to the cross roads, 2½ m. For a similar distance the roads are sandy and generally unridable till a little cemetery on a little hill is reached. Thence one may go without stop, over a hard track of constantly increasing smoothness, for another 2½ m., to the New England Hotel, in Bernardston. Reaching there at 1 P. M., I started on at 2.30, and arrived at Brattleboro at 5.10. A wheelman there told me that hardly any riding had been indulged in locally since the little run that was taken to West Brattleboro, in my honor, a dozen weeks before. Kendrick's Hotel, in Putney, about 10 m. beyond, and 52½ m. from the start, was reached at 7.12 P. M. Bright sunshine and a bracing breeze from the n. w. prevailed throughout the day, and none of the conditions of pleasant riding were absent.[1]

[1] Two of the most remarkable cases reported to me of long staying in the saddle, on a difficult straightaway course, are to be accredited to the Springfield Bicycle Club's pair of veteran road-riders, F. W. Westervelt (b. Jan. 15, 1859) and C. E. Whipple (b. Aug. 22, 1861), whose day's run to Boston is recorded on p. 114. On the second or third Sunday in May, 1884, they wheeled up the valley without dismount to the hotel in Greenfield, 38 m. by Excelsior cyclometer.

They told me at Putney that the roads to the n. were unfit for the bicycle; but, as no train left in that direction until 11 A. M., I thought I would at all events push on as far as Bellows Falls, 14 m., before resorting to the cars. Of three possible routes, the "river road" was said to be sandy and the "hill road" rough; so I was recommended to take the "middle road," and I found

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They did it "by chance, the usual way" and not by premeditation, or for the sake of recording an exploit. Greenfield was the objective point for their morning's run, and they happened to have no occasion for stopping until they got there: that was all. If the idea had then occurred to them, their remarkable straightaway record might easily have been increased, for a fairly smooth and level course stretched ahead of them for several miles, at the time of their dismount. Crossing the North bridge into West Springfield, they turned up-hill to the l. at the watering trough where the r. road continues alongside the river to Holyoke; rode up Gates's hill on the grassy edges of the sandy roadway (this is the hill of which I have said—last line of p. 118—"I do not believe it can be mounted"; but I now learn that it has been conquered several times by these two riders, as well as by other members of their club); ploughed through the sand at the place near Smith's Ferry where an apple-orchard designates the limits of a *via mala* in a double sense; turned r. between the iron rails at the crossing above Mt. Tom station, and rode through the r. r. bridge on a double plank (as the entrance to the meadow-road happened then to be in poor condition); turned l. at the point above here where the dike rises to the level of the r. r. embankment and where plank-guards render possible a side exit from between the rails; followed meadow road to Northampton; turned there at first l. road after descending through the main street and crossing the r. r. tracks; then, after passing the park and going about 3 m. beyond, turned l. over the r. r. by bridge, and rode past the Hatfield camp-meeting grounds; perhaps 2 m. beyond here, turned r. and went directly to South Deerfield, whence to the Mansion House in Greenfield, the route was the familiar one described by me, on pp. 182, 119. The time of staying in the saddle was 4½ h., showing an average progress of about 8 m. per h. As the same riders have covered the same 38 m. on two other occasions, with only the single dismount required by the "apple orchard" sands near Smith's Ferry, and as other members of the club have also gone as far as Hatfield, without stopping at any other place than that, the "advice" given by me on p. 119 seems to need modification. These Springfield wheelmen say that, instead of taking train or resorting to the roundabout course described on p. 119, a variation of the straightaway route just given may be followed to advantage, by turning r. at the last-named r. r. bridge, and thus reaching the sidewalks of Hatfield within ½ m. Between the terminus of these sidewalks, beyond Bagg's Hotel, at the opposite end of the village, and a point of junction with what I have called (pp. 119, 182) the e. route connecting North Hatfield and South Deerfield, is a stretch of 2 m. or so of meadow road which is at most seasons fairly ridable. Mr. Whipple says that the road from Greenfield to Turner's Falls, 4 m. e., is a pretty one, with a hill that allows some fine coasting, though the same grade may be readily ridden up; and that he has successfully explored another route from Greenfield, as far as South Vernon, say 15 m. He bought a 50-in. Standard Columbia, Sept. 8, '79, but rode very little during that year and the next. A round trip to Hartford was his only long ride in '82, and a leisurely four days' journey from New York to Springfield the only one in '83 except the 100-m. run to Boston. He registered, that year, nearly 4,000 m., and he has not kept a record for any other season; but as the amount of his riding increased in '84, his total mileage must considerably exceed 10,000 m. He rode a 52-in. British Challenge from the spring of '83 to the spring of '84; since then has used the 50-in. Rudge, on which his remarkable straightaway ride was taken. He is a watchmaker and jeweler by occupation, and weighs 148 lbs. This is about the weight also of his companion, Mr. Westervelt, who is a die-cutter, and whose mileage probably exceeds 10,000, though he has kept no record of it except during the brief period of ten weeks ending with the 100-m. ride to Boston, when it amounted to 1,100 m. He rode a 52-in British Challenge on that occasion, and a Rudge of similar size on the long stay to Greenfield.

it by no means a bad one. It afforded many beautiful views and much good riding. There would have been more of this except for the "road repairs." Leaving the hotel at 8 o'clock, I went up-hill for 1 m., walking most of the way, though the road was ridable in the other direction; and I reached Westminster, 8½ m., in 2 h. Thence to Bellows Falls the road was sandier and less ridable, and I was 1½ h. in getting over it, though I hurried as I drew near the end. Had the train been on time I should have just managed to catch it, but its lateness allowed me ½ h. in which to procure dinner. Starting at noon, I had a two-hours' ride "over the mountains" to Rutland, passing through a thunder shower on the way. There I was told that a smooth and level road led to Whitehall, 25 m., and I lost little time in rolling up my coat for the start. A wheelman was reported to me to have just reached town from St. Johnsbury, "over the mountain," but I did not stop to scrape acquaintance. Once clear of the town, I rode through West Rutland and made my first dismount at 3.15 P. M., at a short hill, having done 6½ m. in 50 min. I rested here for perhaps ½ h., and made my second dismount at 4 o'clock, 4½ m., in front of a soda-water fountain in Castleton. Here a local rider joined me and encouraged me to roll up a big hill in his company. My third dismount was made at a sandy hill near Fairhaven, nearly 15 m. from Rutland, at 4.45 P. M., and this was the first place on the road where a stop was really necessary. Thus far the material of the road-bed seemed to be a sort of slaty gravel or fine sand that packed closely together; but beyond Fairhaven the material began to be a peculiarly hard, black, flint-like clay. In places recently repaired, the indentations made by wheels or hoofs would glisten in the sun, as if they had been freshly chipped from solid stone. Just after a rain this material would be unridable to the bicycle, but after a long spell of dry weather, it is said to be worn to perfect smoothness. I took it at a time about midway between these extremes, and I found it all smooth enough to be ridable, but not much of it to admit of fast riding, because there had been rain within a few weeks. I wheeled up and down several considerable hills on this rather rough clay, however, and reached the Opera House Hotel, in Whitehall, at 7 o'clock, having made a day's run of 39 m. This ride from Rutland I cannot too highly praise. It leads through a charming country, giving glorious views of the Green Mountains, close at hand and far away, and is in all respects admirable. I was quite delighted at my good luck in discovering so pleasant a path, for I did not venture to anticipate it the day before, when I bade adieu to the big maple tree, and faced rather dubiously towards Lake George.

Whitehall lies within a few miles of the lake, but is separated from it by a mountain range. Rather than climb this, my plan was to take train to "Ti" (as every one in that region calls the historic fort and village), and embark near there on the steamer that would take me down the lake. The train did not go till 11 o'clock, however; and as the weather was inviting, I started off at 8 with the idea of meeting it at Chubb's Ferry, or one of the stations beyond there. I was warned that the hard clay of the ordinary hill

roads did not get a chance to be worn down by much traffic, as did the main road leading to Rutland. Still, I thought there was no doubt of my reaching Chubb's in 3 h., even if I had to walk every step of the 7 m. So I loafed aimlessly about among the hills, enjoying the scenery and fresh air, and not unmindful of the apples, blackberries, wild cherries and other fruit, until finally I was awakened to the maddening truth that train-time had almost arrived, while I myself had made no perceptible approximation towards Chubb's Ferry. Bestirring my boots briskly then, I lost my way several times in ½ h., and ultimately abandoned all notion of catching the train. The idea of catching a hotel next possessed me, and this proved equally visionary; but at last an honest farmer took me in, and having satisfied my hunger, chatted with me pleasantly about the topography of the country. The result was that I decided to climb directly over the mountain to Hulett's Landing, on Lake George. Leaving him at 2, I was 1 h. in making the 3 m. to Chubb's, and 3 h. more in doing the 7 m. up and down the mountain to Hulett's. Of the 20 m. marked that day by my cyclometer, I suppose ⅔ or ¾ were accomplished on foot.[1]

[1] "No public way of equal length on this continent," says Stoddard's "Illustrated Guide," "rivals in historic, romantic or practical interest the 214 m. of road connecting New York City with Lake George, which lies at the s. w. margin of the great Adirondack wilderness, 184 m. from Montreal. Its length, n. and s., is a little more than 33 m., and its greatest breadth a little less than 4 m. Surrounded by high mountains, it is fed by brooks from their sides and by springs from the bottom, and drains very little territory. It is 247 ft. above Lake Champlain, into which it empties, and 346 ft. above tide-water; and was shown by the survey of 1880 to contain 220 islands,—instead of the 365 previously accredited to it by tradition. As early as 1609, the French explorer, Champlain, sailed as far s. as Ticonderoga, down the lake which now bears his name; while the Dutch explorer, Hendrick Hudson, at the same time sailed up the river which bears *his* name, as far n. as the point where the Mohawk branches from it. Thus it was that this peaceful lake—lying between these terminal claimants, and called by the Indians 'the gate of the country'—became the 'dark and bloody ground,' across which France and England battled for the mastery of the continent which England finally won. The first reminder of that ancient struggle, which is met in traveling along the plank road to the lake, stands some distance n. of Brown's half-way house,—a plain blue-and-white marble shaft, erected in 1854 by graduates of Williams College, in memory of their founder: '*Colonel Ephraim Williams, a native of Newtown, Mass., who, after gallantly defending the frontier of his native State, served under General Johnson against the French and Indians, and nobly fell, near this spot, in the bloody conflict of September 8th, 1755, in the 42d year of his age.*' The road winds through this ravine called Bloody Run, which leads to the historic Bloody Pond, 2 m. s. of the lake, and a little w. of the railway. Close beside the great hotel to which it gives a name, and covered with stately pines, are the ruins of Ft. William Henry, built by Johnson, after his victory over Dieskau in 1755 had stemmed the tide of French invasion, and vainly attacked by Vaudreuil in 1757. Hidden in the pine groves that line the shore ½ m. to the e. are the grass-grown ruins of Ft. George, whose title is likewise perpetuated by the hotel adjacent; while, on the hill 1 m. to the s., the outlines of the Ft. Gage earthworks may still be traced through the trees. Ft. William Henry was surrendered Aug. 10, 1757, to the 6,000 French besiegers under Montcalm, who allowed his Indian allies to butcher more than 1,000 of the prisoners, and then withdrew up the lake, leaving the fort a smouldering ruin. But again from its rebuilt battlements, there swept northward, the following summer (July 5, 1758), the famous flotilla of Abercrombie, carrying a bravely equipped army of 15,000 men, to their vain attack upon the French at

Ticonderoga, whence the evening of the 9th saw their inglorious return. The final act was in 1759 when Amherst repeated the expedition, captured Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and forced France to let go of the lakes forever."

The little guide-book to which I accredit these statistics, though I present many of them in language of my own, devotes 142 pp. to Lake George and 60 pp. to Saratoga Springs. It contains a map of the latter place (6 by 4 in., 1½ m. to 1 in.), and also one of the region between its lake and Lake George (6 m. to 1 in.) with circles described at 1-m. intervals from Saratoga as a center; besides a map of the lake (2 m. to 1 in.) in three sections of a page each, and numerous other plans and views of it. The book was compiled in 1873, by S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y., who has published revised editions of it, down to 1884, at 25 c. in paper covers and 50 c. in cloth. A similar price is charged for his "Adirondacks Illustrated" (the '84 edition of which is a well-printed 12 mo of 234 pp., with 17 maps and 55 other illustrations); and presumably also for his "Ticonderoga." The latter book supplies for the Lake George Guide "a plan of the ruins of the fortress in 1873," with descriptive letter-press; and a similar plan is appended to the "pocket map of Lake George from the survey of 1880" (of which the same publisher issued a revised edition in '83), wherefrom it appears that "Ticonderoga was begun by the French in 1755; captured from them by Amherst, July 26, 1759; from the British by Ethan Allen, May 10, 1775, and from the Americans by Burgoyne, July 5, 1777." This pocket map (12 by 38 in., 1 m. to 1 in., 50 c.) is an excellent one, colored by townships, with m. circles drawn from Ft. William Henry, Black Mountain, and Baldwin as centers, and having its margins well filled by larger-scale charts of 8 of the principal localities on the lake. The "important" roads are distinguished from the "ordinary"; and the entire w. side of the lake exhibits one of the former, except for the 7 m. between North West Bay and Sabbath Day Point, whose connection is only "ordinary." In the text, the compiler speaks of the lower section of this as "a good country road, affording a pleasant 10-m. drive between Caldwell and Bolton": and he says, of a hotel on the e. shore called Horicon Pavilion, that "an excellent road has been built from this point 2 m. to the top of Black Mountain (alt. 2,661 ft.), for whose use $1 toll is charged those who do not hire a saddle horse for $3." Presumably this slope would not be "excellent" enough for bicycling, however, in either direction. I recommend the same publisher's "map of the Adirondack Wilderness, engraved by L. E. Newman & Co., of N. Y." (fifth edition, revised 1884, 32 by 25 in., 4 m. to 1 in., colored by counties, $1), whose eastern border extends from Glens Falls to Plattsburg and includes Lake George and most of Champlain. "Distances from Mt. Marcy are shown by 10-m. circles; important roads, ordinary roads, trails and carries are separately marked, and distances on them are given in figures; movements of stages are shown by arrows, and stage-fares are given on various routes." As the road connecting Glens Falls with the hotel at Katskill Bay (12 m.) on the e. shore of Lake George, is marked "important," it would probably be ridable; but the connection between Whitehall and Glens Falls (say 24 m.) is designated as only "ordinary." The battlefield of Saratoga is about 15 m. s. e. of that village, at Bemis Heights, on the Hudson, just w. of the main road between Stillwater and Schuylerville, and about 3 m. n. of the former village; and the sentimental tourist should halt here to rest his eyes upon the field which witnessed a decisive struggle that changed the whole current of modern history. It was Gates's capture of Burgoyne's proud host in October, 1777, which made possible the French alliance that resulted in Washington's capture of Cornwallis in October, 1781; nor should the tourist forget that the field of Bennington lies not many miles away, where Stark's brilliant stroke set the key-note for Gates's greater victory of Saratoga. Reclining here "on this green bank, by this soft stream,"—the self-same spot where the independence of America was really won,—let the patriotic wheelman picture to his imagination the exciting drama that was played, a century ago, upon these now peaceful slopes, by recalling to mind the rattling lines of Guy Humphrey McMaster:

In their ragged regimentals, stood the old Continentals, yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging, and like hail fell the plunging cannon-shot; [unicorn,
When the files of the isles, from the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer, through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all, and with guns horizontal, stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly, and in streams flashing redly blazed the fires;
As the roar on the shore, swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green sodded acres of the plain,
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder, cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges worked the red St. George's cannoniers;
And the "villainous saltpetre" rung a fierce, discordant metre round their ears;
As the swift storm drift, with hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor on our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel galloped through the white infernal powder-cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging, and his brazen throat was ringing trumpet loud.
Then the blue bullets flew, and the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden rifle-breath,
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder, hurling death!

In addition to the Stoddard publications, there is a less-elaborate map of the "New York Wilderness and the Adirondacks, by W. W. Ely, M. D." (revised 1885, 31 by 28 in., 4 m to 1 in., $1) with a plan, on a smaller scale, embracing adjoining parts of New England, Canada and the Middle States, published by the Coltons, 182 William street, N. Y.; and a map of Lake George ($1.25), by Beers & Co., 36 Vesey st. Another standard work which deserves the attention of the tourist along the Hudson is the "Catskill Mountain Guide," which is mailed for 40 c. by the compiler and publisher, Walton Van Loan, of Catskill, N. Y. Issued first in 1876, as an 8 vo of 58 pp., its size has increased with each annual revised edition since then, and 21,000 copies had been sold at the close of '84. The book of that year contains 128 pp., of which only 36 are given to reading matter and 10 to full-page views of the mountains,—the remainder being occupied with the pictured advertisements of the summer hotels and boarding houses of the whole Catskill region. "Bird's-eye views" form the distinguishing characteristic of the guide, however,—the largest one ("Catskills and Adirondacks," 32 by 15 in., 10 m. to 1 in., engraved by American Bank Note Co., N. Y.), giving a good idea of the topography of the country from New York City to Montreal. Each mountain peak has its name and height printed upon it, and the rivers and lakes are shown in white relief against a brown tint. Somewhat similar, but on a scale large enough to exhibit the actual contour of the region, with roads and villages, is the "bird's-eye view of the Catskills, drawn from nature by Walton Van Loan, and covering an area of 1,200 sq. m., looking northerly" (19 by 12 in.), and the "view of all points of interest within 4 m. of the chief hotels" (16 by 9 in.), on the much larger scale of ½ m. to 1 in.; while a sheet 9 by 6 in. presents the chief features of the country from New York to the St. Lawrence, condensed from the largest "view." There is a "map of Greene county, with parts of Ulster and Delaware counties" (15 by 13 in., 3 m. to 1 in., engraved by Beers), giving the main roads, and also "a panoramic view of Windham," exhibiting a wide stretch of country that ought to contain good wheeling. The letter-press of the guide describes an attractive "14-m. drive around the Clove," and many lesser ones, but without giving a clear idea as to whether the roads are practicable for the bicycle,—the only quotable allusion being this remark, attributed to the Bishop of Albany: "Mr. Harding's achievement of a road from his new Hotel Kaaterskill down the mountains reminds one of the Alpine roads over the St. Gothard or the Simplon, which needed imperial power and national resources to accomplish them."

"Ten Days in the Catskills" is the title of an interesting report supplied to the *Wheel* (July 20, '81, pp. 173, 174) by its editor, F. Jenkins (b. Jan. 20, 1859), concerning a tour of 268 m., taken by him in company with a fellow-member of the long-since-defunct Manhattan Bicycle Club, H. H. Walker, who was then 33 years old, and who has since ceased to be a rider. His age was officially recorded thus on the day when this tour began (July 2, '81), because he then figured as one of the trio whose defiant entrance into Central Park caused the arrest which became the basis of the long-drawn-out law-suit against the Park Commissioners, as detailed on pp. 93-95. Starting at 1.30 P. M., the two tourists reached Yonkers, 15 m., at about 3, and Tarrytown, 11 m., at 4.15; thence branching off from the river to Pleasantville, 7 m., at 5.30; whence to Mount Kisco, 8 m., the road continued good; and, in the gathering twilight, they pushed on rapidly to Katonah, 5 m., at 8 o'clock, making 45 m. in 6½ h. (My language on p.

76, concerning the last 20 m. of this route, would have been less cautious, if, at the time of writing, I had been familiar with the report now quoted from.) "The next day was very warm, and we took things easy, riding early in the morning and late in the afternoon. The roads were rather sandy and hilly, and led through Croton Falls, 8 m.; Brewsters, 6 m.; Patterson 9 m., to Pauling, 5 m., where we spent the night. The roads gave average riding from Pauling to Dover Plains, 15 m.; improved thence to Amenia, 8 m.; and the final 9 m. ending at Millerton at 3 o'clock were covered in a little over an hour." (My own report of smooth connection between the Hudson, at Poughkeepsie, and Amenia, and good route thence to the Housatonic valley and through it to Pittsfield—pp. 146–148—shows that a New Yorker who wishes to wheel to any of those places may wisely follow the trail of these Catskill tourists, as far as Amenia.)

"After a day and a half at M., we started at 9.30 on the 6th, and made our first pause at Boston Corners, 7½ m. The road, winding through a fertile valley, and quite hilly, was hard enough to give good wheeling; and in fact, we found all the roads of Dutchess county far above average. We got a good dinner at Copake Falls, 4 m., and found good roads, though hilly ones, to Hillsdale, 6¼ m. Perryville, 3 m. on, was the scene of our first headers; at the Hoffman Lake House, 3¼ m., we halted again for 'scenery and drinks'; at Hollowville, after 3¾ m. more of excellent roads, we joyfully shouted 'Hollo!' as the blue Catskills came into view. The next 11 m. supplied somewhat inferior wheeling, but, after walking 4 or 5 long hills, we found a good road, which, winding through the gaps and valleys, finally brought us to Catskill station in season for the 6 o'clock boat, after an interesting ride of 40 m., in about 6 h. of actual motion. Catskill itself is a pleasant village, about ¼ m. from the w. bank of the Hudson, and the Prospect Park Hotel, where we spent the night, is the best in the neighborhood and overlooks the water. It offers a fine view also of the mountains, and on a clear night the lights of the Mountain House, 14 m. off, are plainly visible. The road to the mountains is rough and hilly, and it was very dusty also, at 3.30 P. M. of July 7, when we started along it; so that we were well powdered, on reaching Palenville, 10 m., where a shower forced us to halt for the night, at the Windelsea Cottage. The continuance of rain during the following day, caused us to stay sheltered here until the 9th, when we mounted at 8.30 A. M., and wheeled along the pike to the new Harding road at the base of the mountain. Here began the actual work of the tour; and, as we put our shoulder to the wheel, and pushed it up the steep incline, we began to sigh for level roads. Our bags grew heavier at every step, and we were forced to make frequent stops. Even when we reached a grade rising only one foot in seven, the surface mud rendered it unridable for us. After sampling the mountain-side springs, we reached Hotel Kaaterskill at 11 o'clock, 3 m. in 2½ h. An hour or so later, we rode thence to the Laurel House for dinner; and, in the afternoon, over quite a level stretch, to the Catskill Mountain House, where we spent the night. Mr. Beach, the proprietor, who has lived there 20 years, assured us that ours were the first bicycles that had ever been pushed to the summit. We felt amply repaid for our climb, however, when we saw the country spread out before us like a map, for miles and miles, as far as the eye could reach. Farms at the base of the mountain seemed to have the regularity of a chess-board; the Hudson, winding below us, was dotted with sail, and its distant boats resembled toy yachts. It was with regret that we turned our backs on this glorious scene, when, at 8.30 on Sunday morning we turned our wheels in the direction of Tannersville, 3½ m., and thence journeyed to West Saugerties, 12 m., at 1 o'clock. An hour earlier, after several 'sermons in stones,' we had reached the Platterkill Clove, and began the regular descent of the mountain. We did this on foot, of course, and found difficulty even in holding back our wheels. Having disposed of a good meal at the only tavern in W. S., we were obliged to make many dismounts, on wretched roads, while the thermometer registered 97°; but within 3 m. of Saugerties the surface improved, and within 1½ m. it became finely macadamized, so that we entered the town in very fair form. Beyond it, after coasting a beautifully smooth hill, we crossed a bridge and found a fine, shady side-path for about 4 m.; followed by 4 m. of sandy road, having a hard edge of 3 to 6 inches in width, which was ridable only with caution; but at last we struck another level foot-path, and rolled up to the Eagle Hotel in Kingston, 12¼ m. from Saugerties, at about 8 o'clock. This ended the tour, for the pouring rain of the next morning forced us to abandon the scheme of

Thursday forenoon I took steamer up the lake, and during the wait for the return trip, drove my wheel to "Ti" and back. In the afternoon I stopped at the Fort William Henry Hotel only for the few minutes requisite to drag a supply of clean clothes from my valise and set the label thereof for New York. Before I mounted, at 5 o'clock, however, the last of the procession of coaches for Glens Falls had been several minutes on the way, and ½ h. elapsed before I even came in sight of it. Not long afterwards I passed it, while taking a rest at a toll gate, and I then kept well ahead of it to the end. Soon after this, having passed through the village and reached the end of the paved sidewalk, I made my first real stop at 6.25, though two or three brief dismounts had been caused by lady drivers; once a four-horse coach which I met forced a stop by trying to run over me, and once I had to alight at a perfectly level place, where six inches of loose dirt had just been hauled upon the track by some "repairers." I have no praise to offer for this corduroy road, however, though I succeeded in clearing all the grades; for some of them made extremely wearisome riding, and more than once the deep layer of sand on top of the planks caused my wheel to balk, and almost come to a dead halt. Some of the up-grades leading *towards* the lake were certainly too sandy that day for any bicycle to plough through. "W. B. E." calls the corduroy road 9 m. long, but my cyclometer made only 6½ m. of it, even when combined with a long stretch of village riding,—say 1 m. beyond the toll gate at the end of the road. Perhaps the jar of the planks caused the registry to fall short of the truth; for as I kept ahead of the coach, which rattled along at a seemingly brisk pace, I must have gone at a faster rate than 4 m. an hour. The St. James Hotel, in Fort Edward, 5½ m. on, was reached 1 h. later, making 17 m. for the day. This last was done mostly on the sidewalks; for though the highway was generally smooth, an intolerable dust was stirred up by the vehicles returning from a military display in the village. At a place called Sandy Hill I surprised myself by riding to the top of a long and steep incline, paved with cinders or some black substance hammered down very hard and smooth. This was probably the most creditable climb I ever took, and I should be glad to have some of the Fort Edward riders say whether they commonly take it. A hotel lounger assured me that none of the local wheelmen dared to ride *down* that hill.

Starting on next morning at 5.30, with my cyclometer pointing exactly at

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trying the tow-path to Port Jervis, and thence wheeling down the Delaware to the Water Gap." The wheels ridden were Harvard roadsters, 50 in. and 52 in., fitted with Arab cradle-springs; and the two Excelsior cyclometers attached to them did not vary ½ m. in the 268 m. registry. The report adds: "One thing that struck us was a question that greeted us in every nook and corner throughout our route, and that was 'If our machines were Columbias?'" I quote this for its historic interest, as showing how the persistent advertising of the Pope Manufacturing Company, in those earlier days, made the country-folks more familiar with "Columbia" than with "bicycle," as a name for the wheel. The hundreds of rival dealers who are now reaping a profit from that courageous advertising, should try to recall this to mind when next they are tempted to make a display of ignorance by indulging in any cheap talk about "monopoly."

zero, I reached the hotel in Schuylerville, 13½ m., in 2 h., and stopped 1 h. for breakfast. I perhaps might have lessened the time by doing the last 4 m. on the tow-path, for beyond Fort Miller there were stretches of sand that forced walking, or very slow riding. About 1 h. after leaving the hotel, 3 m. on, the tow-path tempts me to leave the rather hilly highway, and I ride it continually, but not very comfortably, for 3 m. and more, or until a chance comes for returning again without dismount to the harder highway. Then follow 14 m. of the smoothest roads, prettiest scenery, and most enjoyable riding of the day, past Bemis Heights, Stillwater, and Mechanicsville to Waterford, at whose hotel, 34½ m. from the start, I stopped 1¼ h. for dinner. Resuming the saddle at 2.15 P. M., I crossed the bridge and bore to r. and then to l., till I reached Vane av., down which I went without turn, much of the time on the sidewalks, until I reached the Belgian pavements of Troy, nearly 4 m. Poor sidewalk business for 1 m. and more brought me to the bridge, from the w. end of which a 6-m. path over dusty and rutty macadam and mean sidewalks led to the bridge at Albany. Recrossing again here, I made a mount at Greenbush at 5 o'clock, 11 m. from Waterford, and went along the river road to Castleton, 9 m., in 1¾ h. The next hour, mostly on foot, was spent in reaching my journey's end at Schodack, though the cyclometer called the distance less than 3 m., and gave 57¼ m. as the reading for the day. Spite of the continued dry weather, which made the sandier road from Lake George to Albany poorer than usual, the hard clay of this region below Albany had not been worn smooth, and I was told that it never became so. Some soft stretches of sand were also met with. Indeed, I found the sand pretty continuous on Saturday morning, when, at a little before 6, I started off through the heavy fog from the forlorn little tavern in Schodack; for I was almost ½ h. in getting to the brickyard, ¾ m., where, in desperation, I accepted the chance of risking my life on the railroad. My first mount lasted 12 min., and covered more than 1½ m.,—incomparably the longest and swiftest spin I ever had between the tracks of a railway. Indeed, I almost began to cherish the wild hope of riding the rails all the way down to New York, instead of taking steamer at Hudson as planned. But the second culvert caused a stop in ½ m., the third in ¼ m., and the trains began to be uncomfortably frequent. However, in the course of 40 min. I had ridden the whole distance to Stuyvesant Landing, 5½ m., while the hilly highway would presumably have taken me twice as long. Probably, however, I should have done well to resume it at this point, or else at Coxsackie, 2½ m. on, which I reached ½ h. later; for most of the 7 m. thence to Hudson had to be done on foot. I left the track there at 9.15, 3½ h. from Schodack, 15 m. The sun was just then dissipating the fog, which had formed a mercifully cool introduction to what proved a scorchingly hot day. The weather of the whole five preceding days had been excellent for touring, though the week that preceded and the week that followed were both very hot. I soon discovered "the place of the bath," and was so long enjoying it that when I sallied forth in a dry suit of clothes and freshly

blacked boots, I had only time to partake of a melon and sandwich for breakfast before the arrival of the boat. However, I was in all the better condition to do justice to the dinner which was soon spread before me there, and to enjoy my sail down the river. Upwards of 1,500 passengers were aboard; and such a wilderness of trunks as awaited attention on the dock at Catskill, I never before set eyes on. The brave baggage-smashers, who finally got these things on the boat, must have wished that all tourists were accompanied only by bicycles; at least none of them ventured to "strike" me for mine.

Landing at 24th street at 6 o'clock, I wheeled homeward along the sidewalks (though the troops of shouting urchins made progress rather slow and dangerous); but when 5th av. was reached I tried its Belgian blocks for the final half-mile. The contrast presented thereto by the asphalt at the end tempted me, as usual, to indulge in a parting spin around the fountain in Washington Square. This, be it understood, is in the center of the roadway formed by the two streets which make a junction at the head of the av., and cut the square in twain. What was my surprise, therefore, at having a park policeman order me off from this public thoroughfare! Of course, I wheeled off at once, and in the solitude of my own apartments mused with contemptuous pity on this latest straw, indicative of the petty spite cherished by our Park Commissioners against bicyclers. Eighteen miles were recorded on that last day, and about 204 m. on the six successive days of the trip, though I had some other indications than the one detailed that my cyclometer somewhat underrated the real distance traveled. "M. D. B.'s" story also confirms my previously-formed belief that I made a mistake in taking the "river road" below Albany. I ought rather to have gone e. from Greenbush until I struck the old post road leading s. Probably, indeed, it would have been better for me if I had gone from Waterford to Cohoes, and skipped Troy and Albany entirely; for none of the riding below Waterford was very enjoyable.

Unless "W. B. E." had a special desire to visit Bennington, I think my story will convince him that he made a mistake in going through the Hoosac Tunnel instead of sticking to his original plan of touring further up the Connecticut Valley; and I hope others may be persuaded to improve the autumn weather by trying the track I have thus laboriously described. The tour for a New Yorker, who can be absent from business only four days, may be outlined in this wise: Take 4 P. M. boat to Hartford, and ride next day to Holyoke (or the night may be passed in Springfield or Northampton, if preferred); on second day ride to Putney, and there at 6 P. M., take the train to Rutland; or, if preferred, the train may be taken at Brattleboro); on third day ride across to Whitehall in season to take 11 A. M. train for "Ti," connecting with steamboat through the lake, and then ride from Caldwell to Glens Falls or Fort Edward; on fourth day ride to Albany and take the night boat home. If a New Yorker starts on this route by train, instead of boat, he had better begin wheeling at Meriden or Berlin, for the road thence to Hartford is excellent. The Bostonian who doesn't care to go up the Connecticut Valley

may take train directly to Rutland, or perhaps he may find it practicable to wheel himself thither by way of Portsmouth, the White Mountains, or St. Johnsbury. I believe the Lake George steamer stops running at the close of September, however. In that case the train may be readily taken from Whitehall to Glens Falls or Fort Edward. Indeed, a man at the latter place told me that the tow-path from Whitehall was ridable all the way down. As to the "floor-like hardness" of canal embankments, however, I prefer other testimony than that of a bar-room lounger.[1]

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[1] Soon after this piece was printed, "other testimony" of a trustworthy sort appeared in the *B. W.*, from the pen of a Fort Edward cycler, declaring that the tow-path was entirely too soft to be ridable, and that the hill which seemed to me the steepest one I had ever then conquered, was habitually ridden up and coasted down by local riders, every day, without so much as taking breath or winking. From the same paper of March 13, 1885, I extract the following report of route, from Hudson to Lake George and thence back to Williamstown, taken by the party whose course from Suffern to Hudson coincided with mine (see pp. 169, 171); and I have given another extract (p. 121) descriptive of their route from Williamstown to Westfield, which was partly parallel to mine: "Of two possible roads leading from the Blue Store to Hudson, we seem to have chosen the worst, and after several hours' alternate riding and walking over its ruts and ridges of rough clay, we stopped at that city for the night. An early start was made the following morning, and Stuyvesant Landing (14 m.) was reached at 8 o'clock, over roads the less said of which the better. After stopping 1 h. for breakfast, we took the path between the tracks of New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and the riding proved so good that a steady pace of 9 m. an h. was easily kept up into Albany (13 m.). A fine view can be had of the Capitol building for several m. before coming to the city, as the railroad runs in a 'bee-line,' which apparently ends in the Capitol grounds. Leaving A. at 3 P. M., we found poor riding to West Troy, 4 m., where the broad, smooth tow-path of the canal looked so tempting that we followed it to the hill above Cohoes, although a shorter route lies nearer the river. Through Cohoes and Waterford to Mechanicsville, 7 m., the road is only fair, but probably half the distance can be wheeled on the side-paths, which are of slate and so smooth that not the least jar is felt while riding them. The 3 m. from Mechanicsville to Stillwater probably form the best strip of road in this section of New York State, as we proved by wheeling it inside of 12 min. The Ensign House at Stillwater is to be recommended; and better headquarters could hardly be found from which to inspect the numerous points of interest in the vicinity. As few wheelmen would care to visit this part of the State without going to Saratoga, we give several routes from which to choose: (1) from Mechanicsville along the r. r. line; and this first is probably the best road; (2) from Stillwater, past the Center House to White Sulphur Springs, then along the e. shore of Saratoga Lake and over the boulevard to Saratoga; (3) a shortening of the second, by turning r., 1 or 2 m. before reaching White Sulphur, then to the l. at the termination of this road, which brings one out near the center of the lake, thereby avoiding several m. of sand. While at Saratoga, wheelmen should not fail to visit Mount McGregor by train, and, if possible, take dinner at the Hotel Balmoral, whose cashier is himself a cycler. After several days with friends at Stillwater, we started n. again at 10 A. M. of Sept. 11, and found the road was in such fine condition that Schuylerville (11½ m.) was reached in 1¼ h. A thunder shower that had been brewing all the morning overtook us here, and caused a delay of several h.; but at 3 o'clock the sun was again shining brightly, and we started on, with the determination to 'reach Lake George anyhow.' Thanks to the fine roads and the splendid condition we were in, we succeeded in finishing the 30 m. just at night-fall. Shortly after leaving Schuylerville the road turns to the r., and crosses the Hudson, following its e. bank the greater part of the way to Fort Edward, 14 m., which we reached in 1 h. 25 min. Good side-paths extend from here through Sandy Hill to Glens Falls (5½ m.), and for nearly 1 m. further, to the point where the 'corduroy' begins. This is the old stage road to Cald-

well, and is made of 6-in. planks laid crosswise on girders sunk in the sand. As the planks are of different thickness and more or less warped, the result while riding is a continuous jolt. The first 4 m. of this peculiar road is straightaway up-hill, but the ascent is so gradual as to be easily ridden. A glimpse was caught of Lake George, while still several m. away, and with renewed vigor we pushed on, dismounting at 6.45 P. M. in front of the Lake House, which we recommend.

"On the following afternoon at 4 o'clock, having successfully made the tour of the beautiful lake by steamer, we again tackled the 'corduroy' and, assisted by the down-grade, succeeded in riding the 9 m. to Glens Falls without a dismount in a trifle over 1 h. The morning of Sept. 13 dawned clear and cool, a delightful contrast to the preceding ten days, which had been literally 'scorchers.' An early start was made, and the side-path retraced to Fort Edward, 5½ m., where we turned nearly e. on a hard pike and found excellent wheeling to Argyle, 7½ m. At the watering trough, 2½ m. on, we turned to the l. over a rough and hilly road, which however improved rapidly, and after turning to the r. and then to the l. three times, we again found a broad, smooth road under our wheels, which soon brought us to Lakeville, 7 m. After this, at a point 2½ m. beyond East Greenwich the road divides, the l. branch continuing on 2 m. to Salem. Following the road to the r. past a yellow school-house, we turned fairly to the s., and with a strong wind in our favor made a spurt for Cambridge, passing several teams which tried their paces with us, only to be left far in the rear, while we were soon spinning along the banks of Lauderdale Lake (7 m.), a perfect little gem set among the hills, which, with its tiny steamboat and cosey hotel, might well have been taken for a copy of Lake George in miniature. After a few minutes' pause to enjoy the scenery, a brisk run of ½ h. brought us to Cambridge, 5 m., where we stopped for dinner. The afternoon's ride will long be remembered as the most delightful of our tour. After passing through North Hoosick (9½ m.), and Hoosick Falls (2½ m.), the road divides, one branch running among the hills on the e. side of the valley, the other crossing the river at Hoosick Falls and following closely its w. bank, with very few grades. It can be said, however, in favor of the e. road, that the view from some of its higher points is very fine, embracing as it does a considerable portion of the famous Hoosick valley. If this road is taken, a turn to the r. must be made at Hoosick Corners (3½ m.), and after crossing the river on a covered bridge, a turn to the l. will again bring the rider on the main road. Beyond this the scenery is beautiful, and in some places truly grand. At one point where we dismounted to drink from one of the many springs that lined the road, the mountain rose above our heads for many hundred feet, and with its sides covered with evergreen, dotted here and there with the brighter colors of a maple, made a picture worthy the pencil of an artist. At North Petersburg (2½ m.), we turned to the l., and, after recrossing the river, again turned s. and found good roads through North and South Pownal (6½ m.), to Williamstown (5 m.), Mass., the seat of Williams College. A glance at our log, during the evening, showed that the 67 m. from Glens Falls had been wheeled in 7 h. actual riding time, which will give some idea as to the condition of the roads."

A part of this course was included in a three days' tour (Sept. 15,-17, '83), from Cohoes to Springfield, 113 m., whose report was supplied for me by A. C. Rich, of Saratoga: "The slowness of our first day's journey, Cohoes to North Adams (41½ m., 7.15 A. M. to 6.25 P. M.), should not prejudice you against the roads, for they are usually good and hard; but I was not in touring trim, and the final 24 m. were traversed in rain and mud. Crossing canal at the start, we went to Lansingburg, and thence by oil-mill hill (long to be remembered) to Spiegeltown (5 m.), whose hotel afforded a fair breakfast. At Raymertown, 6½ m., we struck the stone road leading towards Bennington, and kept it for 11 m., or to the school-house on r. (which is 8½ m. beyond Pittstown, and 6½ m. beyond the half-way house), where we turned r. up the valley, and kept the w. shore of the Hoosac to near North Pownal, 6 m., where we crossed and kept along the r. bank through South Pownal; finally taking the l. bank again, a little before reaching North Adams, 12½ m. The grade is upward from Cohoes to Pittstown, and thence downward to Petersburg Junction, 2 m. beyond the school-house. The second day, 10.30 A. M. to 7 P. M., took us to Becket, 33½ m. From Adams (6 m.), through Cheshire (5 m.), and Berkshire (4½ m.) to Dalton (5½ m.), we found the roads so bad that we there began wheeling between the r. r. tracks; finding up-grade to Washington, and good riding thence down the slope to Becket (11½ m.). Next morn-

[1] Just a month after returning from Lake George, I took steamer up the river again as far as Poughkeepsie; and indulged in a day's wheeling thence to Rhinebeck and back (33 m., 7½ h.), with some of the local riders. My return down the valley was begun at 11 o'clock of the following forenoon (Sept. 27, '81), and I halted ½ h. for dinner at a restaurant in Wappinger's Falls, 7½ m., at noon. The next hour's ride carried me only 4½ m., to the Stony Kill school-house,—the good wheeling having ended at Hughsonville. Fishkill Landing (opposite Newburg), 2½ m., was reached at 2.20, and poorer roads thence took me in 1½ h. to the r. r. station at Cornwall, 8 m. I found an excellent surface thence to Cold Spring, where a hard shower caused an hour's halt, and made the roads so muddy that I walked nearly half of the last 4½ m., ending at the Highland Hotel, Garrison's (opposite West Point, the seat of the United States Military Academy), at 6.30 o'clock; but I consoled myself, after supper, by ½ m. or so of exercise on the hotel piazzas, raising my total to 26 m. Starting at 6.20 next morning, I rode s. and then l. up-hill to a small bridge, 1 m., whence I walked ½ m. to the top (though the descent would all be ridable), and then, rode down 2½ m. to a stony hill, whence I walked most of the way to the creek near the iron works, 2½ m., and rode to the Eagle Hotel, in Peekskill, 1 m. Resuming the journey at 9, after an hour's halt for breakfast, I turned l. through Washington st., but went ½ m. beyond the place for turning r. into the turnpike, and was driven back to it by meeting a surface too stony for riding. My cyclometer was just at zero when I got to the turnpike, 2 m. after leaving the hotel, and after 1 m. of wheeling, I plodded through sand for 1½ m. to the old m.-stone, "44 to N. Y." Soon after this I reached the r. r., and, as people told me that the highway continued just as soft all the way to Sing Sing and Tarrytown, I mounted between the tracks and rode ¾ m. to Cruger's, and 1 m. beyond it. Then I walked 1 m.; then rode and walked, about half-and-half, 4 m. in 1 h., to Sing Sing,—keeping just ahead of a slowly-moving freight train for the last ½ m. There are two short tunnels near Cruger's; many culverts at Croton (I've heard of a pleasant carriage-drive taken from here along the river of the same name to Croton Lake, and thence s. to Tarrytown), and two arched tunnels below Sing Sing. Another h. between the tracks, mostly in the saddle, brought me to Tarrytown at 2 o'clock, though I probably ought to have taken the highway at the stone arch, perhaps ¾ m. above. I went from the Vincent House to 155th st., 18½ m., in 3 h., resting ½ h. at Yonkers and making three other stops, though Valentine's Lane was the only place where

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ing we tried the highway again as far as Chester (11 m.), but found it so desperately sandy and hilly, that we took the tracks to Huntington, and again from Russell to West Springfield, whence we reached the city by main road at 6 P. M., having a day's record of only 38½ m. to represent 10½ h. on the road. This two days' lesson taught us that the best route for a wheelman who wishes to reach Springfield from North Adams is to take train there through the Hoosac tunnel, and then wheel down the Connecticut valley from Greenfield."

[1] The remainder of this chapter is now for the first time published.

a stop was forced. This made a record of 44 m. for the day, and 118¼ m. for my four days' absence from the city.

Nearly two years more went by before I completed the last link in my trail through the valley, by covering the unexplored stretch of 28 m. between Rhinebeck and Hudson (June 6, '83). On the 2d of the month, I wheeled up to Tarrytown (20 m. in 4 h.), and then from Fishkill Landing to Poughkeepsie, 15½ m., as a device for shaking off "malaria,"—for I had been in poor condition, physically, for several weeks. A grimly humorous incident stamps the excursion upon my mind; for though I have, at one time or another in my checkered career, carried through a vast variety of undertakings, I never before happened to get so far under the shroud of circumstances as to be taken for an undertaker. The train which took me to Fishkill (34 m.) was a long one, and when it stopped there I ran from the rear of it along the platform to the door of the baggage-car, from which the box containing a man's body had just been handed out and placed in a hearse. As I stood there waiting for the baggage-man to pass out my wheel, the chairman of the local committee on ceremonies began glibly talking to me, in the decorous undertone customary for such mournful occasions, saying: "Your carriage, sir, is the one just behind the bearers there on the left, and you will please fol"— but just then the nickel-plate of "my carriage" flashed into the sunlight from the depths of the baggage car, and convinced the speaker, in advance of my polite circumlocution of the statement, that this was really "none of my funeral." Considering that I was clad in green velveteen jacket and corduroy smalls, the mistake seemed an odd one; but perhaps the committeeman, in the bewilderment of ideas caused by the recent change in nomenclature (banishing "undertaker" by "funeral director and furnisher," without whose aid no truly fashionable corpse can now be properly planted), thought this costume the latest metropolitan style adopted for that sort of directing and furnishing. The funeral procession was a long one, and it threw dust upon me as I toiled up-hill to the village,—walking part of the distance, though I think I should have ridden it all, if the course had been clear. Later in the afternoon, I waited by the roadside to let the returning carriages get out of the way. For the first m. beyond the village, where I halted 1 h. for dinner, the loam and turf had been scraped into the middle of the road and there ground to a fine powder; while the slopes, thus scraped smooth, were thereby rendered too steep for riding. Beyond here for 2 m. the improvements were of a less dreadful nature, consisting of sand carted upon the roadway, and I then rode almost continuously for 3 m. From Hughsonville to Wappinger's Falls and Poughkeepsie, the surface was excellent,—and more than half of it was about as good as macadam,—the approach to the city being between well-kept stone walls, shaded by fine rows of maples. I rested at a friend's house over Sunday, and again through Monday, when the rain gave excuse for further delay, and even when I mounted, at 9 o'clock of Tuesday morning, I felt so weak and ill that I feared I might not be able to

stay in the saddle. Once mounted, my vigor returned somewhat, and though the heat proved to be intense, I succeeded in grinding off 23 m., ending at the hotel in Red Hook, at a little before 7 o'clock. My route was through Harrison and Mansion sts. to Washington st., which I suppose is the prolongation of the New York Broadway, for I followed it n. up the river. Teller's hill, the second ascent, is a short, sharp slope, followed by a long and easy one, and the good riding then continued to Hyde Park, 7 m., except for bits of newly-laid gravel. I rested 2 h. at the hotel in Staatsburg (4 m.) and 2 h. at Rhinebeck (6 m.),—drinking freely of milk, which formed my only food that day,—and I probably rested at the roadside at least once every mile, to get the cooling effect of the breeze which was at my back. Loam seemed to be the basis of the roadway, and there was hardly a mile of it on which sand had not been recently hauled, by way of "mending"; which sand was said to pack down tightly by the aid of rain, but never, thus unassisted, in dry weather. I mention these details to suggest the warning that a tour along this section of the Hudson had better be taken a little before the farmers finish planting their crops, or else a month after their struggles with the roads have abated. Leaving Red Hook at 6 on the morning of the 6th, I spent ½ h. in covering the 3 m. to the hotel in Upper Red Hook, where I breakfasted in the bar-room on five glasses of milk; though I supplemented this repast 1 h. later at the store in Nevis (Cleremont), 3 m., by a few raw eggs. Starting on at 8.15, I rode to the Blue Store, 4 m., in ½ h. (dismounting once, near the end, on account of a horse),—and this was my longest, swiftest and smoothest spin of the day. Instead of taking the direct road, l., for Hudson, I went to Johnstown, 3 m., and rested for ½ h., and took a similar rest beyond the stone mill, 2½ m. Thence to pond, then l. turn along main road, quickly followed by r. turn with telegraph poles; bringing me thus to toll-gate about 1 m. from the finish. I rode through town by a somewhat roundabout course to reach the Worth House, at 1 o'clock, 21½ m. from the start. The weather of the latter half of the journey was so intensely hot, that I decided to postpone further riding until next morning; but a heavy shower in the afternoon served to introduce a heavier rain-storm which raged during the night, and, as I could not afford to delay a day or two for allowing the mud to dry up, I reluctantly took train for Springfield, on the 7th, whence I continued my tour eastward on the 16th, as reported on p. 110. The 44 m. from Poughkeepsie to Hudson, would have supplied an easy day's ride for me, had I been in average condition, and the two days' ride was definitely beneficial in starting me towards the restoration of health and strength. The smoothest and prettiest stretch of the course ended at Hyde Park; the second-best section at Rhinebeck, which may properly be taken as the terminal point of a tour from the mouth of the Hudson. Beyond here, to the northward, the roads and the scenery definitely grow poorer together; the vegetation in the fields is less luxuriant and attractive; the trees are more scattered and stunted. The contrast reminded me somewhat of that which impresses the traveler when he emerges

from the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky into the less-favored country adjacent. On that last day, I found a good many big round stones in the road, both loose and fixed; and some stretches where loose, flat stones had been thrown in by the "menders," as a variation to their throwing in of sand and sods. While I loitered on the public green in front of the county court-house in Hudson, that afternoon, still another survival of barbarism affronted me in the fact that prisoners were allowed to stand there, plainly revealed behind the full-length gratings of the jail which forms a part of the building, and to chat with the casual passer-by. This was the first exhibition of the sort that I had ever happened to see; and, as a token of the standard of political wisdom ruling in that locality, it impressed me about as unfavorably as had the previous and more common exhibitions given by gangs of farmers, engaged in wreaking destruction upon the roads, under pretense of "working out their taxes."

A two-column sketch of a two days' ride "down the Hudson," from Albany to Poughkeepsie, was printed in the *Wheel* (Oct. 10, '84), by G. P. MacGowan, a student of Middlebury College, who (on Aug. 5, 2 to 8 P. M.) "rode with a companion from Greenbush down to Hudson, between the r. r. tracks, 30 m., at a gait of 10 m. an hour, easy,"—a preliminary spin of 12 m. having been made in the forenoon. The tracks were followed, the second day, until they became unridable, at Germantown; "from which place the smoothness of the highway and the delights of the scenery increased as we proceeded toward Poughkeepsie, finishing there (45 m.) early in the afternoon." Proceeding by boat to Cornwall, for a few days' stay at the hotel, the writer found pleasant wheeling excursions thence to "Idlewild" and Newburg, and climbed on foot to the summit of Storm King, "on which mountain Washington caused one of the largest illuminations ever known, as a sign of the peace." On Nov. 8, '84, "three residents of Newburg wheeled homeward along Broadway, from the s. w. corner of Central Park, to the ferry landing at Fishkill, 62½ m., between 6 A. M. and 4.20 P. M., taking breakfast at Yonkers and dinner at Peekskill, and climbing thence over the mountain to Garrisons and Cold Spring. Allowing 1½ h. for the two stops, their average speed was 7 m. per h. The weather having been very favorable, the roads were good for the entire distance." The names and birthdays of the three are: J. T. Joslin, July 28, 1838; M. W. Couser, June 13, 1853; R. Ketcham, Nov. 8, 1863; though the first mentioned took the trip alone, on the 9th, between the designated hours. He is my authority also for recording that the best route n. from Hudson leads (through the toll-gate which I name on p. 196) to Claverack and Ghent, say 14 m., and thence to Valatia, about 8 m., over an excellent gravel track; followed by fairly ridable roads to Greenbush. I believe this route is also recommended by "M. D. B."; and I presume it is the one which was used by the late R. Osborn, of Poughkeepsie, in his day's ride to that city from Albany, 72 m. The 25-m. route, by which a connection has been made without dismount between Canaan, on the border of Connecticut, and Castleton on the Hudson (p. 148), passes through Valatia. From Chatham, too, on that same route, I am told that a good gravel road reaches through Lebanon to Shaker Village, whence 2 m. ascent of Pittsfield mountain must be walked; after which the 6½ m. to Pittsfield may be wheeled without stop. The road from Saratoga through Ballston to Amsterdam (on the Mohawk river and Erie canal) is reported by Mr. Joslin as hilly and somewhat sandy; but he traversed it, between 4 A. M. and 8 P. M., with only a little walking, and he recollects the distance as about 31 m. He likewise tells of hilly but ridable roads from there to Sharon Springs and the head of Otsego Lake, whence a pleasant excursion may be made by steamer to Cooperstown at the other end. The quickest ride which I have seen recorded between New York and Yonkers was that of R. G. Rood, in the election-day road race of the Ixion Bicycle Club (Nov. 6, '83), for the club championship and a $50 gold medal. The

route appears to have been from the s. w. corner of Central Park through the Boulevard, 152d st., 10th av., Kingsbridge road, Riverdale hill, Valentine's lane, to the Peabody House. The distance was called just 15 m., and the time was 1 h. 4 min. The road was heavy, from a morning's rain, and a strong head-wind prevailed.

"The roads from Rhinebeck to Poughkeepsie were the best met with on the tour," says one of the historians of the "Big Four" (C. S. H.), whose first two days, beginning July 6, '85, covered the route from Buffalo to Rochester, described on p. 215; and whose last three days led down the Hudson, ending at New York, July 17,—the intermediate wheeling having been in Canada, between Cobourg and Kingston, July 9-10. "The course from Albany led over the old post-road, up and down innumerable hills, to Kinderhook, where dinner was served; and then through the Hudson valley, with fewer hills, to Hudson (reached just before dark), where steamer was taken for Catskill. Next morning the boat carried the party across to McKinstryville, where wheels were mounted for Poughkeepsie, 35 m. distant (dinner at Rhinebeck), and a steamer taken there after supper which brought us to West Point at 1.30 A. M. As the final day proved a very hot one, we sailed to Irvington, instead of disembarking at Tarrytown as originally planned; and we finished at 59th st.,—tired, dusty and thirsty, but nevertheless happy,—at a little before 7 P. M. At every town between Albany and Hudson, the inhabitants turned out in Sunday attire, and lustily cheered the wheelmen as they passed. Flags were hoisted on all the village commons, and if any man in town had a cannon he brought it out and blazed away." "I had a fine trip last week to Lake Mohonk, going from here by way of Montgomery, Walden, St. Andrews, New Hurley and New Paltz. The road up the valley of the Wallkill from Walden to New Paltz is hard and very level. Two stretches of 4 or 5 m. each, having a hard slate surface, are almost on a dead level, and afford an even finer ride than that along the Delaware, from Port Jervis to Milford. The 37 m. from here to New Paltz could be made without dismount." Such is the report sent to me from Middletown, Aug. 20, '84, by H. C. Ogden; and I supplement it by remarking that a road extends directly from New Paltz to Highlands, about 8 m., on the Hudson, opposite Poughkeepsie (see p. 172), and another continues n. up the Wallkill, and Rondout creek which it runs into, to Kingston, about 15 m. (see p. 188). The county map also shows direct connection between Nyack (p. 80), on the Hudson opposite Tarrytown, and Suffern (p. 171), in the Ramapo valley, about 14 m., with a half-dozen intermediate villages. Kirk Munroe's illustrated article, "A Canoe Camp 'mid Hudson Highlands" (*Outing*, Dec., '84, pp. 163-173), gives some interesting facts about the wild, west-shore region below West Point, where, "back in the hills, the dwellers are a rude and savage race, whose knowledge of the world is often limited by the mountains that bound their own horizon. So easy of access is this remarkable and little-known section, that the explorer may run out from New York on an early morning train to any of the stations in the Ramapo valley, tramp 15 or 20 m. through the wilderness to the Hudson, and take train back to the city in time for a late dinner." I, however, saw no one very rude or savage when I tramped across here, Sept. 19, '85.

"The Hudson River by Pen and Pencil," with 60 engravings on wood from drawings by J. D. Woodward (N. Y.: Appletons, 1875, pp. 52, price 50 c.), is a well printed octavo, which is worth recommending to those who want a picture-book of this region. A similar remark may be made of the same publishers' "New York City Illustrated" (1883, pp. 144), which sells for 75 c. The *Catskill Mountain Breeze* and the *Lake George Ripple*, weekly journals of the Summer Resort Publication Co. (85 John st., N. Y.), are supposed to contain the latest news needful for the tourist. For the sake of completeness, I catalogue the series of cheaply-executed railroad and steamboat guides issued by Taintor Brothers, Merrill & Co., N. Y. ("illustrated with maps and woodcuts, and mailed for 25 c. each"), which have been in the market for a long term of years, but which I do not specially recommend to wheelmen: "City of New York," "Hudson River Route," "Saratoga," "New York to Saratoga and Thousand Islands," "Connecticut River Route," "Erie Railway Route," "Fall River and Newport Route," "Northern Resorts" (White and Green mountains, Lake Memphremagog, etc.), "Seaside Resorts" (from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi), "Pennsylvania Coal Regions," "New York to Washington."

XV.

THE ERIE CANAL AND LAKE ERIE.[1]

On the afternoon of Monday, September 6, 1880, I took my wheel out of its crate in the freight-house in Schenectady,—whither it had been sent from the manufactory, after having been improved by new tires, pedals, spring, and minor repairs,—and mounted it on the Erie tow-path at half past 4 o'clock. The fact that a good share of the transient population of the city crowded upon the bridges to stare at me when I descended the steps from the street, or the fact that all the boats seemed to be moving eastward, may have been the cause of my bewilderment; but at all events I rode 1 m. in the direction named before it occurred to me that I was going away from rather than towards Niagara, as I intended. Turning about, therefore, I soon, for the first time, came in front of a pair of mules, and though no notice had been taken of me when passing them from the rear, they resented this affront by whirling around and sending their driver rolling down the bank. No harm was done, and the man, from force of habit, bestowed his curses on the mules rather than on me; but the incident taught me the need of caution: for as all vehicles are by law excluded from the tow-path, a bicycler riding there is directly responsible for all damages his presence may cause. Thenceforth, therefore, I always dismounted whenever I met the animals that were dragging the canal boats, even though the driver thereof sometimes shouted: "Come on! They won't be scared! I'll take the risk!" Oftentimes the boats were very close together, and though the ones westward bound caused me no trouble, I don't believe that in three days I rode as much as 1 m. on the tow-path without being forced to dismount by approaching boats. The path itself has a stone foundation, and the soil on top is generally ground up into a fine dust by the hoofs of the animals; whereas, heavy wheel traffic might pack it down hard and smooth. Slow and careful riding was usually necessary, to avoid the occasional large stones concealed by the dust, and though I found few stretches absolutely unridable, I found many over which it was easier to walk than to ride. Fast wheeling seemed quite out of the question. The best that can be said of the path is that it is level, and that the lower Mohawk Valley, through which it winds, is picturesque. "In the sweet by and by," when the canal shall have been abandoned as a transportation route, and the projected International Park at Niagara shall have been established in all its glory, I hope the League of American Wheelmen may be rich enough to fit up the entire Erie tow-path as a pleasure drive connecting with that park. A

[1] From *The Bicycling World*, May 27, June 3, 10, 17, 1881; pp. 27, 44, 56, 64.

thin coating of the powdered rock so readily procurable alongside the canal could be spread upon the excellent existing basis of the path at comparatively slight expense, and would transform it into the finest racing track on the habitable globe. Enviable indeed will be the bicycler of that happy day as he goes proudly spinning "down the ringing grooves of time."

On that hot Monday evening in September, I left the canal at Hoffman's Ferry, and went to Patterson's hotel for the night, arriving at half past 7 o'clock,—12½ m. in 3 h.,—the last ½ h. having been spent in walking 1 m. in the dark. I was told that the highway from Schenectady would have been found smoother than the tow-path; and so, next morning, instead of resuming the path, I had a ferryman row me across the Mohawk, and I rode due w. for 1 m., in 10 min. Then the track grew sandy and stony and hilly, and after 1½ m. of miscellaneous locomotion, I recrossed the river in the skiff of an honest farmer, who refused to accept any pay for his services, and again took to the path. At 10 o'clock, ¾ h. later, I reached Port Hunter, 5 m. on, connected by a bridge with Amsterdam, the first large town w. of Schenectady. I stopped here 1 h., and also 2 h. at Fort Hunter, 3 m. beyond, where, at the Mohawk Hotel, I got an atrociously bad dinner. Judging from the shaggy and unkempt appearance of my table-companions, the ordinary price for their meals could not possibly have been more than a quarter-dollar; but the genial landlord charged me 40 c., in order to encourage bicycling. After 2 or 3 m. more of tow-path, I took the "heel-path," which is the local name facetiously applied to the highway adjoining the canal on the l., and kept it (except for 5 m. ending at Spraker's) till I reached the Nellis House in Canajoharie, at 8 o'clock, 30 m. from the start at Hoffman's. For 1 m. or so through Fultonville, which is opposite Fonda, and for 2 m. beyond Spraker's, I went at a good pace. Darkness then forced me to walk for the last 1½ m., though I think the road continued smooth.

The hotel accommodations were satisfactory, and starting at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning, I spun along smoothly for more than 4 m., to a point beyond Fort Plain. Then followed 1½ h. in which I did considerable walking up and down hill, and accomplished 4½ m. Resuming the tow-path at 10 o'clock, at the bridge opposite St. Johnsville, I rode along it for exactly 10 m., ending at Little Falls at 12.20 P. M. This section of the path averaged the best of any in my experience, and the last ½ m. or so really admitted of rapid riding. There are several good hotels here, up on the hill. The one I happened to enter was the Givan House, where the dinner was satisfactory. After a 2 h. stop, I took the path for 3¼ m. (½ h.), and then went in swimming for 1 h., or until the lock-keeper (who lent me a towel and refused to take any pay therefor) came down to the bushes to see if I hadn't been drowned. An hour later, 6 m. on, I took the turnpike, and went through Ilion and Frankfort, 2½ m. in 17 min. Then the road grew gradually poorer, until at 6 o'clock I was tempted to try the tow-path again, along which I slowly ground my way for 2½ m., until darkness stopped me about 7. Then I got aboard a steam

canal boat, which was 1 h. in making 3 m. to Utica, and the captain of which refused to accept any compensation for my ride. He, however, recommended to me the American House, opposite Bagg's Hotel; and though every consideration of family pride urged me to patronize the latter famous caravansary, its lordly and glittering front seemed so to intensify my own dirty and bedraggled appearance that I hesitated about entering, and so allowed a porter of "the American" to scoop me in. Let no other bicycling tourist, stranded in Utica, be similarly beguiled, however; for, as respects hotels at least, there can be no possible doubt that "Bagg's is the best." I afterwards learned that a telegram was waiting me there, from a college classmate, saying that he would meet me the next noon at Oneida, and accompany me thence on his wheel to his home in Syracuse.

My day's ride to Utica was 37½ m., and my ride thence to Oneida, ending about half past 5 o'clock the next afternoon, was 30 m., the cyclometer registering 110½ m. from the start at Schenectady, three evenings before. For 2 m. from the hotel in Utica I rode on the stone and wooden sidewalks. At Whitesboro, perhaps 1 m. beyond, I turned l. by mistake instead of crossing the bridge on my r., and so, at the end of ½ m. spin, was obliged to repeat my course. Excellent sidewalk riding was indulged in during the next 20 min. (2½ m.), followed by ¾ m. of bad road, ending 1 h. later at Oriskany. Beyond here (1½ m.), having ridden up two rough hills, I engaged in 1 h.'s chat with some men who persuaded me that the tow-path was worth trying. I therefore plodded along it for exactly 2 m. without getting a single chance to ride, on account of the deep sand. Mounting again on the highway at 11.45, I found occasional good stretches, and reached the Stanwix Hotel, in Rome, 5 m. on, at 1 o'clock.[1] Starting thence in a little less than 2 h., I rode or walked pretty continuously till 5.30 P. M., when I reached the railroad station in Oneida, 13½ m. For 1 m. or so out of Rome the riding was good on road or sidewalk. Then the track grew stony and hilly and only occasionally ridable, till near Verona; but for the 5 m. ending at Oneida it was nearly all good, and some of it was very good. I should have kept on wheeling till dark, 1 h. or so later, had not the rain begun gently falling at 5 o'clock. By the time I got aboard the train the storm grew quite violent; and as it seemed likely to extend into the next day, or at least leave the roads in bad condition then, I decided not to try any riding from Syracuse, as originally planned for Friday, and therefore went directly through by train to Canandaigua, the objective point to

[1] In June, 1883, S. A. Freer, Captain of the Rome B. C., with two members, E. P. Hovey and W. I. Baxter, wheeled from that place to Auburn, between 6 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.,—taking breakfast at Oneida, 13 m., and dinner at Syracuse, 25 m. beyond. Another member of the club, F. H. White, drove a 56-in. Expert 91 m. in 8½ h. (Aug. 11, '84),—going from Rome to a place called Geddes, beyond Syracuse, and returning immediately by the same road, which is a very hilly one, with many soft and sandy places. Later in the same month, he covered the distance from Watertown (through Martinsburg and Boonville) to Rome in 9 h. of actual riding. "In racing, he holds the Championship of Oneida and Madison counties, though he is scarcely 18 years of age, and has never had any regular training whatever."—(J. M. Barton, March 2, '85.)

which I had despatched my valise from Schenectady on Monday. I afterwards learned that my Syracuse friend, with a couple of other wheelmen, reached Oneida at noon, having been 5 h. in covering about 25 m. of turnpike; and then, not finding me there, rode homeward on the tow-path until overtaken by the rain, when they took passage on a canal boat. On the whole, I think the Mohawk valley, from Schenectady westward, can be recommended to the touring bicycler who is content to make slow progress through a pleasant country. The scenery as far as Utica is almost all attractive, and much of it is picturesque. From Utica to Syracuse the prospect is not quite as pleasing. As for the paragraph (*Bi. World*, Aug. 7) mentioning a ride made by H. B. Thompson from Erie to Little Falls in four days, I'm sorry so few details were given, for no other ride yet reported in America can be thought half so remarkable. The most remarkable part of the ride, however, was the "67 m. on the Erie tow-path," alleged to have been made inside of 12 h.

Canandaigua, the court-house town of Ontario County, boasts of numerous smooth roads, some of them macadamized, and several m. of well-laid flagstone sidewalks. The main street crosses the tracks at right angles, a few rods west of the r. r. station, and can be followed 1 m. due s. to the lake side, or 1 m. due n. to the liberty pole. Turning w. from this point, on the afternoon of September 11, I rode 2 m., and then another 2 m., and then 2½ m., ending at the r. r. station in East Bloomfield, about the streets and sidewalks of which pleasant village I circled another m. before stabling my wheel for the night. A friend accompanied me in a carriage, or rather followed behind me on the road, except when a halt was made for the sake of consuming in common his supply of Delaware grapes; and we both returned home in the carriage a few hours later. On Tuesday forenoon following, having taken train to East Bloomfield, I rode in 1 h. from the station there to the brewery at the r. r. crossing, say ¼ m. w. of the flag-pole in Canandaigua. The wind favored me, and though I made three brief dismounts, none were really needed in the 6 m. named. The course is nearly all up or down grade, however, and though some parts were very smooth, other parts were of that sort of red clay which hard rains render temporarily unridable. I was told in East Bloomfield that Rochester wheelmen had frequently ridden thither and reported comfortable roads. In the afternoon I found an excellent course for 1 m. beyond the steamboat landing at the foot of Main st., and I also went twice around the ¼ m. track at the trotting park, in 4 min. 35 sec. This was the first occasion on which I ever tried to ride at speed for a given distance, and have the "time" accurately taken. I judge from the result, that on a smooth course I might perhaps make 1 m. inside of 4 min.

The next afternoon, at Niagara, I rode across the suspension bridge, nearest the Falls, and thence on the wooden sidewalks for ¼ m. to the Horseshoe Fall itself. Retracing the latter part of my course, I kept along the w. bank, over a road generally unridable because of stones and ruts, and after 1¼ m. of this sort of travel, reached the old railway bridge, which had just

been newly floored. The planks having been laid crosswise and evenly fitted, offered a most tempting chance for indulging in brief bursts of speed. The other bridge is narrower, and its planks are laid lengthwise, and it is much more frequented by carriages and pedestrians; but the railroad bridge, at the time of my visit, seemed almost deserted, except by the occasional trains that rumbled above. I therefore flew swiftly across it a good many times, gazing up and down the river at the scenery, and enjoying to the utmost the novel sensation of "riding through the air," until the approaching darkness forced me to reluctantly enter the United States once more, and plod along the imperfect board sidewalk and rutty highways until I reached my hotel. The cyclometer's record for the afternoon was 8 m. The ruts worn in the macadam of many of the Niagara roads by the constant carriage traffic were a truly terrible phenomenon. In some places, if my memory serves, nearly a dozen of them stretched out for discouragingly long distances in regular parallels about a foot apart. The fun on the bridge, however, seems well worth the overcoming of such obstacles as stand in the way of it. It would be a truly enchanting place for a friendly trial of speed between two or three riders; say in a dash of two hundred and twenty yards, duly chalked off on the planks. The regular toll for a foot passenger at either of the bridges is 25 c., and no extra charge is made when a bicycle goes with him.

Leaving the International Hotel in Niagara on the morning of September 16, at about 9.30 o'clock, a ride of ¼ m. carried me beyond the canal bridge in the outskirts of the village. Thence I went s. without stop for 16½ m., in 2½ h., having the wind against me all the way, and being slightly sprinkled with rain during the third half-hour. Most of the road is of very hard clay, which was rather rough; and beyond Tonawanda (where the bridge almost caused a dismount) there is a long, but not very steep hill, which is the only grade of importance between Niagara and Buffalo. I met at Black Rock with rather rough stone pavements, turned an angle to the r. and then to the l., crossed the canal bridge with difficulty, and was then tempted to try the sidewalk, whose curb soon caused a dismount. I might have gone without a stop to the city hall in Buffalo, 3½ m. further on, and 20 m. from Niagara, had I, after crossing the canal bridge, stuck to the highway for a few rods, until I reached Forest st., the first on the l., then gone down this ¼ m., over a tolerably smooth pavement, to the Lincoln parkway; up this to the r., and then on r. branch to Bidwell parkway; then left at quite an angle down the avenue to the circle; thence at right angles on Porter av. to Niagara st. (thus far on perfect macadam); and down this on the flags of the l. sidewalk to the city hall. Such is the route which I really did take after receiving instructions at Black Rock. Proceeding down Main st. on the sidewalks, I reached the Mansion House 4 h. from the start, distance 22¼ m. After a stop until nearly 4 o'clock, I began a 2 m. progress which carried me beyond the city limits to the shore of Lake Erie and the sand slough into which its overflowing waters has transformed the highway. For almost 2 m. little riding could be done, and

the walking was often difficult. Just a little before reaching the Half Way House, I mounted again and went 4 m., by excellent road, to Bay View House. After 8 m. more of good riding, darkness overtook me; also an honest farmer, who said I might stay overnight at his stone house, 1 m. beyond. Thence, therefore, I walked, arriving at 7.30 P. M., 38 m. from Niagara.

The next day, between 7 A. M. and 11.45 P. M., I rode along Lake Erie a distance which the cyclometer registered at a trifle less than 73 m. I started at the farmer's stone house, some 17 m. below Buffalo, and finished at the Reed House in Erie, whither I had despatched my baggage the previous morning, when I left Niagara. The so-called Ridge Road, which I have mentioned as beginning to be ridable 4 m. from Buffalo, continues along the lake side for something more than 100 m. In a few cases it approaches close to the water, but its general course is 1 or 2 m. removed from the same. Sometimes the intervening land is even wider, though the rider cannot go many m. without finding the lake on his horizon at the n. or w., and certain of the water views are extremely attractive. Fine sand, whose particles have the quality of packing tightly together, is the material of which the road is formed, and some parts of it are equal to the best macadam. I have not yet heard of any other American road, even approximately as long, whose average smoothness is equal to this one. [1]

My first dismount of Friday was caused by a log in the roadway, just 11 m. from the start; time, 1 h. 20 min., during which I had climbed several stiff hills, and generally faced a brisk breeze. I was almost 1 h. in getting over the next 4 m. to Silver Creek, where I stopped 1 h. for breakfast, and at whose hotel I should have spent the previous night, had it not been for the delay caused in getting clear of Buffalo. Many dismounts were needed in that 4 m., as at Cattaraugus creek, and Irving post-office, and the big elm-trees by the brook at the foot of a long hill, up which I walked. Leaving

[1] The date "1880" must be remembered as attaching to this remark. Three years later, in the course of my 1,400 m. straightaway tour, I found four other 100 m. stretches, which are fairly comparable to this one, — the first three of them being in Canada. Between Windsor, which is opposite Detroit, and Clearfield, I traversed 100 m. with scarcely any walking. Most of the course was along the n. shore of Lake Erie; and, on the first day of my tour (Oct. 8, '83), I rode nearly 73 m., or almost exactly the distance ridden on this first day of mine along the s. of the lake, — though I took no other such long day's ride during the three intermediate years. Three days later I rode from London n. e. to Goderich on Lake Huron, and then s. e. to Mitchell, 100 m., in 20 h. The third Canadian stretch of 100 m. of smooth roadway is between Coburg and Kingston, along the shore of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence river. The longest and best macadamized roadway in the United States, I found in Virginia, stretching through the Shenandoah Valley, in a n. and s. line for 150 m. Its hills are all ridable by the bicycle, but the number of them and the difficult grades of some, render the course inferior to the Ridge road along Lake Erie as the scene of a 100-m. race. Thomas Stevens told me that this was by far the smoothest stretch which he met with in trailing across the continent from San Francisco to Boston (3,700 m.), and there can be no doubt that it is the best e. and w. road in the Union. No one has answered my challenge of four year ago, by trying to "print a description of a better course for long-distance racing"; and I am sure that no such course exists within the national domain.

Silver Creek at 10.15 A. M., I arrived at the hotel in Fredonia 2 h. later, and rested there for a somewhat longer period. The distance was 12 m. over an excellent track, though I made several dismounts for the sake of visiting apple orchards, cider mills, and the like. Westfield, not quite 15 m. on, was reached at 4.30 P. M., in a little less than 2 h., and here I loafed ½ h. on the green, amid a congenial rabble of small boys. Not long afterwards I crossed into the State of Pennsylvania, and at 7.10 reached the Haynes Hotel in North East, 15 m. on and 57½ m. from the start,—12 h. before. This was 7 m. more than my previous "best day's record," and I should not have attempted to better it, now that darkness had rushed on, were it not that the vision of the dry clothes awaiting me in Erie, some 15 m. beyond, irresistibly beckoned me thither where I could wash and be cleaned. The adverse wind of the day had meanwhile died out; the road was reported to me to be smooth and level, and the moon gave promise of lighting the way. Starting at 8.15, riding slowly, when the moon favored, and walking when the clouds obscured its face, I reached the brick sidewalks of Erie, just 14 m., in exactly 3 h. Rather more than 1½ m. beyond was the hotel, inside of which I found my valise, inside of which valise I found my night-shirt, inside of which night-shirt sleep soon found *me*, enjoying the repose I had fairly earned.

I did not enjoy it more than 4 h., however, for the rattling of breakfast dishes aroused me early, and at 9.30 I mounted my wheel again for an excursion to Ashtabula. At 10 o'clock, when the cyclometer registered the completion of the 1,000th m. of my riding of 1880, I made my second mount and went 6 m., or until a horse persuaded me to stop. The green in Girard, 16½ m. from Erie, was reached at 12.30 P. M. Beyond here, 5 m., 40 min. of riding time, I found the hotel in East Springfield, where, for its dear name's sake, I stopped 1½ h. for dinner. The best thing I could do to "celebrate" West Springfield, which is 4 m. further on, and which occupies the extreme n. w. corner of Pennsylvania, was to take a drink at the public pump in front of the post-office. I entered Ohio at 4.40 P. M. in front of the State Line House, so called because standing in two States,—the distance being 28 m. from Erie; thence to the hotel in Ashtabula, which I reached at 8.10 P. M. (16 m.), the roads were generally sandy, and in many cases quite unridable, and about all the good wheeling I found was on the sidewalks. Darkness forced me to walk for nearly all of the last 7 m., though the moonlight would once in a while be bright enough to encourage a mount. A midnight ride to the r. r. station brought up my day's record to 45 m., and so made the length of my three days' tour 156 m.

Sunday I observed properly as a day of rest, though it was 3 A. M. when I got to bed again at the Reed House, in Erie. On this second occasion, I secured a better room, where the rattle of the breakfast dishes troubled me not. The weather, in contrast to that of the previous days, was oppressively sultry, so that the reading of the Vicar of Wakefield's travels was as vigorous athletic exercise as I cared to take; but Monday's air was cooler, and I

started off from the r. r. station soon after 10 o'clock, in the face of a threatened "equinoctial storm." A few slight sprinkles of rain, during the second hour, formed the sole fulfillment of this threat, and the afternoon was clear and bright, as was also the rest of the week. From Erie to Fredonia my course retraced that of Friday, but the wind was at my back instead of in my face, and this third day's ride along the lake supplied the swiftest and pleasantest day's wheeling that I have ever anywhere enjoyed. In 2 h. 7 min. from the start, I reached the Haynes Hotel, in North East, 13½ m.,—the last 3 m. having been made at a very rapid pace. I stopped only ½ h. for dinner, and soon afterwards, at 1.25 P. M., mounted at the top of the hill beyond the creek, stopping exactly 1 h. later near the top of the hill by the Green at Westfield, 11⅛ m. This was by far the fastest hour's ride I ever made, and I covered 6 m. in the last ½ h., for I made one brief stop to avoid the chance of frightening a lady's horse.

My intention had been to go from Westfield to Mayville, and there take a Chautauqua Lake steamer to Jamestown, going thence by train to Salamanca to meet the baggage I had despatched thither. But I was told that the road to Mayville was "all up-hill," and that I should be too late to catch the afternoon steamer. So, after 20 min. stop, I continued on the old road, and soon got the first and only tumble of my 500-m. vacation tour. The cause of this was that in turning from the roadway to the sidewalk, I neglected to allow for the velocity with which the wind was helping me along. At 4 o'clock I stopped 20 min. to inspect a steam apple-drying establishment at Portland, and in the next 40 min. rode 5½ m. to the hotel at Fredonia. Turning off there from my Friday's route, I reached the r. r. station in Dunkirk at 5.50 P. M., having made nearly 47 m. in 6 h. actual riding time, though I was about 1¾ h. longer on the road. I took train for Salamanca at 6.

The ride alleged to have been made in July last, on a 54-inch wheel, by H. B. Thompson, of Erie, from that city to Buffalo, in 8 h. (a distance of 90 m. by my cyclometer), was the inspiring cause of my own ride on the same track; and I hope this present detailed report of my experiences there will tempt many other riders to make trial of it. By starting at Girard, they will find good roads for 100 m. straightaway, before reaching the sand slough on the outskirts of Buffalo. If a longer ride is desired, the start may be made at West Springfield, but I cannot recommend any one to go beyond that point. On general principles, indeed, West Springfield is my *ne plus ultra*. My belief is that the grades are rather better, and that the winds are more apt to be favorable in riding towards Buffalo than in riding from it, on the road I have described. If a better course for long-distance racing exists in this country, I trust that some one who knows about it may write a description thereof for the public prints.

On the following day (September 21) at 4 P. M., after riding 250 m. by train, I made a start on the rough wooden pavements of Binghamton, and 2 h. later, when darkness stopped my wheeling, I had progressed only 8 m. towards

Great Bend, my objective point. I reached the Godfrey House there, 7 m. beyond, at 8.37 o'clock, having made one or two brief mounts when the moonlight allowed. I think the latter half of this road would have made fair wheeling by daylight, but much of the first half of it was unridable because of the deep dust and abundant stones. Taking train at 4 o'clock next morning for a 4 h. ride to Port Jervis, I breakfasted there, assumed my last clean suit, and sent my valise home to New York. Then at 9.30 I began to propel my wheel southward, down the beautiful valley of the Delaware, over the well-known track made of powdered rock that has been sifted out from the overhanging cliffs. Six hours from the start, having made a few detours, and stopped for dinner at the Half-Way House, from 1 to 2 o'clock, I reached the bridge at Bushkill, 29½ m. At the cross-roads by Jim Price's house, 4¾ m. beyond, I turned to the l., having walked most of this distance save the last m. Then the roads gradually improved, so that in my last h. of daylight I accomplished upwards of 5 m. An hour later, at 7.30 P. M., I reached the Kittatinny Hotel, at the Delaware Water Gap, 41 m. from the start at Port Jervis. This last 3½ m., which I walked in the darkness, would probably have been good riding by daylight.

Starting again at 8.45 A. M., I accomplished 30½ m. before 7 P. M., when I stopped at the hotel in Stanhope. This day's experience, like that of the second afternoon previous, bore a close resemblance to the Irishman's with the sedan chair whose bottom was gone,—"Except for the name of it I'd about as lief walk." I mention the route in order to warn all bicyclers against these particular "Jersey hills," where there is no "coasting" at all, and only precious little riding of any sort. I stopped 1 h. for dinner at Blairstown, and made another pause at Johnsonsbury, 5 m. on. The next 5 m. stretch, to Alamoochy, supplied the best riding of the day. Then followed a 3 m. walk up and down the mountain to Waterloo, then a 2 m. ride, and finally a 2 m. tramp on the canal tow-path to Stanhope. I left there at 6.25 A. M., on the 24th, and went to Drakesville, whence I had 2 m. of good sidewalk riding through McCainsville, till I turned off on the l. at the post which said "4 m. to Dover." I reached the hotel there at 9 o'clock, 10½ m. from the start, and stopped 40 min. for breakfast. Thence through Rockaway, Denville and Persippany, where I went astray from the main track, until at 1.10 P. M., 22 m. from the start, I reached the post which said "16 m. to Newark." After this the roads began to improve somewhat, allowing me to do more riding than walking, and in ¾ h. I reached Pine Brook post-office, which is the end of the stage route from Newark. Just beyond here was a tavern where I secured a comfortable lunch, and then, at 2.30 P. M., I began upon my first real riding of the day. So pleasant did it seem to be on a smooth track once more that I circled about for several miles at haphazard on the avenues of Orange before finally setting my face towards the big city, where I ended up the day with a spin around the fountain in Washington Square, at 7.30 P. M., 53 m. from the start. This made 187½ m. for the last five days (say an average of 37 m.), and 495 m.

for the fifteen riding days of my tour, which began at Schenectady on the 6th of September. (It was not until three years later that I indulged in a longer journey, by wheeling straightaway from Michigan to Virginia.)

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[1]From the report of route between Boston and Buffalo, given (*Wheelman*, Dec., 1883, pp. 199–202) by W. H. Butler, a student of Phillips Academy, Andover, who celebrated the completion of a course of study there in the summer of '83, by wheeling to his home in Olean, N. Y., 600 m. across two States, I condense the following summary: "Leaving Boston, July 3, on a 53-in. Invincible, unencumbered with baggage, I breakfasted at Natick, toiled through the mud by Shrewsbury route to Worcester at 2.45 P. M., and took train to Palmer, as I was told the intermediate sand was well-nigh impassable. Reached Springfield at 3 P. M. next day, with a record of 22 m. in 4 h.; and early on 5th covered 10 m. to Westfield, not much the worse for mud, and spent rest of day in dragging myself through Russell, to the Mountain House in Blandford, where stayed all night. The view to be had at this point pays one for the struggle, and the picture of the valley beneath the rays of the setting sun can never be forgotten. The fourth day took me to West Stockbridge, 29 m., by way of N. Blandford, W. Becket and E. Lee. Starting early on Saturday, I crossed the State line at 7 o'clock (having traversed 160 m. in Massachusetts in 34 h. of actual travel), and found the roads improved rapidly, though there were many hills to mount, as I passed through E. Chatham, Malden Bridge, W. Nassau and E. Schodack. I rested there for the day on account of intense heat, and then proceeded to Troy where I stayed Sunday. Starting at 4.30 A. M. on the 9th, I breakfasted at Riverside Park, 8 m., and then proceeded to Saratoga, 32 m. in 3½ h., the hard clay road being in fine condition. I took a spin to the lake, next day, and found other excellent roads in the village, but no wheelmen using them. On the 11th, I had a pleasant run of 25 m. through Ballston Spa to the 'Flats,' and then tried the Erie tow-path to Schenectady at 2.30 P. M., dismounting for every team, after the first pair of mules which I met had pawed the air for joy and caused their driver to 'stand from under.' For 8 m. towards Amsterdam I pushed my machine over the lumps where the 'repairers' had plowed up the road; then, almost fainting, beneath the boiling sun, I turned in at a farm house for the night. Between 6 and 7.30, next morning, I wheeled to Amsterdam, 9 m., and then to Fonda, 8 m., where stayed at Snell House, on account of heat, till 3.30, and rode to Palatine Bridge, 14 m. in 1 h. 10 min.; thence passed rapidly and without dismount through Fort Plain, St. Johnsville and Little Falls to Herkimer,—making 57 m. for the day. Spent Friday visiting places of local interest (including the Spinner farm, whence an excellent view of the valley up and down, for 25 m., is to be had), and on Saturday made long halts at the Remington works in Ilion and with friends at Utica, riding thence after supper, with two club men, to Rome, 17 m., in 1h. 40 min.; my forenoon's ride having also been 17 m., from Herkimer to Utica. A heavy rain lasted during all of Sunday, but I made an early start next morning, and after passing Verona, Oneida and Canastota, took to the railway at Lenox, and rode between the tracks 20 m. to Syracuse at 2 o'clock; thence by highway through Camillus, Marcellus, and Elbridge to Senate at 9. The next day, the rain kept me at Auburn (5 m.) from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and I was 3 h. in covering the 8 m. thence to Cayuga. Wednesday led me along fine scenery and excellent roads, through Seneca Falls and Waterloo to Geneva; thence, after supper, to Canandaigua, 16 m. further, at 9.45 P. M.; and late on Thursday afternoon I rode rapidly through E. and W. Bloomfield to Lima. Friday, witnessed my longest ride, 80 m. (between 7.30 A. M. and 10 P. M.) in 9 h. of actual travel. I made a detour from Caledonia in order to visit the State fish-hatching establishment, and rolled through Le Roy to Batavia, whence the road is hard most of the way to Buffalo; but I turned off from it at Alden and went to Lancaster. Thence, on the final day, I made Buffalo, by plank road, in a little more than 1 h., continuing thence through E. Aurora, Yorkshire and Franklinville to Olean at 11.30 P. M. This completed my tour of 615 m., in a little more than 13 days of travel (July 3–21), which included 98½ h. on the road." It is to be observed that the most difficult section of this journey was between Westfield and Lee, along the same roads described by me on p. 121 as the worst in a 200-m. tour.

XVI.

NIAGARA AND SOME LESSER WATERFALLS.[1]

IT can hardly be called the part of wisdom to start on an open-air pleasure-trip just in advance of the time when the equinoctial storm is expected; but inasmuch as in 1880 I rode pretty continuously from the 6th to the 24th of September without being much interfered with by rain, I made bold, in 1882, to begin a long tour on the 19th of that month by taking a "day-line" steamer up the Hudson from New York to Albany. The wind was from the s., but the sun shone brilliantly, so that the heat was extreme, spite of the motion of the boat. As Albany was approached, about nightfall, clouds obscured the sky, and there arose a tremendous whirlwind of dust, accompanied by a few drops of rain. Five hours later I started for Utica on a train that soon encountered a rain-storm, which still continued when I reached that city, at half-past 1 in the morning, and hurried across to the shelter of Bagg's Hotel. It had long been my ambition to enroll myself among the guests of that ancient and honorable caravansary; but fate had hitherto frustrated my hopes. Now, at last, I was on the point of being gratified, and of slumbering soundly in "the very best room in the hotel," as a reward for my previous week of hard work and little sleep. But no! This dream of bliss was rudely dispelled, and my family pride suffered a tremendous shock when the night clerk told me that the house was jammed full, and that "a cot in the parlor was the best he could do for me." As I couldn't well look elsewhere for lodgings, in a rain-storm, at that hour of the morning, I had no option but to humbly accept the "cot" in the designated "parlor," though I found it already tenanted by four other occupants of "cots," who had closed all the windows, and were snoring, in placid disregard of the stifling atmosphere. Amid these exasperating surroundings I helplessly gnashed my teeth for four mortal hours, then cooled my rage by a plunge in the bath-tub, and went down to the breakfast-table to meet there with G. C. S., who had come to Utica by appointment, in order that we might ride together thence to Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence river, 130 m. away. The breakfast was not much better than the cot, but both had to be paid for at a good, stiff price.

S. reported that the severe storm of the previous day and night had badly affected the roads leading in that direction, and, perhaps, made them unridable; and the clouds, with an occasional drizzle of rain, gave threats of further trouble; but, at a little before 11 o'clock, we decided to take the chances, and so started off, under the pilotage of a local wheelman, along the stone, brick,

[1] From *The Wheelman*, January, 1883, pp. 248–253 ("Four Hundred Miles").

and wooden sidewalks, to the end of the dirt-walk in Whitestown,—5½ m. in ¾ h. (Our pilot was one of the pair who recently rode their wheels from Utica to Detroit. If I rightly understood him, their cyclometers registered the distance at 600 m., and they covered it in eleven days, on one of which they did no riding. This average of 60 m. a day seemed to me a remarkable exploit, and I'm sorry a minute report of the tour has not yet been prepared for publication.) The track thus far was identical with that traveled by me in 1880, on the way westward to Oriskany and Rome; but soon after our guide left us, at the end of the path in Whitestown, we turned to the r., and went by a somewhat winding road, through Marcy, to the hotel in Holland Patent, 9 m. in 3 h. After halting 1 h. for lunch, we jogged on 6½ m. further to Moore's Hotel, at Trenton Falls, and there, at 5.30 o'clock, halted for the night; whole distance, 21 m. The mud did not give the expected trouble, and no more rain fell; but the track was generally damp enough to be rather heavy, especially on the up grades, of which there were a good many, and the sand and stones were more abundant than comfort demanded. Still, at its best, the road would not be called a bad one.

We planned to start at 6 the following morning, for a long ride to Watertown; but the rain was falling heavily at that hour, and so we abandoned all further hope of touring together. My companion took train at noon for his home in the town just named, and I spent the day in exploring the falls and enjoying their surpassing beauties. I never, anywhere, chanced upon a more pleasantly solitary spot, and I hope I may be permitted to revisit it many times hereafter. The hotel — which was a good one, as may be judged by its charge of $3.50 a day — was just upon the point of closing its "season"; and I believe its annual opening time is about the first of June. Near its gates, however, was a less pretentious but neat-looking establishment, which I think receives visitors all the year round. On Friday, the 22d, I mounted at 6.10 A. M., and in 1¼ h. had retraced my course of two days before to the hotel in Holland Patent, riding almost all the way, though I had walked a good deal on the previous occasion. My cyclometer fell short ¼ m. from its previous record of the same distance. After stopping 1 h. for breakfast, I journeyed towards Rome, 7 m. without a dismount, the time being 55 min.[1]

[1] In a talk (Feb. 25, '85) with a rider of this town, J. M. Barton, a road of 47 m. extending from Rome to the Adirondack region, was described so attractively that I shall improve the first chance which comes to me for making trial of it. The approximate distances, as he recalled them were these: Floyd, 7½ m.; Holland Patent, 3½ m.; Trenton Village, 3½ m.; Prospect, about 3 m. (Bagg's Hotel recommended), whence a good plank road leads to Gang Mills, 2 m., where passage is made across West Canada creek, which separates the counties of Oneida and Herkimer. This is the same stream whose waters make the adorable Trenton Falls; and the gorge at Prospect (19 m. from Utica) is said to be finer than anything at Trenton. Between Gang Mills and Grant (3 m.), the road is rather rough at first and then sandy; and the next 11 m. ending at Wilmot Corners, are about the poorest of all. The Wilmot House here, kept by a well-known guide, is commonly called from him "Ed Wilkinson's," and is a sort of landmark and rendezvous. About 1 m. before reaching it, the traveler must climb a steep and long

This is equivalent to high praise of the track, for I rarely ride faster than 6 m. an hour on a good road, and 5 m. an hour on an average one. Two and a half miles more, mostly of sidewalk riding, brought me to the canal bridge at Rome, where I spent ½ h. in conversation with the local wheelmen, who urged me to stay over for the afternoon and participate in the parade which they had agreed to make in connection with the county fair. Resisting their blandishments, I jogged on, at a slower pace than before,—though the road was almost continuously ridable, which was not the case when I first tried it, two years earlier,—until, in two h., I had covered 8½ m. Then the rain overtook me again, almost in the identical spot where it overtook me in 1880.

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hill (planked), though his labors will be rewarded by the beauties which the deep gorge and the rushing waters here present to him. A fine road then stretches for 4 m. to the hotel and summer resort kept by Griff Evans at Noblesboro, where the creek must be crossed and a steep, rough hill ascended, passing "Bethuneville," the relics of an attempted village, and finding then 4 m. of good roads to Morehouseville. Hoffmaster's "Hunter's Home" is 3 m. beyond, at the end of the valley and surrounded by mountains, and the approach to it is ridable except the final hills. It is the last place where food and lodging may be obtained before entering "the woods"; and Piseco Lake, a resort for fishing parties, is only 7 m. beyond. Mr. Barton assured me that the lover of nature will find this section of the wilderness worthier of its name than the more frequented parts which are entered from Lake George and Lake Champlain; and he also referred to "The Adirondack Surveys," by Verplank Colvin, as an authority for the topography of the region. Stoddard's map of the Adirondacks (see description, p. 186) shows that the lake just named is connected with Lake Pleasant by a road about 10 m. long, and that "important roads" extend from it (at the post-offices of both Sageville and Newton Corners) 28½ m. to Northville, the terminus of a branch railway of 26 m. to Fonda on the main line. The roads from the two ends of Lake Pleasant make a junction at Wellstown (6 m.), and follow the Sacondaga river s. from that point to Northville; but another "important road" stretches n. e. from Wellstown, along the east branch of that river, 25 m. to North Creek, which is the terminus of the branch railway from Saratoga, 57 m. The "important road" continues on to Olmsteadville p. o., 5 m.; Pottersville p. o., 7 m.; thence along the lake to Schroon Lake p. o., 8 m.; thence along the river to Schroon River p. o., 9 m.; continuing n. e. to Elizabethtown, 20 m., and thence to Keesville, Ausable Chasm and Port Kent (25–30 m.), on Lake Champlain about 15 m. s. of Plattsburg. From Westport, on that lake, an 8 m. "important road" to Elizabethtown is shown, and from Port Henry there are two such roads, each about 17 m. long, which meet the before described Elizabethtown-Schroon Lake road at points called Deadwater and North Hudson, about 5 m. apart. From Ticonderoga, on Lake George, there is an "important road" of 13 m. to Paradox p. o., whence one branch of it runs s. w. for 5 m. along the lake of that name to Schroon Lake, and the other goes n. w. a similar distance through Hamondville to Schroon River p. o. From Sabbath Day Point p. o. on Lake George, an "important road" extends n. 15 m. to Ticonderoga, and one extends s. along the lake a similar distance to Caldwell; whence another "important road" of 27 m. extends n. w. to North Creek (through Warrensburg, the Glen and Riverside). The map-maker's use of the adjective "important" simply signifies that the roads are traversed by regular lines of stages or passenger wagons; but I think it likely that many of them are fairly practicable for bicycling. At all events, if I ever have the luck to reach the edge of the wildness at Morehouseville, by the route given in the first lines of this paragraph, I shall be pretty certain to push on as far as Schroon Lake, and I shall hope to traverse the whole 130 m. to Ausable Chasm. "Through the Adirondacks" might make a taking title for a chapter in "My Second Ten Thousand." Meanwhile, I shall be glad to receive exact details of the designated roads, from wheelmen or others who may have taken careful notice of them.

On that occasion I wisely rushed on, over a smooth road, to the r. r. station in Oneida; but now I took shelter on a piazza, and waited more than 1 h. "for the shower to pass by." But it did not pass by worth a cent, but rather changed into a hopelessly steady rain; and so, when the clay of the street had got good and slippery, I mounted again and rode 3 m. through rain and the mud and the puddles, until, at 2.40 P. M., I reached the Eagle Hotel in that city, 31½ m. from Trenton Falls.

The rain continued all the afternoon and for a good share of the night, so that, on Saturday morning, I feared the highway to Syracuse would be hopelessly muddy, and hence took the train thither at 9, after circling a little over the wooden sidewalks of Oneida. The path between the double tracks of the railroad was quite free from mud, however, and looked so smooth and hard that I think I might easily have driven my wheel along it the whole 25 m. in the course of the forenoon. In Syracuse I called on a college class-mate, to express my regret that the rain of 1880 had upset our plan of riding in from Oneida together, and he proposed, as a compensation, that I join in with his present scheme, of devoting three days of the following week to a 100-m. circuit of the region around Syracuse, in company with two other wheelmen. Leaving my machine in his care, therefore, I went by train to Canandaigua to pass the three intervening days with a friend. At the last moment, however, I was obliged to telegraph my inability to participate in the 100-m. run,—which I understand proved a most pleasant one to the trio who did participate,—and it was not until 1.15 P. M., of Thursday, September 28, that I really mounted my wheel at the canal bridge in Syracuse, and rode along the n. sidewalk of Genesee st., 1½ m., to the suburb called Geddes. Camillus was, perhaps, 6 or 7 m. beyond, and the descent into it was so steep that I preferred to walk much of it, and the ascent beyond was so steep and stony and sandy that I was obliged to walk all of it. With this exception, I think the road was ridable all the afternoon, though it led through a rolling country, and was never level for more than a short distance. Elbridge, 15 m. from the start, was reached at 4.20; Senate, 5 m., at 5.25; and Auburn, 5½ m., at 6.25. The clerk of the Osborn House, which is the only good hotel in town, has my thanks for supplying me with a comfortable room, though the place was so overcrowded, by reason of a fireman's parade, that when I extracted my bicycle from the public reading-room, at 6 o'clock the next morning, I found a dozen men snoring there on cots.

I kept the sidewalk for 2 m., and then rode 7 m. more to the hotel beside Cayuga lake, where I stopped 1¼ h. for breakfast. Mounting again at 9, I was accompanied 2 m. up the tow-path by a local rider. There, at the bridge, I turned off on the branch canal, and reached Seneca Falls, 4 m. on, at 10. Beyond this point the path gradually grew rougher, so that I left it in about 2 m., and tried 2 m. of rather rough and rutty highway riding, which brought me past the village of Waterloo at 10.50. It was just noon when I reached the bridge spanning the outlet of Seneca lake, 3½ m. on, and came in sight of

Geneva, 2½ m. beyond. The road for most of that distance lay close beside the beautifully blue waters of the lake, and a ½ m. of deep sand supplied the only really unridable section encountered during the entire day. Leaving Geneva at 2.30 P. M., after a rest of 2 h., I made my first halt on a hill-top at 3 o'clock, about 4 m. out. Two miles beyond this, at 3.40, I encountered the sign "10 m. to Canandaigua," and at 5.20 I reached the r. r. station in that town, just 10 m. by the cyclometer. I wheeled around on the sidewalks for about 1 m. more before going to my friend's house for the night, making my entire record for the day 41½ m. The next forenoon, which was the final one in September, I rode from Canandaigua to East Bloomfield in 1½h., the distance being 9 m. by actual survey, though my cyclometer called it 1½ m. less. Resuming my ride at 3.40, I reached West Bloomfield, 6 m., at 4.30; Lima, 2½ m., at 5.10; West Avon, 5½ m., at 6.05; and Avon Springs, 1 m., through the deep dust and in the gathering dusk, at 6.18. The cyclometer called the distance from East Bloomfield 16 m.; but the general opinion seemed to certify it at 18. Including some preliminary sidewalk business in Canandaigua, the cyclometer's total record for that day was 24¾ m. The road seemed generally to increase in goodness as I advanced westward, the best of the riding being beyond Lima; and there were some wonderfully smooth stretches between East and West Avon. Congress Hall, the more fashionable of the hotels at the Springs, had already closed for the season; but the Knickerbocker, which keeps open all the year round, supplied entirely satisfactory accommodations, even allowing me a room upon the ground floor, where I could have the companionship of my wheel during the night. Red clay is the prevailing material of the 150 m. of road thus described as traversed by me between Utica and Avon Springs, and I do not suppose that the stretch of 25 m. which I took by rail forms any exception to it. Long-continued rain would make most of the road unfit for bicycling, because the clay is very sticky when wet, and very rough when dry, until a good deal of wagon traffic has hammered it into smoothness. When thus made smooth, it is apt to be a little dusty; hence the day or two following a gentle rain of 5 or 6 h., which has washed away the dust, is, doubtless, the period when this road is at its best. Nearly all of it is up or down grade, but not many of the grades are too steep for riding. The stones are never absent, but there are not many places where they are very troublesome, and there are not many stretches of sand. The stoniest and sandiest section of all is that between Whitestown and Holland Patent.

The first day of October supplied ideal conditions for bicycling, and I was encouraged thereby to turn my 46 in. wheel until the cyclometer registered upwards of 46 m. Starting from Avon Springs at 6.30, I reached Genesee, 8 m., at 8; and as breakfast was not ready at the hotels there, I kept on for another h., 5 m., to the Scoville House, in Mount Morris. To reach this town one crosses to the w. side of the valley, at a point 4 m. below Genesee, instead of keeping straight down the e. side on the direct road to Dansville. When I emerged from the hotel, at 10.30, I observed a bicycler coming

in my direction, and so persuaded him to accompany me to Portage, instead of turning about and attending church, ½ h. later, as he had piously planned to do. The road down the w. side of the valley was excellent; but the various people whom we accosted had various conflicting opinions as to its being the proper road to Portage; and, at 12.30, having ridden 8 m., and turned on our tracks several times, we decided to seek Portage no longer, but to strike for Dansville. We reached the Hyland House there, nearly 8 m. further, in 1¼ h.; and while I tarried a similar period to indulge in an elaborate dinner, my companion (A. B. F.), without stopping for any food at all, speeded away on his return trip, saying that he must needs ride 35 m. more to reach his home in Fowlerville. I hope he got there duly; but I myself put in only 16 m. additional that afternoon, ending at 6.30 o'clock at Brushville. This is the popular title of the hamlet which is called Tuscarora on the maps, and I made quite a sensation among the loungers in front of the "Tuscarora House," when my ghostly garments suddenly emerged from the twilight into their line of vision. From Dansville I rode up the e. side of the valley, nearly 8½ m. in 1½ h.; then came across the meadow bottom, 3 m., over a black-clay road so rough as to be just barely ridable; then up the main road of the forenoon, ½ m., to the ravine where the old canal path branches off; and thence, by a rather sandy and hilly road of 4 m., to Brushville. Between Mount Morris and Dansville a bicycler may make a circuit of about 30 m., up one side the valley and down the other, over roads of almost continual smoothness and with very few difficult grades, — his eyes all the while sweeping over a wide stretch of attractive and varying scenery.

The Genesee river is represented in the region just named only by one of its branches; and the longer Genesee valley, through which that river runs, I entered first at Portage, about 13½ m. from Brushville, at 11 o'clock the following forenoon. I started at half-past 6 and stopped 1 h. in Nunda, for breakfast, which cost me 50 c., though it was certainly no better than my supper of the night before, whose cost combined with that of my "best parlor bed-room" was only 60 c. A vote of "no license" in Nunda had resulted in shutting up the two chief hotels, and the proprietor of this wretched little "Eagle" tavern was, perhaps, encouraged thereby to charge double rates, in compensation for his temperance principles. At the Garrison House, in Caneadea, where I spent the next night, I was also given the best bed-room, and the charge for supper and lodging combined was only half a dollar. I remained at Portage about 3 h., admiring its wonderful waterfalls and gorges and being duly impressed by the high r. r. bridge.[1] The descent from the sta-

[1] Portage was the last of the "lesser waterfalls" visited by me on this tour, and the greater one called Niagara was not visited at all. Yet I have not taken its noble name in vain, as a title to the present chapter, for it serves well to fix in the reader's mind the general locality to which most of the reported roads belong, and it is the natural objective point towards which the tourist turns from either of the lesser waterfalls. My own ride without dismount from Niagara to Buffalo (Sept. 16, '80) has been described on p. 202; and its recent republication in *Bi. World* caused

correspondents of that paper (May 15, 29, 1885, pp. 33, 82) to publish other rides on the same course, thus: "A more unridable, humpy, lumpy, stony, measly road than the one to the Falls, from Buffalo, 'along the banks of the beautiful Niagara,' *via* Tonawanda, was never seen, even in the troubled nightmare of the wheelman whose last header was still made visible to all by streaks of court plaster. Don't you ever try that road with a bicycle. A run to Aurora, and a visit to the great stock-farms would be far preferable, for the road is magnificent, and the scenery along the Cazenovia is very charming." Such is testimony of W. W. Canfield, Captain of the Randolph B. C., who was one of eight members thereof that "took a trip of 350 m. through Western New York in the summer of '84"; and his story was confirmed by "Bi. Son," a Buffalo rider, thus: "The road was so rough, on my June trials of it, in '83 and '84, that at the end of each of them I could have endorsed what Mr. Canfield says; but in Sept., '84, I found it extremely and most surprisingly good. Indeed, the distance from Niagara to Tonawanda was made without dismount, and the rest of it also without a forced stop. For 16 m. from Buffalo the surface is clay, and it requires a long dry spell to produce smooth wheeling." Another writer of the same city adds: "Left Buffalo a few days since, at 5.15 A. M., passed Tonawanda at 6.15, La Salle at 7, and reached Niagara Falls at 7.35, having done the whole 21 m. without dismount, and at the rate of 9 m. an hour."

Portage is about 55 m. from Buffalo and 35 m. from Batavia, and the road connecting the two latter places is described as follows in the prospectus of the "Big Four Tour" (*Wheel*, April 3, '85): "To Lancaster is 10 m. of as good bicycling as one could wish; and the next 10 m., to the quiet little village of Alden, will be a good breather for the afternoon's run of 20 m., to Batavia. Buffalo wheelmen consider 5½ h. of riding, for the whole 40 m., a fair and easy pace." The route thence to Rochester is given by the prospectus, on the authority of an old tourist, thus: "From Batavia to Byron Center is 10 m. of splendid road, which can be made in 1 h. with ease. The country is undulating, with level stretches. To Bergen, 6 m. further, the road continues uniformly good. For a short distance out of Bergen, say for 3 m., the road is sandy, but with a side-path to the l. of the carriage road which is superb for wheeling. Beyond this point through Churchville, on to within 5 m. of Rochester, it gets hard and smooth. A 2 m. interim of sand then occurs, with side-path, and then a perfect road leads into Rochester. I have made the 36 m. from Batavia to Rochester many times in 4 h. of actual riding. The total distance from Buffalo to Rochester has been ridden in 8 h. From Powers's Hotel we shall go wheeling down past Genesee Falls and along the Genesee river bank to Lake Ontario. This is Rochester's great boulevard and driveway, and is 8 m. of down-hill perfection."

Concerning this last mentioned waterfall I cannot do better than to quote from Howells's "Their Wedding Journey" (pp. 106–112): "The only definite association with Rochester in the mind of Basil was the tragically romantic thought that here Sam Patch met his fate. So he answered: 'Isabel, your ignorance of all that an American woman should be proud of distresses me. Have you really, then, never heard of the man who invented the saying, "Some things can be done as well as others," and proved it by jumping over Niagara Falls twice? Spurred on by this belief, he attempted the leap of the Genesee Falls. The leap was easy enough, but the coming up again was another matter. He failed in that. It was the one thing that could not be done as well as others. We are within ten minutes' walk of these falls, just now.' 'Then let's go to them at once!' cried Isabel. Beyond a broad planking above the river, on the other side of the railway station, they found, by dint of much asking, a street winding up the hill-side to the left, and leading to the German bierhaus that gives access to the best view of the cataract. The Americans have characteristically bordered the river with manufactories, making every drop work its passage to the brink; while the Germans have as characteristically made use of the beauty left over, and built a bierhaus where they may regale both soul and sense in the presence of the cataract. Through garden-ground the tourists were led by their guide to a small pavilion that stood on the edge of the precipitous shore, and commanded a perfect view of the falls. Something of definiteness was to be desired in the spectacle, but there was ample compensation in the mystery with which the broad effulgence and the dense, unluminous shadows of the moonshine invested it. The light touched all the tops of the rapids, that seemed to writhe away from the brink of the cataract,

and then desperately breaking and perishing to fall, the white disembodied ghosts of rapids, down to the bottom of the vast and deep ravine through which the river rushed away. Now the waters seemed to mass themselves a hundred feet high on a wall of snowy compactness, now to disperse into their multitudinous particles and hang like some vaporous cloud from the cliff. Every moment revealed the vision in some rare and fantastic shape; and its loveliness isolated it, in spite of the great town on the other shore, the station with its bridge and its trains, the mills that supplied their feeble little needs from the cataract's strength. At last Basil pointed out the table-rock in the middle of the fall from which Sam Patch had made his fatal leap. 'I don't care for him!' she said fiercely: 'Patch! what a name to be linked in our thoughts with this superb cataract.' 'Well, Isabel, I think you are very unjust. It's as good a name as Leander, to my thinking, and it was immortalized in support of a great idea,—the feasibility of all things. A poet of the Germans made a ballad about him which used to go the rounds of their newspapers, and I translated it a long while ago. I had to yield to our American taste, however, and make a weak line at the end of the first stanza. Where the German bravely said: *Springt der Sam Patsch kühn und frei*, I used "a figure" thus:

> "In the Bierhausgarten I linger, by the Falls of the Genesee;
> From the Table Rock, in the middle, leaps a figure bold and free!"'"

I alluded to the flights of the fearless Patch in describing my visit to the picturesque falls at Paterson (p. 167); and I happened, while seeking to verify another reference in this chapter, to meet with a mock-heroic poem dedicated to his memory, by an undergraduate of Columbia College, "McC.," in the old *Knickerbocker Magazine* (April, 1843, pp. 308–310). The route through the Catskills, presented on p. 188, leads past a pair of noble cascades, Haines Falls and the Kaaterskill, whose fame is not connected with that of the immortal jumper, but rather with that of the poet Bryant, who wrote:

> 'Midst greens and shades the Kaaterskill leaps,
> From cliffs where the wood flower clings;
> All Summer he moistens his verdant steeps
> With the sweet light spray of the mountain springs;
> And he shakes the woods on the mountain side
> When they drip with the rains of Autumn tide.
>
> But when in the forest, bare and old,
> The blast of December calls—
> He builds in the starlight, clear and cold,
> A palace of ice where his torrent falls;
> With turret, and arch, and fret-work fair
> And pillars blue as the Summer air.

A direct cross-country route from the Kaaterskill to Genesee Falls might perhaps prove worth exploring, through Cooperstown and Sharon Springs to Amsterdam (see p. 197), on the Erie Canal, and thence by roads described by me (pp. 200–202) to East Bloomfield; whence to Rochester the wheeling is said to be good. The direct route from Genesee Falls to Niagara leads through Lockport, and has been often traversed by bicycle. A week's tour of 282 m., by F. D. Helmer, M. T. Shafer, and R. Thompson, of the Genesee B. C., beginning Aug. 3, 1884, was thus recorded in the *Rochester Herald* of Aug. 10: "They took dinner at East Avon, visited Conesus Lake, and spent the night at Hemlock Lake. The next morning they wheeled to Wayland (of this distance 10 m. was through clayey mud), took train to Corning and rode thence to Watkins Glen, — another 'lesser waterfall.' Tuesday morning, they went to Elmira, doing the final 6 m. from Horseheads in ½ h.; and they returned thence to Corning, 18 m., in 1¾ h., with but two dismounts. Taking train to Hornellsville, they rode thence on Wednesday between the double tracks of the Erie Railway, to Portage, 30 m., and after visiting the falls, proceeded to Pike, 6 m. Thursday morning, they went to Silver Lake, and stayed there at the picnic until 4 P. M., when they started for Attica, 32 m., arriving at a little before 9. Friday's ride was the longest of all, 55 m., ending at Niagara at 7.30 P. M., 4 h. after leaving Buffalo, where a halt of 2 h. was

tion to the village was down a winding hill 1 m. long, and in some parts very steep, but I managed to ride it without a stop. Fillmore, 10 m., was reached in 2 h., and Caneadea, 7 m. more, in 1 h. 20 min., ending at 6 o'clock. This made 31 m. for the day. Next morning the start was made at 6.40, and Belfast, 4 m., was reached in just 1 h., Oramel being the name of an intermediate village. At 8.20 I turned aside from the river, instead of following it up to Wellsville, the end of the valley, as originally planned, and began climbing the hills eastward towards the county seat, Angelica, 6 m. Reaching this at 9.10, I tarried 2¼ h. for breakfast; and, after a mile of detours on the sidewalks, proceeded to East Almond Centre, which is the first village, 7 m. Another 7 m. brought me to Almond, at the foot of a long hill, at 4 o'clock. Here I first met the Erie Railway, and the road continued very nearly alongside it, and generally level, to Hornellsville, 5 m., which I reached in 1 h. Another h. carried me another 5 m. to Canisteo, at 6 o'clock, and I stopped for the night at the Canisteo House. From the Genesee river to Almond the road was mostly of hard, yellow clay, with very little dust on top, and was nearly all ridable, though continuously hilly. On one hill there was deep sand for about 1 m., though it was possible to ride through some of it on the down grade. The views were extensive and the coloring of the autumn foliage very brilliant. The material of the road which follows up the Genesee river from Portage to Wellsville, and which has no difficult grades, is a sort of soft brown clay or loam, which is ground up into a fine powder by continuous dry weather, though the rain is said to pack it down closely and make good riding. The stones concealed under the dust made the road a very slow one in my own

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made. Saturday, they wheeled to Lockport and thence took train for home. Their cyclometer record of 282 m. represented 41 h. of actual riding time. They found good roads for nearly the entire distance. Not a serious fall was recorded, and the only accident was the breaking of a pedal-pin." A Buffalo correspondent of the *Bi. World* (Jan. 9, '85, p. 155), gives this account of the last day's road run taken by four members of the local club to Rochester, Nov. 16: "Weather fine and roads in excellent shape. Start made at 6.30 by Messrs. George and Ehrlich, by direct road through Bowmansville to Mill Grove, where they were joined by Messrs. Haynes and Adams, who came through without dismount. After a long rest for breakfast, the four proceeded to their dinner at Batavia, 40 m. The 34 m. thence to Rochester was very good, — except one sandy stretch of about 10 m., — and was finished at 6 P. M. by the last named pair, whose actual riding time (6 h. 20 min. for the 74 m.) has never been beaten to our knowledge. Messrs. George and Ehrlich finished a little later." Of the other connection between the two cities, a correspondent of the *Wheel* (Feb. 13, '85) thus speaks: "No doubt the wheeling, on the average, is better by way of Batavia; but by way of Lockport there are some patches of roading hard to beat. The best route is to Tonawanda, thence to Martinsville, thence along n. bank of Erie canal until road is struck leading to Bear Ridge. Surface is of clay and very good during favorable weather. Bear Ridge road is part clay and part gravel, usually good. The State or Canal road will be reached at White Sulphur Springs, 2½ m. from Lockport. The road is stony and will necessitate frequent dismounts. Lockport roads are fair to middling. To Gasport the roads are good, and the same is true of the road leading to Middleport, which is of clay and gravel, hard packed. From Middleport to Medina the roads are only fair, and they are nothing extra until Brockport is reached, whence by way of Spencerport they are very fine. Near Albion, 10 m. from Medina, there is a tough hill to climb and a difficult stone road."

case; and the conditions attaching to the 10 m. between Almond and Canisteo were not dissimilar. In that division of the valley included between Avon Springs and Dansville, the material of the roads was generally a sort of fine gravel, which packed together tightly and made less dust, though even these roads would be at their best after a short rain, and they would get dry enough to be ridable very quickly after a long one.

I reached the Dickinson House, in Corning, at 5.40 P. M., on the following day, October 4, just 11 h. after starting from Canisteo, the distance being a trifle less than 37 m. My only two stops were at Cameron, 12½ m. from the start, for breakfast, from 10 till 11, and at Addison, 16 m. further, for dinner, from 2 till 3. The longest and best mount of the entire day was supplied by 2 m. of good gravel road-bed some time after leaving Addison. Wooden sidewalks were met with before reaching Painted Post, and were stuck to by me pretty steadily until I reached Corning, though I dismounted frequently, commanded by broken boards. The road, as a whole, was the poorest encountered on any day of my tour, and I suppose I walked ⅓ or ¼ of the distance traversed. Even after a rain had packed down the dust, which so greatly troubled me, the road would be a poor one, for it was stony and hilly. In general, it kept quite near the Erie Railway, and as this was continuously down grade I was tempted occasionally to make trial of it. Once I rode between the tracks for nearly 1 m. without stop, and indulged in a race with a hand-car; but, for the most part, the path was barely ridable, so that I was usually ready to change to the highway at the first opportunity; and then, after another sad experience with the dust of the highway, change back to the track again when the next chance offered. A man at Cameron harnessed up a frisky colt in order that I might help "break" him into toleration of the bicycle; and he asserted that the beast had been scared, some weeks before, by another rider, who propelled his wheel from there to Elmira, 40 m., between 4 and 8 P. M. Why is it, I wonder, that the wheelmen whom I hear of as the heroes of such remarkable exploits always refrain so modestly from making public the details of their extraordinary riding?

I breakfasted at Elmira at 9.30 the next morning, after a ride of exactly 3 h. from Corning, 18 m. away. Under favorable conditions the distance could probably be made without a dismount, as the road is, for the most part, level, and the few hills which it crosses are neither steep nor high. To Wellsburg, also, the track continues about equally good, for I covered the 6 m. in an hour; but the next 6 m. to Chemung, required a few minutes more than that. Here a tavern-keeper astonished me by designating five cents as an appropriate price for two big goblets of milk. During the next 3½ m., ending at Waverly,[1] the

[1]The captain of the Binghamton Bicycle Club, C. E. Tichener (58 in.), with three of his men — E. E. Kattell (60 in.), Fred Lyon (54 in.) and C. H. Rogers (52 in.) — took a 50 m. run to Waverly, May 18, '83, of which he sends the following report: "Starting w. on the n. side of the Susquehanna river at 8 A. M., we went without dismount to Union, 9 m. in 45 m. Crossing here, we continued along through the villages of Vestal and Appalachin to the Big Island

dust was in places almost "hub deep," and I occupied nearly an hour in ploughing my way through it. As it was nearly 2 o'clock when I reached the town, I feared that more deep dust might prevent my pushing the wheel 20 m. further, to Towanda, before night; and, as I had promised a friend to join him there then, I went down by train. I was exactly a week on the way from Syracuse to Waverly, and the cyclometer's record was 280 m. This daily average of 40 m. ought, perhaps, to be reduced a little, however, out of regard to the fact that as the week began and ended in the afternoon, it really included a part of eight calendar days. The ride from Corning to Waverly may be recommended as a fine one to engage in a day or two after a rain has beaten down the powdered clay. There are no severe grades to contend against, and the views of mountain and river are in many places very fine.

Towanda, the seat of Bradford county in Pennsylvania, lies on a hillside overlooking a branch of the river Susquehanna, along which runs the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Bidding adieu to my friend at half-past 6 on Monday, October 9, I jogged across the bridge and out to the hotel at Wysocking, a little less than 3 m., in ½ h. Beyond this is a big hill, or "mountain," many of whose grades may be ridden up, and from the top of which a pleasing prospect may be had. Further on, perhaps 6 or 8 m., comes Rummerfield mountain, whose grades must be walked up for 1 m. or more, after which there is a down-grade riding, amid beautiful scenery, for 3 or 4 m. to Wyalusing, at whose hotel I stopped soon after noon, about 17 m. from the start. Before Laceyville was reached, 6½ m., a third mountain had to be walked up by short and steep grades, and ridden down by long and easy ones. The view from the summit of this was, perhaps, the finest of the day, and the pleasure of riding along the ridge, with the valley and river far below, and many mountain-tops outlined against the distant horizon, was very great. The hotel in Meshoppen, about 33 m. from the start, was reached at 6.30 P. M., the last 1 or 2 m. having been walked in the dark, though the surface seemed smooth. A ride of nearly 2 h. on the train, next morning, brought me to Pittston soon after 8 o'clock, and there I circled 2 m. and more on the sidewalks, while searching for a good place to take breakfast, and waiting for the same to be prepared. A newspaper reporter here beset me for an account of myself, and assured me, after I had supplied him with the desired "facts," that he would expand and improve upon them, by the exercise of his vivid imagina-

ferry, where we were taken across by the pretty ferry-woman, and where one of our strongest riders took leave of the excursion, because of cramps in the knees. Stopping at Owego about ½ h., we followed the bad advice of a local rider and kept to the n. of the river, though we might have avoided the hills and secured a better surface by taking the s. side. We not only found a big hill at Tioga Center, but there was a succession of them, all the way from Owego to Waverly, which we reached at 2 P. M. (after passing Barton and Smithboro), a tired and hungry party. The poor condition of the roads, towards the finish, — sandy and stony by turns, discouraged us from attempting a longer ride." This shows that my trail might well have continued to Binghamton, where there is a good northward connection through Cazenovia to Syracuse, and a southward one to Susquehanna and Port Jervis, as will appear in later chapter.

tion, in a way which would make the readers of his sheet believe that I was a veritable phenomenon of a bicycler. The ride of about 9 m. down the Wyoming Valley to Wilkesbarre may be pleasantly made on either side of the river. The direct road on the e. side passes close by numerous coal-breakers, and in much of it a real "cinder path," with gentle up and down grades, which I was told were all easily ridable. I preferred, however, to cross the river and go down on the w. side, which is almost entirely flat. It is a very pretty country to ride through, and I kept on the sidewalk all the way to Kingston, 1 m. from Wilkesbarre, stopping, of course, to inspect the monument commemorative of the massacre of 1778. Much of that last m. had to be done afoot, on account of the deep dust, though probably it and all the rest of the w.-side road would afford good wheeling in an ordinary season. As I emerged from the covered bridge into Wilkesbarre, a local rider came out and greeted me off-hand as the probable "old original" patron of "white-flannel and nickel-plate," and supplied some acceptable information concerning the roads. Profiting by this, I took a turn of 3 m. back towards Pittston, passing among the coal-breakers, and getting a distant view of the w. side of the valley down which I had been riding. The Wyoming Valley Hotel supplied an excellent dinner for $1, and it was notable as the only public repast of my entire tour which was served in a really creditable manner. Having finished it, I took train over the mountains to Allentown, and wheeled 1 m. to the Allen House, making my day's record 18½ m. The distant view of Wilkesbarre, from the car windows, when the locomotive at last completed its zig-zag route to the summit, was a fine one; and the tow-path of the canal at Mauch Chunk and points below seemed so smooth and attractive as almost to allure me into trying its surface. It was well I resisted the temptation, however, for nightfall was near at hand, and the rain fell steadily during all the next day. I devoted the time then to writing this present report and to hoping, from hour to hour, that there might be a change in the weather which would enable me to wheel to Philadelphia on the 12th, for I was assured that the pike leading thither was fairly ridable. But the continuance of the storm through the night banished my last hope, so that, in the mists of the morning, I took train disconsolately for Newark; and then, on the somewhat heavy macadam of "the Orange riding district," with occasional dashes of rain to encourage me, I ground off the final 18 m. needed to give my Pope cyclometer a record of 400 m. from the time when I put it on the axle at Bagg's Hotel, in Utica (superseding thus a Livingston cyclometer which had for a few weeks displaced it). This total shows an average of 28½ m. for each of the 14 riding days of the tour, but I am confident that a correct registry would have raised the average ride to 30 m.

The sun shone brilliantly every day between September 22, when the rain stopped me at Oneida, and October 11, when it again stopped me at Allentown; and on none of the intermediate nights was the dust ever dampened down by a gentle shower, persistently as I prayed for that bless-

ing. This seems to indicate that the fortnight immediately following the equinoctial storm is a period when the touring bicycler may reasonably hope for fair weather. The wind almost invariably favored me when any breeze blew at all. The rates at all the hotels which I encountered (and I always chose the "best" or highest-priced) were invariably $2 a day, or 50 c. for lodging or for any meal,—except in the five cases which I have specially indicated. Those unvarying rates represented very varying accommodations, however, and confirmed me anew in the belief I have more than once publicly urged, that the aim of consuls in securing League hotels should not be "a reduction of rates," but rather "an increase of comforts." The Osborn, Knickerbocker, Hyland, Canisteo, and Dickinson, were the best of the $2 hotels mentioned in this present report. As regards the exaction of a transportation tax, the baggage-master of the steamboat for Albany demanded a half-dollar, though no demand was made when I went up on the same boat the previous year. On appealing to the captain, I was courteously assured that this was not a private "strike," but represented the definite orders from the office, which he had no option except to enforce. In starting for Utica (100 m.), I gave the luggage man a quarter-dollar in advance, though he rather grumblingly asserted that I ought to double that sum. Of the five gallant commanders of baggage-cars whom I came in contact with on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, the first took ten cents, instead of the offered quarter-dollar, for a 20-m. ride; the second asked for a "tax," and was quite satisfied with a quarter-dollar; the next two both good-naturedly refused my offer to "pay something for their trouble," saying "this sort of baggage gave them less trouble than a heavy trunk"; and the last man I exchanged no words with whatever. Since then, the rule of "free transportation for passengers' bicycles" has been formally adopted by this line.

"Bull & Bowen's Road Book of Western New York and Hand Book of Cycling Accessories" compiled by A. C. Richardson and issued in June, 1885, exhibits 42 tabulated "routes," which embrace more than 1,200 m. of road. A quarter of the routes begin at Buffalo, and most of the others at Leroy, Dayton or Jamestown. "The first column in each table enumerates the miles from the starting-point; the second gives names of towns; the third shows the material of road surface, by the initials a. for asphalt, c. for clay, d. for dirt or loam, gr. for gravel, mc. for macadam, s. for sand, st. for stony (or stone-blocks in city); the fourth shows the condition of the surface at its best, by the letters, e. for excellent, g. for good, f. for fair, p. for poor, b. for bad; while in the fifth column h. signifies hilly and l. level; and in the notes t. r. means 'turn right,' t. l. 'turn left'; r. f., 'right fork' and l. f. 'left fork.'" The weight of the whole is less than ½ oz., as the pages measure only 4 by 6 in. and the paper is thin. The "routes" cover seven of the right-hand pages (double columns of nonpareil type, like this), and the opposite pages are given to the business notices of the publishers, who also devote a page to the free advertisement of all the American road-books and cycling journals, mentioning the exact price and address of each. I hope their intelligent example in this respect may be followed by the publishers of all future books, pamphlets and price-lists of similar character; and I shall devote some space in my final chapter to enlarging upon this idea which the Cunningham Company thus formulated as a reason for "giving away to wheel literature" the most prominent page in their large price-catalogue for 1884: "By whatever means the dissemination of information upon cycling matters may be accomplished, it cannot fail to aid our purposes and benefit our busi-

ness." I hope, therefore, that the firm of Bull & Bowen may derive a business benefit from the pains taken to disseminate a knowledge of the roads in the region around them, and of cycling literature; and that no wheelman living in or visiting that region will fail to procure their excellent little guide. It is mailed free by them on receipt of a 2 c. stamp at 587 Main st., Buffalo.

As an introductory extract, I present what it says of the road leading from the Falls along the east bank of the river to where it empties into Lake Ontario, at Fort Niagara, 14 m.: "T. l. going into Lewiston, which is the half-way point; t. r. going out. One dangerous hill near L.; otherwise level; clay surface; first half, poor; last half, good." From Buffalo to Rochester, by way of the Falls (n.) and Lockport (e.), is called 106 m.; by direct road, through Batavia (n. e.), 70 m. In the former case, "leave the city by Delaware st., take first t. l. after leaving Walmore (7 m. beyond the Falls), and t. r. at Pekin (6 m. further); one difficult hill between Albion and Murray, about 30 m. before reaching Rochester." In the direct route, "start out Genesee st.; from Batavia to Rochester follow the American Rapid telegraph" (see p. 217). "The e. road to Alden (16 m.) is very nearly straight, and is one of the best roads leading out of Buffalo. Thence to Warsaw (27 m.) the tourist is advised to take the road-bed of the Erie R. R., which is always hard, smooth and fast, and but few dismounts are necessary. At Warsaw, take the road. For 10 m. s. e., there are no turns. Then t. l., and after 1 m. t. r. to Gainesville, whence the road is straight to Portage (64 m. from Buffalo). There go through village and up hill, and t. r. to Cascade House. Straight road between Hunt's and Dalton. The r. r. is crossed twice between Swainsville and Garwood. Within 1 m. of Arkport, t. l. and cross the valley. When 1 m. *out* of Arkport, t. l., and after ½ m. t. r. After ½ m. more t. l., and in 200 yds. t. r.; then 3 m. to Hornellsville (30 m. from Portage)." My own longer route between the two latter places is given on pp. 214-217; and for comparison with my report of ride from Buffalo to Erie (s. w.), on pp. 203-205, I give this extract from the guide: "From the corner of Main st. follow Seneca st. and plank road to old covered bridge over Buffalo creek. After crossing this t. r. sharply and steer for the iron bridge. Keep same road to first 'four corners,' where t. r. and ride about 1 m. passing over three r. r. tracks by a high bridge about ½ m. from the turn. After passing the r. r. tracks, t. l. and follow telegraph poles to Silver Creek. Hills at 18 m. creek had better be walked, and also hill at Silver Creek. T. r. 3 m. e. of Westfield. No other variations from straight road for the whole distance to Erie, 88½ m."

"From Batavia to Leroy, 10 m. e., with Stafford half-way between, the level surface of excellent gravel can be ridden easily inside of an hour without dismount. A similar road from Batavia to Attica, 11 m. s. (through Alexander), requires only one or two dismounts. From Medina to Batavia, 22 m. (gravel, clay, loam and stones; good, fair and poor, in succession), go due s. to Shelby; t. l. and then t. r. at village; straight s. from Shelby; t. l. e. from Alabama; t. r. s. from Wheatville; t. l. e. from Oakfield, and then t. r. at an angle, s. e. From Leroy to Brockport, 16 m. n. (Bergen half-way), is hilly, gravel surface, fair riding. From Leroy to the State Fishery at Mumford, 7½ m., a limestone road offers a very pleasant run through the woods; the direction being n. for 6 m. to Caledonia, where t. l. From Leroy to Avon, 14 m. s. e., is a good and level though stony road,—Caledonia being half-way. From Leroy to Perry, 20 m. s. the surface is a good clay level for 7 m. to Pavilion, where l. f. s. should be taken; the remainder being gravel and fair riding though hilly. Perry Center is 7 m. e. of Warsaw; and, in going from W. to Silver Lake, 10 m., the first m. must be walked; at Perry Village go s. and t. l. From Warsaw to Leroy (20 m., clay, with a little sand and gravel) is said to be the best run in this section. At Saltville cross R. & P. track; at Pearl Creek cross bridge; at Pavilion and at Pavilion Cent. keep straight n. From Warsaw to Castile, 11 m. s. e., is called excellent, fair and good. At Rock Glen take r. f.; at East Gainesville cross Erie track, then t. l. then t. r. straight into Castile. Thence n. straight for 5 m., t. l. to Silver Lake, or t. r. to Perry, 1 m."

Olean, on the edge of Pennsylvania, is 76½ m. s. of Buffalo, and the last 58 m. are said to have a gravel surface, and to supply good or fair riding. The road closely follows track of B., N. Y. & P. R. R. The first 18 m., out Seneca st., are called excellent though hilly, with a dirt or plank surface. "Then, at E. Aurora, t. l., and after ¾ m. t. r., ½ m. out of Holland t. r., and then t. l. all the way to Sardinia. From S. t. r. 2 m., then t. l. 1 m. From Olean to Hornells-

ville, 65 m., the road is direct to Belmont, 30 m. of good clay; there t. l. up the river to Scio, 5 m., and again t. l. up the river to Wellsville, 4 m. (see p. 217), and at Andover, 9 m. on, t. l. up Dyke's creek. After Yorkshire Center take l. f. to Andover, 9 m., and Almond, 4 m. From Olean to Salamanca, 20 m. n. w., sand prevails, but there are good side-paths; after going straight 3 m. to Allegany, t. r. and go 11 m. to Carrollton, where t. l. From Friendship to Olean, a roundabout road of 28 m. through the Allegany County oil field, leads up the valley 2½ m. to Nile, where t. l. direct down the valley to Portville, 20 m.; surface of clay and sand is described as fair to good." (Friendship is 12 m. s. w. of Belfast, mentioned on p. 217, and is connected with it by a good level road of clay.)

Randolph, which is on the Erie r. r. about 20 m. w. of Salamanca, lies due s. of Buffalo by a route of 53 m., described thus: "Road rises gradually to Hamburgh, 10 m. Between Water Valley and Eden Valley take r. f. On leaving Eden Center take r. f. at foot of hill. From North Collins t. l. on smooth road till near Versailles, then t. r. and cross bridge. After leaving Versailles t. l. where road runs into that you are on without crossing it. At Perrysburg walk 1 m. up steep hill and ride ½ m. down other side; then t. l. and after ½ m. more t. l. again into Dayton; ½ m. from Dayton t. r.; then ½ m. t. l. Take l. f. at Markham's. T. r. at sawmill and t. l. at next corner. Keep same road to Leon. From Conewango (or Rutledge) t. r., and next t. r. and follow same road to Randolph." Perrysburg is 28 m. from Buffalo, and Dayton 4 m. beyond. The whole route is called good or excellent, with gravel surface, and the latter half is hilly. Hilly also is the good gravel road leading s. e. from Dayton to Little Valley, 19 m.; "t. l. 1 m. from start; also 1½ m. from E. Leon; walk hill beyond Wesley and also beyond New Albion." Cattaraugus, 5½ m. from Wesley, may be reached by a fair gravel road. Dunkirk (see p. 206) may be reached by going 26 m. w. from Dayton, thus: "At ½ m. out, t. r.; and ½ m. beyond t. l. At Markham's take r. f. for ½ m., then r. f. again 2 m., then t. l. 20 rods, then t. r. on outskirts of village. On reaching Edward's Corner from Cottage t. l. for ¾ m., then t. r. and keep straight road till level near Sheridan is reached. At Sheridan t. r. at first 'four corners,' and after ½ m. t. l. on main road. After crossing railroad take *second* t. r., and follow to Dunkirk. By keeping same road straight from Sheridan, Fredonia is reached at a distance of 5 m. No village at Edward's Corner. In going from Dayton to Dunkirk, you go *down* 1,200 feet. Worst grade is between Edward's Corner and Smith's Mills." From Edward's Corner, one may go 10 m. to N. Collins thus: "T. r. and keep main road to 'four corners,' where there is a guide-board. T. l. at Perrysburg and keep on straight to end of road. T. r. to Versailles, there cross bridge and t. l.; keep straight on till smooth road is reached, then take first t. r. to N. Collins. This is a roundabout way to Perrysburg, but is much more level than the direct road, which is 4 m. in length and hilly. By taking it in reverse, the tourist may go to Dayton from N. Collins by an easier route, though longer than that given before. Directions for the direct road are as follows: ½ m. out of Dayton t. r., ½ m. further t. r., then walk ½ m. up hill and you have a steep coast, requiring a strong brake, to Perrysburg. This is a good gravel road, and should be taken if the tourist is in a hurry."

From Dayton to Jamestown, 34 m., there is a gravel road, good or excellent; "the direction is nearly s. until the N. Y., P. & O. r. r. is reached, then t. r. and continue on main road to J." From J. to Randolph, 17 m. e., "keep the side-path to Kennedy, and 1 m. beyond there t. r." From J. to Sinclairville, 15 m., "at Dexterville t. l. to 'four corners,' then t. r. At Gerry t. l. and keep straight on. Road very pleasant here." To reach S. from Randolph leave by n. road, t. l. at Randell Bridge Corner, going w., keep due w. Leave Ellington by n. w. road; t. l. at school house and keep due w. There is also another good road, a little longer but more level, from Ellington to Sinclairville, via 'No Good Hollow' road, a very firm and hard road in dry weather." Dunkirk, 17 m. beyond, may be reached thus: "At Sinclairville t. l., then t. r. up a hill, then in 4 m. take r. f. At Laona take l. f., then t. l. straight on." From Jamestown to Mayville, 24 m., there is a straight road along the S. side of Chautauqua Lake; good dirt surface for first 6 m. to Lakewood, and for last 2 m. from Chautauqua; and fairly ridable stony road for the 16 m. intermediate. A return to J., also 24 m., may be made by an excellent road near the n. side of the lake, through Griffith and Chautauqua points.

XVII.

KENTUCKY AND ITS MAMMOTH CAVE.[1]

THE Blue-Grass region of Kentucky, so celebrated for its beauty, never had a better reason for feeling proud of its good-looks than on the opening week of summer in 1882, when I for the first time cast my eyes upon the same. May had been almost continuously damp and rainy until its very close, so that every sort of vegetation seemed as fresh and luxuriant as possible. The foliage of the trees—which do not often form thickly-interlacing "woods," but stand out alone in their individual majesty, as if some magnificent landscape-gardener had designedly stationed them there to form the symmetrical landmarks and ornaments of an immense park—was brilliantly verdant; and the tall grass, which gives its peculiar name to that section of the State, shone, if I may say so, with the bluest green imaginable. Great fields of grain, also, waved beneath the breeze, in graceful emerald undulations, up and down the soft slopes of the hills; and whitewashed fences "far along them shone" in the summer sunlight. Outside the towns and villages the houses were numerous enough to keep the tourist assured that he was traveling in a settled country; but they were so neat and trim, and withal so scattered, as readily to harmonize with the fancy that their inhabitants must be salaried "keepers of the Blue-Grass Park," instead of ordinary farmers, who tilled the soil simply for the sake of securing such profit as they could wrest from its reluctant grasp. The time for sowing had gone by, and the time for reaping had not come. There was no bustle or activity in the fields,—not "a shadow of man's ravage" anywhere. Nature was doing all the work; and a blessed atmosphere of peace, prosperity, and contentment seemed to pervade the landscape. For purposes of spectacular display the Blue-Grass Region was at its best; and not again in a dozen years would a bicycler who sought to explore it in summer-time be likely to be favored with as cool and comfortable temperature as generally favored me during the eight days while I pushed my wheel 340 m. among the Kentucky hills.

A dutiful desire to "help represent the East" in the third annual parade of the League had caused me to sojourn in Chicago for the last three days of spring, during which I made trial of its streets and park-roads to the extent of 75 m.; and then I took train for Cincinnati, in company with the club-men of that city returning from the parade, in which their new uniforms of green velveteen had played so picturesque a part. None of the numerous bicyclers from various localities whom I talked with in Chicago had planned to prolong

[1] From *The Wheelman*, October, 1883, pp. 30–37 ("The Hills of Kentucky").

their vacations so as to include a little touring after the meet was over; but the representatives of Cincinnati and Louisville all agreed in assuring me that, if I were individually bent on taking a tour, I should act wisely in choosing Kentucky for the scene of it. Some letters which a Frankfort rider had recently contributed to one of the cycling weeklies, in praise of the roads of that State, had first awakened my interest therein; and on finding these praises justified by the verbal reports of several others, whose explorations, though individually short, covered in the aggregate a good many miles of road, I determined to make the Mammoth Cave the objective point of my spring tour. The alternative plan which I had in mind when I went to Chicago was that of riding from Detroit to Niagara along the Canadian side of Lake Erie; and I am expecting to try the track during the approaching October ('83), now that its practicability has been demonstrated by the July expedition of the Chicago Bicycle Club.

It was 9 o'clock of a Thursday forenoon, the first forenoon of June, when I first got astride my bicycle, at the head of the so-called Lexington turnpike, in the outskirts of Covington, about 2 m. from the r. r. station in Cincinnati, whence I had trundled it along the sidewalks and over the big bridge. After riding 1 m. I stopped midway on a long hill, which would have been ridable to the summit except for the recent rain, and took a look backward at the smoky city below me. Erlanger, a railroad station 6 m. on, was reached at 11 o'clock; and it is enshrined in my memory as the spot where a German servant-girl, observing me oiling the wheel, came out to inquire if I would grind a pair of scissors for her mistress. For 2 m. beyond this point, or to the village of Florence, the mud continued to give occasional trouble; but dryness thenceforth prevailed, and the road averaged better as to both smoothness and hardness, so that in the next 1½ h. I covered the 9 m., ending at a wretched little inn at Walton, where I stopped for lunch. Beyond was Williamstown, the county-seat, 18 m., and there I rested for the night, at the Campbell House, whose accommodations, though very inferior, were said to be by no means as bad as those offered by its rival, the Sherman. I arrived at 6 o'clock, having been 2½ h. in doing the last 13 m. from Chittenden; and the cyclometer's record for the whole distance from the r. r. station in Cincinnati was 39 m. "Pike" is the only word used in Kentucky to designate a macadamized highway or turnpike; and the Lexington pike, on which I began my ride through the State, I should have found to be a very good one had not some sections of it been spoiled by the railroad men. These people agreed that such parts of the pike as were needed for their new line should be replaced by a parallel roadway, just as solidly and smoothly paved as the original; but they failed to keep their agreement, and the parts of the pike that had been made by them supplied the poorest riding of the day. During the whole of it I probably found not a single m. of continuously level surface; but none of the grades were too steep for riding when well paved. The most striking sign of a changed civilization, which challenged my attention as soon as I en-

tered the State, was the number of people on horseback, going about their usual business, with bundles, bags, baskets, and farming implements, hitched to their saddles. They seemed to outnumber the people who drove in wagons or carriages; whereas, in the East, a horseback-rider who is not simply a pleasure-seeker is a rare bird indeed. I found that these Kentucky steeds, being only half broken, were more inclined to take fright than any others known to my experience. So, having inadvertently caused one of them to back against a fence and break his harness, a few hours after I began my tour, I generally made a practice of dismounting as they approached me.

A bicycler who happened to be staying at the hotel in Williamstown assured me that, as the next 25 m. of pike southward would be found very rough and hilly, I had best go by rail to Sadieville, and resume my tour at that point. On Friday forenoon, therefore, after riding 1½ m. about the streets, for the entertainment of an admiring populace, I took train for the station named, and, mounting there at 11 o'clock, went up and then down a long hill, 2 m., mostly afoot, until I reached a toll-gate, where I made a turn to the l. and s. From here to the next toll-gate, 6½ m. beyond, I rode nearly all the way and made very few stops. I was now fairly in the Blue-Grass Region; the pike became exceedingly smooth, and in a little less than 1 h. I rolled over another section of it as long as that last-named, and found myself at the court-house in Georgetown. The postmaster, the local editor, and "other prominent citizens" paid their respects to me as I partook of a lunch, and wished me good luck when I mounted, at a quarter of 3 o'clock, for a ride to the court-house in Lexington, which I reached in 1 h. 40 min. This stretch was the best I had yet encountered,—all of it being smooth and ridable, though continuously hilly,—and I made no stops, except for the sake of horses. At the end of every m. were guide-posts, showing the distances to both Georgetown and Lexington. The similitude of all this fine rolling country to a vast park, whereof I made mention at the outset, was perhaps nowhere more impressive than in this particular section of it. I delayed a while in Lexington, to refresh myself with ices and fruit, and to talk with the president of the local bicycle club; so that the clock indicated a quarter past 5 when I resumed my saddle, with the intention of seeking a bed at the Shaker Settlement on Pleasant Hill, 25 m. beyond. Thus far, since leaving Cincinnati, I had been traveling almost due s., but for the next 44 m., ending at Perryville, my course lay in a s. w. direction. All the mile-posts on this pike were neatly lettered tablets of iron, surmounted by the national eagle. The distances to Lexington, Pleasant Hill, Harrodsburg, and Perryville, were indicated on each post, if I rightly remember; and I could thus estimate the rapidity of my progress without stopping to consult the cyclometer. My watch showed me that 10 min. was the average time spent between mile-posts. After progressing for a while at this rate, I turned l. at a fork in the roads, some little distance beyond a toll-gate, in order to reach the bridge over the Kentucky river (the r.-hand road would have led to a point where passage has to be made by

ferry-boat); but, before I reached it, the approach of darkness caused me to stop riding. The road would be a pretty one by daylight, with overhanging rocks on one side and the river on the other; and there was an abundance of little springs and rivulets of clear water where the traveler might quench his thirst. Finally, after I had plodded along on foot for several miles, the moon came out and I resumed my riding.

It was a quarter past 9 when I halted in front of the big white houses of the Shaker Settlement, whose long rows of windows glistened grimly in the moonlight. Not one of them was illumined from within, however, and not a sound indicative of life could anywhere be heard. I had been told that a certain one of the houses was accustomed to entertain strangers; but all the houses looked alike; and the gloomy problem of deciding where best to make a beginning of the attempt to arouse some of these people from their beds, or their graves, proved too much for my courage. I turned my face away from the ghostly glare of the windows, and glanced up at the Man in the Moon, who kindly tipped a wink at me, as if to say, "I'll light the road for you to Harrodsburg, which is only about 7 m. further." So on I went, riding slowly, for the sake of safety, but riding all the way. One halt, I made, however, and devoted ½ h. to a vain search for the cap of my oil-can, which I carelessly dropped while lubricating the bearings. I laugh even now when I recall the solitariness of the incident. It seems funny to think of myself out there amid the Kentucky woods, persistently groping about in the limestone dust of the turnpike for a bit of brass which the rays of the midnight moon refused to reveal to me. The rattle of a carriage approaching from the rear, for 1 or 2 m., as I jogged along towards Harrodsburg, supplied the first interruption to several hours of profound stillness. Allowing the vehicle to pass me, I entered the town in its wake, and was civilly directed by the driver to Curry's National Hotel, where, by persistent ringings of the bell, I roused up the proprietor and effected an entrance. The clock indicated a quarter past 11, and my wheeling record for the day was a quarter more than 61 m. The spacious bed-room into which I was shown had no outer window, but I was too tired to dispute the landlord's assertion that "plenty of air came in from the hall-way, through the transom"; or to express any opinion of his inability to provide even so much as a glass of milk for my refreshment. Any sort of a resting-place seemed attractive; so I took a big drink of water, and sank to sleep at once.

The next day I traveled hardly more than half as far, but had a much more wearisome time of it, on account of bad weather and inferior roads. The Blue-Grass Region was now all behind me, and as I left Harrodsburg, at a quarter before 10 o'clock, the appearance of the country was less attractive than on the day before, irrespective of the gloom produced by the threatening clouds, which soon brought a gentle shower of rain, wherefrom I took shelter in a roadside shed. A little later, I was overtaken by a still heavier shower, and could find no better protection than a big tree. The rain did not last

long enough to greatly injure the limestone pike, however, and in 2 h. I had covered the 12 m. which brought me to the end of it at the little tavern in Perryville, in whose wooden walls are still embedded some of the cannon-shot fired in the battle of that name. This was fought on the 8th of October, 1862, between the armies of Buell and Bragg, numbering perhaps 60,000 men altogether; and in no other conflict of the civil war was the proportion of killed and wounded greater than this. The official report of Major-General McCook, the commander of the First Corps of Buell's army, called it "the bloodiest battle of modern times for the number of troops engaged on our side"; while General Bragg reported to the Richmond authorities, with equal literary awkwardness, "For the time engaged it was the severest and most desperately contested engagement within my knowledge."

I took dinner at the little tavern, and was told there that I had already crossed over Crawford's Cave, from which issues a stream of very clear water, that has never been known to fail, even in the extremest seasons, when all the other springs have dried up. According to local tradition, it was the desire to control this particular spring which caused the two armies to try conclusions with one another here, though most of the fighting was done on Chaplin Hills, 1 m. or more away. None of the official reports in the "Rebellion Record" give definite confirmation of this; but all agree that both armies were suffering from a scarcity of water, and that "the holding of certain springs near Perryville" was considered by each an object of great strategic importance. I therefore wheeled backward on my course, in order to visit the cave and take a drink of these historic waters. I might have done this more conveniently in the forenoon, soon after passing the toll-gate and the post which said "2 m. to Perryville," if only I had been advised to turn down the path to the r., just beyond the red brick house.

Leaving the tavern again at 2 o'clock, I jogged along for 1 h. over a good gravel pike to the r. r. station at Brumfield, 4 m.; and then another ½ h. over a rougher road, 1½ m., to the toll-gate, where a heavy shower compelled a definite halt. There was a slight drizzle of rain when I mounted again at 4.30 and rode with great difficulty, over a muddy and stony track, for about 2 m. Then followed a similar distance of alternate walking and riding, during which several showers rained down upon me, without causing me to halt; and then, 1 h. from the start, I reached a hill where I definitely abandoned all pretense of attempting any further progress in the saddle. For the next 7 or 8 m. I continuously dragged my machine through deep mud or clambered with it over rough rocks, — stopping once in a while to dig the clay out from the forks, when it clogged them sufficiently to prevent the revolution of the wheels, — and on two occasions I was forced to wade through wide brooks, with the bicycle lifted high above my head. Even the brake-strap of my Lamson luggage-carrier was cut in two by the action of the grit and mud on the tire, and thenceforth my bundle bobbed up and down in a most exasperating manner at every stone and jolt. Finally, however, my sorrows began to be

lightened a little by encountering some goodish bits of road; and, spite of the darkness, I did considerable riding during the last 4 or 5 m., ending at Lebanon, which I knew to be my only attainable refuge for the night, when once I had turned my back on Perryville. It was while riding slowly up-hill in the dark, over some rough macadam, that a loose stone stopped my wheel and pitched me over the handle-bar. I alighted squarely on my feet, however, and my bicycle stood up squarely on its head, uninjured; and this was the only fall that either of us had during that fortnight wherein we traveled 415 m. together. The clock struck 9 when I entered the Norris House, in Lebanon, and though this was a newer and larger and better-equipped establishment than any of the other hotels as yet encountered by me in Kentucky, I was told that the time was too late for the supplying of anything whatever to eat. A half-hour later, therefore, having made sure of the refreshment supplied by a bath and a dry suit of clothes, I sallied out on the street in pursuit of eatables. The most nourishing substances I could secure were crackers and cookies and ginger-snaps, which I found at the chief "grocery and dry-goods store" in the place, and which I managed to wash down by deep potations of soda-water. Supplementing this luxurious repast by a dessert of confectionery, I felt sufficiently invigorated to clean off from my wheel all traces of its 21 m.s' hard traveling from Perryville; though I cannot pretend that wheelmen in general would accept as a satisfactory sequel to so hard a jaunt as that, so slim a supper as that, even though it was the very best which money could buy in "the court-house town of Marion county" at 9 o'clock of a Saturday night in June.

The pike came to its end at Greensburg, another county town, 25 m. s. w.; and from that point the tourist must resort to a "dirt road," leading in a similar direction for a similar distance, in order to reach the Mammoth Cave. Putting together the rather meager testimony and decidedly contradictory beliefs of various people of the hotel concerning this route, I decided that the first half would supply quite as toilsome wheeling as the 20 m. just gone over, and that the last half would be quite impassable except on foot. I, therefore, turned my course directly away from the Cave, and rode northward 9 m. to Springfield, thence northwestward 19 m. to Bardstown (both of these being county seats), thence southward 15 m. to New Haven, where I arrived just before 8 o'clock, having been a little less than 11 h. on the road. I was now about 15 m. w. of Lebanon, whence I started in the morning, and was no nearer the Cave than then; for my day's course of 43 m. may be roughly described as bounding three sides of a square. For the first h. out of Lebanon my riding was continuous, over a good gravel pike, somewhat hilly and winding; and then, at the end of the 5½ m., a few rods of loose stone had to be walked over. Another h. brought me to the court-house in Springfield, about 4 m.; whence I rode up a very long hill, and at the top of it had a very long talk with "an Irish gentleman on horseback," returning from church. By this time the heaviness produced by yesterday's rain had quite disappeared, and

the gravel track grew smoother as I advanced. I stopped 1 h. for dinner at the little hamlet of Fredericktown, 9½ m. from Springfield, and about the same distance from Bardstown, which I reached at 5 o'clock, after a ride of 2½ h. During the first third of this time I rode without dismount, and covered 4½ m., including 1½ m. of continuous up-hill work. The delay of ½ h., caused by the sudden coming of a sharp shower at Bardstown, was improved in tightening my steering-head; and then followed the best and prettiest riding of the day, 15 m. of smooth gravel pike, much of it shaded and all of it on an up-grade or down-grade. From a bridge, near some kerosene barrels and machinery, where I stopped to drink, just before 7 o'clock, I rode without dismount for 1 h., 7 m., to the New Haven House. Coasting might have been indulged in here continuously, for at least 1 m., though the occasional water-courses would have required care. The hotel presented a sadly curious contrast to its better-known namesake in Connecticut; for its chambers were uncarpeted, and its general aspect was extremely dirty; but, as I finally managed to secure a washbowl and a pitcher of water and some towels, and as my bed proved to be free from the expected bugs, I was not disposed to repine. So cool was the weather that during the forenoon of this day, as well as during the whole of the previous one, I kept my jacket on; though that addition to my white-flannel riding-shirt was discarded for the rest of the tour.

The fifth day of this was the worst one yet known to my four years' experience as an explorer on the wheel. I awoke that Monday morning with such a disagreeable reminder of the fried ham which had formed so chief a part in my last night's supper that I dared not further outrage my stomach by attempting a breakfast composed of the same inevitable dish. Starting off at a quarter of 6, therefore, with only a glass of milk to sustain me, I rode 5½ m. along a smooth pike of gravel (the first level one thus far encountered) through a manufacturing village, and to a bridge at the foot of a long ascent. Here, ¼ h. from the start, ended my good riding for the day; though short mounts were possible for the next 9 m., which I covered in about 3 h. Buffalo was the name of the village where I then took an hour's rest, and sought further nutriment as a substitute for breakfast. Crackers and cheese, washed down by a mixture of four raw eggs, beaten up with sugar and water, represented the utmost capacity of the village store as a restaurant, and the hospitable proprietor thereof refused to accept any money for the entertainment. But, at the store in Magnolia, 5 m. on, where noon found me, nothing whatever of an eatable nature was to be procured. I was 2 h. on the way, and walked nearly all of it, beneath a blazing sun. The region was rather barren and uninteresting, and two or three small brooks had to be forded. Soft stretches of sand alternated with rough sections of limestone, originally laid as a foundation for the long-abandoned pike. I was told that this continued southward to "the burnt-bridge ferry over Green river.," 12 m.; then to Canmer, 4 m., and then to "Bar Waller" (Bear Wallow), in the neighborhood of the Cave; and that some parts of it were probably in good condition. I

determined, however, to pin no more hopes to the pike, but to strike westward, along a "dirt-road," to the nearest station on the line of the railway, which same was called Upton, and proved to be 11 m. distant. I was 4 h. in getting there, and the only riding possible was on a few short paths where the dense shade had kept the black-clay hard, — perhaps 1 m. in all. With this insignificant exception, my course from Magnolia to Upton led continuously up and down steep ridges of red and yellow clay, without any level interval between them. If the reader can imagine a field 11 m. wide, which a gigantic plough has turned over into parallel furrows 50 ft. deep, and can then picture me, in the blistering sunshine, laboriously lowering my bicycle down the steep slopes of these furrows and painfully pushing it up the slopes again, until the last parallel has been crossed, he will gain a pretty good idea of the nature of my four hours' fun that afternoon,—though hardly an adequate idea of the nature of a Kentucky "dirt road." There were several brooks which had to be crossed on logs, or stones, or else forded; but the ruts and gullies of clay which defined the road were quite dry. After a few hours' rain, those ruts and gullies would be transformed into a slough which no man could drag himself through, unless he were naked, to say nothing of dragging a bicycle. A supper of bread and milk at 6 o'clock, as a sequel to a bath and assumption of dry clothes at Upton, completes the record of all the food I ate on that tiresome day. A thunder-shower cooled the air somewhat before I took train, 1 h. later, and rode 25 m. to the hotel at Cave City, which city consists almost entirely of the hotel, and the hotel embraces the railroad station.

I had been assured by various people who professed to have "been there" that the stage-road of 9 m. between Cave City and the Cave itself would prove an excellent path for the bicycle; but the hotel-man told me differently, and so, on that sixth day of my tour, I did no active wheeling, but was dragged by horse-power over a road so indescribably rough and precipitous that the mere recollection thereof causes me to groan sympathetically for the sufferings of the less-hardened tourists who are all the while being jolted across it. The $3 fare, which the owner of the stage-line charged for the round trip, seemed to me a small sum to exact for 18 m. of such straining and scrambling of horse-flesh; nor was I disposed to quarrel with the fee of $2 which I paid the hotel people for supplying me with a venerable negro guide, under whose pilotage I took a two hours' tramp of 5 or 6 m. amid the dark and dreadful wonders of the Cave. As for the 75 c. representing the cost of a dinner, I rejoiced at the expenditure; for I had had "nothing good to eat" since I left Chicago, and here, at last, was a chance to sit down at a table which had been spread with a due regard for cleanliness, and even an attempt at elegance, to partake of well-cooked food other than "hog and hominy," and to be waited on by servants who were neatly dressed and reasonably well-trained for their duties. The hotel, which is managed by the owners of the Mammoth Cave, is quite a large establishment, and serves as a sort of summer resort for the wealthy people of Louisville and Nash-

ville, and other intermediate cities. Of the transient visitors it seems not unlikely that a majority may be foreigners, since every tourist from abroad ranks the Cave second only to Niagara on his list of objective points. Three Austrians arrived on the same forenoon as myself, and six English people were jolted back to Cave City with me in the afternoon, but I was the only American. All the Kentuckians whom I questioned while on my way thither expressed very great pride in the Cave as an honor to their State, and "the greatest natural wonder on the continent"; but only a surprisingly few of them had ever visited it personally. Expression was usually made, however, of a general wish and intention to "go down to the Cave the next time a good excursion party is made up"; and I was assured by every one that I would not regret an inspection of its mysteries and marvels. This proved true enough, of course; but the most agreeable sight of all was that presented by the green trees, and blue sky, and bright sunshine, when I escaped from the gloomy wonders of the Cave into the open light of day.

Taking train at 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning, a ride of 3 h. brought me to Louisville; and, as I sat on the outside platform for the entire 85 m., rather than subject myself to the stifling air within, my white riding costume, which had been washed during my day's visit to the Cave, grew somewhat grimy again. Two of the Louisville riders accosted me on my way up-town, and, having directed me to a restaurant where breakfast could be secured, agreed to meet me there at 10 o'clock, and see me safely started on my eastward course towards Frankfort. We really mounted about 10.30, and made our first stop, for lemonade, at a wayside inn, 6 m. out, at a quarter past 11. At a similar distance beyond, we refreshed ourselves at a brook, at the foot of a hill, and lay there under the trees for a farewell talk together. My companions then turned homeward; and having watched them until they disappeared, on the crest of a distant hill, I cleaned and oiled my wheel, strapped my jacket on the handle-bar (as the sun now shone forth warmly), and at a quarter past 1 o'clock started on for Simpsonville, 11 m. away. The village hotel was not a large one, but I secured some bread and milk while I halted there, from 3.30 to 3.45 o'clock, and then rolled on, 7½ m. further, to Shelbyville, at 5. This is a county town of considerable local celebrity for its young ladies' seminaries; and the groups of school girls sauntering about the streets in their newly-made graduation gowns gave the place quite a gay and jaunty appearance. Perhaps the unwonted spectacle unnerved me or made me careless, for I had a narrow escape from adding to their merriment by taking a plunge into the mud, as I toiled up a hill which a watering-cart had freely sprinkled; but the little wheel graciously dropped back to its proper place, and I made no dismount until the sign of "ice-cream and fruit" tempted me to ½ h. halt. The road, which had been gradually increasing in goodness the further I advanced from Louisville, was now very fine, and during the next 2 h. I had my swiftest spin of the day, and covered almost 14 m. After a brief stop for water and oil, I rode in the gathering dusk till 8

o'clock, and then walked for 1 h. pretty continuously, including a 2 m. descent into Frankfort, until I reached my journey's end at Buhr's Hotel, 52½ m. from the start. The whole distance is composed of long up-grades or down-grades, but almost all of them are ridable, and there are few steep pitches. Some of the Louisville men rode to Frankfort and back on a single day of the previous winter, though they finished in a snow-storm, quite late in the evening.

Leaving the capital city of Kentucky at 8.30 on Thursday morning, I reached Georgetown, 17 m., just at noon, and tarried for 1¼ h. at the same restaurant which I had patronized the previous Friday. I was now again in the Blue-Grass Region, and my first 2 m. from the State House had led uphill to a fork in the pike, where the r.-hand road would have led me to Versailles and Lexington, and so to Paris,—a somewhat less direct route to that place, of perhaps 37 m. The distance from Georgetown to Paris is 16 m., and I reached there at a quarter before 5, having made one short stop at Centerville, 7 m. back. My route from Louisville to Paris had been almost due e.; but I now turned to the n. e., and kept in that direction to the end, at Maysville. The Purnell House, in Millersburg, where I stopped for the night (which, spite of its age, was the most comfortable country inn I found in the State), was reached at 6.20 o'clock, and was 8¼ m. from my stopping-place in Paris. I was 1 h. 10 min. in doing the distance, which comprised the only level stretches I found in Kentucky. Otherwise the roads of the day were continuously hilly, but generally smooth; and the entire distance recorded was 41½ m. The commencement exercises of Georgetown College seemed to have attracted thereto all the inhabitants of the region roundabout, giving the place an unwonted bustle and activity; but I was told that the "graduating class" consisted of only two. Millersburg also boasts of an institution of similar importance,—the Kentucky Wesleyan University,—but I neither saw nor heard anything of its graduation exercises.

On the last day of my tour I made the earliest start of the entire year, getting into the saddle at 5.10, and riding rapidly till 7, when I reached the Larue House, at Blue Lick Spring, 13 m., and stopped 1¼ h. for breakfast. Then I rode up-grade pretty continuously for ½ h., 3¼ m., and rested at a toll-gate to quench my thirst and transfer my baggage from the handle-bar to my back. This change was needed to allow my coasting down-hill for the following mile; and I had also indulged in considerable coasting before breakfast, and during that interval had emerged once more from the well-defined limits of the Blue-Grass Region. Being very hot when I reached the Oak Hall store, 9½ m. from Blue Lick, I bathed my face and drank profusely before mounting again at 10.20 o'clock. I reached the water-trough and toll-gate at North Fork, a distance of 7 m. by the cyclometer, 26 min. later, and this was by far the fastest spin of the day, or of any day yet known to my experience. I was going down grade much of the time, and I ended by coasting at speed for more than 1 m. along an open winding road, whose downward curves could be seen for a long distance ahead. The grade was generally

upward for the next h., during which I accomplished about 5 m.; and then, on the stroke of noon, my wheel suddenly stiffened up and refused to obey the orders of the handle-bar. A careful oiling of all the parts proved no cure for the trouble, and after riding a few short stretches without regaining the ability to steer, I discovered that there was a crack in the steering-head, and that the severed parts were kept in place only by pressure. I therefore trudged along carefully to Maysville, a distance of 2 m., and had the good fortune to reach the river there just in season to catch the 1 o'clock steamboat for Cincinnati, about 60 m. below, where I disembarked some 7 h. later. My forenoon's record was 38 m.; and, except for the accident, which upset my plan of crossing the Ohio river and touring through the State of that name, I might perhaps have ridden an equal distance in the afternoon. The heat increased as the day advanced, however, and was very great for a few days following; so perhaps I was lucky in being forced to end my tour when I reached the edge of Kentucky. I traversed 340 m. within its limits, or an average of 42½ m. for each of the eight days that I rode; and my total record then lacked only 100 of reaching 5,000 m. The next day, having packed off my bicycle in a freight car for the manufactory at Hartford, I took train homeward for New York.

The possible pleasures of "bicycling in the Blue Grass," and conquering the hills of northern Kentucky a-wheelback, I cannot too highly commend; but, to those riders whom this report may incline to follow in my trail, I would offer a few words of caution. Bicyclers who seek the Mammoth Cave should not attempt to push their wheels any nearer to it than Louisville. The pike southward from there to Bardstown, about 35 or 40 m., is said to supply good wheeling; and thence eastward to Springfield, 19 m., I have described it as good. Between that point and Harrodsburg, 25 m., I know nothing of its character; but, if it chances to be passable, there will be no break in the good riding to Lexington, 33 m., and Paris, 15 m., whence the return may be made directly w., through Georgetown, Frankfort, and Shelbyville, to Louisville, 86 m.,—making a round trip of about 220 m. without repetition. If the road between Springfield and Harrodsburg is not good, the tourist making the round trip may cross from Lebanon to Brumfield, with the chance of finding the poorer half of those 16 m. more tolerable in dry weather and daylight than I found them in the night-time after a shower. Branch railroads connect both Bardstown and New Haven, which is 15 m. s., with the main line, whereby one may ride back to Louisville, or proceed onward to Cave City. The beautiful n. and s. pike of 11 m., connecting Lexington and Georgetown, may be considered as the base of two triangles,—the apex of the eastern one being at Paris, 15 or 16 m. away, and that of the western one being at Frankfort, 17 or 20 m. In other words, from either one of those four points a bicycler may make a trip of about 65 m. around the "double triangle," or a trip of 42 or 48 m. around one of the single triangles, without repeating his course at all, or encountering any poor pieces of road,

or going outside the Blue Grass Region. If a ride from Paris to Maysville and back (90 m.) be added to the "round trip from Louisville," as already described, the whole tour will amount to a little more than 300 m.; but I am sure that any good rider could easily accomplish it within a week, and still have several hours left in which to prolong it across the river into Indiana, whose roads, from New Albany, are smooth for quite a number of miles.

Definite confirmation of my final remark is afforded in the following valuable report, prepared for me by John M. Verhoeff (b. Feb. 18, 1866), a student in the Louisville High School: "Indiana, rather than Kentucky, was the scene of my longest straightaway ride without dismount, and Oct. 11, '84, was the date of it. Starting at the top of the hill in New Albany, at 9.18 A. M., I made my first stop at the 31st m.-post, at 1.23 P. M., a distance of 33 m. This was on the old road leading n. w. to Vincennes, 104 m. from the ferry at New Albany, and only half the distance can be described by me. Stones have been put on only as far as Paoli, 42 m. from the ferry. From the center of Louisville, one should ride either through High av., Bank st. or Portland av. about 4½ m. to the ferry at Portland, and then, after leaving the boat, climb the hill, ride one square l., and follow State st. straight into the Paoli pike. The mile-posts are wooden, like those on the railroads, and the first of them (which will be met in 10 or 12 min., by the first toll-gate) says '41 m. to Paoli.' I think this is a mistake, for all the other posts are numbered from New Albany, and the last one before entering Paoli is the 39th. The ferry is 2 m. from the first post and toll-gate, so that the whole distance from the river is 41 m. Greenville hill is met about 3 m. along the pike, and is the longest one on it, being a steady rise for 1½ m., with Mooresville at the summit. Then follow Galena, at the 7th m.-post, Greenville at the 10th, Palmyra, at the 17th, Fredericksburg between the 23d and 24th (I think), and Hardinsburg between the 27th and 28th. At the 31st is a stony hill, not easy to climb. It was this that forced my dismount on the long ride. The school house of Paoli is at the 39th, and the court house ½ m. beyond. The dirt road continues ridable so far as I have any knowledge of it, which is to Prospect (10 m.), and there are good bridges over the creeks. West Baden and French Lick springs lie about 2 m. from Prospect, on a road to the left. This pike is one of the smoothest leading out of L., and the 6 m. between Palmyra and F. is the smoothest section of it.

"To reach what is called the Corydon pike, leading s. w. from New Albany, you should follow Main st., the second one from the river, to which it is parallel; and you will soon come in sight of a large hill,—one of the Knobs. About 4 m. below is Corydon hill, which is considered the hardest climbing in this region, for, though not steep, it has a steady rise for nearly two m., ending at Edwardville, which is just over the tunnel and is the highest spot for miles around. Lanesville is 6 m. on, and the pike ends at Corydon, 21 m. from the start. The dirt road to Wyandot Cave, 9 m. beyond, is said to be good, but I never tried it. A sulphur well may be seen, on the l., 'where the palings are,' about 1 m. before reaching Corydon. The e. and n. route from New Albany is through Spring st. to the Charlestown pike. After 7 m. ride you will strike the pike leading from Jeffersonville to C., at a point 5½ m. from J. About 1½ m. before this, you will cross the pike leading from J. to Hamburg, 8 m. All these are rather rough. A dirt road continues on from Hamburg to Salem, said to be about 35 m.; and a road from New Albany joins this at Bennettville (r. r.), where a sign says 10 m. to New Albany and 11 m. to Jeffersonville. I have found this road fairly good as far as Providence, or rather to a point 20 m. from Jeffersonville and within 1 m. of P. I turned back because, after crossing a creek two or three times (there are no bridges), I came to a ford too wide for easy passage. About 2 m. from J., on the way to Hamburg, a pike branches off r. to Charlestown, 14 m., but it is very rough in places. Another road, called the Utica pike, runs along the river 7 m. to Utica, and strikes the aforesaid Charlestown pike about 2 m. from C. The dirt roads beyond are not good. Of the several caves near C., Barnett's is said to make the most attractive showing of stalactites. It is 1 m. w., and the road thither is the bottom of a creek sometimes dry.

"The n. e. pike out of Louisville, commonly called the river road, runs to the 15 m.-stone

at Goshen (18 m. from any home). Old Hamburg is 2 m. beyond, on a dirt road, and it also lies 2 m. from Hall's Landing, on the river. This pike is good and smooth as far as Harrod's Creek, at 7 m.-stone; and becomes even smoother, after crossing the r. r. there. The hills are steep but all ridable, and I like this section the best because of its smoothness. Near the 9 m.-stone, a good pike branches off to Brownsboro, 6 or 7 m.; and this route is preferable to the direct pike which runs from Louisville (end of Story av.) to Brownsboro (r. r.), 21 m. At Worthington, 11 m. from the start, after good riding up and down short hills, you see a toll-gate in the middle, where the road forks. The l. leads to Brownsboro, over smoother surface than the first, though there is a very long hill, 2 m. before reaching that village. A good dirt road leads thence 6 m. to Anita Springs, which is ½ m. from Lagrange. The r. fork at Worthington leads to Beard station on r. r. 8 m., and thence the pike continues good (though hilly) to Ballardsville, 10 m. e., and fairly good also, though not all paved, to Smithfield (r. r.), 2 m., whence pikes are said to extend e. to New Castle and then n. to Campbellsburg. A good pike extends from Smithfield to Simpsonville (13 m. was given as the distance by a resident, though my cyclometer recorded 15½ m.), which is 23 m. from Louisville, on the regular Shelbyville pike, the one most frequented by bicyclers, and the one you traversed in going from L. to Frankfort, 53 m. The best way to reach it from the center of the city is to follow Main st. to the end where it strikes Story av., and follow this to the turn-table of the street cars, where the pike (Frankfort av.) begins. Another route is to follow Broadway, turn l. at Cave Hill, follow New Broadway to a dirt road (connecting the Bardstown and Shelbyville branch pikes), on which ride l. for ½ m. to the Work House road, on which ride r. (e.) for 2½ m. till you reach the pike at Gilman's (a r. r. station, also called St. Matthews P. O.), 6 m. out, but only 3 m. from the city limits. The Eight Mile House is at the second toll-gate, 3 m. beyond; and Middletown, the objective point of many club runs, is 13 m. from the start. At Simpsonville, 23 m. from home, a pike (good though hilly) runs s. 5 m. and strikes the Finchville pike 1 m. from the r. r. at F. At a point 2 m. w. of S., another pike branches s. 5 m. to F. and keeps on for 5 m. more (last m. is dirt) to Elk Creek, where it strikes the Taylorsville pike, 6 m. from T. Thus the distance from S. to T. is 18 m., though in a direct road it would not be nearly so far. A rough, stony and hilly pike runs s. from S. to Mt. Eden, exactly 12 m., and a man there told me it continued to Lawrenceburg (whence the map shows that main roads, probably pikes, extend n. to Frankfort, s. to Harrodsburg and e. to Versailles). A dirt road goes from Mt. Eden to Little, 8½ m. (the first m. or two so covered with stones as to be unridable), and will probably be some day completed as a pike to Normandy.

"Louisville ladies often drive out to the old reservoir, 5 m. n. e.; and Reservoir av., the smooth pike leading thither, is a continuation of Southall st. The s. e. pike to Bardstown (40 m.), however, ranks next in wheelmen's favor to the e. or Shelbyville pike; and frequent club runs are had to the half-way point, Mt. Washington, 20 m., where dinner may be got at a hotel. An ascent of 1 m. must be made to reach this, and the following m. is down grade. This Bardstown pike begins at the head of Baxter av., and some of the first post offices along it are Doup's Point, 4½ m.; Fern Creek, 7 m. beyond, and Fairmount, 14½ m. from the start. At the 17 m.-stone, is Hayes Spring, whose water is always cool enough to be refreshing, though ice may be procured, if wished for, at the adjoining public house. At Doup's Point, the Taylorsville pike branches off l. (n. e.), and is good straight along for 30 m. to its terminus at the little village called Little Mount, which is 6 m. beyond the court-house town that gives the pike its name. I consider the best stretch on this pike the 7 m. from Jeffersontown (also called Brunerstown) to Fisherville, entrance into which is by a long descent. This is 15 m. from Taylorsville; and at the first toll-gate just beyond the creek another good pike branches l. to Finchville, about 9 m. Both roads at the fork, which is reached in about 5 m., lead to F., but the l. road is 1 m. shorter, as the r. road strikes the Shelbyville and Taylorsville pike, about 1 m. from F., and you must ride n. on this to where the other one strikes. The fact that I once went to F. and part of the way back without dismount, mostly at a 10-m. pace, shows the goodness of the road. From Little Mount a pike runs w. through Normandy (r. r.), striking the Taylorsville pike somewhere near Wilsonville, about 8½ m. It seemed rough on the dark night when I tramped it with my bicycle, but might perhaps be ridable by daylight. From N. to the T. pike are 2 m. of good

riding. A second branch l. from the Bardstown pike is the Waterford, 8 m. long and all ridable. but having too many rough places to be called excellent. It begins at the foot of Mt. Washington hill, about 18 m. from home. In the only trip I ever took from Waterford directly to Taylorsville, 6 m., I found muddy roads and two or three creeks to be crossed. Indeed, the road itself is in Plum creek, some of the way; and I went over the meadows in my final m. to T. The third and last branch l. from the Bardstown pike is the one to Bloomfield (r. r.), 13 m. It turns off e. at Steve Lord's house (which is 1½ m. beyond the village of Smithville and 15 m. from Bardstown) and it has a good surface, with few hills,—the village of Fairfield being about half-way. A Bloomfield bicycler told me he wheeled thence to Louisville (38 m.) in 3 h., beating the train, whose schedule time for the 57 m., with stops at every station, is also 3 h. I was told, too, that a splendid pike extended from B. to Chaplin.

"The direct pike to Newberg, 8 m. s. e. from Louisville, starting from Barrett av., is hilly and usually rough. A better route to the same place is the Poplar Level pike, which starts at Campbell st. The pike to Shepherdsville (r. r.), 20 m., runs s. from Shelby st. (Preston st. joins this at the first toll-gate), and is for the most part good and level. S. is connected with Bardstown Junction (3¾ m.) by a dirt road which, when I went over it, was as good as a pike. Salt river must be crossed at S.; but there is not much difficulty about this, as in some places one can ride most of the way over, if careful for the ridges. Passage may be made also on the trestle-work of the r. r., though the train-times are uncertain. The Elizabethtown pike (s. w.) starts from Eighteenth st. in Louisville, but a good way to reach it is to follow Seventh st. to the Alms House (r. r.), 5 m. The next village is Pleasure Ridge Park (r. r.); Valley Station (r. r.) is about 12 m. from the start; and Salt river is exactly 21 m. from home, and exactly ½ m. beyond the 18 m.-stone. The last 2 m. of this is dirt road, where sand forces considerable walking, as you are right by the river all the time. A barge is generally here in summer, to ferry people across to West Point (r. r.); but, on my last visit, I resorted to the trestle-work. Beyond W. P. the pike has a bad name, on account of the big stones embedded in its surface, but I had no trouble in steering between them. A man there said that the distance from the river to Elizabethtown was 24 m., and other people agreed with him; but I only went about half-way, for the snow began falling at Red Hill (33 m. from home), and so I pushed along a dirt road on the r. to the station 1½ m. and took the train back. The last of the Louisville pikes is the Cane Run road, starting near Eighteenth st., in the s. w. part of the city, and extending to the river, at the 7 m.-stone, where a ferry makes connection with Bridgeport, Indiana.

"The roads which I have thus described for you are in 5 counties of Ind. and 9 of Ky., but I have never ridden a bicycle to a point more than 50 or 60 m. from home. As I do not get out of school until 1.30 P. M., it is only on Saturdays that I can take all-day runs of from 50 to 80 m., and explore new roads beyond the familiar 20-m. radius to which afternoon riding is restricted. I have now (Nov. 12, '84) covered about 360 m. of pike and from 100 to 200 m. of dirt road. Since Sept. 2, '83, my 48-in. Expert has carried me about 3,300 m. I have a McDonnell cyclometer and Duryea saddle, but carry no bell. In measuring short distances, or to relieve the lonesomeness of night riding, I count the revolutions of the wheel, 420 to the m. I rarely dismount for a skittish horse, even in regions where bicycles are seldom seen; for, by riding slowly, and talking to the owner, I help accustom his animal to the machine. My height is 5 ft. 4 in., in my shoes, and I could easily ride a 50-in. wheel, if I wished. Aside from my straightaway of 31 m. on the Paoli pike, I may mention that I once rode from home to the 17 m.-stone on the Shelbyville pike and back again, 43 m., without dismount. By far the longest stay I ever made in the saddle, however, was the 12 h. ending at 7.36 A. M. on Aug. 8, '84, during which my cyclometer recorded 114½ m. The scene of this was Third st., which had recently been paved with Trinidad asphalt, for a distance of 2 m., lacking an eighth. The early part of the night was cloudy, but the moon shone afterwards. Mounting at 7.31 P. M. of Aug. 7, I took a header about 20 min. later, when I assume I had ridden about 3½ m., judging from the relation of the place where I fell to my starting-point. I jumped on quickly again, without looking at the cyclometer, and continued riding without another dismount or stop until 7.36 A. M. Hence, I don't know the *exact* distance of this longest 'stay' of mine, but it certainly exceeded 110 m."

XVIII.

ALONG THE POTOMAC.[1]

It was on the morning of October 23, 1881, that I reached the famous river at Williamsport, though I took train from New York just a week before that, and stopped in Philadelphia for an afternoon's indulgence in an exploration (23 m.) of the roads of Fairmount Park. The next forenoon (Oct. 17) I made the acquaintance of Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, to the extent of 15 m. and then embarked on steamer for a patriotic pilgrimage to Yorktown, and three days' attendance there upon the centennial ceremonies in celebration of Cornwallis's surrender. Forewarned of the deep sands characteristic of that region, I left my wheel behind, and on the 21st took it by train to Frederick, whence on the 22d I rode to Hagerstown, over the route described by "C. W." in *Bi. World* of July 29. The distance registered was 26½ m., and before starting I rode 6 m. in the environs of Frederick, in company with the editor of one of the local journals; his hated rival, who edits the opposition journal being also a wheelman. I will not try to improve upon the "Notes from the Blue Ridge," supplied by "C. W." aforesaid, as satisfactorily telling what I myself learned by that pleasant day's jaunt along the Old National Pike, across two mountain ranges, where the battle of South Mountain was fought (Sept. 14, 1862), of which some resident eye-witnesses gave me interesting descriptions. "C. W.'s" record of distances, being made from memory, did not coincide entirely with that of my cyclometer; but the "notes," as a whole, are an entirely proper guide for the tourist. He said, "I recommend the Baldwin House as the best hotel in Maryland at which I have stopped"; and I most heartily support the recommendation, though "Bucephale" (in describing a trip down the Shenandoah Valley, *B. W.*, Nov. 25, '81) has spoken superlatively for a rival establishment there. New, clean, and good hotels in the South are so extremely scarce that I think it only fair to make a special point in favor of this one, which is unequivocally "the best," not only in Hagerstown, but in all that region. I found it incomparably more clean and comfortable than two at least of the high-priced hotels in Baltimore whereof I have knowledge; and its charge of $1 for supper and lodging was certainly as low as I ever expect to find in the "lowest" hotel that I may be forced to take shelter in. The City Hotel, in Frederick, in every way inferior, charged $2 for supper, lodging, and breakfast, which was an advance on the price recorded by "C. W." a few months before.

Two headers, taken in quick succession, made memorable my ride to

[1] From *The Bicycling World*, June 23, July 14, 1882, pp. 403–404, 441–442.

Hagerstown, — one caused by a stone on a down-grade, and the other by slipping the pedal while pushing up-hill, — for those were the only falls in my entire tour of 240 m. The next morning I reached the Taylor House in Williamsport at 7.30, after a ride of ¼ m., demanding only one dismount on account of road repairs. My register of the distance was 5½ m., though "C. W." calls it 7, which perhaps was nearer the truth. Delaying 1 h. for breakfast, I mounted upon the tow-path of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and proceeded westward, reaching Hancock, the first town, 25 m. on, soon after noon. Here I entered the Light House, as being the least squalid looking of several shabby little taverns, and really dined quite sumptuously there; although I presume that on any other day than Sunday I should not have fared as well, either in respect to food or clean table service or neatly dressed table-companions. Seven miles from Williamsport was the "slackwater" of more than ½ m., where the tow-path was so rocky as even to make walking rather difficult; and 3 m. beyond some more walking had to be resorted to, on account of a "block" of canal boats. The rarity of moving boats, however, was of course a great advantage; and with the two exceptions named, I rode straight along to Hancock, — this being my first really satisfactory experience of tow-path wheeling anywhere.

"C. W.'s" knowledge of the path ended at Hancock, but he expressed a belief that it would continue equally good to the end at Cumberland, some 60 m. beyond. He cautioned me, however, about the difficulty of getting anything to eat, as the whole region is very thinly inhabited, with no public house of any sort between the two points named. I remembered his caution when I started on at 2 P. M., but I did n't realize the force of it; for I was fortified by a good dinner, and by the information that at a point about half-way to Cumberland there was a privately owned "brick house" (most of the habitations of that region are log-and-mud cabins), where I could count on "getting handsomely taken care of for the night." The path, for the most part, continued smooth and hard, and at 5.30 P. M., when dusk was closing in, I reached the designated point, 54 m. from Hagerstown. The only hindrance of the afternoon was a long procession of boats that had been "blocked" by the low water. The "brick house" of my hopes was a forlorn little abode, terrible to look upon; but "there I was," in the gathering gloom of the desert. I had no option but to seek shelter for the night; and this, after some demur, was granted me. I slept soundly the sleep of the just, after assuming, by way of night-dress, my extra drawers, as well as shirt. This was a lucky precaution, for it kept the bed-bugs from feeding upon me much above my ankles and elbows. Consequently, in the morning, I counted *only* one hundred and twenty-five bites upon my arms and feet. If the interesting insects had had a fair show that night at my entire anatomy, they would have doubtless made so picturesque a fresco of it as to cause "Captain Costentenus, the tattooed Greek," to turn pale with envy.

The tow-path was unridable that morning because of a hard rain during

the night, and the drops were drizzling down dismally as I munched my indescribable "breakfast" (the counterpart of my unspeakable "supper" of the night before), and fared for the nearest lock-house, thankful that I had escaped with my life, but doubting whether I had best retrace my course or continue towards Cumberland. At 11.30 A. M. a canal boat bound in that direction gave me a chance to decide by jumping upon its deck. I stayed there 4 h., during which there was a progress of 8 m.; the last m. being through a tunnel, which is impassable except on a boat, or just in the rear of the team that draws a boat. Then at 3.30 P. M., as the path seemed tolerably dry, I jumped ashore and made my first mount of the day, — knowing that darkness would stop my riding in less than 3 h., and that I could find no rest until I reached Cumberland, 30 m. away. The track was generally somewhat heavy on account of the rain, but there were some good stretches, and I covered 9 m. in less than 1¼ h. At 6.15 P. M. the darkness decided me to risk my neck no further, and I jumped down at the post labeled "C. 12½ m.," with 16 m. to my credit. An hour later, I stopped a few minutes at the "nine-mile lock" for a supper of crackers and milk, my "dinner" having consisted of a quart of canned peaches, which was the only eatable thing I could buy at the lock-house just before entering the tunnel. Some flinty apples and mildewed "candy" formed the rest of my diet for that dreary day. Practically, I had eaten nothing substantial since noon of the previous day at Hancock, and the vast and inextinguishable itching of the bed-bug bites added to my serenity, as at half-past 7 o'clock I plunged into the pitchy darkness which shut me off from Cumberland. The "nine-mile level" ending there formed the longest 9 m. known to my somewhat extended experience. Save for a lone canal-boat that I passed about the middle of the tramp, I saw not a thing and I heard not a thing suggestive of human life. The silence was as profound as the darkness. Not a noise, not a light, for the whole 9 m. Through the fog I could trace the course of the path for only a few rods ahead of me, and it really seemed as if no end would ever come to it. Lacking matches, I could not even console myself by examining watch and cyclometer. At times I had to toil laboriously through the mud. At one place I had to guide my wheel over the narrow plank of a "waste-weir" which I could hardly see. But the general monotony of my progress was most oppressive. I lost all definite consciousness of time and space. The end came at last, however, when I trundled my wheel into the Queen City Hotel, at 10.30 P. M., and plunged into one of its bath-tubs. Too weary, after my long fast, to care for any food, I sent my wet and spattered garments to the drying room, and betook myself to bed, thankful that the comforts of civilization were once more within my grasp.

The hotel seems to be the newest and best in town, and it is conducted by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, of whose station it forms a part. Taking train at 10 the next forenoon, I rode down to Harper's Ferry, with an idea of staying there all night, and on the following day pushing my wheel down the lower 60 m. of the canal to Washington, whither I had despatched

my baggage from Baltimore. But the room in the chief hotel where dinner was served me was so intolerably dirty that I feared the bed-rooms might be as bad as the one at the "brick house" of bitter memory. Learning, therefore, that "hotels" of some sort existed at a place called "Point of Rocks," 12 miles further down, and hoping that they might be better than the one at Harper's Ferry, inasmuch as they could not possibly be worse, I jogged down there in the course of the afternoon, the tow-path being rocky and sandy by turns, and requiring frequent dismounts. I was rewarded by finding a hotel less vile than the one I fled from, and I was not troubled by bugs. During my two hours' stay at Harper's Ferry, I climbed the hill, whence one may enjoy a magnificent view of the Shenandoah and Potomac valleys, which come together at that point.

My fourth and final day on the tow-path was not a happy one. An abundance of stones, both loose and fixed, spots of soft sand, ridges of hard clay, puddles of mud, numerous "waste-weirs" (three of which had to be waded through on account of the entire absence of planks, and from the plank of a fourth one of which I let my wheel slip into the water, soaking my roll of clothes on the handle-bar)— all these things enforced slow riding and frequent dismounts. Never during the day did I ride 1 m. without stop, and rarely ½ m. Soon after the start, I sprained my ankle on a stone, and for 4 or 5 h. each one of my innumerable mounts and dismounts was attended with definite pain. Towards the close of the day the soreness, which at noon I feared might increase to the point of disabling me, disappeared entirely. Leaving Point of Rocks in the dusk of daybreak at 6, I breakfasted on bread and milk 1½ h. later, at lock 27. At 1.45 P. M., I stopped at lock 24, which was 23 m. from the start, to lunch on the same simple fare. Six m. on, at lock 21, near the Great Falls, the time being 4 o'clock, I left the tow-path and took the Conduit road for Washington. Recent rain had made this rather heavy, and at 5.45 o'clock, when I definitely stopped riding, after narrowly escaping several falls in the darkness, I had covered only 7 m. more. I was upwards of 2½ h. in plodding over the next 9 m. to Georgetown bridge, though the road was smoothly macadamized, and by daylight would have supplied excellent riding. This final tramp was not so dismal, however, as that of two nights before, which ended at Cumberland; for lights of some sort were generally visible, and an occasional team would be met with on the road. As soon as I struck the gas-lighted asphalt, I was not long in whirling myself to Wormley's Hotel, where a rather stupid clerk seemed inclined to doubt my ability to pay for any accommodation, even after I had made myself known as the owner of the baggage which had been expressed from Baltimore. I cut the discussion short by planking down "$4 for a day's board in advance," and was shown to a very plainly furnished bed-room. My curiosity to see with my own eyes what sort of thing "a first-class Washington hotel" might be was more than satisfied. The next time I shall at least know which one not to go to. My cyclometer marked 51 m. that day, making 180 m. for the

first five days from Frederick, and 142 m. from Williamsport, where I first began to ride "along the Potomac." The next day I felt very listless because of my long abstinence from decent food; and so, instead of indulging in the expected long ride on the Washington asphalt, I only put in a beggarly 23 m. before embarking on the return train for New York.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal extends along the Potomac on the Maryland side, while the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad runs along the West Virginia side of the river. The 186 m. of tow-path between Cumberland and Georgetown are divided into three nearly equal sections by Hancock, 60 m. from one end, and Harper's Ferry, 60 m. from the other. Williamsport and Point of Rocks are the only other places on the entire path where food and lodging may be secured. The whole region is practically a wilderness; and though the tourist, in case of a break-down, might hope to turn to the railroad for assistance, its tracks generally lie on the opposite side of the river, its stations are far apart, and its trains are few. Between Williamsport and Harper's Ferry, as I was told, there is a "slackwater" about 5 m. long, where the bicycler would apparently be forced to walk; but, with this exception, and the lesser ones described by me, it seems likely that the riding is good all the way from Cumberland to Harper's Ferry. The scenery of that 120 m. is also generally good, and some parts of it quite fine and imposing, where the river winds among the mountains. Below Point of Rocks the country is mostly flat and uninteresting. I have a vague notion of trying the track again on returning from the next League meet at Chicago. In that case I shall start from Cumberland at daybreak, so as to reach Hancock by nightfall (shutting my eyes and holding my breath as I whiz past the "brick house" with bloodthirsty millions in it); proceeding next day to Williamsport and Martinsburg; thence down the Shenandoah Valley to Staunton, over the route so appetizingly described by "Bucephale." The three Philadelphia wheelmen who made that trip seem to have passed through Hagerstown and Williamsport only a day or two after myself. Would that they had overtaken me and invited me to accompany them into Virginia! Thus should I have escaped the sad experiences which I have described, and the sad necessity of now describing them for the warning of my fellow-tourists. If I take the trip, my intention would be to return by way of Hagerstown, Frederick, York, Gettysburg, and Reading, to Philadelphia, and perhaps thence wheel to New York over the roads whereof I have read so many contradictory reports.

The first macadam pavement in the United States was laid between Boonsboro' and Hagerstown; and, in the words of Eli Mobley, an old coach-maker of the latter place, "it made the finest road in America. I have seen the mail coaches travel from Hagerstown to Frederick, 26 m., in 2 h. That was not an unusual thing either; and there were through freight wagons from Baltimore to Wheeling which carried ten ton and made nearly as good time as the coaches. They were drawn by twelve horses and the rear wheels were ten feet high." My authority for the quotation is W. H. Rideing's interesting description of "The Old National Pike," which formed an illustrated leading article in *Harper's Magazine* (Nov. 1879, pp. 801–816), and which deserves the attentive perusal of every prospective tourist on this main thoroughfare over the

Alleghanies. "The national road proper," he says, "was built from Cumberland to Wheeling, by the United States government, the intention being to estabiish it as far as St. Louis. It was excellently macadamized, the rivers and creeks were spanned by stone bridges; the distances were indexed by iron mile-posts, and the toll-houses supplied with strong iron gates. Its projector and chief supporter was Henry Clay, whose services in its behalf are commemorated by a monument near Wheeling. From Cumberland to Baltimore, the road, or a large part of it, was built by certain banks of Maryland, which were rechartered in 1816 on condition that they should complete the work. So far from being a burden to them, it proved to be a most lucrative property for many years, yielding as much as 20 per cent., and it is only of late years that it has yielded no more than 2 or 3 per cent. The part built by the Federal government was transferred to Maryland some time ago, and the tolls became a political perquisite, but within the past year it has been acquired by the counties of Alleghany and Garrett, which have made it free. West of Cumberland, the road partly follows the route of General Braddock, who has left an interesting old mile-stone at Frostburg. The old iron gates have been despoiled, but the uniform toll-houses, the splendid bridges, and the iron distance-posts show how ample the equipment was. The coaches ceased running in 1853, when the railway was completed to Wheeling. Four years before that, a local paper had said: 'The passenger travel over the national road during 1849 was immense, and the agents' reports show that from the 1st to the 20th of March the number of persons carried was 2,586.' There were sometimes sixteen gayly painted coaches each way a day,—belonging to the rival lines, 'June Bug,' 'Good Intent' and 'Landlord's',—there were canvas-covered wagons drawn by six or twelve horses with bows of bells over their collars, and the cattle and sheep were never out of sight. Within a mile of the road the country was a wilderness, but on the highway the traffic was as dense and as continuous as in the main street of a large town. Some of the passes were as precipitous as any in the Sierra Nevada, and the mountains were as wild. West of Cumberland the road was bordered by an extraordinary growth of pines, the branches of which were so intermeshed that they admitted very little daylight, and from its prevailing darkness the grove was called the 'Shades of Death.'

"As we left Frederick, in our last summer's journey, placid meadows were on both sides of us, the Blue Ridge was like a cloud in the south, and ahead of us was the famous highway, dipping and rising by many alternations towards a hazy line of hills in the west, like a thread of white drawn through the verdant meadow. The chestnuts made arches over it, and divided its borders with tulip-poplars and the blossoming locusts, which filled the air with fragrance. A Roman highway buried under the farm lands of England could not be more in contrast with the activity of its past than this. The winding undulations revealed no travelers. Reaching the crest of the hill we saw the Middletown valley below us,—as fair a prospect and as fertile and beautiful a reach of country as the world contains. Beyond Hagerstown the road is level and uninteresting, save for the capacious taverns, mostly in disuse, the stables and smithies which time has left standing. One of the old forges near Fairview was notably picturesque. Late in the afternoon we reached Clear Spring, an old fashioned village at the foot of another range of mountains. Between that point and Hancock, the road approaches in beauty the grandest passes of the Sierras. At the beginning of the ascent, it is over-arched with oaks, chestnuts and sugar maples. As the grade increases the pines multiply, and near the summit the hardy evergreens are almost alone. The view expands, and through the tangled shrubs and loftier foliage, between which the road is, glimpses are revealed of pale green valleys and mountain walls, singularly even along their crests. At the summit of Sidling Hill there is an immense prospect of ridges beyond ridges, visible along their whole length, which look like the vast waves of a petrified ocean. Between Hancock and Cumberland the road is almost deserted, and there is no tavern in over 40 m."

The writer mentions that the copperheads, moccasins and other snakes with which the mountains abound were run over in great numbers by the wheels of his carriage, though I myself met with very few of them in my 26 m. on the pike, and my 125 m. on the tow-path. The exact length of this is 186 m.; and it has proved not at all a path towards prosperity for the unfortunate investors whose money helped to build it. John Quincy Adams, President of the United States,

broke ground for the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, amid imposing ceremonials, on the Fourth of July, 1828; but it is said never to have had even an approximately prosperous year (unless, perhaps, 1875, when A. P. Gorman was its president), and its fortunes have now reached a very low ebb. Representing an expenditure of $17,000,000, it could not be sold for a tenth part of its cost. Only about 300 boats now operate upon it, and though repairs will probably be kept up sufficiently to allow such water-traffic for some years to come, the ultimate sale of the path, to form the road-bed of a railway, seems to offer the only chance by which its owners may get back any share of their money. A few individual citizens of Cumberland and other American towns hold stock in it, but the chief parties-in-interest are the State of Maryland, and the unlucky British bondholders, in whose behalf Daniel H. Stewart, of England, now has a suit pending (June 15, '85) in the United States Circuit Court, at Baltimore, praying for the appointment of a receiver. The present president of the company is Col. L. V. Baughman; and among the other well-known men who have officially served it in past years are ex-Gov. P. F. Thomas, Judge J. H. Gordon, and Gen. J. C. Clarke, now at the head of the Illinois Central R. R.

These facts were supplied to me by a wheelman of Cumberland, who took a 1000-m. tour, in the summer of '83, beginning and ending on the path of this canal. I met him on the same path, May 30, '84, and suggested the preparation of a record of his journey (printed in the *Wheel*, Aug. 1). My informant, W. W. Darnell (b. March 16, 1854), rode a 50-in. Expert, and was accompanied, except on the final day, by A. E. Miller, of Shepherdstown, riding a 48-in. Standard Columbia. I am not aware that any other American bicyclers have yet pushed their wheels as far as this, in one another's company. "Fine weather and smooth tow-path favored our first day's ride of 61 m. to Hancock, July 12. A week later, we proceeded down the path to Williamsport, and then went to Hagerstown, an afternoon ride of 32 m. (93). On 20th, through Funkstown, and Martinsburg to Darksville, by good pike, 32 m. (125); on 21st, to a country house in Clarke county, 46 m. (171), good pike all the way; on 23d, through Winchester and Strasburg to Woodstock, 46 m. (217); on 24th, through New Market to Luray, 34 m. (251), finishing just in time to escape a severe storm; on 26th, retraced our course to Woodstock, 34 m. (285); on 27th, through Winchester and Berryville to Hamilton, 60 m. (345), crossing the mountains by Snicker's gap, where sand and loose stones made the course very rough, though good dirt road was found for final 10 m.; on 28th, continued along a fair dirt road to White's ferry on the Potomac, where we took the tow-path, and found tolerable riding to Washington, 46 m., whose asphalt we tried for 13 m. more (404). On August 1, which was the warmest day of all, we rode 36 m. to Baltimore, by the old post road through Bladensburg, which offered a terrible depth of sand; and we added only 5 m. to our record (445) during our four days' stay in the city. On the 6th, through Bel Air and Havre de Grace to Elkton, 54 m. (499), finding the worst roads, with much sand, near the finish; on 7th through Wilmington and Chester, to Philadelphia, 57 m. (556),—crossing the ship canal to League Island, 4 m. beyond Chester, and having a splendid road thence to the finish. After our five days' visit in Philadelphia, the record was as follows: 13th, by Lancaster pike to Greenland, 68 m. (624), all but the first 16 m. being very rough,—the dirt road by way of West Chester would have been better; 14th, through Lancaster and Marietta to Steelton, 35 m. (659), fair dirt roads; 15th, through Harrisburg and Clarke's Ferry to Mexico, 50 m. (709), by poor and hilly roads, with a delay of several hours for rain; 16th, through Mifflin and Lewiston to McVeightown, 27 m. (736), in spite of deep mud, and 12 m. of the roughest road I ever crawled over with a bicycle (tow-path through the 'Lewiston narrows'); 17th, to Coffee Run, 40 m. (776), by stony and sandy road to Huntington, and thence by tow-path, which was better; 18th, to Trough Creek Valley, 6 m., and 19th across some stony mountains, 9 m. beyond (791); 20th, through Everett to Bedford Springs, 28 m. (819), rough and sandy except for the last 8 m.; 22d, to Somerset, in the Alleghanies, 40 m. (859), a rough climb, much sand, with some good bits of riding; 23d, after a hard forenoon's rain, went to Meyersdale, 19 m. (878) by sandy and muddy roads; 24th, across Little Savage mountain, by rough roads, badly washed by the rain, to Cumberland, my starting point, 28 m. (906). The fine weather of the 25th, tempted me to wheel down the tow-path to Dam No. 6., and back, 102 m., and my report of the ride appeared in Hazlett's 'Summary' (*Outing*, Feb., 1884, p. 372)."

A ride of 350 m., much of it on the national pike, between Springfield, O., and Hagerstown, Md., was taken May 8–16, '84, by E. G. Barnett (54 in.), C. E. Maxwell (52 in.) and Stanley Myers (52 in.), of the Champion City B. C., of which the first-named is secretary. He prepared a brief summary for me, three months later; and a longer report (written by one of the others) was printed in *Cycling*, April, '85. I combine both these in the following story: "Starting from the club room on Market st. at 7 A. M., we reached Jeffersonville, 25 m., at 11, and, after dinner, pushed on to Columbus, 20 m., where ½ h. was spent at the club; thence to Reynoldsburg, 11 m., for the night,—riding time, 8 h., or an average speed of 7 m. per h. Surface of first half, very smooth; of last, cut up with ruts. Considerable mud, on account of three or four days' rain. Indeed, a slight rain fell when we started, but gave no trouble after 10 o'clock. Next day, the 9th, we were 9 h. in the saddle, and covered 64 m., ending at New Concord,—dinner having been taken at Brownsville, 28 m. from the start, and supper at Norwich, 3 m. from the finish. We halted ½ h. at Zanesville, that afternoon, and we found the roads grew better as we advanced e. The third day was even more enjoyable, though the riding was continuously up and down hill until we were within 10 m. of the Ohio river. We had a coast of 1 ½ m. at 6 P. M., and, after supper at St. Clairsville, rode 11 m. in 1 h. to Wheeling, W. Va.,—having made 60 m. in 9 h. of riding, since the start at 6.30 A. M. This last stretch was almost perfectly level, and the whole road of the day was very good, except a horrible 8 m. stretch between Cambridge and Washington, O. Having thus done 180 m. in the three days, we rested over Sunday at Wheeling, and on Monday rode only 5½ h., ending at Washington, Pa. (32 m.), early in the afternoon,—the roads being very good in spite of the numerous hills. On the 13th, starting at 7 A. M., we took dinner at Barnesville, 25 m.; passed through Uniontown, 12 m., at 3 P. M., and finally arrived at Summit (5 m., of which the last 3 had to be walked), in the midst of a thunder storm, just 12 h. from the start. This is the highest point in the national road, being 2,400 ft. above sea-level; and our climb up the Alleghanies was a rough one. The next morning, we started down a hill 1 m. long, full of stones, rocks and holes; and as we were told we might expect the same all the way to Cumberland, we struck off across the mountain to Falls City, the nearest station on B & O. r. r., and from there reached C. by train at 4 P. M., with a record for our wheels of only 12 m. On the 15th, between 5 A. M. and 4 P. M. (6½ h. of riding, with occasional spurts at a rate of 15 m. per h.) we rode down the C. & O. tow-path to Hancock, 60 m. The greater part of it seemed almost as smooth as a racing path. The mountains on the extreme r., and the cliffs towering above the canal on the l., supplied grand scenery for the entire day. That was about the only sustenance we found indeed; for there is not a hotel in that region. So, though very hungry, we had nothing to do but go on. Our final day's ride was from Hancock to Hagerstown, 26 m. on the national pike (6.30 to 11 A. M., 3½ h. of riding), the first 15 m. being very stony and sandy and leading over a mountain, and the rest very good. Indeed, the final 10 m. were the best of the entire trip; and on this same sand-papered section I took such a severe header, that, though able to ride to Hagerstown, we there abandoned the idea of wheeling to Washington and went by train instead. Our total riding time in the 8 days was 52 h., and total distance was 352 m."

My own experience shows that the above riders made a mistake in not continuing along the tow-path below Hancock; though the magnificence of some of the mountain views may have helped repay them for the rough climbing demanded on the pike. Their wisdom in taking the train to Cumberland, on the other hand, seems confirmed by this report, printed in the *Philadelphia Cycling Record*, by W. T. Fleming, of that city, concerning a recent tour taken by him in company with a Mr. Matheys: "Leaving P. July 1, '85, we reached Smithville, O., on the 10th (400 m.), but we had to walk 50 out of the 63 m. between Cumberland and Uniontown."

"Picturesque B. and O., Historical and Descriptive," by J. G. Pangborn (Chicago: Knight & Leonard, 1882, pp. 152), is perhaps the most artistic and expensive book ever issued to advertise a railway. Its pictures make it of interest to any prospective traveler along the Potomac. "The single fact that so eminent a painter as Thomas Moran has furnished upwards of 70 entirely new drawings for it, made directly from nature, is enough of itself to establish its surpassingly high artistic character." It contains an index but no advertisements.

XIX.

WINTER WHEELING.[1]

Only in spring the treacherous fruit is green;
Only in winter on our heads the icicle
Drops, when quick thaws have warmed the air too keen;
False is the autumn waters' treacherous sheen;
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Bicycle!

PINNING my faith to the truth of this apostrophe, which was uttered two or three years ago by the polychromatic *Puck*, I bravely began my first experiment at winter touring on the 21st of November, 1882. It proved an entirely successful experiment, for, in the course of four days, I had pushed myself pleasantly across 150 m. of the frozen soil of New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts; and, so far as the roads and the weather were concerned, I might easily have doubled the distance in three days more, by keeping right on to Boston, and so along the coast of New Hampshire, until I had penetrated the borders of Maine. Could similar conditions again be assured to me, I would agree to wheel myself from the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, in New York, to the Kittery Navy-Yard, in Maine, within the space of six calendar days; though the accomplishment of such a feat in warmer weather would be quite beyond my disposition, if not beyond my ability. In other words, there are certain distinctive advantages connected with winter wheeling along a frost-bound and even a snow-covered track.

About a fortnight before the start, I had devoted a day to exploring the region of Westchester, Throg's Neck, Fort Schuyler, and Pelham bridge, which latter point is about ½ m. below the Bartow railroad station, where my first tour from New Haven to New York had ended in the rain and darkness, on the 11th of November, 1879. All the roads of this region proved ridable, and some of them supplied stretches of very smooth and pleasant riding. After following the Southern Boulevard just 3 m. from Harlem Bridge, a turn is made to the r. into Westchester av., which is followed a similar distance to the bridge in the village of that name; thence the road leads up a good-sized hill, towards the s. e., and within less than 1 m., at the village called Schuylerville, crosses the Eastern Boulevard. This is not macadamized, but its side-paths are continuously ridable, and are to be followed first to the e., thence to the n., and then somewhat circuitously towards the n. e., until Pelham bridge is reached, 3½ m. from Westchester. There are quite a number of steep grades and rough and soft stretches in the track thus described, and I made many dismounts in my first exploration of it; but when I started

[1] From *The Wheelman*, May, 1883, pp. 114–119.

on my tour I covered the entire 9 m. in 1¾ h., reaching Pelham bridge at 9 o'clock. Fifteen minutes before this, when I was 1½ m. from the bridge, I was brought to my first stop, by making wrong choice of a path around a ditch, when a right choice would easily have led me around it; so that, practically, I did the whole distance without dismount. I certainly could n't have done it thus without the previous exploration, which enabled me to properly pick my path; and I doubt if I could have done it thus without the aid of the frost. This latter, indeed, made some parts of the road so rough that I was surprised at the swiftness with which I had succeeded in getting over it; but, on the other hand, it stiffened up many soft and sandy spots which in summer-time would almost inevitably have commanded a halt. Considering all the circumstances of the case, I regard this first hour's stay in the saddle as among the most creditable ones on my record; and during no other hour of this particular tour did I encounter as many good pieces of road, or ride as many miles, or fail to make several dismounts.

Beside the bridge at Pelham stands a good-looking road-house and restaurant, where the traveler may refresh himself, though I did not patronize it upon that particular morning; and beyond this is a stretch of 2½ m. of very rough and stony road,—probably the roughest of my entire tour. Its disgraceful condition is the result of a dispute among the local tax-payers. I have since been told, though, that there is a chance that macadam may be applied within a year or two. [Applied in April, 1884; see p. 73.] The road for a distance of 3 m. beyond this bad spot had been treated to a fresh coat of macadam, which extended 1 m. beyond the town-hall of New Rochelle, where I stopped at 10 o'clock. Some parts of this 3 m. had been hammered into smoothness, and all of it was ridable; and even in accomplishing the two previous miles I took no long walks, though the stones and frozen ruts continually threatened a dismount, and it was plain that a very little moisture would suffice to create a depth of mud prohibitory for bicycling. At a point just beyond the macadam of New Rochelle, I began a mount, which, to my great surprise, lasted nearly ½ h., for the 3 m. covered included a good deal of rocky roadway and several rough inclines, which I did not expect to climb. My stop was caused on the smooth dirt sidewalk, just below the village of Mamaroneck, by the uneasiness of a milkman's horse, who whisked one or two empty cans out upon the ground, in suddenly whirling about, but was quickly caught and quieted. I was riding very slowly when the beast pricked up his ears, and I gave a warning cry to his owner, who stood behind the wagon, but who failed to comprehend me in season to seize him by the head, as he should have done. At the church corner in Rye Neck, 3½ m. beyond, I was stopped again, by making a wrong choice of path, on a smooth road, the time being 11 o'clock. So far as natural obstacles were concerned, however, I might well have gone without dismount from New Rochelle to the hill at Rye, where the flagpole stands,—about 7½ m. Port Chester, 2 m. further, was reached in just 4 h. from the start at Harlem Bridge, 23 m. away.

After a brief halt for lunch at a restaurant, I mounted almost on the stroke of noon, and rode 1 m. in 10 min., to the bridge spanning the little stream separating New York from Connecticut. I walked up the long and crooked hill, down which my wheel ran away with me three years before, and at the top I encountered the first snow and ice of the journey. This did not give much trouble, however, nor did other little patches of the same which were met with at points further on; and though the frosty air of the early morning had now moderated enough to cause considerable surface-mud, which spattered my jacket, the track did not grow slippery nor heavy, and the relaxation of the frost hardly went beyond the point of smoothing off the sharp edges of the ruts and ridges. From the upper slope of the hill s. of Greenwich to the lower slope of the hill s. of Mianus (at 1 o'clock, 5 m. from Port Chester), I rode without a dismount. Stamford, 3 m. on, was reached in ¾ h.; and the bridge over the brook beyond Darien, 5 m., in another h. Here followed the sandiest places of the day, including several stretches which the frost had not stiffened sufficiently to be ridable, and it was 3.30 o'clock when I reached the bridge at Norwalk,—a little less than 4 m. Soon after crossing this I take the wrong road, to the l., and go more than 2 m. before discovering my mistake, when, instead of retracing my track, I resort to cross-roads, and so reach Westport, with a record of 5 m. from Norwalk, though the distance by the direct road is only 3 m. Dusk was settling down as I finished a good long drink at the town-pump, at about 4.45 o'clock, and I had no later chance to look at the cyclometer until 7.10, when I reached the Sterling House, in Bridgeport, 11 m. on. I rode nearly all this distance, spite of the darkness, making many dismounts, but having no falls. At Fairfield, however, where I should have stopped for the night if I had seen any hotel, I managed to go astray, and so added a détour of ½ m. or more to my record before I got back on to the main track again. The 4 m. between this village and Bridgeport I remembered as being smooth and level on the occasion of my previous tour; and I should not otherwise have persisted in that final piece of night-riding.

My ride did not stop at the first hotel, however, for, as I found it too crowded to supply me with a suitable room, I proceeded ¼ m. further on, to the Atlantic House, near the r. r. station, and was there satisfactorily taken care of for the night. It was then 7.30 o'clock, when I reached the finish,—a little less than 12 h. from the time of starting, and the distance covered was 55½ m. (My McDonnell cyclometer, whose "shortage" I had found on previous rides to vary from $\frac{1}{16}$ to ¼ the true distance, fairly outdid itself on this occasion by registering only 30 m.!) On only half-a-dozen occasions have I ridden further in a single day, and I don't know that I ever rode further in 12 h. Considering the rough and hilly character of much of the road, I look upon this day's ride as one of the most creditable I ever accomplished. There was a good breeze at my back during the day and "a ring round the moon" at night, though the light of that orb was not brilliant. In 1879 I

was engaged from 2 to 6 P. M., of November 10, and from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M., of the 11th, in covering the 43 m. from Bridgeport to the r. r. station, near Pelham bridge. The *Bi. World*, of April 17, 1880, printed my report of this trip; and the same journal, of Nov. 12, 1880, gave an account of James Revell's ride, from New York to Boston, showing that "on November 3d he rode from 59th st. to Westport, 51½ m., over very sandy roads, starting at 7 A. M.," and probably finishing about nightfall. He reported reaching Stamford at 2 o'clock, which was the time I passed through there; and though he started ½ h. earlier than I did, his starting-point was 4 m. below the Harlem boulevard, where I started.

On the following forenoon I rode from Bridgeport to New Haven, 19 m., being still favored with a slight breeze at my back, as well as with bright sunshine and crisp, cold air. Leaving the Atlantic House at 7.38 A. M., a ride of ½ h. brought me to the flagpole in Stratford, 4½ m., but it was almost 1 h. later when I reached the green in Milford, only 3½ m. beyond, though I think I did but little walking. Near Stratford bridge, however, where the high tide had flooded the road, I was forced to walk two or three rods, in five or six inches of water, carrying my wheel high above my head. For 2 m. beyond Milford, or to the little brook, where stands the plank saying "7 m. to New Haven," the riding continued fairly good. Then followed a straight stretch of 5 m., through a sandy, deserted, and altogether uninteresting country,—perhaps the meanest section of the entire tour. I was 1 h. in getting over it; and I presume that in the summer-time nearly the whole distance would have to be done on foot. Summit av., on the hill which overlooks New Haven from the s., was reached in 3 h. from the start, the distance being 15½ m. There I tarried long, admiring the dear, delightful scenes of the glad days gone by, and, at last, crossed the Congress av. bridge, and speeded straight down the macadam to Church st., and so on to the green and city hall. Soon after this, having finished the 19th m., I stabled my steed at the house of the friend with whom, by previous appointment, I spent the afternoon and night. I may say here that the "shore road" from West Haven to Milford, which I made trial of in 1879, was so sandy and hilly for 5 m. as to be no more ridable than the direct road, but was superior to the latter in that it allowed the traveler to view, pretty continuously, the waters of the Sound. (See pp. 134, 138, for later reports from these roads.)

The next day, November 23, I rode 43¼ m. to Hartford, between 8.35 A. M. and 5.25 P. M. My course was along Congress av., Church st., and the sidewalk of Whitney av. to the hill at Lake Whitney, 3 m. in 24 min.; thence, without stop for almost 4 m., to the 6-m. plank beyond Centerville, at 9.35 o'clock. An ideally smooth track of red clay extended thence on a level to the 8-m. plank, followed by 40 rods or so of black sidewalk to the foot of Mount Carmel, and then another stretch of clay, along which I rode until I passed the 10-m. plank, and reached the top of the hill, where a sandy rut caused the third dismount of the day at 10.20. During twenty minutes' halt

at this point I strapped my jacket on to the handle-bar, and did not assume it again until I finished the ride, after dark, though riders in other sorts of vehicles acted as if they were cold, in spite of their heavy overcoats and lap-robes; and the snow was in sight all day long. I did not dismount again for 3 m., or until I had ascended the long hill and reached the store at Cheshire Academy, at 11.10 o'clock. This was 14½ m. from the start, and I think that, by good luck, I might have made it all without a stop. Had I been going in the opposite direction it would have been easier still to do this, for I think none of the inclines toward the s. were nearly as difficult as those which I managed to surmount. Nothing but praise can be given to this valley road between New Haven and Cheshire,—with an attractive mountain ridge at a respectable distance on either side of it,—and a ride along it in the leafy month of June must be very charming. (See later reports, p. 135.)

Just beyond the Academy I turned l.,—instead of taking the direct r.-hand road, along which I had the misfortune to travel the previous July,—and then, ½ m. beyond, turned r. and rode due n. for about 1 m., during which I passed the junction of the road where I mistakenly turned off in the summer. Beyond here I toiled along a straight, sandy road for nearly 3 m., much of it afoot, till I reached the 18-m. plank, and the factory beyond it. Mounting then, I rode pretty continuously for ½ h., through Plantsville to Southington, where, at 1 o'clock, I stopped 40 min. for lunch,—the distance being nearly 3 m. (In my July journey I had not been able to ride more than a quarter part of the 5-m. sandy stretch between Plantsville and Cheshire.) From Southington I rode to Plainville and to the cross-roads on its outer edge, 6½ m. in 55 m.; whence a straight push of 35 min. over the hills brought me to New Britain, 4½ m. Here I stopped nearly ½ h., and in another ½ h. I found myself 4 m. further on, at a plank which said, "6 m. to Hartford." Still another ½ h. was needed to get me through 2 m. of Newington mud, and then, at 4.45 o'clock, at Elmwood, I struck the main road, with which two previous rides had made me familiar, but which I had unwittingly strayed from after leaving New Britain. Dusk was now settling down, but in the course of the next 40 min. I covered 5 m., going through New Britain av., Washington st., and Capitol av., to the office of the Weed Sewing Machine Company, where my day's ride of 43 m. ended. The most creditable part of it was the 4 m. of hills between Plainville and New Britain, every rod of which I rode, spite of snow and ice, and mud and ruts,—my single dismount being the result of a wrong choice after I had slowly scaled the most difficult grade of all. The snow-covered northwesterly slopes of the lofty peaks near Meriden, which I believe are called the Hanging Hills, came fairly into view soon after I left Cheshire, and gave me my first genuine conviction that I was really indulging in a winter's tour, even though November did still rule the calendar, and even though the white flannel shirt of midsummer still served of itself to retain enough caloric for the warming of my manly breast.

The fourth and final day of my tour saw 31 m. accomplished during the

6 h. ending at 5 P. M. The sun shone brightly, and again I rode in my shirt-sleeves, with a stiff s. wind at my back. The air grew colder as the afternoon advanced, and there were two or three brief snow-squalls. Starting from Farmington av. I rode ¾ h. without stop, over some very stiff clay, and accomplished 6 m. Just beyond here was the store in Windsor, whence I rode without stop to Hayden's, 3 m. in 25 min. With a little better luck I might have avoided any dismount between Hartford and Hayden's, though I could hardly expect to do as well as that in the summer-time. The next 3-m. stretch—the worst of the day—brought me to Windsor Locks, where I stopped ¾ h. for lunch, and then gave an equal amount of time to wheeling myself up to the end of the canal tow-path, 4½ m. An equal distance beyond there stands Porter's distillery, in the fork of the road, whereof the main one on the l. leads through Agawam. Mounting here I took the sandy river-road on the r., and managed, in spite of several serious balks, to stay in the saddle for ¾ h., when I stopped at the post-office in Springfield, 4½ m. on. Four m. more of perfectly smooth riding brought my day's journey to a close; and the 6 m. of smooth and level track leading to Holyoke was then ahead of me. It appears, therefore, that, inasmuch as I survived the sandy river-road, I might readily have ridden without stop from Porter's distillery to the Holyoke House, a distance of almost 15 m.,—though I am sure I could never do this when the sand was not stiffened by frost. Descriptions of the roads between Springfield and Hartford and Meriden, as I found them in summer-time, may be seen in the *Bi. World* of May 29 and Nov. 19, 1880, Aug. 25 and Oct. 7, 1881. (Compare, also, the reports presented on pp. 122, 128, 149, 179.)

A cutting n. w. wind prevailed the next afternoon, when I made a circuit of 20 m. in the space of 3 h.; and the day itself (Nov. 25) was notable as being the last of a series of eight successive sunshiny ones wherewith this usually cloudy month made partial compensation for the unusually bad weather of October. On the following afternoon, however, the effect of "the ring around the moon," whose appearance on the first night of my tour had made me fear my sport would be shortened by a storm, became apparent in the shape of a fall of snow, some five or six inches deep. Having allowed a day for this to get trodden down, I started out on the morning of the 28th, which was very cold, and soon satisfied myself that bicycling on the snow was a perfectly practicable pastime. I spent some 6 h. in the saddle that day, and accomplished more than 34 m., without any sort of mishap. The next morning, however, I had a still more novel experience, for, to quote from a previous chapter (p. 30), "I was warned at 6 o'clock that a new snow-storm had just begun, and that if I intended to work off the last 23 m. needed to complete the record of 6,000, I had best make a prompt beginning. I finished my task in Springfield at 10.30 o'clock, and then sought breakfast with an appetite well sharpened by a four-hours' struggle through the blinding snow. The air was cold enough to freeze my mustache into a solid lump, and hence gave the snow no chance to grow damp and slippery. Thanks to the tight

clutch kept by me on the handles, my wheel, though it had one or two dangerous slips, never fell." My first 10 m. were accomplished within 1½ h., when I made my second dismount and first regular stop at a point 6 m. below the start; and my last 7 m. were made in 1 h. 10 m., by taking a half-dozen continuous circuits around a certain number of city blocks.

I mounted not again into the saddle for the space of a month, or till Christmas, when I had the first of six successive and successful daily rides in the same region, amounting in all to 175 m., divided as follows: 8, 18½, 35½, 36, 31 and 46. I also rode 25 m. on the 2d of January, and 14 m. on the 3d. Spite of ice, snow, slush, mud, water, and frozen ruts, neither I nor my wheel had any falls, nor yet was I forced to make an unusually large number of sudden dismounts. In these eight days I explored fully 60 m. of roadway, and, if my riding an old track in a new direction be classed as "new," my repetitions comprised less than half of the 214 m. traversed. In my summer trials of these same paths I had never been able to cover anything like as long distances without dismounts, nor to ride at as swift an average pace, though the watchfulness required was perceptibly greater than in summer riding. One course was through West Springfield to the old bridge; thence w. to the bridge over the Agawam; thence n. and e. to the North bridge over the Connecticut; thence s. through Springfield to the South bridge over the same river,—10 m. of level track, having some very smooth sections and some quite rough ones, but the whole of it readily ridable without dismount. Starting from the South bridge, at a little before noon on the 28th December, I rode without stop for 1½ h. up the long State-st. hill and across the wide sand-plain to Indian Orchard, a distance of 8 m. I jogged on 1½ m. further, to a point beyond Jenksville, before turning about. Then, mounting at the top of the hill in Indian Orchard, I rode 3 m. in ½ h. down a long hill and up several short ones covered deep with snow, until finally stopped by a specially rough stretch of ice. As I had been forced to walk nearly all of this 3 m. in summer, my sticking so long in the saddle was a great surprise to me. I was similarly surprised the next afternoon when I rode in 1 h. over the 7-m. track separating the post-offices of Westfield and West Springfield, and made only two dismounts. The second, and only necessary one of these, was at the big hill in Tatham (4½ m.), though in my summer trials of those 4 m. I was forced to do much walking and dismounting. On that same evening I put in an hour's wheeling in the darkness, and I repeated the experiment the next night,—my inspiration on this latter occasion being the desire to bring up my year's record to 2,002 m. The second day of the New Year I celebrated by a pilgrimage to the summit of Mount Tom (which is, of all peaks and crags of this planet, the particular one which I have the strongest personal affection for), though I took my wheel no further than the half-way house, which stands at the highest point of the mountain roadway. This, too, with all its snow and ice, was much more ridable than in summer. My summer reports of these roads in the

region around Springfield may be found in the *Bi. World*, May 15, May 29, June 12, 1880 (pp. 219, 234, 256); Aug. 26, Oct. 7, 1881 (pp. 189, 260).

During the twelve days which ended with January 4, 1883, the weather was continuously favorable for bicycling; and my belief is that, during that period, a tourist might have wheeled himself more comfortably over more miles, on almost any section of the main track "between the Kittery Navy-Yard, in Maine, and the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, in New York," than he could do in an equal number of hours at a time of year when the ground was not frozen. The sun shone every day, and the air was clear and cold, but with a varying degree of intensity. On most of the days there was warmth enough to cause two or three hours of thawing, so that I usually encountered stretches of surface-mud, slush, and water in my afternoon rides; while in the early forenoon, until traffic had worn off the rough edges of the mud, slush, and water, which had been frozen during the night, the wheeling was dryer, but more difficult. If the temperature of those twelve days had uniformly remained just low enough to prevent thawing, the roads of the whole State of Massachusetts would have been in almost ideal trim for the touring bicycler. Of course, a dozen pleasant days in succession are less likely to be found in the winter than in the spring or autumn, and they are very unlikely to favor a region which is at the same time both frost-bound and free from a great depth of snow. Still, touring at any possible season is liable to be stopped by bad weather. We must all take our chances when we plan any sport for out-of-doors. And the peculiar delights which attach to spinning silently across wide sweeps of territory, when Mother Earth is arrayed in her robes of white, are assuredly great enough to make the chances of a winter bicycle tour well worth the taking.

A heavy snow-storm raged for 12 h., or more, on the 5th of January; but on the 9th I again mounted "Number 234," and pushed through from West Springfield to Hartford in 5½ h.,—the distance being 32 m., more than half of which belonged to a track never previously explored by me. Leaving my beloved wheel at the manufactory, for its winter overhauling, I ran to the r. r. station just in time to jump on the express-train for New York; and I felt properly proud of my success in making such a "close connection." A bitter blast blew sharply against my back on that final day of my winter wheeling, and the snow was deeper than that which I had encountered on previous days. Had I been proceeding northward in the teeth of such a wind I should have required nearer 10 h. than 5 h. for covering the same distance. The exercise kept me comfortably warm, spite of the frozen-up appearance presented by other travelers; and the rubber-overshoes, which enveloped my boots, served the additional purpose of tightening my grip on the pedals. As another great snow-storm raged on the following day, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had made the best possible choice of time for taking the trip. I came all the way down on the e. side of the river, starting at 8.40 A. M., and doing the first 10 m. to Enfield in 2¼ h. Below here I had always

before taken the tow-path, on the w. side, and, usually indeed, have kept to the w. side for the whole journey. The next 9 m., ending at East Windsor Hill post-office, comprised the poorest riding of all, and required the climbing of one long hill and the ploughing through of much deep snow. Thence the riding was almost continuous, and was increasingly good until Hartford was reached; and I presume the track might prove a ridable one even in summer. (I have since found it so, and have learned of its being traversed without dismount by a very skilful rider,—a rumor of whose exploit was alluded to by me on p. 123.)

Such was my first experience of winter wheeling; and the record shows that, in the sixteen days described, I covered nearly 400 m. of frozen ground, including 225 m. of separate roadway, without mishap. The case is, perhaps, unusual enough to deserve thus detailing minutely, and the minute details that I have given must certainly satisfy the most sceptical that the man on the bicycle resembles Death on the pale horse in at least this respect: he has all seasons for his own.

"Bradley's Driving and Wheeling Chart of Springfield and Vicinity" (20 by 18 in., 1 m. to 1 in., Aug. '85, mailed for 25 c. by the Milton Bradley Co.) exhibits all the roads within a 10 m. radius of Court Square, classified by lines of three thicknesses. "The heaviest indicate main roads which connect points of importance and are suitable for any kind of travel; the thinner lines, roads which are rather rough or hilly, though regularly kept open by town or county authority; the finest lines, wood roads or tracks which are passable and usually fairly comfortable for single carriages, though liable at times to be closed by private owners. Roads good for the bicycle are indicated by lines of dashes, parallel to the regular road-lines; and the less excellent roads, which will oblige wheelmen to take frequent walks, by lines of dashes and dots. The first nine letters of the alphabet are used to show the prominent avenues of departure, at the points where they leave the more densely-settled part of the city; while the numerals from 1 to 58 are used to show the most important junctions of roads throughout the country. Thus many pleasant drives can be briefly designated in the list of two dozen routes which are printed on the third page of cover,—*e. g.* 'E. Longmeadow, Shakers, Longmeadow, 18 m. A-23-38-39-27-J.' The mention of approximate mileage of each drive allows a selection to be made corresponding with the time at command; and the indicated trips may be combined or shortened at pleasure by the use of cross-roads." The map is on the best linen paper, enclosed in a durable card-board cover, from whose letterpress my quotations have been made; and I heartily recommend it as a pocket companion for every wheelman whom a perusal of my tenth chapter tempts to explore "the environs of Springfield." Mr. Bradley writes to me thus: "This unique manner of putting the map into its cover (it seems so original that I contemplate a patent on it) was adopted to suit the wheelmen. You will observe that the peculiar mounting, along the middle, allows the map to be opened like the leaves of a book, and managed with one hand. In the central fold, you have a radius of say 3 m. from Court Square, with e. and w. prolongations on the side folds. In a trip n. or s., when you reach the top or bottom point, just turn the cover upside down, and you can go right on to the limits of the n. or s. fold. (Before starting, of course, the back fold is to be adjusted to the n. or s. trip.) This is a great advantage over an ordinary map, which can only be examined when opened broadside, and the folding of which back into its covers is very difficult, in case of a wind. I began the chart merely for use in my own drives; but, becoming interested in the idea of opening up the pleasant places of the region to others, I decided to publish it. Members of the Springfield Bicycle Club then took kindly to the scheme, and the indicated routes for wheelmen are the result of their explorations. Errors of omission in this respect will be remedied if a new edition is called for next year."

XX.

IN THE DOWN-EAST FOGS.[1]

"To curve on the outer edge" is said to be usually among the first of the noble ambitions which fire the soul of the tyro at the wheel. I cannot remember that my own spirit was ever thrilled by any such vain longing, and I certainly have no desire in these later days to undertake any difficult or showy feats while in the saddle; but when the challenge came to me, that I attempt the outer curve on the very easternmost edge of these United States, — that I try driving my bicycle along the brink of the historic "jumping-off place" of our national domain, without letting the same topple over into the dreadful depths beyond,—my pride was so strongly appealed to that I felt powerless to say, No. I had previously pushed the wheel, in solitary state, over about 3,000 m. of American roadway, and had ridden twice that distance altogether. On a few rare occasions, other riders had been with me for brief periods; but I had become entirely convinced that bicycle touring was, for a man of my quiet tastes, pleasantest and most practicable when practiced alone. The distinctive charm of the thing is its freedom,—the chance it gives a man, who has "hitched the wings to his feet," to do exactly as he pleases; to fly swiftly or to fly slowly, to cover many miles continuously or to make many stops by the wayside, just as his own untrammeled fancy may dictate,—and this freedom is of course impaired by the presence of even a single companion, since *his* whims and freaks and desires cannot be presumed to be identical with one's own for as much as the space of a day. I do not pretend to deny that, if one of my intimate friends were proved by long experience to be possessed of about the same riding capacity as myself—to enjoy wheeling the same number of miles a day which I do, and at about the same average rate of speed—I might have more pleasure in making a week's tour with him than I could have in making it alone. The gain of his companionship might more than offset the loss of individual freedom; but at best there would be some such loss, and, however agreeable the tour might be as a social experience, it would necessarily fall short of the highest ideal of bicycling. To ride faster than your wont, in order to keep up with the other man; to ride slower than you wish, in order that he may keep up with you; to start and to stop, to eat and to sleep, at the times and places which suit his impulse or convenience rather than your own—these are the things which spoil the supreme sense of liberty such as suffuses the soul of the solitary

[1] The last part of this is from *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, July, 1885.

wheelman when he cuts loose from care and conventional obligations and glides joyously away towards fresh fields and pastures new.

In consenting, therefore, to be one of a large party that was organizing for a week's exploration of the roads of "Way Down East," I entertained no illusions as to the prospect ahead of me. I anticipated that the riding itself would be slower and more tiresome and less interesting than if engaged in alone. But the novelty of taking a tour with so many other men was a thing which seemed sufficiently pleasant to be worth making some sacrifice for; and the chance of realizing in practice my theoretical conviction that the best bicycling must be indulged in solitarily, made an irresistible appeal to me. Thus, I went into the enterprise with much the same spirit as that which possessed a young Yale graduate of my acquaintance when he went into the Senior Class of Harvard, and studied a year for its degree, "just to see for himself what the blamed thing amounted to, anyhow." He expected always to dislike Harvard, with the enthusiasm proper to a loyal son of Yale, but he wanted to have it in his power to intelligently defy all Harvard men who might venture to say that his prejudice was an ignorant one! I, too, in similar fashion, was glad to do some touring with a crowd, in order that no one might any longer be able to pretend that my preference for solitary touring resulted from lack of personal experience; but I think I enjoyed the excursion quite as well as any of my fellow-tourists, and a good deal better than some of them. My extensive acquaintance with the general perils and mishaps which overhang every prolonged scheme of out-door pleasuring, and my firm conviction of the special discomforts which must result from attaching a crowd to any such scheme, caused me to discount at the start all possible troubles. I was well prepared from the very outset to take a philosophic and humorous view of the case, whatever might befall. The delays and disappointments and mischances which embittered and exasperated the others (as much, apparently, as if the fogs and rains and blistering sunshine were absolutely novel freaks of nature, unaccountably devised for their especial punishment) "an old campaigner" like myself could afford to accept with a smiling face and an equal mind. I feel sorry for the man who has no capacity for being amused at contemplating the supremely effective way in which a given bit of bad weather has suppressed his own most elaborate and cherished schemes for out-door amusement! That alternative chance for enjoyment is by me always held in reserve, as an essential part of the game! There was something very ludicrous, therefore, about the doleful faces of my fellow-sufferers, as they peered into mine through the fog, day after day, and petulantly "wondered if there would ever be an end to it." And, when the end of it came, there was something still more ludicrous about the dismal vigor with which they mopped the sweat from their brows, and cried aloud for the return of the fog, that it might mercifully ward off the blazing rays of the sun! At the last, however, "all ended happily"; and I think that all, or nearly all, the tourists returned to their homes in the happy belief that they had "had a

good time anyhow," spite of the fogs and spite of their failure to indulge in many miles of bicycling.

The tour was planned and carried through by one of the younger proprietors of the *Portland Transcript*, whose patriotic desire to remove the prevalent impression that "there are no good roads in Maine" led him to prepare an article for the *Wheelman* (February, 1883), "sketching a route in the extreme eastern part of the Pine Tree State, embracing excellent roads, grand scenery, good hotels, and a climate that, during the summer months, cannot be surpassed for its delightful coolness. What more can be desired?" asked he. "Will not those wheelmen who would like to organize a summer party to open up this region, as yet unexplored by bicycles, correspond with me and agree upon a date and other details? Come East! good friends; come East!" The responses to this appeal were soon numerous enough to show that a party could be formed; and a six days' route was therefore planned for it, beginning at Eastport on Tuesday morning, June 19, and ending at Machiasport on Sunday evening. Between those objective points and Portland the party were to be carried by steamer, so that the entire excursion was to occupy exactly a week, beginning and ending on a Monday evening. A formal circular was issued on the 20th of April, announcing these facts, giving full details of each day's riding, and naming $20 and $25 as the possible limits of expense; and, at the conclusion of negotiations with the steamship agents and local hotel-keepers, a second circular definitely informed each participant that he would be expected, on starting from Portland, to pay $22 to the treasurer of the expedition, which sum would cover all expenses until the return to that city, a week later. A final assessment of $3 each, however, had to be made to satisfy the extra costs of the rains and fogs, for these compelled the whole party to be dragged a dozen miles by horse-power on the first day, to ride twice that distance in a steam-tug on the second day and again on the third, and to solace themselves by music and dancing during the intermediate night.

There were thirty-six men in the cavalcade which astonished the natives of Eastport, that cloudy Tuesday morning, and silently sped along the main street and up the hill and so out into the country, beyond the gaze of the admiring multitude which had crowded the sidewalks and filled the windows and doorways. Three only were from Portland: the organizer and commander of the expedition, the treasurer, and the inventor of many ingenious devices dear to bicyclers—who now appeared in the role of an amateur photographer. Maine, however, had one other representative, in the person of a student from the State Agricultural College, the son of an ex-Governor, and the youngest member of the party, yet at the same time one of the tallest, and one of our most persistent and reckless riders. New Hampshire sent a pair of "American Star" men who drove their peculiar machines (the "Star" has its little wheel in front) into Portland, a distance of 45 m. from home, over a rather inferior roadway, in less than 7 h. of the forenoon of the start.

Nova Scotia also had two representatives, who joined the party at Eastport; while Wisconsin, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania each had one,—the latter being a Philadelphia lawyer and the heaviest rider of all. I myself was the only New Yorker. The remaining twenty-four were Massachusetts men, residing within a radius of 40 m. from Boston, and a half-dozen of them residing in that city. Among these men from the Hub was the literary editor of the *Wheelman*, a graduate the previous summer from an Illinois college, whose report in that magazine (Jan. and Feb., 1884, pp. 243–254, 338–347) may be considered the "official history" of the expedition; and also the special artist—an Englishman of twice his age—whose spirited sketches help enliven the aforesaid history. The artist rode in a carriage, which he usually kept in the wake of the rear-guard; for, though a good comrade when the procession was not in motion, he was not a bicycler except in sympathy. The character of representative Bostonian, however, should probably be attributed to the President of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, a middle-aged lawyer, who took to the wheel quite disconsolately in 1880, as a rather doubtful protector against slowly-declining health, "when physicians were in vain"; and who distinguished himself on the 28th of September, 1882, by riding 118 m., between 4.52 A. M. and 10.30 P. M.,—a period whereof 12 h. 41 min. were spent in the saddle and the other 5 h. in resting,—the final 20 m. being ridden in the dark and 10 of them in a rain-storm. The "champion" roadster of our party, however, was a sturdily-built Worcester man, only a little past his majority, who in November, 1882, took a ride of 179 m., beginning and ending at South Framingham at 5 P. M.; and who also took another ride straight across the country from Worcester to Boston without leaving his saddle, though the distance considerably exceeded 40 m., and the first half of the course was by no means a level or smooth one. (See p. 111.) In October, 1883, a road-race of 100 m., in the region around Boston, was won by him in 9¾ h.; and a track-race of 100 m., in a park at Washington, in less than 7¼ h. We also boasted of a Methodist clergyman who had recently ridden 50 m. in 5½ h., in making a round trip between his home and Boston, and who on a previous occasion had done 80 m. in a day. Our party, furthermore, comprised two or three editors or newspaper-men, a physician, a mechanical engineer, a manufacturing jeweler, a hotel-keeper, a shoemaker, a traveling agent for gravestones, a bank-teller, a private secretary, a book-keeper and tradesmen, salesmen and clerks of various sorts. As regards age, all save three had passed their majority, and those were in their twentieth year; fifteen had entered their third decade, and the average of the entire party exceeded 29 years. Our oldest member, who was in his 42d year, was also our lightest one, weighing but 115 lbs., while our heaviest man tipped the scales at 182 lbs. A dozen of the party were married, and there were eight who used eye-glasses, though only half that number wore their spectacles continuously while riding. The "average diameter" of the wheels was 53 in.,—the largest actual diameter being 58 and the smallest being 46.

Just half the party rode sizes between 50 and 52; there was only a single 48, and only a pair of 58's. The "big Injuns" who drove the latter respectively represented Milwaukee, Wis., and Windsor, N. S. My own venerable bicycle was the littlest of all; but I must be allowed here to boast in its behalf that it had seen far more service than any of the awe-inspiring giants which towered magnificent inches above it, and had probably traversed more distinct miles of American roadway than could be described by combining the road-records of the whole thirty-four of them!

The matter of introductions and acquaintance-making was facilitated by distributing a printed list of the names and residences of the "participants," who were otherwise described as the "Portland Bicycle Club and Invited Guests"; and the same card also contained an outline-map of the section of country to be traversed and a brief description of each day's route. Most of the "guests" had gone to Portland by train or boat, in advance of June 18, in accordance with the wish of the local riders, who devoted that day to showing them the honors of their city. I have already said that the two New Hampshire men rode thither on their wheels; and several of those from Massachusetts also engaged in some touring on the way, though they finished by train, as the roads for 50 or 60 m. southwestwardly from Portland are too soft and rough for pleasant riding. I myself, in leaving New York, wheeled up the e. bank of the river as far as Hudson (taking train over the bad intermediate stretch from Tarrytown to Fishkill; see p. 195), and, several days later, on the 16th and 17th, from Springfield to Boston (see p. 110). I rode upwards of 58 m. on the latter day, and though the first-half of the course was rather difficult, I felt in excellent trim next morning when I embarked at 8 o'clock on the International Line steamer, where I found five other of the "invited guests" ready to sail with me for Portland. We reached there at 4 P. M., and as the boat was to make a two hours' delay, some of us strolled ashore, to inspect the city a little and introduce ourselves to the main body of the excursionists. These straggled down to the dock as 6 o'clock approached, with bags and baggage dangling from their hands or handle-bars, and duly bestowed their wheels and persons in the appointed places about the boat. No vain attempt was made to impress the 'longshoremen and wharf-hands with the splendor of the occasion, by "riding down to the steamer in a body"; but the Portland Bicycle Club kept up their escort duties till the last, finishing with many cheers and congratulatory outcries as the boat finally moved off, with three of their number and thirty of their "invited guests" responding gayly from the upper deck. The gayety was not very long continued, however, for at the conclusion of a very lively supper, some of the bold bicyclers began to grow seasick; and those who congregated on the upper deck, to smoke and chat, could not help having their spirits somewhat dampened by the overcast sky, which plainly threatened bad weather for the morrow. Then, too, the captain appeared, with solemn face, to warn us that we had Death for a fellow-passenger,—a lady who em-

barked at Portland in apparent health and vigor having suddenly expired when she reached her state-room. We were quite quiet after that, and soon took to our beds.

Eastport, the extreme eastern port of the United States, stands on an island perhaps 5 m. long, connected by a short bridge with the mainland of Maine, and lying opposite the much larger island of Campobello, which belongs to New Brunswick. When we disembarked there, at a little after 8 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, June 19, there was no need that our pair of rival buglers should announce the fact by "calling the assembly" in clarion blasts. The fact of the tour had been announced and reiterated for several weeks preceding by all the local papers of that part of the State, and the inhabitants of the whole region round about had at that early hour flocked into the town to do us reverence. They were very good-natured and deferential and anxious to please this miraculously-mounted body of invaders, at the same time that they gratified their curiosity concerning them; and their only regret seemed to attach to the necessarily transitory nature of the exhibition, which, as one of them said, "was ten times more fun than any circus that ever came to Eastport." Not a few prolonged their enjoyment of the novel spectacle by following the procession in carriages for quite a distance out of the village. Three and a half miles out, at 10 o'clock, ½ h. from the start, the first halt was sounded, on a hill-top, and the photographer took his "first shot" at the intelligent visages of his fellow-cyclers. His seemingly undue haste, in thus beginning field-practice with the amateur camera, proved in fact to be a consummate display of foresight,—a wise discounting of the probable pitfalls ahead,—for this was really the latest possible period of the tour at which the entire party could offer for photographic perpetuation a set of faces which were unscarred.

The ascent to the hill had been gradual, but the descent was more abrupt (so steep it seemed to me, indeed, in riding down, that when, two days later, on the return trip, I found I had ridden to the top of it, I almost doubted its identity), and at the foot of the hill was a little "corduroy bridge," or water-course rudely made of logs, the sides of which were not well banked with earth. I remember that I sat well back and took a tremendous jolt as I bounded across it; so I was not surprised to soon hear the whistle again call a halt and the word pass along to the front: "Man off; badly hurt." It proved to be one of the oldest of our married men, and an experienced and careful rider, who had been fated thus to take the first flight over the handle-bar and plunge his head against the "sterile and unyielding soil of Maine." His nose showed the worst effects of the shock, for it bled profusely and was pretty thoroughly "skinned"; but, as no bones were broken, he decided not to abandon the tour, though for the rest of the forenoon he was obliged to ride with a handkerchief about his face as a bandage; and I believe he did not shed the last scraps of courtplaster until the very morning, eight days later, when he wheeled homeward to the bosom of his family. This initial

accident caused a half-hour's delay; and, at a hill-top about 4 m. further on, soon after passing the village of Perry, there was another long stoppage, in order that the straggling rear-guard might have a chance to "catch up." There was a short slope on this hill, which no one was quite able to conquer, but I believe there was no other grade of the whole forenoon's ride which was not mounted by one or another of our more expert hill-climbers. No sooner had the rear-guard reached the summit just named, than the photographer made signs of again attempting to accomplish his purpose; but the crowd cried him to shame. They said that the signs of coming rain made a more forcible appeal to them. It was now almost dinner-time, and they had conquered hardly more than half the road leading to the dinner table. Vanity had already yielded to hunger; the men slid into their saddles; and the chance of their presence giving photographic immortality to that particular landscape, disappeared forever. Here, too, was abandoned all pretense of keeping up a continuous line, by handicapping the fast riders to the capacity of the slow ones; and, as occasional scattering rain-drops combined with the smell of dinner to make a rather effective spur, the general progress became more rapid and some of the separated groups indulged in swift dashes when invited by smooth pieces of road. It was in one of these spurts that the second serious accident of the day took place, and it proved to be the last one of the tour. An expert rider of Boston, speeding along on a level stretch, took no note of a "corduroy bridge" until flung headlong to the ground, with lacerated wrists and forehead and lower-jaw. His injuries did not prove serious, and the visible signs of them wore off in the course of a week; but he was one of the six who withdrew from the tour three days later, out of despair over the continuous fogs. There were probably as many as half a dozen other tumbles in the course of the forenoon's ride, but none of them important enough to draw blood or cause delay; and I myself had two narrow escapes from overthrow by the rising up of my rear wheel on down-grades. The Brewer House in Robbinston, 17 m. from the start, was reached by me at 10 min. past 1 o'clock, and I was about midway between the first arrivals and the last, which covered a period of ½ h. The two wounded men came in among the last, but they both rode their wheels to the end. So the baggage-wagon which brought up the rear was not made to do ambulance-duty on their behalf, though I believe that one tired straggler resorted to it during the last mile or so of the trip.

An admirable dinner was ready and waiting when we arrived at Robbinston; but before sitting down to it we quenched our thirst with innumerable goblets of milk and gave thanks for the forethought of the organizer of the expedition in specifically contracting with the landlord that this preliminary refreshment, as well as a plentiful supply of water, wash-bowls and towels, should be instantly accessible on our arrival. The rain-drops had lost their fitful and intermittent character by the time the latest wheel had reached the shelter of the tent on the lawn; and during our stay at the dinner-table they

assumed the phase of a heavy shower which promised to continue indefinitely. As the excellent little inn had no facilities for lodging so large a party, and as arrangements had been made for spending the night at the American House, in the city of Calais, 12 m. beyond, negotiations were opened by telephone with the landlord thereof which ultimately resulted in his sending down two or three large covered "barges," about nightfall, and hauling the tourists thither by horse-power. The committee conducting these negotiations first sought for horses and wagons in Robbinston, and learned, when just too late, that the party might readily have gone thence to Calais by the afternoon steamboat, if they had bestirred themselves immediately after dinner. The forenoon had been quite cool, but though I soon threw off my jacket, the perspiration caused by the vigorous exercise had been sufficient to dampen my riding-shirt and soak my underclothing; and the prospect of being slowly dragged by night through a chilly rainstorm over a dozen miles of muddy highway, with two thicknesses of wet flannel clinging to my person, did not appeal to me as exhilarating. As a choice of evils, I decided to attempt wheeling myself to Calais, through the mud and rain. I could at all events continue to keep warm in that way, and the drenching of my outer garments could not possibly make me wetter or more uncomfortable. Anything seemed better than an afternoon of listless inactivity and uncertain waiting; and, in case the mud proved too much for me, I could come back again, or wait at some farm-house for the arrival of the "barge."

Having worked myself up to this decision, I wasted further time in trying to persuade some of the other tourists to accompany me; but none of the half-dozen or more who were on general principles disposed to do so, happened to have an extra riding-suit among his baggage, and none therefore cared to court the necessity of lying abed in Calais during the time requisite for drying his damaged suit into usable condition again. So alone I started northward, through the mud, at 4.10 P. M., with a driving rainstorm at my back. Helped thus by the wind, I completed 6 m. at the end of the first h., and reached the hotel in Calais at 20 min. past 6 o'clock. Within five minutes afterwards, or as soon as I had washed the abundant mud from my boots and wheel, by a liberal application of the hose, the baggage-wagon arrived, and I was enabled to at once assume dry clothes, partake quietly of supper and get the nickel of my bicycle dried and polished to an ideal condition of splendor, before the arrival of the first barge from Robbinston, with its noisy but rather jovial troop of tourists, who hastened to congratulate me on my angelic appearance in a clean suit of white, and then hurried hungrily to the supper room. It was now half-past 8 o'clock, and the second barge-load did not arrive till about 2 h. later. Meanwhile, the rain had continued to fall, with varying degrees of intensity, though there was a brief cessation of the downpour soon after my own journey ended. My velveteen riding clothes, though so well soaked then as to require 20 h. behind the stove for drying, had really shed the rain much better than would have been expected, and

thus increased my confidence in the superiority of this particular sort of fabric for such uses. I had no falls during those dozen miles; I did no extensive walking except on the up-grades; and I stuck to my saddle on all the downward slopes but two.

So long as one manages to keep in motion, and so long as there is a hard bottom beneath the surface mud and the puddles of water which he plows through, "riding in the rain" is not specially difficult, and it has, like night-riding, a sort of grim fascination of its own. The worst part of it is the need of occasional dismounts, for, when breeches and saddle are both wet and when soles and pedals are both muddy, there is considerable trouble about getting smoothly settled into one's seat again and resuming the proper sort of push on the cranks. Hill-climbing of course becomes much harder, as the rubber tire partly loses its grip; and the same increase of slipperiness also increases the danger of side-falls, especially on curves or ruts. The direction and force of the wind, which is always an important matter in bicycling, becomes of supreme consequence when a man attempts riding in a storm of rain or snow, or on a steep upward grade; for, if it be strongly adverse, it is apt to be prohibitory. Had the storm been at my face instead of at my back, on the afternoon in question, I should doubtless have been 4 h. rather than 2 in doing the 12 m. to Calais and should have reached there in decidedly jaded condition. As a matter of fact the ride left me in excellent trim, physically; and when once more I was drily clothed and in my right mind to spend the evening at letter-writing, I could afford to laugh at the "freshness" of those of my companions who had started off for a week's touring amid the Down-East fogs without anticipating the possibility of getting rained on, and without profiting by the convenience of the promised baggage-wagon for the conveyance of extra jackets and shoes and breeches.

I could afford to laugh still more heartily when the *Calais Advertiser* informed an interested public that "the gentleman who came to town on his bicycle, through rain and mud, on his arrival at the American House, was taken with severe cramps in his limbs and suffered much pain for a while, but he has got over it and is doing nicely. The rest of the party were brought up from Robbinston by the hotel conveyances, and arrived a little after ten o'clock, apparently considerably fagged out." It appears from this that even on the remote border-line of Maine, "at the head of navigation on the St. Croix river," there may be found newspaper-men who have perfectly caught the trick of our most advanced and enterprising metropolitan journalists,—who can, having conceived a theory of a current event or fact (for example, that a man who propels a bicycle in a rainstorm over a dozen miles of muddy road must be thereby disabled as to his legs; or that a party who have indulged in bicycling for a few hours, even under quite favorable conditions, must necessarily "appear fagged out"), can describe that event or fact, from the rich imaginative resources of his own inner consciousness, with such a wealth of circumstantial details as to make the description seem true and

authoritative—to all save the insignificant few who know it is a lie! The editor of the *Advertiser* ought not to hide such gifts behind the lumber-mills of Calais. Let him come down here to New York City, if he wishes them to be appreciated! More than one leading journal would be glad to give him the desk where its "special despatches" from remote capitals are regularly written; and during the great strike of the telegraphers his services would anywhere have commanded the highest conceivable price! I have very little doubt that the condition of my legs at 6.30 P. M. on the 19th of June, 1883, was for several days thereafter the leading topic of conversation throughout the city of Calais; and that among the more disputatious and argumentative classes of citizens, it formed a bone of contention for many months thereafter. To be sure, the *Advertiser's* hated rival quickly contradicted the story of my exhausted condition, and went rather to the other extreme in saying that my "trip through the rain, though not a pleasant, was an easy one; and the weakest wheelman in the party could have made twice the distance on muddier roads." Nevertheless, as the story of the "cramps" was really "put in print," those intelligent lumbermen whose reflections upon bicycling are conceived in a sceptical and hostile spirit, will undoubtedly insist, to the end of their lives, that there must have been "something in it," even though they gradually abandon their first shrewd I-told-you-so, as illustrated by the sad case of "that New York feller, who tried to show us what he could do, and came near being lamed for life." It seems probable enough, indeed, that no bicycler, traveling a dozen miles, alone, on a rainy and foggy afternoon, through such a thinly-settled country, ever before had so good a chance to "show off" in the sight of so many people. A watch for the expected cavalcade had apparently been kept for hours from the front windows of every house on the road; and when I told the people (who rushed out through the storm to look at me, and question me as to "when the others were coming") that there were no "others coming" except in covered carriages,—that I myself personally comprised the sum and substance of all the circus to be exhibited that afternoon,—the gaze which had been originally designed for distribution among three dozen riders was concentrated upon the single one with such intensity that it cut me through and through! If only my unknown calumniator of the *Advertiser* could have imagined how this prolonged "ovation" caused my heart to beat; how this consciousness of being eagerly watched from many windows as an important and interesting personage inflated my vanity to the bursting point; how this knowledge that I was for that twelve miles "the whole expedition," suffused my soul with a truly Jack-Horner-esque complacency,—he would not have resorted to "cramps" as an explanation of my theoretically dangerous physical condition; he would have laid it to heart disease!

The route planned for the second day of the tour led in the forenoon from Calais to Dennysville, 16 m., and in the afternoon to Lubec, a similar distance beyond. Dennysville was described as "a veritable gem of a

country village, whose noble elms form archways over the smooth streets, and whose large, square houses, set somewhat back from the road, tell of peace and plenty"; and Lubec as "picturesquely situated on a high bluff, opposite the island of Campobello, and 2 or 3 m. s. of Eastport, and having the preparation of herring and sardines for its chief industry." The steady downpour of rain during the night, however, had rendered the roads impracticable for touring in any direction on that second day; and the best that could be hoped for was that Wednesday's route might be comfortably taken on Thursday. Meanwhile the party chartered a steam-tug and made an excursion down the river, through dense fogs and occasional sharp showers, to Robbinston, in order to bring thence the bicycles and two or three of the tourists that had been left at the Brewer House during the night. I myself spent the day agreeably inside the hotel, engaged in reading and writing, until, at 5 o'clock, the clouds gave promise of a brief "cessation of hostilities," and I made sure of "a visit to New Brunswick" by driving my wheel along the wooden sidewalks and across the little bridge into the village of St. Stephens, where the similar sidewalks admitted of considerable additional riding. "Larrigan Manufactory" (inscribed over a doorway in letters of such offensive size that not even a flying wheelman could pretend to ignore the crying appeal which they made to him) was the first foreign notion that affronted me; and I at once sprang from the saddle, overwhelmed with curiosity to discover what "Larrigan" might be, and prepared, if necessary, to assert a long repressed desire to eat or drink my fill of it. Of the two, I rather assumed the probability of its being something to drink; for it is well understood that any purveyor of potables whose bar is just beyond the prohibitory influences of the "Maine liquor law" has an excellent chance for "international" patronage. "'Larrigan Manufactory,'" I meditated, "is probably the New Brunswickian's humorous equivalent for 'Sample Room,' 'Senate,' 'Club House' and similar familiar euphemisms, dear to the heart of the American 'bar-keep';" and none of the numerous persons whom I have since privately questioned on the subject have succeeded in making a more accurate guess. "Is that name slang?" asked I of a storekeeper, pointing across to the sign, "or is it a word in general use,—a good, dictionary word? And what does it mean?" "Ha! ha!" laughed he; "it 's common enough, and I s'pose you 'll find it in all the dictionaries. Why, man! larrigans is boots,—coarse, stout boots for the lumbermen to wade in,—boots made of hide with the hair on. That 's what larrigans is!"

Elated by this unexpected addition to my linguistic knowledge, I took a circuit of 3 m. on the St. Stephen sidewalks, and then wheeled back to the hotel for supper, just in season to escape wetting by the shower which began at 7 o'clock and raged till after midnight. With the friendly coöperation of the young men of the city, who shared the expense, the evening was enlivened by an entertainment, whereof the *Calais Times* remarked: "The wheelmen gave a ball, Wednesday night, in St. Croix Hall, which was largely attended

by the leaders of society in Calais, St. Stephen and Milltown. Excellent music was provided, and the affair was brilliant and successful—the floor being crowded with dancers until 2.30 A. M. Previous to the dancing, a fine exhibition of bicycling was given by several of the wheelmen, some of whose fancy feats were marvelous and received great applause." Those of the party who attended, either as participants or as spectators, gave unanimous testimony that the girls were pretty and well-dressed and that the fun was the finest possible; and they unanimously reprobated the churlishness of the few who preferred to "stay in out of the wet" and discuss bicycling experiences around the hotel stove. This wretched minority in turn ultimately exchanged a few mild grumbles with one another because the treasurer of the expedition assessed them a dollar apiece for the sport which they had had no share in; and it is, indeed, not quite easy to see on what pretext the venerable rule, "Those who dance must pay the piper," was upset. Perhaps it was the fog!

The fogs and mists were as dense as ever on Thursday morning; and the postponed overland tour to Lubec, by way of Dennysville, was now abandoned altogether, in favor of the plan of reaching the first-named port by steam-tug, starting at 10.30. The interval was improved by most of the men in paying a pilgrimage to St. Stephen, and many of them thus enjoyed the sensation of being for the first time beyond the limits of their native land,—veritable tourists in a foreign dominion. I, too, yielded to the temptation to slide across the bridge again and assure myself that the "Larrigan Manufactory" was still standing. Then for a while I tried the sidewalks of Calais,—whose shaded main street would have allowed us to enter the town in fine style on Tuesday afternoon, had the weather been pleasant,—and at last boarded the tug, with a morning's record of 5 m. Two lumber-schooners had to be towed to the breakwater before our tug settled down to the sole business of carrying us to Robbinston (for it had been arranged that we should stop there at 1 o'clock, in order to test another good dinner at the Brewer House), and while the towing was in progress the more agile and adventurous of our ball-room cavaliers climbed high up on the schooners' masts and waved their final adieux to some of their last night's charmers, whose responsive handkerchiefs could be seen faintly fluttering through the fog, and who made a pantomime of flinging themselves from the dock in despairing pursuit of us, when, "with the full strength of the company," we chanted the farewell chorus:

"Good bye, ladies! Good bye, ladies! Good bye, ladies! We 're going to leave you now!"

Indistinct glimpses of attractive scenery were to be had in the rare and brief intervals when there was a partial lifting of the fog; but this seemed in general to grow denser as we advanced, and by the time the dock at Robbinston was reached, it had assumed the character of a heavy mist or thin rain. The hotel was known to be exactly 1 m. away, and the road thither a good one; but the crowd all scrambled ashore and started off on foot, as if they

unanimously assumed the existence of mud prohibitory for bicycling. I, however, saw fit to disembark my wheel, and had the satisfaction of finding that the track was quite dry enough for riding. So I soon sped past the straggling footmen and reached the hotel from the s. at a quarter past 1 o'clock. Exactly ten minutes afterwards there arrived another wheelman from the northward,—the first of the three bold spirits who, just before the tug cast off, at a quarter of 11 o'clock, suddenly decided that they would push their wheels from Calais to Robbinston, at whatever cost. They found, of course, that the roads were in much worse condition, after a rain of two days than I had found them after a rain of 3 or 4 h.; and during the first half of the journey their progress was slow and difficult. As the hotel was approached the riding became fairly good; and I have just reported finding it so for 1 m. beyond the hotel. These facts were considered at the council of war which was held after dinner to act upon the lugubrious report of the captain of the tug, which was to the effect that the wind and fog and rough water might perhaps prevent his reaching Lubec till late at night; and that, as a majority of the thirty-six passengers would be forced to stay on the deck, both they and their wheels would probably get a thorough drenching. Our knowledge of the road to Eastport, which we had traversed two days before, led many of us to believe that not much of it would be found too muddy for riding, provided the mist did not change again into rain; and the crisis was therefore met by a decision that those who pleased should wheel themselves to Eastport, where they could rejoin their companions on the tug and ride across the bay to Lubec; or, in case the tug should be delayed or wrecked, could proceed thither by the regular ferry-boat. Those who made the choice of a land trip were requested to at once leave the dining-room and disembark their wheels; and when they had set forth on that errand, the number of "tug-boat tourists" who lagged ingloriously behind was just sixteen. Before the crisis had been discussed at all, however, the two "Star men" had individually decided not to indulge in any further "marine bicycling," and had quietly taken their wheels from the boat and started for Eastport. I suspected that they might be the pair of ghostly shapes which I saw vanishing into the fog of a hill-top, when I emerged from the hotel enclosure, at 2.30 P. M., and I started in pursuit. A man whom I soon met assured me in apparent good-faith that the two unknown pioneers rode machines exactly like my own,—machines which did *not* "have the little wheel in front,"—but when I overhauled them, about 2 m. out, I found that he had lied. Having satisfied my curiosity and given word that the majority of the party were also on the road, I halted a while to let the same overtake me. When waiting grew monotonous and inaction made me chilly, I jogged on again, until at the top of a long hill, 4 m. from the start, where I could have an excellent view of the approaching troop, I again incorporated myself with it, at about 4 o'clock. I had been forced to walk up two or three long slopes before getting to this point, but thenceforth nearly all the track was ridable, and some of it in even better condition than before the

rain. A brisk pace was maintained thenceforth, and the remaining 13 m. were completed in 2¼ h. As we swept down the hill and through the main street to the dock at Eastport, the welcoming blasts of our two buglers, who had kept to the steam-tug, assured us of the safe arrival of that important craft—freighted as it was with all our hopes and all our available clothing,—though there had been no diminution in the density of the afternoon's fog. Both sets of tourists were happy, for the patrons of the tug had been few enough to admit of their all keeping warm and dry, and they professed great doubts of our declaration that we had found the roads in very fair condition for riding; while we, in the consciousness of superior virtue, were proud to give them our distinguished assurance that they had lost one of the pleasantest opportunities of the entire tour. Our afternoon's ride through the fog was certainly a very enjoyable one for its novelty, and was free from serious accidents or tiresome delays; though of course we missed the beautiful scenery of Passamaquoddy bay, which had delighted our eyes on the northward trip of Tuesday forenoon. In all my experience of 6,000 m. of roadway, I can recall no single stretch of 30 m. which a bicycler could find more pleasure in exploring, on a pleasant day, than this between Calais and Eastport. It seems a pity that the solid granite monuments with gilded inscriptions, which admirably mark the miles of the northern quarter of it, could not have been continued to the end.

It seems a pity, also, that the strange spectacle presented at the dock, soon after our arrival, could not have been adequately reproduced by artist or photographer (for the picture on p. 248 of the *Wheelman's* sketch does no sort of justice to it). By reason of the tremendous tides characteristic of this locality, the tug at low-water lay far beneath the level of the wharf, and the twenty bicycles had to be hooked upon a derrick and lowered one by one down to the distant deck. The curious crowds, that peopled the adjacent lumber-piles, watched the process with unabated interest to the end, and when the tug then vanished into the mist, expresssed their regrets, that the novel sight could be seen no more, by uttering good-natured shouts of farewell. Across the bay at Lubec, ¼ h. later, another crowd watched the disembarkation, though there the level of the mainland was reached by means of an inclined plane, whose green and slippery surface suggested many mishaps, but really gave cause for none. It was after 9 o'clock that night when we left the dining-room of the Cobscook House and adjourned to the barn, to rub from our wheels the rust-producing moisture; but, as this was "the longest day of the year," a late supper seemed not inappropriate. The next night's supper was also designed to be taken at the same hotel, and the intermediate day was to be devoted to exploring Grand Manan, 10 m. away, noted in the prospectus as "a high, rocky island, with scenery grand beyond description, and with a hard, smooth road running its entire length," which is 15 m. The prospectus did not say, however, that "this wonderful, rocky sea wall, 200 ft. high," is believed by most travelers to have its perpendicu-

lar impressiveness often concealed, by "Bay of Fundy fogs," for hours and days and even weeks at a time. The summer visitor is always sure of finding the air of the island cool, but is never sure of finding it clear,—no matter though the sun be shining when he leaves the mainland. There was no sun shining on Lubec, that Friday morning, but, on the contrary, the town reposed beneath massive waves of fog, which rolled in from the ocean, in a sort of regular order, with intervals of comparative clearness between them. Six of the Massachusetts men here declared that they had had quite enough of it, and that, since all the bicycling of the tour must be done on shipboard and all the scenery be viewed through fogs, they themselves would take the noon boat homeward for Portland. This disconsolate intention spurred on the photographer to "take" the party again, in a serried mass about the hotel door; and then there was an open-air debate as to whether the day's excursion should be to the adjacent island of Campobello, or to the more distant and distinguished Grand Manan. An attempted reconsideration of the vote favoring the latter, led to its reassertion by a more pronounced majority; 11 o'clock was named as the hour of starting; and orders were given for a lunch, to be carried on board the steam-tug and eaten during the voyage.

The commander of the tour, who, during all this interval, in temporary abdication of the duties of that position, had been engaged elsewhere superintending necessary repairs for his machine, now took counsel with the cautious minority who favored Campobello, and then quietly gave orders to disembark there. This change met the warm approval of the captain of the boat, who had opposed the plan of visiting the more distant island by every less conclusive argument than violating his agreement to take us thither; and who professed that his narrow escape from running us aground on the way to the nearer island was due to a variation in his compass caused by the influence of our bicyclic steel upon the magnetic needle. If this were really true, it would of course have been foolhardy in him to have attempted steering us through the fog to Grand Manan; and, though the sun probably shone there for an hour or two that day, it certainly shone for quite as long an interval on Campobello, where our riding proved so pleasant as to banish all chance of any one's cherishing resentment against our commander for wisely disregarding the formal vote of the "sovereign majority." We lunched in a dancing hall immediately after landing, and were told that the ferry-boat would stop for us on her return trip at 6 o'clock. An excellent chance was therefore given the excursionists to break up into little groups and try the various roads according to their individual pleasure, without the irksomeness of a formally organized march; but when the question was put to vote, a large majority favored the plan of sticking together; and most of the minority then seemed to feel in some sense bound to abandon their own expressed preferences. So one of the "Star men" and myself formed the only pair who ventured upon a private tour and talk, apart from the main procession. I had here my first fair chance for closely observing and freely dis-

cussing the numerous special advantages of this "American" machine; and I was convinced, by the surprising feats of the rider in descending steep and stony slopes, that for ease in coasting, as well as for safety on down-grades in general, the "Star" is far preferable to any crank-driven bicycle. The 8 m. of island roadway which I traversed (in both directions) can all be recommended as pleasant, and most of it as smooth. The r.-hand road from the dock begins by ascending a hill, and ends on the shore level, opposite Lubec. It is the best one on the island, being 3 m. long, and affording an excellent coasting-place on the return-trip, when one reaches the woods after passing the big summer hotels. This coasting will bring the rider back almost to the fork in the road, about ½ m. from the dock; but instead of returning further, he may continue onward ¼ m. to the next fork, on the brow of a hill, and then go down the r.-hand road till it ends, in just 1 m., on the wild and desolate ocean beach. Retracing his course to the fork, he may go onward to the l. through the woods for ½ m. till he reaches the watering-trough (excellently pictured on p. 338 of *Wheelman*), where the cavalcade of June 22 decided to turn about. I myself, however, went 1½ m. beyond here before making the turn, and was even then by no means at the end of the road,—though I cannot deny that its stony slopes made rather dangerous traveling for me, if not for my comrade on the "Star"; and the mosquitoes were persistently bloodthirsty. The l. road from the dock, leading past another noted summer hotel called the "Owen," we traversed for only 1½ m., as progress became too rough for comfort soon after passing the church. Campobello offered for our inspection several barn-like structures where countless numbers of herring were being smoked; and at Lubec, during the forenoon or previous evening, most of the party had visited the establishment where countless other herring, of smaller size, were being scraped and salted and "flaked" and cooked and oiled and packed in little tin boxes whose labels were designed to advertise the contents as "genuine French sardines." The proprietor, or his chief representative, was very cordial in his attentions and quite ready to present each visitor with a sample box of his product. His little herrings were by no means ill-tasting, but no one at all acquainted with the flavor of true sardines would accept that of their Maine counterfeits as identical. Much of the work in the shop is done by young girls, who are assigned to the different parts of it in regular succession, and are "paid by the piece." The hotel man assured us that the annual sales exceeded $80,000.

Saturday, the last regular riding-day of the tour, was the first day whose events happened according to the appointment of the programme, and the only day when the whole party engaged in a ride of any considerable length. Starting from Lubec at 7 o'clock, the end was reached at Machias, 7 h. later,—the distance being announced in advance as 28 m., which was exactly the record of my own cyclometer. The invitation of February had said that the road was "so hard and smooth as easily to be covered in less than 4 h."; and I believe that three of our strongest riders, who took an early start and made

no delays, did do it in about that time, finishing at half-past 9 o'clock. I myself had agreed to start early with "the Star man," in order to take breakfast with some friends of his at Whiting, 12 m. out; but, by some unlucky chance, he roused me from bed at 3 o'clock in the morning; and, as I had failed to get to sleep till nearly midnight, I was in no very good humor when, having finished a preliminary lunch by lamplight, we mounted our saddles at 4.20 A. M. The chilliness of the fog induced us to go fast at first for the sake of warmth, and when some road-repairs on a hill caused the first stop, 4 m. out, only 20 min. had elapsed. Three miles on, 1 h. from the start, the second halt was caused by a similar obstacle; and we were 1 h. more in doing the remaining 5 m. to our destination. The Dennysville road was reached 1 m. previous to this, just after we had crossed the Orange river, in front of a pretty waterfall. As we sat at breakfast, ½ h. after arriving, we were surprised by seeing three other members of the party sweep suddenly by; but it was not till 9.40 A. M. that the main column appeared and absorbed us into its embrace. The sun, which had overwhelmed the fogs, 1 h. before, betrayed the sad truth that three bicycles were riding in the baggage-wagon,—the owners thereof having preferred to hire a covered carriage for their forenoon's pleasuring,—and the wheelmen actually in line were thus reduced to 23. For the next 12 m. the path was softer and sandier and led through forests of stunted pines (*Wheelman's* picture on p. 245 gives a good idea of this), without ever once leading into the shade, though the sun blazed out with increasing intensity as the forenoon advanced,—as if to make up for his absence during the five days preceding. A general halt was made at a farm-house, for water, at a quarter past 10, and another at half past 12, about 8 m. beyond. This second stop was quite prolonged, for we were all overheated, and many wished to bathe their burning faces, after quenching their thirst. Two miles more brought us to East Machias, at 1 o'clock, and there a large crowd had assembled to welcome us, beneath the folds of a big American flag. The chief store-keeper of the place invited us in to refresh ourselves with lemonade and crackers, whereof we swallowed enormous quantities, and then expressed our heartfelt thanks for the courtesy by a rousing round of cheers. No possible lunch could have been more acceptable to such a weary and perspiring band of pleasurers. It revived our drooping spirits immensely, and seemed to shorten the dreary gap of 4 m. or more which still separated us from the waiting dinner-table at Machias. The road thither proved good, also; but there were many cries of impatience over delays, caused—first by the photographer's zeal for taking an instantaneous view of the whole party in motion, and second by the captain's zeal for making an alignment outside the village, and, instructing us as to the order to be observed in entering the same,—for not only were we growing hotter and hungrier every instant, but we saw that a thunder-storm was every instant drawing nearer, and we did not wish to indulge in an open-air shower-bath. The three swift riders who had preceded us, and one or two of the "ambulance men" joined the party

when the alignment was made; and we swept into town and dismounted in line, facing the Eastern Hotel, in very respectable style. The big rain-drops were already beginning to descend, however; and soon there was a tremendous downpour, which lasted about 1 h., and left the air very hot and sultry. The men were glad enough to keep quiet during the rest of the afternoon, but just before nightfall they most of them yielded to the captain's wishes and paraded through the town to the trotting-park and there engaged in a few simple evolutions for the benefit of the assembled multitude. At the supper which followed, we were honored by the presence of several of the "prominent citizens," with their citizenesses, and an "address of welcome," ending up with an apt quotation from the old "treadmill" poem, which was very well received. Our clerical member made an appropriate response; and then there was "a reception" in the parlors, and "music by the band" outside, where the flaring kerosene torches and the red-coated musicians and the crowds of spectators in the background made quite a brave display. Altogether, it was "a great day" for the quiet old town of Machias, Maine.

It had been a tiresome day for me personally, however, and though I made out to keep my eyes open during the progress of the speech-making, I was fast asleep in bed before the brass-band had succeeded in struggling through their overture. There was, nevertheless, a sort of painful pleasure in thus paying with my person the expected penalty of "touring with a crowd." My theory was entirely justified. I am sure I should not have been half so weary if I had gone over the same road alone, that day, in the same number of hours, riding and resting exactly when and where I pleased. Six days before, after traversing a similar distance, on even worse roads, in the forenoon, I was in good condition for enjoying an afternoon's ride of 30 m. more, and I finished the day's trip in excellent spirits. But "thirty miles more," on the afternoon of reaching Machias, would certainly have finished *me*, no matter how smooth the track. The next forenoon found me quite refreshed, however, and so, towards the close of it (while the majority of the party were dutifully attending church-service "in a body," and our clerical member was, by special invitation of the occupant, airing his knee-breeches in the sacred heights of the pulpit), I wheeled out over the hills and through the low pine woods to Whitneyville, 4 m., and to a certain point, 2 m. beyond, where a gully caused my first dismount, and suggested the propriety of a return to dinner. I was 40 min. on the way back,—being stopped only once by a short, rough hill at Whitneyville bridge. The sun shone hotly, but a refreshing breeze somewhat tempered its rays. A small deer ran across the road, a few rods ahead of me, in the woods beyond the village just-named (though that sort of animal is no longer common in the region, and I think none of my fellow-tourists sighted a specimen); and at another point of the ride a family of black people amused me by their crazy cries of amazement and delight at witnessing my success in riding up and down a hill. Later in the day I was also amazed by my success in climbing up the steepest

of the approaches to the hotel, which I do not think would have been possible had I not just emerged from the river, well refreshed by the swim which a half-dozen of us enjoyed there, behind the logging dam. As the Portland steamer, on which our return passage had been engaged, was to start from Machiasport at 4 o'clock on Monday morning, we not only slept on board but took our last united supper there,—wheeling down for that purpose, on an excellent road of 4 m., between 5 and 6 P. M. Here the photographer, who had dutifully attended church in the morning, could not resist the temptation of wickedly working his camera at our expense, since it was positively his last chance; and so he refused to let us have any supper until we had ridden many minutes in a circle in front of the steamer and been "instantaneously taken." So pleasant and invigorating was the evening air that the whole party enjoyed to the utmost this final "necessary" ride of Sunday, which formally ended the tour, and were put in good-humor for taking a philosophically contemplative view of it as being, on the whole and in retrospect, a great success. Several even made another visit to Machias, after supper, to enjoy the road again and test its capacity for speed; and I myself wheeled half-way back there, in order to secure the studs which had been torn from my linen shirt-front by a severe tumble of the afternoon.

This was a proper penalty for wearing such a garment in place of the customary flannel one; and the fall itself was caused by the incautious exchange of my customary riding boots for a pair of loose house-shoes, which impaired my grip on the pedals. I thought I might use such shoes safely on so short and smooth a ride, and that, as this was our final "dress parade," it was perhaps incumbent upon me to array my legs according to the regulation fashion; but in the effort of making a swift rush up the first steep slope of a certain hill, I forgot all about the loose shoes, till one of them suddenly slipped off the right-hand pedal and carried me instantly with it to the ground. The palms of both hands bore quite evenly the force of the fall, but my face grazed the ground sufficiently to scrape a little skin from over my left eyebrow,—making thus the first outward and visible scar I ever received from such a mishap. The bicycle keeled over on top of me and bent its handle-bar, but I quickly seized it and "got out of the road," in response to the warning shout of the man just behind, and I was again mounted and in motion before any one else had observed the disaster. This was the first and only fall that my wheel had during the trip; and it curiously illustrates the "periodicity" of accidents that the only other fall experienced by me in the course of 400 m. traversed during the month, in four different States, was caused only ten days before by a sand-rut which I heedlessly attempted to cross in the dark, and which likewise pitched me forward evenly upon my hands, and caused my face to touch the dust without solidly striking it. The curiousness of the case consists in this: that in all my experience I never have had any perfectly square "headers" except these two which came so near together. My "involuntary dismounts" have rarely been so

sudden as to forbid my scrambling off backwards or sidewise, even though I immediately afterwards lost my equilibrium; and, when actually flung forward over the handle-bar, I have never landed squarely on both hands, save in the two instances named. The broken shirt-studs were found by me, though one of them had been well ground up by a wagon-tire; and then, having returned to Machiasport, I proceeded a couple of miles southward, over a beautiful road whose hills offered fine chances for coasting, until the gathering darkness caused a return to the steamer, at half-past 8, with a cyclometer record of 24 m. for the day. The "Star man" who accompanied me on this evening spin barely escaped illustrating the possibility (which the peculiarity of the mechanism renders very remote) of "taking a header," even on that "safety bicycle"; for an unobserved gully in the down-grade, which he was coasting at tremendous speed, caused it to "ride on the front wheel only" for several feet, without quite toppling over. Another mishap of the afternoon was that of the man who attempted to make no dismount at the place where, for a few rods, an extremely narrow and difficult path led between a slough of mud and a miry ditch; and who, when he did dismount, was obliged to let his bicycle take a plunge into the latter. The two Nova Scotians of our party, who joined us at Eastport, wheeled back to Robbinston that Sunday morning, crossed there to St. Andrews, N. B., and on Tuesday noon reached St. John, 115 m. distant, and took the homeward steamer.

The fogs of Monday morning were dissipated before our steamer reached Jonesport, about 8 or 9 o'clock, and halted there for 1 h., to take on many wooden boxes which were packed full of little tin boxes containing "genuine French sardines." The gangway was of so steep an incline that considerable skill had to be shown by the deck hands in sliding their trucks down it without disaster; and the spectators amused themselves by speculations as to whether a given man would get a given load of boxes safely through, or would have a collision that would disrupt some of them and send a shower of sardine tins flying about the deck. Short pedestrian tours from the dock showed that the roads were good, and some of the party talked of trying them by wheel during the steamer's delay; but none really did so. Another improvised project was that of wheeling along shore down to Milbridge, where the steamer next stopped, for we were told that the track of 12 m. leading thither was smooth and hard; and several would undoubtedly have attempted this, myself included, had not the forbidding fact been announced to us that the steamer did not touch at the dock, but only took on passengers from small boats, some distance from shore. Ten wheelmen, however, had decided to prolong their vacation sufficiently for the exploration of Mount Desert, and the special artist also went ashore with them there at 1 o'clock. Dinner on the boat was finished with some abruptness at Bar Harbor, and hasty leave-takings were offered the seventeen remaining tourists who continued onwards towards Portland, as originally appointed. The representative of one of the monster "summer-resort" hotels of Bar Harbor had met us at Machias and

offered the inducement of half-rates, if we would stop over for a day or two and help "open the season" of his as yet unpeopled establishment; and it may be added that several of the lesser hotels previously patronized had immortalized our visit by opening new registry books, emblazoned as to the title-page with "Tour of the Portland Bicycle Club," beneath which legend we placed our precious signatures.

I had hardly believed that the fascination of "riding in a regular body together" would retain its hold on the tourists in such a place as Mount Desert, where the plan of jogging about in twos or threes or solitarily, according to individual whim, seemed so much more in keeping with the character and spirit of the place; but the captain was inexorably bent on taking a regular ride; and not a man could I find to join me in rebellion against him. His decision was, after a brief inspection of the map, that we must attempt what is known as "the 22-m. drive"; and though it might perhaps be fairly assumed, on general principles, that the roads of an island distinctively famous for its rocks and crags could not be safely accepted as favorable for bicycling, except on better evidence than the beliefs and guesses of a lounger in a "summer-resort hotel,"—the rest of the party acquiesced in the decision as unquestioningly as if it had related to an afternoon's spin along a familiarly-known macadamized track, like the one overlooking the Hudson from New York to Tarrytown. So, at a quarter before 2 o'clock, the devoted ten wheeled out from the seclusion of the Grand Central Hotel, and started southward, with gay and hopeful hearts,—the carriage of the artist bringing up the rear. Six hours and ten minutes later, the specified circuit of 22 m. was completed. The appointed task of getting the bicycles "around the drive" had been accomplished; not one of the pleasurers had shirked a single rod of it; and though most of them were badly bruised, all were at least sufficiently alive to be conscious of unbroken bones. Yet these men were the *elite* of the thirty-five, so far as touring was concerned, for a similar number of equally good riders could not have been selected from the remaining twenty-five, nor a similar number of better riders from among ten times as many average bicyclers. Not one of them was weak or inexperienced or ill-mounted on the wheel; and not one of them failed to get tremendously tired before half the distance was gone over. It was by all odds the most memorable trip of the entire tour. Its hardships and exasperations made it in many respects unique, for probably no similar set of tourists ever suffered so much in so short a time, as a suitable reward for their foolishness. A graphic picture of the character of the roads, and of the afternoon's sport, may be vividly presented to the minds of all bicyclers by the simple record: "Six bent handle-bars, out of a possible ten!"

The road, though rough and hilly, was fairly ridable at the start, for, when a stop was made for water, at the end of 1 h., 4 m. had been covered, and one intermediate rest had been indulged in. The pace seemed to me much too fast for comfort, however, and I gradually dropped to the rear,—

not even pretending to keep in sight of the artist's carriage, which I soon allowed to pass me. I overtook the party only when the halts were made, and, on the second occasion, I advised the captain not to await my approach when I should again fall behind, because of the probability of my soon turning about, or trying some shorter road than "the drive." I explained that the shock of the previous day's tumble had affected me more seriously than I at first realized,—for my hands were sore and my arms were stiff, and I felt generally listless and indisposed to the making of any very active or prolonged exertion,—but, even had I been in good condition, I should hardly have been inclined to accept this scheme of trooping through the woods without stop, for the sake of "covering as many miles as possible in the afternoon," as exactly the ideal arrangement for "enjoying the scenery of Mount Desert." However, as the road grew more difficult, after the 5th m. had been entered upon, and as the pace grew slower because the party were more frequently pedestrians, my own spirits began to rise, and I decided I would, at whatever sacrifice, stick to them till the bitter end. I now clearly foresaw that the end would probably be very bitter indeed, but I wanted to have the happiness of sharing in its bitterness and of thus winning the right of a personal witness to testify against such foolhardy pleasuring. What though my own weariness equaled or exceeded that of every one else? I should have the solace, which all the rest would lack, of seeing my theory about the discomforts of "touring in a crowd" abundantly justified! The more we sweated and suffered, the better I should be pleased! The deeper our groans and regrets and lamentations, the louder and more triumphant could be my cry of "I told you so"!

The store at Seal Harbor, 8 m. from the start, was the scene of our fourth halt and our longest one; and, though the numerous hills for the 4 m. leading thither were so steep that they had to be walked down as well as walked up, the distance was covered in 1 h. Meanwhile, on a certain rocky and sandy descent, a trio of riders had been flung over their handle-bars in rapid succession, and I, being just behind, only escaped a similar fate by a quick dismount. One of these unfortunates was the victim of the introductory accident at Eastport,—from the effects of which the final signs were just about vanishing from his nose,—and another was a townsman of his, who had never before "taken a header" in three seasons of riding. Our captain, furthermore, had already been brought to a realizing sense of his depravity in choosing so rough a route, by being forced to a slight side-fall (though he was one of the most careful of riders, as shown by his remarkable record of 6,000 m.—much of it on the macadamized roads around Boston—without any falling whatever); and he had far harder luck, on a rough descent 10 m. beyond, for his handle-bar then got a worse bending than happened to any other during the tour. The mishap was soon righted, however, by the skilfully applied strength of our "champion long-distance man"—who had by this time become so expert at the business as to make us gratefully give him the addi-

tional title of "champion handle-bar straightener." Before this, the editor of the *Wheelman* had had his bar pulled into shape, when he took the first of his two or three tumbles; and I improved that occasion to let "the champion" also exercise his muscle on mine, which had exhibited a tell-tale curve since the fall of the previous afternoon. His last work was done in the dusk at a quarter of 8, a mile from the end of our ride, for there the sixth man tumbled and the sixth bar was bent. That final fall of the trip so changed the complexion of the party that the "bent-handle men," who began in a minority of three and then rose to the dignity of "a tie," now clearly commanded a "working majority of all," and might easily bring their combined ill-luck to bear for the upsetting of the happier minority, consisting of the clergyman, the Agricultural College student, the handle-bar straightener and myself. I suggested, therefore, to them that the only sure way of protecting ourselves against this uncanny influence, and preserving our proud pre-eminence over the six, was to allow them to ride the remaining mile to the hotel, while we ourselves trudged thither on foot! But the road now proved too smooth for the indulgence in any such mock superstitions, and we all wheeled along together at a good smart pace. Thus, the last mile as well as the first one of what might be called "a pedestrian tour with bicycles around the 22-m. drive of Mount Desert" was really accomplished a-wheelback; though I am very sure that few or none of the men kept in their saddles for more than half of the intermediate distance.

The only place on the route where any sort of refreshments could be purchased was the store at Seal Harbor; and there we feasted for twenty minutes on oranges and lemons and crackers and confectionery. Two miles and a quarter beyond is a watering-trough, where we made our next stop, after forty minutes of hilly pedestrianism, including a very tiresome crawl over a long causeway or breakwater of loose stones. Beyond the water-trough was a stretch of rough, hard clay, extending northward along the east side of Somes Sound, and we rode it pretty continuously for 4 m., or until we reached the point where the telegraph line crosses it and goes eastward. It was now about 6 o'clock as we also turned off to the r. to follow its lead, and during this hour on the way from the watering-place the course had been so rough and difficult as to make our riding almost as slow and tiresome as the previous walking had been. The eastward roadway proved smoother, and generally shadier, though the hilliness continued, and at the top of one long slope which we had toiled up while the descending sun shone hotly upon our backs, we made our sixth and last general halt for rest and water. It was now a quarter of 7 o'clock, and we lacked 4 m. of completing the circuit. The bending of two handle-bars formed the enlivening incidents of the first part of this distance, though midway between them, I myself was individually enlivened by having my wheel disregard its brake and run away with me on a rough down-grade. I finally escaped the expected disaster and brought the wheel and myself safely to a halt, by a backward spring and scramble, which,

though effective, was so ludicrously ungraceful that the pedestrians behind me laughed loud and long. Aside from this, our miseries were alleviated occasionally by refreshing bits of scenery, for our circuit included Dry, Green and Sargent's mountains as well as Eagle Lake, and our chances for viewing these were, at one time or another, extremely good. The trouble was that we were forced to restrict ourselves so much in the enjoyment of these chances: we were in too great a hurry. The "22-m. drive" is certainly not to be recommended as an ideal path for bicycling; but I am sure that I could find considerable enjoyment in going over it alone, if I devoted a whole day to the excursion, and loitered or kept in motion exactly when I pleased; and I should surely take that excursion if I had several days of leisure to spend on the island. At the supper table, that evening, where "good digestion waited on appetite" far more pronouncedly than the young women nominally employed for that purpose, the crowd was a tolerably happy if not an uproariously merry one; for the pleasing sense of difficulties conquered and perils past was a sort of solace for blistered feet and aching bones. My own physical pangs had the additional solace of anticipations realized. The trip had proved difficult and wearisome beyond my fondest hope! My theory was fully justified!

The peculiarly healthful nature of bicycling, even when practiced under the worst conditions and far beyond the pleasure-yielding point, was shown by the fact that, on the following morning, every man of the party was ready and anxious for "more." Some of us even indulged in an ante-breakfast spin of 2 or 3 m., to explore the smoothly-paved streets of the village, shrouded as yet in the heavy morning mists. Most of the party left the hotel about half-past 9, for a northward ride of 6 m., along the shore to "the Ovens,"—as the great holes in the sea-side cliffs are not inappropriately called. I joined the party at the time of their taking a rest, two-thirds of the way out, where some road-repairing gave excuse for a halt. With this exception, the track was continuously good, and some stretches were excellent, though walking was needed on a few steep or stony pitches of the up-grades. A continuation of this road leads across a bridge to the main land, and so on to Ellsworth, Bucksport and Bangor, which latter city, 45 m. away, is the nearest point of approach by rail. The proprietors of the stage coaches which regularly run between Bar-Harbor and the places named, are said to keep the entire line in proper condition; and our youngest member, the college student, intended to make trial of it in proceeding homeward. An eastward branch from this main route leads to "the Ovens," and a wide and beautiful water-view may be had while descending thither. We stayed on that remarkable spot for about ¾ h., and wished we might remain a week, but the claims of "dinner in time for the 1 o'clock boat," necessitated an early return; and for once at least, on this final spin of the trip, every man "went as he pleased." The fogs of the early morning had now all vanished; views of varying beauty met the eye at every turn; and the sensation of spinning along the sea-wall,

high above the water which stretched many miles away in the sunlight, was very fine and exhilarating. Here at last was some bicycling really worthy of the name; but it was, alas, the last! At least, it was the last of the tour for the half-dozen of us who took the 1 o'clock boat for Rockland, and enjoyed together, in the isolation of the upper-deck, a five hours' sail sufficiently delightful to more than atone for all our sufferings on the trip. Supper was taken on shore by all save myself, who trusted not to the hotel-man's siren song that there was "plenty of time," and who thereby escaped a run through the dusty streets to catch "the Bangor boat for Boston," where we all disembarked at 7 o'clock the next morning, and went our separate ways.

The three Worcester men were obliged to stay another day at Bar Harbor, in order to use their original excursion-tickets on the direct boat to Portland; and we quite wished we could share in that obligation, as we took leave of them, and of the lofty child of Maine, who was about to begin a solitary ride on the stage road to Bangor. All in all, the stop-over at Mount Desert proved a most satisfactory prolongation of the tour, to which the last happy day together formed a most brilliant finale. My cyclometer's record for the eight days between Eastport and Bar Harbor was 171 m.,— a distance more than double that of the route which was "officially" wheeled by the procession, and which ended at Machiasport on Sunday evening. The official route amounted indeed to only 80 m., even including the return-trip from Robbinston to Eastport, when fifteen bicycles were carried by the steam-tug. Its length, if thus baldly presented as the full record of a week's wheeling, would seem quite trivial and insignificant; but readers of this sketch do not need to be assured that mere "mileage" forms one of the least important factors of a week's successful pleasuring when taken by three dozen men on bicycles "amid the Down East fogs."

Of the pictures which were drawn by H. Sandham (to accompany J. S. Phillips's story, "A-wheeling in Norambega," in the Jan. and Feb. issues of the *Wheelman*, 1884) the most graphic and representative ones were the two largest, each of which covered a page, and served as a frontispiece to its own half of the story. "In the Fog" (Jan.) gives a good idea of the ghostly appearance presented by the party on the afternoon's ride to Eastport (see p. 268), and its leading figure is perfectly recognizable as the President of the Massachusetts B. C.; while "Rest by the Roadside" (Feb.) excellently represents the scene at the watering-trough in the Campobello woods, described on p. 270. (Proof impressions of these cuts, on heavy paper suitable for framing, may be had for 20 c. each, at the office of *Outing*, 175 Tremont st., Boston.) A little picture on p. 341 gives a good idea of "the Ovens," which I have mentioned on the opposite page; and a larger sketch on p. 245 well recalls the appearance of the party on their winding way through the woods towards Machias (see p. 271 *ante*), the "coaster" in the foreground being recognizable as the writer of the article which it illustrates. Another notable picture is a collection of the "heads" of the party, framed by the front wheel of a bicycle, which stands four inches high on the printed page. Some of these are recognizable likenesses, and I could identify all of them while the memory of my companions' features was fresh. The heads number only 34, however, the absent ones being those of the artist and myself. He was good enough, nevertheless, to make room in the sketch for a pair of boots, whose soles are inscribed "KARL" and "KRON"; and I presume his inspiration in thus giving them immortality was due to the fact that, when "the photographer 'took' the party again, in a serried mass about the hotel

door at Lubec" (see p. 269), I insisted on keeping my head out of range, on the plea that it was "less worthy of notice than the only properly shod pair of feet in the party,"—which same booted extremities I thrust prominently into the foreground. If my face was photographed at all on that tour, it must have been done while the party were in motion; for I always turned the back of my head to the camera whenever I had any volition in the matter of defending myself from its deadly aim.

This recollection suggests that I may as well improve the present opportunity for putting on record my personal philosophy in regard to the "portrait business,"—for when a wheelman in some remote part of the world supplements a friendly correspondence by an offer to "exchange photographs," it seems ungracious in me to refuse, and it is certainly impossible for me to supply him with a complete written explanation of the reasons which support my invariable rule of refusal. I was recently amused by a story (in *New York Telegram*, July 18, '85, apparently copied from some foreign journal), concerning a certain Countess de Castiglione, now living in Paris at the age of about 50, who is so vain of her own alleged beauty that she keeps the grand saloon of her mansion "adorned with photographs of herself in a hundred different poses and costumes"; and who at the same time is "such a monomaniac on the subject of invisibility" that she forces most of her distinguished visitors to content themselves by staring at these pictures as a substitute for her own personal presence. One of her axioms, however, "To see me against my will is to rob me," rather appeals to my sympathy, because it contains the idea on which is based my own objections to letting strangers have my likeness. The spreading abroad of a knowledge of one's features tends—even more directly than the attaching of notoriety to one's family name—to the restriction of his personal freedom. Why should I "give my looks away" to an unknown number of people, and thereby put it in their power to "get the drop on me," on some occasion when I wish to enjoy the independence attaching to obscurity? Why should I set my likeness up as a target for the remarks of the thoughtless and light-minded who know me not? When I reveal my identity by a personal interview, I can judge somewhat of the impression which my presence makes upon the party-of-the-second-part,—and I can have as much of a hold upon him as he upon me, in case we ever afterwards chance to be thrown within sighting distance of each other; but when a stranger gets hold of my identity through a picture, he gives no return at all for the power thereby acquired over me,—and I prefer that no unknown person should have such power. Of course, a friendly correspondent who has sent me his picture cannot be classed as "unknown" (I prize such portraits highly, and shall be grateful for every addition which may be made to my collection of them); but I cannot send mine in return without putting it within the possible gaze of those who *are* unknown, and without running even some remote risk of that supremely dreaded curse: exposure in a newspaper. The difference between showing one's living face, and giving away a fixed copy of it, is similar to the difference between speaking words, which vanish into thin air, and writing words, which may be kept and twisted into "evidence,"—like the terrible "chops and tomato sauce" of poor Mr. Pickwick. *Litera scripta manet.* This vital distinction is well illustrated in the following comments concerning a certain London "society journalist" whom Lord Coleridge sentenced to jail, last year: "Gossip, like scores of other human amusements, becomes harmful by excess; and the objection to newspaper gossip is that it is nearly always excessive. Every man knows that his personal peculiarities, his looks, his character, his ability, his fortune, his tastes and surroundings are a frequent topic of chit-chat among his friends and acquaintances—that is, among the people whose houses he frequents, or who frequent his, or whom he meets at the houses of others of the same circle. These, however, do not number probably, in the case of the most sociable, or popular, or best-known man, over 500 all told; and what they say about him he hardly ever hears. Most of what is said it would probably pain him to hear, either as being wounding to his self-love, or as indicating that more was known of his private affairs than he would like to have known. When this tittle-tattle finds its way into print, however, it undergoes a very serious change. From being the gossip of a few score, it becomes the gossip of many thousands or millions. It deprives the victim of all refuge. It makes not only his wife and children but the servants in his own house participants in the joke or story against him, and

follows him with ridicule or discredit to all the hotels, watering places and steamboats in the civilized world. Personal gossip has undoubtedly been from the earliest ages the chief amusement of mankind, and will probably continue to be so as long as humanity is the chief interest of human beings. It was comparatively harmless, as long as it had to be spread by word of mouth; but 'society newspapers' have undertaken to erect factories in which gossip is prepared for the market and spread by steam machinery,—and any of it that is harmful is terrib'y harmful. The editorial oversights and mistakes, even if few in number, deal deadly wounds. To many people, too, even what an editor thinks a kindly 'notice,' with which any man or woman ought to be pleased, is undiluted pain; for there are some, even yet, to whom publicity of any kind is a simple calamity. They are probably becoming scarcer as the years go by, but they still linger among us in considerable numbers. 'Society editors' find it hard to understand them, or to sympathize with them, but they are none the less God's creatures and entitled to humane consideration."—*The Nation*, April 24, 1884, p. 355.

These words ought to make clear the reason of my preference that the notoriety which is a necessary business condition of my forcing a sale of 10,000 copies of this book, all over the world, should be "confined strictly to business,"—should attach simply to my name and address as a publisher,—without conferring a hateful and needless publicity on my family name and on the entirely private life which it represents and protects. Could I have foreseen that I was destined to embark upon a scheme whose success implied such world-wide notoriety for the personal trade-mark representing it, I would never even have allowed my face to be "taken" in the League groups, amid a multitude of others; and I hope no one will be so lacking in "humane consideration" for my wishes in this respect as ever to drag it out from that friendly obscurity. When personal preferences are of a purely negative sort, they ought to be deferred to, no matter how whimsical they may seem to a person not in sympathy with them. It is not to be expected that a man will take active measures to gratify the whims of another; but when it is possible to gratify them by mere inactivity, by doing nothing, by "minding his own business," it seems to me that he ought not to take active measures to give offense. There is one picture of myself, however, which, though I have not yet seen it, I should be entirely willing to see reproduced in the illustrated papers. Indeed, I gave permission to the editor of the *Bi. World* to publish it, some years ago, when he asked me to stand as one of a "series" then appearing in that paper. His request chanced to reach me just as I returned from a ride to Tarrytown, where the clerk of the Vincent House had laughingly assured me that a "rear elevation" of my figure formed a very funny background to a photograph of a party of "coaching-club people," which a local photographer had taken, in front of the hotel, on the occasion of my last previous visit. In my characteristic attitude of "polishing up the nickel-plate," I had turned my back upon the "coachers"; and the fact of my entire unconsciousness of being pictured with them doubtless added to the natural and life-like quality of the "half-moon" view of my white flannel breeches which the camera perpetuated. The *Bi. World*, oddly enough, never published this "speaking likeness," nor even printed my letter which graciously consented that the same might be used as one of its "series." I presume that copies may even now be procured at the photographer's shop in Tarrytown; and, if ever I wheel up there again, I mean to take a look at that picture, myself!

"Mount Desert, on the Coast of Maine," by Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin (Portland: Loring, Short & Harmon, 6th ed., 1885, pp. 115, price 75 c.), "was written in Oct. 1866, and first privately printed in the following May." In addition to excellent photographs of Spouting horn, Eagle lake, Cathedral rock, Otter cliffs and Somes sound, it is accompanied by a U. S. Coast Survey map (1875, 18 by 14 in., 1 m. to ⅔ in.), which gives a complete showing of the roads and the topography in detail. An inscription on its edge says, "No. 103 (2), price 20 cents"; but I infer that direct application must be made to the Government if any one wishes to secure the map independently of the book. Rev. S. H. Day supplied a sketch of our bicycling experiences on Mt. Desert to the *Bi. World* (Nov. 23, '83, p. 28), supplementing thus the report of the early part of the tour which that paper had printed (Aug. 31, Sept. 7 and 21, Oct. 5 and 26), by "Geesee," who also prepared a briefer one for his own paper, the *Marblehead Messenger*.

XXI.

NOVA SCOTIA AND THE ISLANDS BEYOND.[1]

I BELIEVE that the voyager who steams out of Boston Harbor in search of a foreign port can reach Yarmouth (6,200 inhabitants), the most south-westerly one of Nova Scotia, sooner than any other. At all events, the sail is only 240 m. long, and can be finished in an hour or two less than a full calendar day. It was the steamer "New Brunswick" which carried me thither most pleasantly, amid the bright sunshine of the last Tuesday of August, 1883; but it was a bleak wind and a cloudy sky which greeted my arrival on the morning that followed. In my hurry to be off, I entirely forgot the existence of the collector of customs, and so trundled my bicycle and baggage quickly away from the dock, without question from any one; though I afterwards learned that the usual practice was to exact a bond, or deposit of money, as security that the tourist would not leave his bicycle permanently in the province with the duty unpaid. Whether the inspector failed to observe me, or whether the sight of my white riding-costume convinced him that I must be certain soon to return whence I came, I did not stop to inquire. I only waited long enough to put my valise, duly labeled for Halifax, into the baggage-car of the train which was appointed to reach that city that evening, and then put myself into the saddle for a five days' tour thither. Mention may be allowed here, however, as an interesting example of the mysteries of Canadian express management, that, though the man in charge of the car assured me that the valise should go "straight through," it was seized upon by the agent of some rival express at Digby or Annapolis, shipped thence by slow steamer to St. John, and finally reached Halifax, and was delivered at the designated hotel there, some 16 h. after my own arrival! Instead of a direct ride of 210 m. on the train by which I started it, it had been given a sea-voyage, had traveled double the necessary distance, and had been six days on the way.

When I mounted, at the post-office, in Yarmouth, at 8 o'clock on that Wednesday morning, the weather was just about as dismal and threatening as on the memorable morning in June, when the "Down East party" disembarked at Eastport and took their first united plunge into the mists of Maine. The character of the road and the scenery also suggested the environs of

[1] From *Outing*, April, 1884, pp. 11–18. This was accompanied by a full-page picture of a bicycler (presumably myself) reclining in the shade of a Nova Scotia "forest, primeval,—the whispering pines and the hemlocks"; and it gives a fairly good idea of the same. It was drawn by Edmund H. Garrett; and copies of it, on heavy paper, suitable for framing, are supplied for 20 c. each by the publishers of the magazine, 175 Tremont st., Boston.

Eastport, for my course led through a rolling country, usually in sight of the sea, and an attractive and ever-varying combination of mountain-and-water views accompanied me for the greater part of the day,—and, indeed, for the two days following. Weymouth, 47 m. from the start, is the first town of any consequence, and the first place where the tourist comes in sight of the railway after leaving Yarmouth, though it lies only a few miles inland from his course, and there are several of its intermediate stations which are readily accessible to him. There is a pretty view of the bridges when the rider emerges from the woods into sight of the village, and there is a long hill which I rode up with difficulty and then rode down with caution, as I entered the bridge. Just beyond this bridge, at Weymouth, is a steep, rough hill, which I do not believe any bicycle could climb; but it is the first real obstacle that would compel a dismount, in the case of a good rider who started at Yarmouth. It would be quite a creditable feat, to be sure, for a man to cover the entire 47 m. without stop; for the track is continuously hilly, and some of the grades are long, and some are steep, and some are rough and stony; but good luck in choosing the path at certain difficult places would make it an entirely practicable feat. There was not a rod of the way which I myself could not ride, and there was not a single one of my enforced dismounts which might not have been avoided by a little better judgment. On the other hand, in a repetition of the ride, I might very likely be forced to stop by obstacles which, in the present case, I had the luck to conquer. My longest stay in the saddle began at Meteghan at 1.30 P. M., and lasted 2 h. 20 min., during which I accomplished 14½ m., including several hills. Except for a mistake, which stopped me on a level stretch, I should have kept in motion another h., or until I reached the bridge in Weymouth, 5 m. on; for I was wet, and had no desire to dismount or rest till I got to my journey's end. The hotel of Forbes Jones was at the bridge, but that of his father was 1 m. beyond, on a sightly hill-top, and thither I proceeded, arriving at 5.10 P. M. The rain was now falling more vigorously than at any previous time of the day, and, as no other hotel could be reached before nightfall, I decided to stop. My first halt of the forenoon had been made at Hebron, 4 m., when the first rain-drops began to patter down, and I put my coat inside the india-rubber roll on the handle-bar. At a threshing-mill, 3½ m. further, the road turned off to the r., and led for the first time into the woods. Passing Lake Garland, I reached Maitland at 10 o'clock, and after a brief delay, for oiling and cleaning, rode 10 m. without stop in the following hour, and climbed the long church hill at Salmon River and the still bigger hill beyond. Another much slower hour brought me to the scene of a church picnic, just beyond the village of Meteghan, and there I made a lunch on the moist remains of the feast which the bedraggled picnickers were selling at auction, or packing away in boxes. Some of the merrymakers were enjoying the adventurous delights of a revolving swing, or elevator turned by a crank, and had umbrellas over their heads, while other happy pairs were treading

the mazy dance in very small booths, or shanties, through whose flimsy roofs the rain kept trickling down, in spite of all their brave adornment with evergreen boughs and artificial flowers. The sight of all this provincial pleasuring was as novel and amusing to me as the sight of a dripping bicycle tourist was to them, and we therefore stared at each other with mutual interest and satisfaction. Most of the people of this region are descendants of the old Acadian French, who returned here after their banishment from Grand Pré, and they retain much of the primitive simplicity in their customs and costumes. The uniformity with which all the women and little girls keep their faces bandaged up, in a sort of nun-like head-gear, at once attracts notice. Few understand the English language; but, as "money" is the language of church picnics everywhere, my wants were quickly supplied.

Bright sunshine prevailed on Thursday morning, but, as the rain had continued to fall heavily during a good part of the night, and as nobody in Nova Scotia ever thinks of taking breakfast before 8 o'clock, I was in no special hurry about getting started from Weymouth; and it was a quarter past 10 when I said good-bye to the representatives of the Jones family, who had entertained me in such hospitable and friendly fashion as to make me feel quite at home. A mistaken detour along the shore-road, which proved rather rough, resulted in bringing me back to the main road at a point 3 m. from the start, though I had covered double that distance, in 1½ h. Ten m. beyond, at 1.15 P. M., I stopped for lunch when confronted by the sign: "L. Fontaine. Entertainment. Meals at all hours." The road at this point was excellent, and almost continuously overlooked St. Mary's Bay, affording varied views of its waters and of the lofty ridges of Digby Neck beyond; but there now followed 1 m. of riding through the forest, and I then turned off to the l. and passed under the railway, instead of keeping straight on towards Annapolis. Two m. beyond I reached the road which I intended to take for that city, but, before taking it, I made a detour down to Digby (1,800 inhabitants), and when I came back to the fork again, 1½ h. later, the cyclometer recorded 4 m. From Digby I might have gone backward along the w. side of St. Mary's Bay, first on Digby Neck and then on Long Island, and thence have crossed by ferry to Meteghan (which would have made a pleasant round trip from Yarmouth of about 150 m., with less than 30 m. of repetition), or I might have been ferried across the channel to the Granville side, and have proceeded along the base of North mountain to the village of that name, which is opposite Annapolis, and to Bridgetown, about 16 m. beyond. The channel in question allows ships from the Bay of Fundy to approach Digby and the Annapolis Basin, a long, land-locked bay on which the village of that name is situated. North mountain is the name of the ridge, 600 to 700 ft. high, which forms the coast-line of the Bay of Fundy for 8 m. or more to the n. e. of Digby, until it terminates in the headland called Blomidon and Cape Split. South mountain is the corresponding ridge, 300 to 500 ft. high, on the other side of the basin and valley of Annapolis. The two ranges are about a half-dozen m.

apart at Digby, and converge somewhat as they approach Annapolis; but they afterwards diverge rapidly, so that, to the eastward of Lawrencetown, a flat plain, 15 or 20 m. wide, is included between them.

It was 7.30 P. M. when I reached the Dominion Hotel, opposite the railroad station in Annapolis (1,200 inhabitants), and I had been 3½ h. in doing the 20 m. which began at the fork in the road outside of Digby. That town was still in plain sight when I crossed Victoria bridge, 7 m. on; and even 3 m. later I had a view of it from a hill-top. Two m. beyond this I descended a long hill into Clemensport, and rode up a still longer one; soon after which, on the water level, I met with a few rods of deep sand, the first obstacle of that sort which I encountered on my tour. My record for that second day, which comprised several excellent stretches of roadway, and offered surprisingly few reminders of the last night's heavy storm, was 44½ m. It led me through a pleasant and prosperous region, abounding in gardens and orchards; and even the long lines of the fishing pounds and the acres of black mud in the tide-ways were rather agreeable to look upon by reason of their novelty. The ready accessibility of these great beds of black gravel, which are left uncovered by the receding tides in the rivers and basins, doubtless accounts in large degree for the average excellence of the roads in that part of Nova Scotia. Rain again fell during the night, and a heavy mist threatened me with more when I mounted at 9 on the following morning, and took a turn through the deserted fortress, as a preliminary to the resumption of my journey. A fine view was had there, and also from the summit of Round hill, 7 m. on, and the latter included Annapolis, which refused to be banished from sight almost as persistently as Digby had refused on the previous afternoon.

Bridgetown, 9 m. beyond Round hill, contains a Grand Central Hotel, which charged me half a dollar for a very poor dinner. I was told there also that, by taking the ferry across from Annapolis to Granville, I might have had an equally smooth road, and avoided much hill-climbing. The track thence grew somewhat poorer and softer as I advanced to the village of Paradise, 5 m., and Lawrencetown, 3 m.; and at the latter point I took train for 25 m. through a flat, barren, and uninteresting country, whose roads were too sandy for riding, though the "back road," along the base of North mountain, was said to be harder. The 2 h. ending at 6.30 o'clock sufficed for my progress from Berwick to Kentville (3,000 inhabitants), about a dozen m.; though much walking would have been necessary except for the recent rain, and I might, perhaps, wisely have kept to the train for the entire distance. The Cornwallis valley begins at Berwick, however, and the sun was once more shining brightly as I turned l. from the railway station towards that village, though I might also have gone to the r., along the post-road, instead of entering it at a point 5 m. further on. My day's record was 34 m.

Clear, bracing air and a cloudless sky supplied ideal atmospheric conditions for riding on Saturday morning, as I sped gayly along a most excellent course from Kentville, through the academic town of Wolfville (800

inhabitants), and the village of Horton, to the railroad station, on the historic site of Grand Pré. Here I turned about, for the sake of climbing a hill overlooking the place (though I might more readily have reached this summit at the outset by continuing straight up a broad, disused road, instead of swinging off to the right on the smooth track leading to Horton), and I devoted an hour to the enjoyment of the prospect and of my guide-book's presentation of the rhapsodies which it had inspired in former tourists. Then I jogged down to the railroad-crossing again, and so through the "great meadow," which the early Acadians reclaimed from the tides by dikes, until I reached the evergreen-shaded elevation called Long Island, and the shore of the famous Basin of Minas. The clay wagon-paths across the meadows were all ridable, though too rough for swift or pleasant riding, and I returned by a new route, and made many detours in getting past Horton to the foot of the long incline called Horton Mountain, from the summit of which another fine view was enjoyed. The ascending path was quite smooth, and I rode the whole of it, dismounting once for a team, but the downward slope of 2 or 3 m. was softer and rougher, so that I should have walked most of it had I been touring in the other direction. I tarried a while for lunch at Hantsport, and devoted the 2 h. ending at 6 P. M. to wheeling thence to Windsor (3,000 inhabitants), 8 m., over an uninteresting and difficult, though continuously ridable, road, which led, for the most part, through the woods, and which would have been hammered into smoother condition by the usual wagon traffic had not this been for some months diverted into another route because of a broken bridge. King's College—the oldest one now existing in the whole Dominion of Canada, having been founded in 1788—stands on one of the hills of Windsor; and the town itself, occupying a promontory at the intersection of two rivers, impressed me as the prettiest and most attractive one that I saw in Nova Scotia. Most of its streets and outlying roads are smoothly macadamized, and I made trial of them to the extent of nearly 8 m., in company with a couple of local wheelmen,—fellow-tourists of mine in the Down-East party of June,—who met me by appointment when I reached the Victoria Hotel, and who agreed to escort me at least a part of the way to Halifax on the following morning. My cyclometer recorded 47 m. on that fourth day of the tour, and lacked but 1½ m. of reaching the same distance on the fifth.

The character of that fifth day's riding, which completed the run of 218 m. from Yarmouth, and which was mostly done in the fog and rain, may be inferred from the description of the region given in "Baddeck," by Charles Dudley Warner: "Indeed, if a man can live on rocks, like a goat, he may settle anywhere between Windsor and Halifax. With the exception of a wild pond or two, we saw nothing but rocks and stunted firs for 45 m.,—a monotony unrelieved by one picturesque feature." An hour's swift spin of 8 m., ending at 8 o'clock in the morning, brought us to the end of the level stretch of roadway leading from Windsor; and there, in the mist, which had been constantly growing denser, until it was now almost like rain, my escort

bade me farewell and whirled their wheels homeward towards the town of seven churches. I then surprised myself by going without stop for 5½ m. in 1 h. 10 min., though the ascent was almost continuous for the first 2 or 3 m., and much of the remaining distance was rough and slippery on account of the rain. Thence I rode by short stretches to the railroad station called Mount Uniacke, 6½ m., where I made a brief pause for a glass of milk, and then started forth in a shower, which gave me a thorough wetting. It was exactly noon when I stopped for another drink of milk at a point 4 m. beyond this; and I estimated that the forenoon's journey of 24 m. had not required more than ½ m. of walking, spite of the many dismounts demanded by the slippery and difficult track. I walked much, however, for the first 4 m. of the afternoon, until I struck a stretch of black gravel, before reaching the place with the sign "16-Mile House"; but then was able to ride without stop for more than 1½ m. Following this came 4 m. of toiling through the mud, mostly on foot, until I reached the level of a running stream or river. A mile beyond this I came to the rifle range, and then, after a similar interval, to the Hotel Bellevue, opposite the r. r. station at Bedford, where I stopped ½ h., in the midst of a heavy drizzle, to partake of a lunch, which supplied the first food more substantial than milk that I had during the journey. In dry weather, the road from this point along the shores of the Bedford Basin to the Four-Mile House, and thence in to the city, is a good one; and in spite of the mud and stones, which caused frequent stops, I rode nearly all of it. There was very little rain falling during this final pull, but a dense fog enshrouded the town when I finished my ride at the door of the Halifax Hotel, just after 6 o'clock. My course through the forest had not led past very many houses, nor been enlivened by very many extended outlooks, but, on a pleasant day, it could hardly be considered so desperately monotonous as the corresponding railway ride described in "Baddeck."

Mist and showers prevailed by turns during all the next day, but I managed in spite of them to ride 20 m. in the city streets before embarking on the steamer "Worcester," which sailed at 6 o'clock, just as the setting sun began to shine. My longest spin was to Point Pleasant, a park of evergreen trees which lies between the harbor and the river-like inlet called the Northwest Arm, stretching therefrom for 4 m., to within 2 m. of the Bedford Basin. The shore road leading to this park, and the many intersecting roads within it, are macadamized to such an ideal degree of smoothness that even a very hard rain will not make them perceptibly sticky; but in this paradise I took the first tumble of the entire tour, while carelessly swinging my legs over the handle-bar on a down-grade. At 7 o'clock of Saturday morning, five days later, when the "Worcester," after a voyage of 630 m., was once more lashed to the dock in Halifax, several of the local wheelmen dragged me from my state-room to breakfast with them ashore, and then take a spin through the Public Gardens, of whose floral beauties the city is justly proud. Afterwards I went alone along the street which

followed the shore of the Bedford Basin, to the little post-office, whose sign read "3-Mile House," where I crossed the road by which I entered the city on Sunday, and proceeded 2 m. to the Seaside House, on the extremity of "the arm." Mounting there I rode up a steep and difficult hill, and continued without stop along the Chester road, 5½ m., to Governor's Lake. The return to "the arm" was also made without dismount, and more easily, in ¾ h., and thence up the long hill to the Citadel, and so to the Halifax Hotel, 2 m., in season for dinner. Sixty cents was the price charged for this excellent repast, and, though the rate per day is only $2, there is no other hotel in all Nova Scotia whose terms are so expensive. In other words, the hotels of the province are very cheap and very poor, when judged by the New York standard. The village of Chester is 45 m. from Halifax by the shore road, and the beautiful St. Margaret's Bay, at about the middle point, is the only intermediate place of any consequence. According to the guide-book, the stage road "runs along its shore southwesterly for 11 m., sometimes alongside of beaches of dazzling white sand, then by shingly and stony strands on which the embayed surf breaks lightly, and then by the huts of fishermen's hamlets, with their boats, nets, and kettles by the roadside." I was told that the entire road to Chester was fairly practicable for bicycling, and that Halifax wheelmen have several times traversed the first half of it as far as St. Margaret's Bay. The quarter of that first half, which I myself traversed without dismount, as before described, led through a "dreary and thinly settled region," covered by the stunted second-growths of forests which had once been cut off; and the occupant of the sole house at Governor's Lake, which is one of a series of connected ponds that form the water-supply of Halifax, assured me that the character of the roadway and scenery remained unchanged for the next 15 m., ending at the bay. From Chester, along Mahone Bay, to Lunenburg, is 24 m., and the steamer of the Yarmouth line for Boston may be taken at the latter point, or at Liverpool, about 30 m. beyond, though the stage road connecting the two ports is described as "traversing a dreary and dismal inland region, inhabited by Germans whose chief industry is lumbering."

From Liverpool to Yarmouth, 104 m., "the road runs along the heads of the bays and across the intervening strips of land"; and I was told by teamsters, who professed to have been over it, that, though very hilly, it is smooth and hard. Shelburne, Port Latour, and Barrington are intermediate ports, from which access may be had to Halifax by weekly steamer. Had time allowed I should have tried wheeling from the last named city, by the route just indicated, back to the port where I first landed, and thus have completed a round trip of about 450 m. The route actually traversed by me, from Yarmouth to Halifax, when laid down on the map, appears to form very nearly the arc of a circle, and the proposed return route may be said, in a rough way, to form the chord of the same. The intermediate region included between these lines contains many lakes and rivers; but is so thinly

peopled that it may be generally designated as a wilderness, and the few cross-roads which intersect it are none of them good enough for the bicycle. As to the other half of the Nova Scotia peninsula, I am inclined to believe that its coast line, to the n. e. from Halifax, might be pleasantly explored on the wheel, by the road which crosses the bays and inlets at a distance from the ocean of from 2 to 10 m., until it turns inland to Guysboro', at the head of Chedabucto Bay. Thence the road to the Strait of Canso, and along it, through Port Mulgrave to Tracadie and Antigonish, is presumably good; and the presence of 40 or 50 bicyclers in the latter town is a voucher for the general excellence of its local roadways, and perhaps also for the particular one which reaches along the north coast around to Pictou. This is the place where the steamer sails for ports in Prince Edward Island, 20 m. to the n., and it is the terminus of the railroad from Halifax, along whose general line runs a highway, by which the tourist could doubtless wheel back to that city, and thus complete a round trip of perhaps 250 m.; or he might go directly across from Pictou to Truro, 40 m., and from there follow the shores of the Basin of Minas and the river Avon to Windsor; or he might follow the general line of the n. coast, at some distance inland, to Amherst, about 100 m.; thence go southward to Parrsboro', 30 m., and from there follow the n. shore of the Basin of Minas back to Truro. Some difficult places would doubtless be found on these suggested routes; but I have sufficient faith in their general excellence to be willing to try them if I had the chance.

As the steamship line to which the "Worcester" belongs is organized under the laws of the United States, the ship is not allowed to carry on any traffic between one Canadian port and another, but only between a Canadian and a United States port. The agent, however, though forbidden by law of the Dominion from selling me a passage from Halifax to Charlottetown, on Prince Edward Island, kindly consented, in selling me a passage "from Halifax to Boston," to let me go aboard the ship on her outward voyage to that island. My voyage began, as already described, in the light of a brilliant sunset which marked the close of a two days' period of rain and fog; and the continuance of perfect weather on Tuesday made the passage through the Strait of Canso a pleasure long to be remembered. An hour's halt for the discharge of freight at Port Hawkesbury, about midday, allowed me to enjoy 5 m. of wheeling on the roads of the island of Cape Breton, and a two hours' stop there, Friday morning, while on the return voyage, gave me a chance to do twice that distance. On this second occasion I ventured to go up the coast as far as the bridge at Port Hastings; and I was assured that the same smooth road of powdered rock ran along the coast, in sight of the water, to the "jumping off place" at Cheticamp, 75 m. northward. I hope some time to explore it, and, on the return trip, to cross from Salmon River to Baddeck, and try the roads along the Bras d'Or Lakes. I think it would be practicable, with occasional resort to the steamers, to wheel from Baddeck to Sidney and Louisburg, and then back by St. Peters and Isle Madame, to the starting-

point at Port Hawkesbury. All the testimony I could find agreed as to the hardness of the roads and the absence of sand; but it is to be feared that in some places there has been insufficient wheel traffic to grind down the inequalities of the rocky surface. The obtaining of suitable food in so thinly populated a region might also be a matter of some little difficulty; but, on the whole, I recommend Cape Breton as an attractive field for the adventurous tourist. His wheel will be sure to be everywhere greeted as a wonder-compelling novelty, even though the honor of being "first on the island" has already been snatched away by "No. 234."

I cannot pretend to claim for it a similar fame in respect to Prince Edward Island, for a bicycle had been ridden in the streets of Charlottetown by a youthful summer visitor, during a week or two of the previous season; but I think I am the first bicycler who ever took a tour there, and it will not seem very surprising if, for some considerable time at least, I also prove to be the last. It may fairly be said of the island roadways that they are not by any means so bad as they look, for a wheelman who inspected them from a window of a railroad train would declare at once that they were entirely prohibitory to bicycling. The soil is a reddish sandy clay, but very fertile and productive, so that there is usually a thick growth of grass close up to the wagon ruts; and when the ruts themselves are too deep for comfortable riding, their grassy edges are often firm enough for the support of the wheel. Outside the two or three chief towns, the road-beds are all formed of the natural soil, and, in wet weather, many of them become little better than impassable sloughs; whereas, in dry weather, most of them are ridable, and some of them supply quite excellent stretches of riding. "The island has 109,000 inhabitants, and an area of 2,133 square miles, its extreme length being 130 m. and its breadth 34 m. The soil, which is mostly derived from red sandstone, is kept in a high state of cultivation, and nearly all the population is rural. The surface is low or gently undulating, with small hills in the central parts, and the scenery is quiet, broken every few miles by the blue expanses of the broad bays and salt-water lagoons. The air is balmy and bracing, and the most abundant trees are the evergreens. A conflict of opinion exists with regard to the scenery, some travelers having greatly admired it, while others declare it to be tame and uninteresting. The chief exports are oats, barley, hay, potatoes, fish, live stock and eggs."

A tremendous gale was blowing when I disembarked at Charlottetown (12,000 inhabitants), at half-past 8 on Wednesday morning; and I had no choice except to let myself be blown by it, in a n. e. direction, along the St. Peter's road, which follows up the Hillsboro' river, not far from its l. bank, for 18 m., to Mt. Stewart, a railway junction, where one line branches off to Souris and the other to Georgetown. On the other side of Charlottetown the railroad runs in a n. w. direction to Tignish, 117 m.; and the second largest town of the island (Summerside, with 3,000 inhabitants) lies about midway on the line. Spite of the great help which the wind afforded, I was 4½ h. on

the way to Mt. Stewart, though I did not do a great deal of walking. I had one needless tumble while trying to mount in a sand rut, and the final mile was ridden in the rain. So heavily raged the shower during dinner-time that I at first thought of taking the evening train directly back to town; but when the sun appeared, 1 h. later, I decided to advance through the mud and meet the train at a station further up the line. A miscalculation as to distance caused me to fail in doing this, and I was also dampened somewhat by later showers of rain; but the close of the afternoon was pleasant, and the wind, though less vigorous than at the opening of the day, helped me to the last. At dusk, having been another 4½ h. on the road, I had accomplished about 17 m. more, and reached the little fishing hamlet of St. Peters. The hotel mentioned in the guide-book was not to be found here, but, after making vain application at a number of the other cottages, I was finally received at the boarding-house connected with the store, near the r. r. station, and was well taken care of for the night. The weather of the next day was of an ideal character, except in the respect that the same breeze blew stiffly in the same direction, instead of turning about, as I had hoped; and as the "Worcester" was appointed to start on her return voyage at 5 P. M., I did not attempt to retrace my entire course on the wheel, but took train to Bedford, a station 14 m. from the city, and began there at 9 o'clock a roundabout journey of 24 m., ending 7 h. later in the public square at Charlottetown. The air was so clear and exhilarating that the mere fact of existing out-of-doors was in itself a pleasure; but, as the wind was generally against me, I was obliged to do much walking, whereas on the same roads, with the help of the wind, slow riding would have been practicable. The Lorne Hotel, on Tracadie harbor (an abandoned experiment at establishing a "fashionable watering place," whose desolate appearance suggested Forlorn as a more graphic title), was one of the places visited by me early in the day; and the best riding of all was supplied by the Maltby road, on which I wheeled my last 5 m. from the railway station at Winslow. Before going on board the boat, however, I circled around the city streets to the extent of 2 m. or more. The roads of the island are for the most part laid out in perfectly straight lines for many m. at a stretch, and this fact adds somewhat to the monotony of touring over them; though the undulating character of the country, which affords wide-extended views, and renders occasional hill-climbing necessary, supplies, in turn, by these views, a measure of relief for this monotony. I am sure that the tracks traversed by me were fair samples of the riding afforded in all parts of the island; and, though I cannot especially recommend it as a field for bicycling, I should certainly recommend any wheelman who proposes to go there to take his bicycle with him, and "play it for all it is worth." Were I myself to spend a week or ten days upon the island, I am sure that I should try, by the help of the wind, to explore 200 or 300 m. of its roadways.

The sights and manners and customs observed by the traveler in all parts of "Nova Scotia and the islands beyond" differ sufficiently from those

seen in the United States to seem "provincial" and "foreign"; but Halifax is the only place where their foreign quality assumes a distinctively "English" tone. The city suggests a small edition of London, and it is well worth visiting as a curiosity by those to whom the real London is inaccessible. The British flag flying above the Citadel; the red-coated soldiers stepping jauntily about the streets; the yellow brick and light stone fronts of the buildings, begrimed with the smoke of soft coal; the clumsiness of the carts; the heaviness of the horses; the gardens secluded behind hedges and brick walls; the mists and fogs which I encountered (though I believe these are not so frequent as to be characteristic); the general air of solidity, and repose, and "slowness"; all these things combine to recall "life in London" to one who has lived there, and to create a feeling of strangeness and remoteness from home in the mind of the casual visitor from any city in the United States. In some way it seemed larger to me than most other cities accredited with a similar population of 36,000,—perhaps because all the other places in Nova Scotia are so small,—and the impression left upon my mind was a pleasant one. I should be glad to make another and a longer visit there; and I know of no place so readily accessible from Yankeeland, where the inhabitants thereof can get so genuine a taste of "a foreign atmosphere," or so good a view of the contrasts which English life and habits present to their own. The "Worcester" finally took me away from Halifax at 4 o'clock of a Saturday afternoon, after I had indulged in a parting visit to the park, in company with some of the local wheelmen, and I disembarked at Boston about two days later, after an absence which lacked only a few hours of completing a fortnight. During this interval my cyclometer recorded 349 m. of wheeling, and I traveled 1,270 m. by boat and 50 m. by railroad. The entire expense of the tour was somewhat less than $50, and, as I am a good enough sailor to have no fear of sea-sickness, and was favored with pleasant weather while afloat, I enjoyed it thoroughly from first to last. Though my voyage of 1,030 m. on the "Worcester" kept me afloat on some hours of eight successive days, it also gave me some hours ashore on seven of those days, and allowed an indulgence in more than 100 m. of bicycling. As my state-room was upon the upper deck, and I was allowed to keep my wheel therein, the act of going ashore at the several stopping-places could be done without delay.

The agent of the line, on my first brief application, notified me that a charge of eight cents per cubic foot of space occupied would be levied for transportation of bicycle from Boston to Halifax; but upon my informing him that the Yarmouth line, by which I proposed to make my outward voyage, exacted no such tax, and my presenting in full the argument for classifying a tourist's bicycle as personal baggage, he admitted the justice of the claim and issued orders that bicycles should thenceforth be taken free, at owner's risk, on both the lines of the company, to Savannah as well as to Nova Scotia. Furthermore, no charge for the wheel was made on either of the railroads which I patronized. An excellent table was spread in the cabin of the "Worcester."

and its viands were extremely well appreciated by me when I returned from a day and a half's subsistence on the extremely simple fare obtainable in the interior of Prince Edward Island. The officers of the ship also were a good-natured set of men, who took pains to make my stay among them as agreeable as possible; and the people with whom I came in contact on shore were almost invariably civil and anxious to please. Whenever I dismounted to quiet the fears of nervous horses the owners thereof always apologized for the trouble they had caused me, and berated their beasts for the foolishness of taking offense at the appearance of so fine and beautiful a vehicle.

The direct shore route connecting Yarmouth with Halifax (the guide-book's description of which I have printed on p. 288), was explored during the first six days of Oct. '83 by E. Norman Dimock (56 in.), of Windsor, accompanied by a Mr. Bird (54 in.), from whom I have received the following report: "Except for the last 65 m., from Mahone Bay to Halifax, that direct road from Yarmouth is almost unridable, and I would advise no wheelman to attempt it. It is rocky and very hilly and runs through woods that allow only very unfrequent glimpses of the sea. The people all along the shore were very hospitable, and the accommodations were fairly good, with but one or two exceptions. We were particularly favored with fine weather. On the afternoon of the 1st, we went from Yarmouth to Argyle, 18 m.; 2d, to Clyde, 30 m.; 3d, to Jordan River, 24 m.; 4th, to Mill Village, 45 m., over the worst road of all; 5th, to Chester, 45 m.; 6th, to Halifax, 45 m. On Monday, the 8th, we wheeled home 45 m. to Windsor, whence we had started just a fortnight before. Our ride that first day was to Berwick."

The guide-book which I have alluded to and quoted from in this chapter is Osgood's "The Maritime Provinces," compiled by M. F. Sweetser (Boston: Ticknor & Co., pp. 336, price $1.50), and I recommend it as an invaluable companion for those who may wish to explore the regions described. The "third edition, revised and enlarged" (1883), was the one which I carried; and while I found quite a number of statements which had not been corrected since the first edition (1875), though really rendered obsolete by progress of time, I am sure that even a copy of that first edition would to-day be worth double its cost to any tourist in Nova Scotia. The book is modeled after those ideally excellent European guides of Bædeker, and attains a similar compactness and portability. It contains plans of the cities of St. John, Halifax, Quebec and Montreal, and five maps,—the largest (24 by 16 in.) giving the provinces on a scale of 25 m. to 1 in.; another (15 by 12 in., 50 m. to 1 in.) including the whole of Newfoundland; a third, the Acadian land, a fourth the Saguenay, and a fifth the lower St. Lawrence. A section 6 in. sq. cut from the largest map contained all my Nova Scotia route, and could be readily handled while on the wheel. These maps were prepared for the book by the Coltons (182 William st., N. Y.), who also issue a pair of their own, exhibiting the same provinces: 27 by 18 in. (75 c.) and 18 by 14 in. (50 c.) Newfoundland being included in the latter.

I was so much pleased with this book that I am glad to advertise the titles of two others of the same compiler's series which I have since purchased, though not yet put to practical test: "A guide to the peaks, passes and ravines of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and to the adjacent railroads, highways and villages; with the lakes and mountains of western Maine; also Lake Winnepesaukee and the upper Connecticut valley." Six maps and six panoramas. Copyrighted 1876, 1884 (5th ed., pp. 436). "A guide to the chief cities and popular resorts of New England, with the western and northern borders from New York to Quebec." Six maps and eleven plans. Copyrighted 1873, 1876, 1884 (8th ed., pp. 437). A fourth of the series, which I have not yet procured, is "A guide to the Middle States with the northern border from Niagara to Montreal" (8 maps and 15 plans). Though compiled by M. F. Sweetser, these guides took the name of their publisher, Osgood, the recent transfer of whose business to the firm of Ticknor & Co., may perhaps cause a change in naming the books. The price of each is $1.50, the amount of information is very great, and good indexes make it all accessible.

XXII.

STRAIGHTAWAY FOR FORTY DAYS.[1]

PHYSICALLY, a man is apt to be at his best during the ten years which bring him to middle-age at thirty-five. Of his possible seven decades, that is distinctively the one during which, under normal conditions, his average health and vigor will most nearly approach the ideal standard. Health may not always ensure happiness, but it is certainly a chief condition thereof; and whoever puts it in peril by continuous overwork during those "ten healthiest years," with the idea of thus winning leisure in which to enjoy himself later, seems to me to act foolishly. "As we journey through life, let us live by the way," is a maxim that has ever been to me a sufficient excuse for "going slow" and making the most of the pleasures of the passing hour. These theories I have often advanced against Philistine acquaintances, whose all-absorbing efforts to "get on" forced an indefinite postponement of all thoughts of pleasuring, and I have warned them that the bodily machine tends to run less and less smoothly when once it reaches the down-grade, beginning at the half-way point on its appointed course. It was somewhat exasperating, nevertheless, to have the truth of this physical law so promptly demonstrated upon my own person; but my thirty-sixth year was not allowed to end without bringing to me an attack of illness,—for the first time since childhood. I have mentioned, on p. 62 that, within three weeks after this brief prostration by malarial fever, I started to wheel the 400 m. described in Chapter XVI., and that no reminder of the fever kept me company during that pleasant autumn journey; but reminders of it did come to me several times during the following winter and spring, and gave a grim plausibility to the theory which an acquaintance kindly propounded for my encouragement. "That sort of fever," he said, "never really leaves a man whom it has once got hold of; and though it may apparently be banished by quinine, and may be kept out of sight for a long time, by leading an easy life with an abundance of out-door exercise, it still lurks in the system and is likely to show itself again, under stress of any unusual exposure or overwork." This cheering generalization from an individual experience was denied by a medicine-man whom I consulted (at about the middle of May, when I was so thoroughly "run down" as to despair of improvement from any further persistence in my let-alone policy), for he insisted that such disease might be eradicated as completely as any other, if proper treatment were submitted to. In deference to my expressed scepticism as to the possibility of conferring any permanent advan-

[1] The first part of this is from *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, November, 1885.

tage on the human body by the swallowing of "medicine," his advice was that I refrain during the summer from any great exertion or activity, either physical or mental, and "exchange the city for some quiet country place, free from any suspicion of malaria." I assured him in reply that the only locality of that description which I believed to exist in America was the saddle of a bicycle whose tires were in the act of marking a straightaway trail. Hence, it was "by a physician's advice," though not by his consent or approval, that I indulged in wheeling "straightaway for forty days."

My journey of 72 m. across the hills of New Jersey on the 5th of May, 1884 (see pp. 173, 174), completed a year's record of 4,337 m., which I wheeled with the definite purpose of regaining and preserving health and strength enough for the production of this book. The condition I was in at the beginning of that twelve months' mileage may be shown by quoting what I've said on p. 195 concerning my ride of May 5, 1883: "Even after two days' rest at my friend's house, I felt so weak and ill when I started, at 9 o'clock in the morning, that I feared I might not be able to stay in the saddle. Once mounted, my vigor returned somewhat, and though the heat proved to be intense, I succeeded in grinding off 23 m., ending at 7 P. M." Between then and the 22d of September, when I shipped my bicycle from Springfield to Detroit, I mounted on 49 days out of the possible 109, and rode 1,415 m., in New York, Massachusetts, Maine, New Brunswick, Connecticut, Nova Scotia and Rhode Island, as detailed in succession on pp. 110-111, 255-281, 130-146, 282-293, 107-109. By this time I had sweat enough while on the wheel to effect a cure of the malarial sweats which had occasionally afflicted me at night; and I had regained my weight, and felt about in my normal condition. It appeared to me best, however, to clinch matters, and lessen the chances of any relapse, by staying a while longer in the only American locality known to be "free from malaria,"—namely, the Perch of Pigskin. While the preservation of health was thus the main excuse for my determination, several other motives combined to support it. In the first place, as I had decided to prepare a road-book for America, it seemed desirable that I should make a really notable exploration of its roads,—should be able to demonstrate my oft-expressed belief in their being continuously ridable for three or four times as far as the longest unbroken trail (280 m., see p. 219) that my bicycle had ever previously marked upon them. So, too, I was curious to discover whether I could "ever get enough of" touring,—whether I should feel, at the end of 1,000 m., the same eager desire for "more" which I had felt at the end of my longest previous tour, measuring only half that distance. Still further, I was inspired somewhat by the longing which oppressed the Indian chief whom Father Taylor tells about as visiting the stately Boston mansion of Abbot Lawrence: "Looking around the splendid parlor, the chief said, 'It is very good,—it is beautiful; but I,—I walk large. I go through the woods and hunting-grounds one day, and I rise up in the morning and go through them again the next day. I walk large.'"

In coming to this decision that I would make an attempt to gratify my love of out-door adventure by trying to "walk large" with the wheel, I had carefully counted the chances of roads and weather, and had made diligent study of all existing material for the selection of a route that gave promise of the largest proportion of smooth roadway. The first annual tour through Canada of the Chicago B. C., the previous July, had shown me that I could be sure of finding 300 m. of such roadway between Detroit and Niagara; and an illustrated report of some Washington men's ride to the Natural Bridge (*The Wheelman*, Aug., 1883, pp. 323-331) had made me eager to try that longest and best macadamized track in the Union, which stretches from the edge of Pennsylvania for 150 m. s., through the Shenandoah Valley, to Staunton, in Virginia. My own experience had shown that a fairly ridable route might be laid s. e. from Niagara to the n. border of Pennsylvania, and I possessed a printed sketch of a New Yorker's tour in that State, from Port Jervis through Stroudsburg and Pottsville to Reading. Thus, in thinking over the wheeling allurements of these separate localities, the notion gradually took shape in my mind that it might be pleasant to combine the enjoyment of them all in a single, monumental tour, "from Michigan to Virginia." I did not feel constrained to proclaim this in the newspapers, however, nor yet to hire a brass-band and escort, as a means for securing an appropriate send-off. Indeed, I began the ride in the dead silence of the darkness which precedes daybreak (though on no other occasion have I ever mounted at so uncomfortable an hour); and the most that I confessed about my plans to any one, in advance, was a general intention of wheeling homeward towards New York, "as far as the roads and the weather might encourage me." I would not hamper myself by even so slight a constraint as a privately-expressed determination to "go through." I felt entirely free to abandon the journey at the exact point where its progress might cease to give me pleasure. However short my performance might prove to be, no one would have power to ridicule it for falling short of my promise, because I promised nothing.

The next chapter may be consulted for details of my "fortnight's ride in Ontario," which began at the Crawford House, in Windsor, opposite Detroit, Monday, October 8, 1883, at 4 A. M., and ended at the Revere House, in Prescott, opposite Ogdensburg, Sunday, October 21, at 9.30 P. M. The cyclometer registered a fraction less than 635 m. during that interval (the repetitions of roadway amounting to only 12 m.), or an average of 45¼ m. for each day. The second week's mileage, however, was 326 (av. 46½ m.), as against the first week's 309; and this was much the swiftest section of the tour, whose final fortnight, ending Thursday, November 22, covered only 498 m. This represents the distance from Susquehanna to Staunton, and is an average of 35½ m. a day. I was really 15 days between those two places, but I rested on Sunday, the 11th, at Port Jervis. I wheeled to there from Cazenovia, 188 m., during the week ending on the 10th, and I wheeled from there to Greencastle (on the opposite border of Pennsylvania), 262 m., during the week ending on

the 18th. Of the three times in previous years when I stayed in the saddle as much as a week (see p. 50) the mileage records were 287, 251 and 280. Chapter XXVI., which describes the first occasion of my trying the bicycle on 21 successive days (May 16 to June 5, 1884; 774½ m.; daily average 37 m.) shows the mileage of the three consecutive weeks as 256, 224 and 294½,—or 518½ for the final fortnight. A comparison of all these figures fairly illustrates the superiority of the Canadian roads, and gives statistical support to my expressed opinion that the course of a 1,000-m. straightaway bicycle race might be laid out upon them, between Detroit and Quebec, to very much better advantage than between any two points in the United States. If we are ever to have any competitions on this continent similar to those which Englishmen indulge in between Land's End and John O'Groat's, the Dominion rather than the Union is destined to be the scene thereof.

The powerful part played by the weather in regulating the swiftness of out-door riding was not forgotten by me when I said that the figures which represent my mileage of ten separate weeks may be fairly compared, as illustrative of the relative ridableness of the roads in the different regions traversed. The delays caused by rain and mud and wind were nearly enough alike in the several weeks to prevent any serious interference with the force of my argument. In ordinary talk about touring or road-riding, however, these important atmospheric factors are apt to be ignored; so that it is often carelessly said of a rider who has easily covered 90 or 100 m. in a day that he might continue his progress straight through the country for 500 m. in a week or 1,000 m. in a fortnight. How far this implied absence of bad weather is removed from probability may be shown by my own experience of four distinct storms in those fourteen Canadian days. Two of them were very severe ones, which wet me through when they began, at the end of day's rides; which raged all night, and which prevented any wheeling on the forenoons that followed. The two milder rains also fell at night, and rendered muddy and difficult those roads which otherwise would have furnished excellent riding. Each mild rain was the forerunner of a day or two of damp and threatening weather, ending with a heavy storm. There was still a fifth rain, in the form of a shower, which shortened my second day's ride. A strong wind at my back helped me to get through nearly 50 m. of mud between Belleville and Kingston on my twelfth day, and the rising shower drenched me as I walked the last few miles in the darkness. Two days before, when I traversed a similar distance ending at Cobourg, over perfectly smooth roads with many up-grades, I had the wind dead against me; and I was also forced to face a bitter blast during my final day ending at Prescott, when I managed in 14 h. to cover about 47 m., though much of the track was roughly frozen. The wind was oftener against me than with me on the other days; so that I might probably have ridden faster if faced in the opposite direction, on that particular fortnight. I do not mention its weather as specially bad, for no one ought to complain of an "average" which allows a certain amount

of riding every day; but, if I could be assured of having continuously pleasant weather, and the wind always at my back, I would engage to cover those same 635 m. in ten days. A fast rider, under those conditions, could certainly make the journey in a week; and I think that such a one, even under the actual conditions experienced by me, might have ridden 365 m. further in the same fortnight. I mean by this that, if he had left Windsor when I did, on the 8th of October, and followed my route, he might have measured his 1,000th m., at some point beyond Quebec, at the identical hour when I reached Prescott, on the 21st.

The bitter cold of the frosty morning following moderated rapidly after I crossed the river to Ogdensburg, and the next four days were mild and pleasant, though a slight rain fell on the second night. During these four I rode 138 m., ending at Syracuse soon after noon of the 25th; and my wheel rested there nine days before I resumed the journey. As I had ridden 31½ m., in the region of Detroit, on the 6th and 7th, I could now for the first time claim acquaintance with the saddle for twenty consecutive days, and my whole record was 804 m. Dividing this by 19 (since my first day's ride began and my twentieth day's ended at 2 P. M.), shows an average daily mileage of 42½. Having planned to make a visit of five or six days with a friend at Canandaigua, I had despatched my baggage to his house when I took train from New York; and, as bad weather caused my stay with him to be prolonged to nine days, it seems likely that my journey would have been interrupted at about this point, in any case. There was a rain storm on the night of the 26th, and the remaining days of the month were nearly all damp and cloudy, with occasional rain, which changed to snow on the evening of November 1. This first white coat of the season mostly disappeared in slush, the next day,—though traces of it lingered longer on the hill-tops,—and I resumed my ride from Syracuse on the sunshiny afternoon of the 3d. I proceeded as far as Cazenovia, 21 m., and occupied 3¼ h. in tramping the last third of that distance through deep mud and darkness. Rain fell again during the night; and of the 7½ m. which I traversed the following afternoon, starting at 4 o'clock, I walked the final half in the dark. Mud, resulting from the snow and rain, forced me to walk about 20 m. of the 27 traversed on the 5th; and a heavy rain on the evening of the 6th made the next forenoon's ride a slow and muddy one. The air was damp and warm, but a n. wind favored me and gave promise of fair weather. This lasted only two days, however, for my journey of the 8th encountered dense mist and occasional rain drops during its final hour, ending at 10.30 P. M.; and the similar condition of drizzle which prevailed when I started on again, the next forenoon, soon gave place to a two hours' steady down-pour. On the following day I traversed 40 m. ending at Port Jervis, though the rain was falling on me during at least half of the 11 h. spent upon the road. The baggage which I had despatched from Canandaigua, and a month's mail-matter from New York, met me there at the Delaware House; and I halted a day to enjoy

these things, and to have my new handle-bar fitted at a machine shop on Monday morning. Otherwise, I might have progressed a few miles through the mud, on that damp and drizzly Sunday, whose midnight brought a sudden change to wintry weather. Six inches of snow adorned the car-tops of the trains which came through from the west at day-break; and when I started down the Delaware at 10 o'clock, I faced a bitter-cold gale of wind and several brief snow squalls. (Severe cold, indeed, prevailed for a week, but no more rains troubled me until eleven days later, just at my journey's end, 409 m. from Port Jervis.)

The sun shone at noon, when I passed through Milford, but I quickly encountered another tempest of snow; and the third big squall of the day whitened me about two hours later. Odd and interesting scenic effects were several times produced by these alternations of sunshine, clouds and snow, along the valley,—drifting off against the horizon like showers in summer. My ride of 28½ m. ended just after 4 o'clock at the Maple Grove Hotel, below Bushkill. Some patches of mud had been encountered on this usually perfect track; and the mud and water froze to my wheel. Roughly frozen mud covered most of my roadway of the following forenoon, and my unprotected finger-ends grew almost numb with cold. At Stroudsburg I bought a cheap pair of thin woolen gloves, and found that my "ball-catcher's mitts" could be put on over these with perfect comfort. A biting blast confronted me at the start, next morning, and then there came a few rain drops which quickly changed into a brief gale of snow; while, at my midday passage of the bridge over the Lehigh, at Lehighton, where the sun was shining, a much more extensive snow-squall, which swept through the defile of the mountains on my right, towards Mauch Chunk, presented a charmingly wintry picture. The moon came up brightly at 5.30, that afternoon, but my course soon afterwards wound among gaps in the mountains, and its rays were shut off from me, though they lighted up the rugged cliffs on the further side of the Little Schuylkill, which was at my l. Monster icicles glistened from the great rocks, which towered above me on the r.; and the roadway, which had thawed a little at noon and then frozen solid, was too rough for safe riding even if it had been out of the shadow. The chilliness of the gale which swept through that gap seemed phenomenal in its intensity; and when I reached the United States Hotel, in Tamaqua, at 7 o'clock, I found that only a twelfth part of my 36 m. record had been made in the last 1½ h. Not a bit of thawing was possible the next day, November 15, though brilliant sunshine cheered my 33 m. progress, and the wind helped the latter half of it more than it hindered the first half. Such a tremendous blast was also at my back when I left Port Clinton, on the 16th, with a light layer of snow again whitening the ground, that I could not possibly have wheeled in the opposite direction; and even when it struck me sidewise, later in the day, after leaving Reading, it was an obvious hindrance. The wind was slightly adverse, also, during the 17th and 18th,—and on this latter day the intense cold definitely

moderated, and the hazy sunshine gave token of that "Indian summer" which was certainly met the next forenoon when I crossed the Potomac and wheeled to Martinsburg (29 m.). So mild was the air for the three final days of my tour (118 m.) that I jogged through the Shenandoah Valley in my shirt-sleeves, and I sweat profusely, even then. A warm, damp breeze was in my face on the last day of all; and I had hardly more than housed myself in the Virginia Hotel, at Staunton, when the rain thus betokened began to drizzle down, as if to make a dismal boast of its power to prohibit any intended progress across the 50 m. of red clay which separated the end of the pike from the Natural Bridge.

My tour ended at 5.15 P. M. of Thursday, November 22; and the registry of the cyclometer, from Syracuse, 19 days before, was 618 m., or a daily average of 32½. Thus, on each side of that nine days' halting place, there was a record of exactly 20 days with the wheel, and 19 days of actual wheeling; but the first half of this historic "forty days" showed a mileage of 804 (av. 42½), and the daily average for the entire journey (1,422 m., divided by 38) was thus brought up to 37½ m. Deducting the several miles of repetitions at Detroit, Toronto, and Kingston, and the shorter duplications of course that happened elsewhere, I call my genuine "straightaway" trail 1,400 m. This distance, if measured straight along the earth's circumference, would cover a full eighteenth thereof; and it was by far the longest which had then been made by the tire of a bicycle continuously upon American soil. I had an agreeable consciousness of this truth at the time of the performance; but I was greatly surprised when experienced English observers afterwards assured me of their belief that so long a straightaway trail had not yet been made by any European bicycler. Much longer rides have since been taken in both hemispheres, and several of them (like H. R. Goodwin's wonderful circuit of 2,054 m. during the first 19 days of June, 1885) have been incomparably swifter than mine; but the simple fact of precedence in time seems likely to ensure my own monumental exploration a unique place in cycling history. It makes me laugh to think that so slow and unambitious a wheelman as myself should have held for a while "the world's record" in respect to continuous trails, merely because I happened to be the earliest of my class to push a bicycle "straightaway for forty days." Among sympathetic cyclers of the future, who may examine with curiosity their then long list of long rides, I trust the memory of this one will be "loved all the better because it was *the first*."

I have shown that its atmospheric hindrances were numerous, but I do not believe that the "weather probabilities" of so extended an outing could be bettered by changing the season of it. I think I chose as good a time of year as possible for the exploration of that particular 1,400 m. of territory. I should account a man very lucky who could go over it without experiencing an aggregate of discomforts at least as great as my own. The intensely cold air, which characterized my week's passage across Pennsylvania, supplied an admirable exhilaration which could not have been had in summer;

and if the rains which preceded made mud, they also laid the dust and stiffened up the sand ruts,—those two banes of touring in very dry weather. The rain storms indeed never once proved prohibitory to daily progress, and the happening of four of them within eight days did not prevent my fortnight in Ontario from being much the fastest one in my entire wheeling experience. I may as well confess here that one reason for such swiftness was a lack of temptations for tarrying. It was by no means an unpleasant country to ride through,—it was far less monotonous and uninteresting than a traveler by train would imagine,—but all I wanted to see of it could generally be seen well enough without leaving the saddle. There were few salient points or noble outlooks where I longed to linger. There was small sense of loss or regret in continually moving on. From Tecumseh on Lake St. Clair to Kingsville on Lake Ontario; along the shore of this for 100 m. till in the region of St. Thomas, where a turn was made cross country for 50 m. to Lake Huron and *its* shore skirted for a dozen miles to Goderich; then another inland stretch of 190 m. to Toronto, and a shore road along Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence for 230 m. to Prescott: such is the outline of a course that supplied me a pleasing variety of scenery, but "without prejudice" to a rapid passage through it. If the waters of the lake, in sunshine or in moonlight, made a pretty section of my horizon, I was not forced to halt in order to enjoy the spectacle. Its attractiveness was increased, rather, by the constant change implied in rapid motion. No hills worth mentioning were met for the first 100 m.; and the roadway, without being absolutely straight, was a very direct one, having few abrupt turns or angles. Cleared and cultivated lands extended back from it on each side, for ¼ m. or ½ m., with a fringe of woods behind them, against the horizon. In the hillier, rougher and less fertile regions which I traversed later, I found similar conditions generally prevailing, in a somewhat modified form: that is, there was usually a stretch of open country near the road, with a wooded background. It seems to me that very little of my riding was "in the woods," and almost none of it in heavily-timbered forests. I think, too, that hardly any shade-trees had been planted along the wayside. Beneath the blazing sun of midsummer, therefore, a "tenderfoot" tourist through Ontario might perhaps consider its roads a trifle too much *al fresco*; but, on the whole, as I have said, to a cycler who wants the peculiar pleasure of pushing himself at a swift pace across a wide stretch of country, "Talbot Street" offers far greater attractions than any 500-m. thoroughfare in the United States.

There *is*, let me here insist, a peculiar pleasure in thus swiftly "walking large" with the wheel; and a part of that pleasure, to the philosophic mind, consists in certain distinctive intellectual advantages thus gained, which could not be gained by slowly wheeling over the same roads in separate, short journeys. For example, the fundamental fact that all material prosperity is based upon successful agriculture, was exhibited to me with the impressiveness which attaches only to an "object lesson." The "garden region

of Ontario," which I entered at the outset, evidently supplied comfortable homes for well-to-do inhabitants, though it hardly seemed to me worthy of the adjectives "picturesque and lovely" that another touring cycler has bestowed upon it; but, the further I proceeded, the poorer grew the soil, and, similarly, the appearance of the people and their habitations. The roads likewise deteriorated and became rougher and stonier as the country grew more bleak and barren. Its rocky and sterile nature impressed me most on the final day, when the houses were fewer in number and meaner in quality than ever before,—some of them being nothing else than rudely-built log-cabins. This natural contrast, between the richness of the Province near my point-of-entrance and poverty near my point-of-departure, was intensified by the falling of leaves during my fortnight's eastward and northward movement of 600 m.,—for the luxuriant autumn foliage at the beginning changed to bare trunks and branches at the end. An improvement in surroundings was to be noticed as soon as I crossed the St. Lawrence. My first day's ride in New York State, 30 m. s., was through a rough and rocky region, but the greener grass at the edges of the rocks and forests gave token of a richer soil and milder climate. The Otselic valley, on my route from Cazenovia to Binghamton, likewise suggested fertility, spite of the snow upon its hilltops. From Binghamton, I went up the banks of the Susquehanna to the town of that name; then climbed over the mountains, through almost 40 m. of rugged and sparsely-settled country, to meet the Delaware at Honesdale, and follow it for twice that distance. Between Stroudsburg and Tamaqua, I passed through a fine farming district, whose German-like names showed the ownership of the "Pennsylvania Dutch." There were extended views of smoothly-cultivated fields stretching across the valley, with rolling hills beyond and high mountains in the background; there were whitewashed stone-walls and houses plastered on the outside, whose piazzas and fences were also whitewashed; there were little cross-roads taverns, all having queer oval signs outside, and sausages, chopped-cabbage and smearkase inside; there were well-lettered guide-posts at the forks and crossings; there were tidy little girls, who said "good morning, sir," with great respect; and there was, withal, a woman who gravely asked what my name might be, as a preliminary to answering my enquiry about the best way of reaching the village hotel.

Beyond Tamaqua, I got a glimpse of a mining region, where the mountain-sides, adorned with the reddish leaves of scrub-oaks interspersed with the bright green of the pine, made quite a brilliant compensation for the unsightly heaps of coal-dust. A few hours later, my environment was again strictly agricultural, for I was gazed at by a gang of not less than twenty men who were simultaneously pulling turnips in a half-acre lot. The next day, Reading was reached, and the region of the Cumberland valley, where there were broad stretches of country enlivened by green wheat-fields, and mountain ridges looming up on the distant horizon. Red barns and whitewashed fences added to the general appearance of neatness and thrift and prosperity. The

mile-posts along the pike were inscribed with the distances not only to Philadelphia and Harrisburg, its terminal towns, but also with those to Reading and Lebanon, intermediate. The villages were all made of red-brick houses, having solid wooden shutters painted white, and these shutters were invariably kept closed, so as to religiously exclude the healthful light of the sun and produce a deadly autumn chill inside. Beyond Harrisburg, where I walked about a mile along the double-bridge which spans the Susquehanna, the country seemed somewhat less thickly-settled and productive. The mountain ridges on my l. made a level line against the horizon, while those on my r. were broken into peaks and spurs. Then came Carlisle, the first county-town of the strictly Southern type, whose central feature is a sort of magnified cross-roads, or open square, from which start four thoroughfares into the country, n., s., e. and w. The public buildings and others—usually of brick, and two or three stories high—front upon this square; and the effect is sometimes rather pleasing. Chambersburg, Greencastle, Martinsburg, Hagerstown and Gettysburg are among those towns which I recall as built in just this fashion. My passage across the Potomac at Williamsport was made exactly four weeks after I crossed the St. Lawrence at Ogdensburg (though the 625 m. registered between those rivers represented only 18 days of riding); and the warm Indian summer haze, with which Virginia then welcomed me into the matchless Shenandoah Valley, offered an agreeable contrast to the bitter frost with which Canada had coldly kissed me good-by.

All of these vivid and instructive contrasts of weather and soil and scenery, and of their relations to men and manners and houses, are the distinctive reward of "walking large" with the wheel. In no other way can they be enjoyed with such zest and perfection. A tourist on foot moves too slowly to see the country on a grand scale; a tourist by train moves too swiftly to see the individual significance of any particular features of it; and a tourist on horseback or in a carriage would probably find more physical pain than intellectual pleasure if he attempted to explore an eighteenth of this planet's circumference "straightaway in forty days." Furthermore, all such travelers necessarily miss the sense of personal elation which accompanies the noiseless rush of the man who has hitched the winged wheels to his feet. The exhilaration of this bird-like flight over an ideally smooth road can be imagined, in part, even by those who have not been so happy as to experience it; but only a genuine wheelman can appreciate that certain grim gratification which attaches to the act of forcing a bicycle's passage along the roughest and most difficult of paths. It is the pleasure of "accomplishing the impossible,"—of winning a victory over Nature herself. Hence, though I took all practicable pains to include in my route the best roads whose existence was known to me, a contemplation of the difficulties which must nevertheless be conquered, in combining them into a single trail, was not entirely unpleasant. I had somewhat of that "fierce, stern joy which warriors feel," when I looked upon the map, and vowed that the tattered tires of my old

"Number 234" should make a monumental mark upon the surface of the continent which it represented. I fixed in mind "1,000 m." as the proper length for this "continuous straightaway trail"; and I felt as if the whole secret forces of the earth were fighting against the indignity of my laying it down. "Those forces have finally won the fight," I felt despairingly, as the runaway mules whisked my bicycle away to seeming destruction, at the very time when I had pushed it within 35 m. of the goal (see p. 45). I reached that goal at 3.40 P. M. of Saturday, November 10, when the 100-m. pointer of my cyclometer, having made exactly ten revolutions since the start at Detroit, again stood at "45.6." This was in front of a dingy little tow-path tavern with the misspelled sign of "Deleware House"; and when I had waked the mountain echoes, and the sleepy bar-tender, by shouting the "three-times-three 'rah of Yale," in token of my triumph, I guzzled several bottles of his birch beer and ginger ale, in further honor of the happy event. The spot thus made historic was Pond Eddy, a little clump of canal cabins lying in an elbow of the mountains. During the previous 2 h. I had managed to ride 7 m., in spite of the mud and rain. Lofty rocks overhung the canal on the l., and a stone parapet guarded the r. side of the path from the river rolling below. On the opposite bank of it, the Erie freight trains were rumbling along the grades which seemed steep enough to be called hills. Such were the scenes and circumstances amid which "Number 234" marked the completion of the first American bicycle trail of "a thousand miles straightaway." Though hot, and wet, and tired and bedraggled, I was happy because triumphant. The rain storms and the snows, the stony mountains and the muddy valleys, the winds and the sands, had all been faced, and had not prevailed against me. Even the mules—those stolidly omnipotent enemies of mankind—had been foiled in the final attempt to stay my all-conquering tread. I had warred, all alone, against the elemental forces of the Universe. I had cut off a twenty-fifth part of the Globe's circumference. I had done the exact thing which I set out to do. Though no other man knew it, or might care about it if known, I knew that I had *won!* The exhilaration of such knowledge has been voiced for me by these verses of "H. H." far better than I myself could define it; and, while the owner of the "Deleware House" sleepily speculated about the mental soundness of this bespattered stranger who could imbibe such frigid belly-wash as birch beer, preferably to fire-water, I sipped the beer and thought:

Not he who rides through conquered city's gate at the head of blazoned host, and to the sound
Of victors' trumpets, in full pomp and state of war, the utmost pitch has dreamed or found
To which the thrill of triumph can be wound;
Nor he who by a nation's vast acclaim, is sudden sought and singled out alone,
And, while the people madly shout his name, without a conscious purpose of his own
Is swung and lifted to the nation's throne;
But he who has, all single-handed, stood with foes invisible on every side,
And, unsuspected of the multitude, the force of Fate itself has dared, defied,
And conquered, silently.
Ah! that soul knows in what white heat the blood of triumph flows!

The white flannel of my riding-shirt, which the rain had been moistening for hours, was not to be dried even by the white heat of this thousand-mile triumph; but the glow of this was certainly great enough to make the next hour's riding very vivid in my memory. I wheeled through no less than 5 m. of mud in that interval, though the rawhide bearings on the axle had now grown so soft as to make it revolve with great difficulty; and then I tramped through the darkness (7 m. in 2 h.) to the end at Port Jervis,—encountering at first continuous shallow puddles upon a smooth surface which would have been ridable by daylight, and afterwards stretches of soft and sticky mud. The picture presented at the closing in of night,—just before I dismounted, and resolved that I would take no more risks in reaching my base-of-supplies, however tiresome foot-progress thither might prove,—impressed itself more lastingly upon my mind than any other of the many curious and attractive scenes encountered on the forty days' journey. It was at a canal-lock in a sharp bend of the mountains, where a water-fall rushed and gurgled, and a bridge afforded a mimic stage upon which the snail-paced mules seemed to be posing themselves in a sort of ghostly fashion, as their great shapes loomed up with vague outlines against a background of mist. The yellow lights of the lower boats glimmered fitfully down the canal, and the red and green lanterns of the Erie cars and switches flashed a fierce response from the opposite shore, as the trains thundered around the bend. The gathering gloom and darkness seemed almost palpably to increase with every turn of the wheel, as it slipped silently along through the mud, carrying me nearer to this strange scene; and the shadowy summits guarding the river's defile could be imagined as coming nearer together, as if bent on the grim joke of closing the gap against me. Somehow, the situation suggested the Virgilian lines with which the shipwrecked Æneas so nobly voiced his gratitude to the tender-hearted Dido. Somehow, those lines brought up the memory of my magnanimous bull-dog, and made me wish that dear old friend were alive again, in order that I might tell him how great an inspiration the thought of his indomitable perseverance had been to me, in marking the thousand-mile trail. Somehow, I felt called upon, in the white heat of my triumph, —as I proudly pushed my spattered bicycle down the muddy path of glory which seemingly led but to a misty grave,—to do homage to his blessed ghost. And so, at the top of my voice, I shouted to the tops of the mountains:

> *"In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ*
> *Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,*
> *Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt,*
> *Quæ me cumque vocant terræ."*

Only one fall was experienced by me in the entire 618 m. between Syracuse and Staunton, and that happened just before noon of the final day, when I was within less than 30 m. of the finish. In grinding against a rut, the front wheel was somehow pulled out from under me towards the r., while I sat down heavily towards the l., exactly as in a case of slipping on the ice.

On 9 of those 19 days I traveled a certain amount of time (½ h. to 5 h., or 14 h. in all) after dark; and I rode somewhat on each occasion, though walking largely predominated. My morning starts were all made between 8 and 9 o'clock. On 10 of the 20 days in the first half of my tour, my night riding made the considerable aggregate of 117 m., including 28 m. in the dark while completing 100 m., and 36 m. in the moonlight while completing 80 m., —the two longest day's runs ever made by me, each of them lasting till after 2 A. M. My tumbles in those 20 days and nights were also much more numerous than in the later and rougher half of the tour. Indeed, the very first thing that happened to me after mounting my wheel at the door of the Michigan Exchange Hotel, at Detroit, in the presence of certain cyclers who wished good luck for my Canadian journey, was a violent header at a hole in the wooden pavement, a few rods distant. Though I had steered clear of this same hole when I came in, an hour before, I forgot about it in the glare of the gas light; but I rode to the ferry without further accident, and I mounted before daybreak, next morning, without any fear that the mishap would prove an omen. On the second day, 102 m. from the start, I took a bad header, without apparent reason, while slowly descending a rough clay hill. Two days and 100 m. later I had a side-fall at a mud rut. This was in the afternoon of my 100-m. run; and in the darkness of the evening, 35 m. beyond, a stone stopped my wheel on a down-grade and gave me a slow and harmless header over the r. handle. Then, after 18 m. more of slow progress in the dark, I had a backward fall when my wheel plunged into a mudhole. This was the most painful one of any in my experience, and as it happened after I had ridden about 99 m., I thought it wise to do my 100th m. on foot. On the sixth day, 20 m. beyond, I had a side-fall to l., in grinding against a grassy slope on the edge of a muddy road; and on the eighth day, 75 m. beyond, I was forced to take a backward jump, and let my wheel run down a bank,—snapping off the right handle by contact with a rock. A few hours later, just as I started on my moonlight ride of 36 m. to Toronto, I took a header to r., from striking a stone; and just after midnight, 25 m. beyond, I had a heavy side-fall in a rut. In the moonlight of the next evening, while slowly descending a hill, I took another header,—my last one in Canada,— 412 m. from the start. At the 557th m. I dropped my wheel in a mud rut; at the 663d m., I flew over the handles, on account of a stone on an up-grade; and at the 754th m. I took a side-fall on a sandy ledge. On the forenoon of the same day (the seventeenth) when this happened, I ran a rusty nail through the sole of my shoe and deep into my foot, by jumping down upon the board which it projected from. This pained me somewhat until I got to Syracuse, but was cured before I resumed the tour. [1]

[1] Physicians having several times questioned me as to my possibly noticing any pathological symptoms developed by bicycling, and as to my opinion whether long tours on the wheel would be likely to help or injure people of inferior physique, it seems proper to print my general answer right here, as a note to this report of my longest personal experience a-wheelback. As

My wheel had thirteen falls in the first 804 m., as thus shown, though I escaped a share in two of them; and, in the final 618 m., it fell once in addition to the single fall which I had with it when only 28 m. from the finish. The header which happened at the 412th m. caused the wheels to interfere; but I pulled the fork back into position again, with the help of some men who were playing football in the moonlight, and I suffered no further trouble from this fall or from any other. Pages 43–46 may be consulted for my report of how the mechanism stood the wear and strain during the long journey, and of the accident which finally disabled it and forced me to take train back to New York, instead of wheeling thither. In mentioning the clothes which I wore (pp. 21–22), I have said that a velveteen jacket of '79 and corduroy breeches of '81 served me well in all weathers. I might have included in the remark my flat velveteen hat of '80. In the midnight fall which I suffered on the fourth day's ride, the breeches caught on the spring-clasp of the backbone and were very badly rent. A tailor patched them up for me successfully in the course of the next forenoon; but when I again tore them into strips, by a similar "catch," while making a sudden dismount in a snow squall, below Port Jervis (Nov. 12, about 1,025 m. from the start), I was forced to do the patching myself. These breeches are still "ridable," and as they offer an excellent example of the needlework and embroidery practiced by a man in the woods, I may even yet decide to put them up as a decorative-art prize for the club which does the most to increase the sale of this book!

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most of my tours are begun after an abstinence of weeks or months from the saddle, the riding of the first few days (35 or 40 m. each) always hardens up the fæces, so that the act of expulsion is usually rather painful. The difficulty generally wears off at the end of a week's riding; the action for the rest of the tour is normal and easy; and no relapse or evil-result happens when a quieter, in-door life is resumed again. As regards this only unpleasant tendency known to my own experience of wheeling, my off-hand inference was that people afflicted with costiveness, piles and other prevalent rectal and anal troubles (from which I have always been free) might perhaps suffer an increase of the same, if they exposed their bodies to the vibration implied in all-day riding on a bicycle. But the valuelessness of any such generalization from a single individual report is shown by the fact that a case of chronic costiveness, so aggravated as to seem almost necessarily fatal, was cured (or essentially mitigated) by a resort to bicycling, after all the remedies of the medicine-men had been tried in vain. This was the experience of a lawyer of my own age, who began wheeling when I did, and who has ridden more thousands of miles than I have, and whose longest day's rides have exceeded my longest. Since the time when he explained to me his singular restoration to health, I have been unwilling to admit that *any* man, who is capable of walking, will be more likely to aggravate than to cure any diseased part or tendency of his body by a use of the bicycle. As regards a slight saddle-soreness or stiffness, which has sometimes repaid me for taking a 30 or 40 m. ride after long inactivity, I have always found it diminish on the second day of a tour, and disappear on the third. Slight superficial sores or pimply skin-blisters, near where the body's weight rests upon the saddle, are apt to stay by me to the end of a tour, though without any pain or itching. As I have mentioned on p. 62 that the presumed weakness in my left elbow, caused by dislocating it in '79, was for the first time hinted to me in taking some 50 m. rides, after my attack of fever in '82, I am glad to add that my forty days' tour seems to have cured it of all tendency to offer such hints. My elbow troubled me not at all on that tour, nor has its possible weakness been suggested to me since.

My reason for not offering them thus as a help to my subscription-list (see p. 22) was the dreadful failure of a similar experiment, when I shook off my shoes, "on soft Susquehanna's side," and sent them to the chief of the local wheelmen, in a box which was marked somewhat as follows: "The enclosed shoes, whose total record is 1,800 m., and which are the first shoes in America that have pushed a bicycle more than 800 m. straightaway, are hereby respectfully presented to the President of the Binghamton Bicycle Club, to be offered by him, under proper restrictions, as an annual challenge trophy for the long-distance championship of the club." Alas for ingratitude and unappreciated generosity! Only one subscription was sent by that club towards my immortal 3,000; and it has never yet promoted any long-distance races, for the advertisement of my shoes and my book! Beyond Port Jervis I made no attempt to fix upon any third base-of-supplies, as my route was uncertain, but despatched my baggage directly home to New York, though I did not reach there until a fortnight later. The changes of clothes which I carried with me on the handle-bar kept me comfortable enough in that interval; as they did indeed during the three weeks before I met my baggage at the opening of the tour. Nevertheless, I still adhere to my old opinion (1881, p. 17) that when it is practicable to send a valise ahead, where it can be met every third or fourth day, the pleasure of touring will be increased by such action. I have praised (p. 21) the lightness of the silk stockings which I carried for evening wear on this journey, and it is with sincere regret that I confess my inability to exactly put on record their "passive mileage"; but I know I must have trundled them around for several thousand miles, through a good many States and Provinces. Except for its expensiveness, I should no doubt regularly prefer silk to woolen as a leg-covering in summer journeys; and were the heels and toes of stockings to be woven double, whether silk or woolen, their value to the cycler might be almost doubled with but very little increase in their cost. If any hosier has endeavored to make his fortune by advertising a simple device of this sort, as a protection of the garment in the two places where the wear chiefly comes in riding, I have not yet had the pleasure of reading his announcement.

Considered as a scheme for getting rid of "malaria," and storing up a supply of strength sufficient for the production of this book, my forty days of "walking large" with the wheel proved eminently successful. It convinced me, too, that the love of touring, like any other genuine and healthy enjoyment, is really insatiable. It grows by what it feeds on. The man who has a hearty liking for it, is always bound to want more. He is like the Scotchman's dog that could never get enough of fighting. "I go through the woods and hunting-grounds one day, and I rise up in the morning and go through them again the next day,—I walk large," said the Indian; and it seems to me that I, in similar spirit, could never really tire of "wheeling large." I care too much for comfort to sacrifice it in traversing deserts and dangerous countries merely for the sake of conquering them, while innumerable pleasanter regions are

waiting to be explored; and I am not adventurous enough to risk my life in search of strange sensations and unique experiences, as Thomas Stevens is now doing in Asia; but I sympathize entirely with the spirit of Stevens, which enables him to take pleasure in the process of buckling a bicycle-belt round the world; and I have no hope of higher happiness in the future than that which would attach to "wheeling large" in foreign but friendly lands, should Fortune ever thus allow me to push "Number 234, Jr." across such "fresh fields and pastures new."

If this ambition seems contemptible to the man whose nature shows no strain of the noble savage, let him modestly remember that the savage, in turn, looks with the sincerest contempt on the ambitions and amusements of the highly-civilized. To the men of my own age and generation who have now fairly taken in hand the political management of this continent (though the superfluously lagging veterans who were *not* "in de wah" have as yet generally failed to get a grip on that truth), let me say that the exploration of the continent's roads seems exactly as creditable. I wish them great good-luck in their little game called "politics"; but it seems to me that most of the players make it a very little game. "I know their tricks and their manners," and I am not impressed at all with the notion that any special dignity or grandeur attaches to their performance. *My* game called "wheeling" seems quite as respectable a one for an elderly man to seek his amusement in; and if they laugh at this idea, let them remember that "he laughs best who laughs last." I do not affect to despise any kind of human activity which is engaged in sincerely; I only insist that the value of each kind, as regards the individual, is purely relative, dependent entirely upon his own special "mental center," or personal point-of-view. "Of the many precious immunities that belong to humble station, there are none," as Hamerton says, "more valuable than the freedom from false amusements. Any hard work, however uncongenial, has the qualities of a mental tonic, for you see a sort of result; whilst a false pleasure leaves no result but the extreme fatigue that attends it,—a kind of fatigue quite exceptional in its nature, and the most disagreeable that is known to man." And so, when some conventional ambition or ceremonious splendor is pointed out for my approval, I exclaim: "It is very good,—it is beautiful; but I,—I walk large." Or perhaps I sing, in happy paraphrase of George Arnold's verses:

"A harmless fellow, wasting useless days, am I: I love my comfort and my leisure:
Let those who wish them, toil for gold and praise; to me, this whirling wheel brings more of pleasure.
So, here upon it let me ride at ease, while solemn voices from the Past are calling,
Mingled with rustling whispers in the trees, and pleasant sounds of water idly falling.
Praise, if you will, 'the man of higher aims'! I ask but leave to smell the flowers, and listen
To lisping birds, or watch the sunset's flames on the broad river's surface glow and glisten.
Yes, let me go: I care no longer now for fame, for fortune, or for empty praises;
Rather than wear a crown upon my brow, I'd ride forever here among the daisies.
So you who wish for fame, good friend, pass by: with you I surely cannot think to quarrel:
Give me peace, health, this wheel whereon I fly, and spare me both the labor and the laurel!"

XXIII.

A FORTNIGHT IN ONTARIO.[1]

So many pretty tales had been told me about the smoothness of these Canadian roads that I thought they might offer a better chance than any other for testing my ability to push a 46-inch, cone-bearing bicycle straight through the country for as much as 100 m. in the course of a single day. I entertained a general intention of trying to do that distance, therefore, if the wind favored me, at the very outset of my long tour; for the July report of the Chicago tourists had shown that the first unridable stretch of road began at Clearville, and that I might lay off 100 m. between Windsor and that point by taking a route somewhat less direct than their own. Beyond Essex Center, therefore, I turned r. to Kingsville, where I got my first view of Lake Erie, and then l. to Leamington, where the Chicago men first got near the lake. The only sand of the day was encountered on the 8 m. between these points, but the side-paths were then practicable, and there was one ideally smooth spin of 3 or 4 m. When I reached L., at 11 o'clock, 7 h. from the start, my cyclometer registered nearly 40 m. (a much greater distance than it ever accredited to me at so early an hour on any other occasion, either before or since); but, as the wind was against me, I gave up all idea of trying to cover the remaining 60 m. to Clearville, and did not resume my journey till after dinner, at 1.30 P. M. Meanwhile, however, I wheeled down to the lake, 1½ m. distant, and took a swim. I stopped for the night at a little tavern in Dealtown, which I reached at 6 (after having passed across about 3 m. of rough and barely ridable clay near Wheatley); and as I had traversed 72½ m. since leaving Windsor, 14 h. before, and was not particularly weary, it seems likely that I might have reached Clearville by midnight. Indeed, when supper was over and I saw how bright the moon shone, I was almost tempted to pack up again and go on. A smooth spin of 14 m. in 2 h. of the next forenoon brought me at 10.30 to Troy (Fairfield P. O.), where the village blacksmith insisted that I should halt and take dinner with him, in order that "his boy" might escort me down to Clearville, whither we wheeled pleasantly (12½ m.) between 12 and 2 P. M.,—a local rider accompanying us through the village of Morpeth, which is about 5 m. from Clearville.

My cyclometer here registered 99 m. from Windsor (though reports of other tourists would seem to show that it fell short of the truth); and, as I had given 5 m. to detours, I should advise any one who wished to be sure of covering 100 m. straightaway before reaching C., to begin his ride at Tecum-

[1] From *The L. A. W. Bulletin*, November and December, 1885.

seh, about 8 m. n. e. of W. The whole distance is practically level (*i. e.*, there are no grades steep or long enough to be troublesome), and, when the surface is at its best, I do not think there is a rod of it which would force a good rider to dismount. In all the 6,000 m. of roadway explored by me, I know of no other stretch of 100 m. so suitable for a straightaway race; and I am sure that a fast rider who was favored by the wind might speed along this route from Tecumseh to Clearville with surprising swiftness. On the forenoon of the day before my tour began I wheeled to T., with some members of the Detroit B. C.,—turning l. at the top of the little hill after crossing the ferry to Windsor; then r. into the road which branches off near where a r. r. bridge may be seen on the l. below (it was at this point that I made my first mount, next morning, an hour before daylight, and faced for Essex Center); then l. in a pretty straight line for Tecumseh, 9 m. from the start at the Michigan Exchange Hotel, which is less than ½ m. from the ferry. There is no reason for dismounting between W. and T.; and the last 4 m., beginning at "the Frenchman's half-mile track" were covered in 20 min. Coming back from T. for about 3 m. on this same smooth road, we turned r. for the shore of Lake St. Clair, and went along it for 3½ m. to the upper ferry for Detroit,—finishing thus at the hotel a pleasant 4 h. round-trip of 18 m. No questions had been asked us at the ferries by the customs inspectors (to whom, probably, the faces of my escort were familiar); but when I came back alone in the evening (see p. 306) the sub-officer who controlled that particular gateway of Canada refused to let my bicycle go through it without an order from one of his superiors. Two hours, therefore, had to be wasted in walking and waiting, before I could find the Collector of the Port at home, after his return from evening service at church. This, fortunately, had had a good effect upon his charitable impulses, for he did not resent my intrusion upon his Sunday night retirement, but graciously signed an order admitting my bicycle to the Queen's Dominion, and wished me good luck in my expressed intention of pushing it 100 m. upon the morrow. As my plan of getting early to bed had been spoiled by this delay, hardly more than 4 h. of sleep preceded the knock which roused me at 3.30 A. M. to begin my first trial of riding before daylight. I had many narrow escapes from falls, but I kept to the saddle pretty continuously until dawn at 5, and I think that on no other occasion have I ever got over as much as 5½ m. in 1 h. of darkness. My only previous day's ride as long as this (73 m., on the s. shore of the same lake, ending at Erie, Sept. 17, 1880,—7 A. M. to 11.45 P. M.—see p. 204) was after a good night's sleep.[1]

[1]The day when I write these words (Oct. 8, 1885) happens to be the second anniversary of this opening journey of my fortnight in Ontario; and I am thereby reminded to utter warning against the deceitfulness of newspaper paragraphs recently circulated to the effect that there has been a recent change made for the better in Canada's cumbersome customs regulations about bicycles. On the contrary, they are still classed among ordinary "carriages of travelers and vehicles laden with merchandise," which (under the rules of Aug. 5, '81, printed in *L. A. W. Bulletin*, Aug. 13, '85, p. 123) are required to leave the Dominion within two days, at the place

The reason why a 100 m. run should not extend beyond Clearville is shown by the extract appended to this paragraph; though I found the road, three months later, by no means so intolerable as therein described. The first 1½ m. from the hotel at C., and the last 1½ m. to the hotel at Wallacetown (including a steep hill in each case), I wheeled without dismount; and the intermediate distance, which my cyclometer called 14 m., I got over at the rate of 3 m. per h., with occasional bits of riding. Reaching a little place called Eagle, just at dusk, with a day's record of 37¼ m., I stopped there for the night, because the rain-drops from a black cloud which had been following me some hours threatened to give trouble if I persisted in my plan of tramping through the dark to W., 6½ m. beyond. My third day's tour, 7 A. M. to 5 P. M., was 39½ m., ending at the Tecumseh House in London; and all of it beyond W. was ridden, though some rough riding was encountered because of my choosing the poorest of two possible routes at Five Stakes. As I did not go to St. Thomas, my route differed from that of the Chicago men for several m.,— Iona apparently being the point of divergence. After only 6 h. in bed, I was roused on Thursday, October 11, at 5 o'clock, and I mounted in the dusk of daybreak at 5.45, and rode to Clandeboye, 20 m., in just 3 h., where I halted 1½ h. for a breakfast of chocolate, eggs, bread, milk, apple-sauce and water. I had previously eaten a half-pound of grapes as I wheeled along, and gnawed a few bits of chocolate. This was during the first h., which brought me to the broken bridge at St. John, 6 m. (beyond Arva, before reaching which I rode up a hill ½ m. long); and I was delayed here ¼ h., by walking through the sand, to get around the break. Thence I went at

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where they enter it, or else have security given equal to the amount of duty, which will be refunded on proof that they have been taken out of the Dominion within 30 days. Strictly enforced, this would be in effect prohibitory to international touring on the wheel (for no one would lay out a route "across the line," in the face of such a red-tape penalty, so long as good roads were freely open to him elsewhere), but the harshness of the rule is mitigated by the great discretion allowed the collectors in deciding what constitutes "security." In my case, for example, it was nothing more than a verbal promise to push the wheel home to New York as quickly as possible; and I presume that any other solitary tourist, who encountered a good-natured collector, and could convince him, that the wheel was not to be left for sale in the Dominion, would escape the annoyance and expense implied in making a deposit of money, as required by law. What tourists want, however, is not an assurance of the probability that this antiquated law may be officially evaded, but rather an official proclamation that they shall be free to enter Canada under the same safe and simple rule which my Bermuda trip of '84 forced our own Treasury Department to adopt concerning the admission of touring wheelmen into the United States (as detailed on pp. 368-370). Let the Canadian Wheelmen's Association demonstrate its value by sending such a committee to the Customs Department at Ottawa as shall convince that noble branch of the Circumlocution Office that there is a present need of reform. Though the bicycle is a carriage, it is distinctively a "personal" one,—as necessary to the tourist's comfort as the clothes which he wears. Even so unprogressive a government as that of Italy long ago recognized this truth by permitting free passage at the frontiers to wheels in actual service; and it has just now extended the privilege to those carried by trains, when accompanied by their owners. Why, then, should Canada pretend to keep up a Chinese wall, for preventing the money of Yankee travelers from reaching the pockets of her hotel-keepers?

speed to Clandeboye, through Birr and Lucan, where a long hill was climbed,—not dismounting at all during the 14 m., except two or three times for skittish horses, within 2 m. of the bridge. Mounting at C., on the stroke of 10, I never left the saddle until 11.10, when I stopped 20 min. at the hotel in Exeter to imbibe two lemonades. The cyclometer showed 10¾ m. as the distance; and on only one previous occasion had I ever gone over such a stretch so rapidly (Sept. 20, '80; North East to Westfield, N. Y.; see p. 206). The driver of a buggy, who tried for several m. to run away from me, served very effectively as a pace-maker. At Exeter I began the swiftest of all my long straightaway stays in the saddle,—dismounting at the hotel in Bayfield at 1.52 P. M. with a record of 22 m. for the 2 h. 22 min. The last 8 m. were run in less than 35 min. (if I read the cyclometer right when I made a brief halt, at 1.15, as a precaution against frightening a pretty woman's horse). On this most exhilarating spin, the wind helped me greatly as far as Brucefield (where I turned l. up a long slope and then crossed a bridge and a big hill beyond), and I met no other such ideally smooth and level stretch in the whole 1,400 m. of my journey. Having now covered 53 m. in 8 h. (three straight pulls of 6 h. 10 min. in the saddle), I halted 40 min. and absorbed about a quart of milk before entering upon the second and roughest stage of the ride, whose 47 m. required almost 12 h. more (including 2½ h. of rests). The 13 m. ending at Goderich at 4.30 P. M. were done in 2 h., though the level roadway (much of it in sight of Lake Huron) was nearly all muddy and difficult. Having added 1 m. and ½ h. in G., while securing another quart of milk, I changed my course from n. e. to s. e.; and when dusk settled down, at 5.45, I had covered 72 m.,—the longest distance ever done by me in 12 h. There were many hills in this region, and I gave 50 min. to the next 4 m., ending at the hotel in Holmesville, where I rested 2 h., for a bath, a change of clothes and a supper (which was of the same character as my breakfast—no solid food having been partaken of during the 10 h. intervening). I was told that the town of Mitchell, 24 m. distant, had a good hotel called the Hicks House, and that the road thither was smooth, without many hills. The moon promised to light my way, and, as I was by no means weary, the conditions tempted me to undertake the completion of 100 m. Before I reached Clinton, at 9.15 (4 m. in ½ h.), the moon had ceased to shine, and the wind came up against me. Cheered there by a bottle of ginger ale, I fared to Seaforth, 9 m., in the next 2 h., and there indulged in two bottles,—my last refreshment of the journey. After midnight, when my cyclometer stood at 91 m., the wind blew against me with increasing force, the mist thickened, and the darkness deepened, so that the track grew much more obscure. I could barely distinguish it for a rod or so ahead of me as a lightish line in the general blackness, but the big stones, whose whiteness had given warning to me earlier in the night, were now hidden from view, and I did much walking for fear of them. At 1 o'clock, a clump of houses on a cross-roads assured me that I had reached the hamlet of Dublin, and was within less than 6 m. of the finish. My feet

were at once conscious of a greatly increased smoothness in the roadway; and so I ventured again into the saddle, and kept it for almost exactly 4 m. (I counted the revolutions, 436 per m., to learn my rate of progress), or until my wheel plunged into a mud-hole, and I suffered a violent fall backward. After this I rode only a few rods, for the surface evidently grew rougher and more treacherous; and I was too nervous from the pain and shock of the fall to attempt any further risks. So I walked the last one of my 100 m., completing that record at 2 A. M. when I crossed the little bridge at Mitchell. I wandered ½ m. more in the next ½ h., before I discovered the hotel; and I had to kick and hammer for a long while before I could arouse the proprietor. Meanwhile the rain began to fall. [1]

[1] I sent a short note about this ride to the *Bi. World* (Oct. 26, '83, p. 330), and a report of it also appeared in Hazlett's "Summary of Notable Runs" (*The Wheelman*, Feb., '84, p. 370). The May and June issues of the latter journal (pp. 97–106, 175–185) published President Bates's report of the experiences in Canada of the forty Chicago tourists, whose route from Windsor to Goderich (July 2–5, '83) was practically identical with my own, and who had planned to ride during the next two days to Mitchell and Brantford, but were forced by bad weather to take train thither. Of the 25 m. traversed thence to reach Hamilton, at the head of Lake Ontario, he says: "All the tourists walked at least half and most of them walked two thirds. It was the 'hardest' road we had yet encountered. Planks (mostly unridable, in various stages of brokenness, filled in with unfathomable mud) formed the first 9 m. of it; and then followed a wretched 'stone road,' full of loose bowlders and ruts unrelieved by side-paths. We went up a succession of hills to Ancaster, and there, 7 m. from H., began 'going down the mountain.'" In regard to the first difficult section of the tour, he says: "Soon after leaving this hill, just beyond the hotel at Clearville, the road grew rapidly bad, until, in a few m., it became positively the worst road any of the party had ever seen. Within a distance of 16 m. were 18 tremendous hills, made by deep valleys carved in the great clay bluffs by rapid streams of muddy water. The road, owing to the long wet season, was a conglomeration of lumps of dry, hard clay, with stones, ruts, and occasional stretches of deep sand. The people along 15 m. of it left no imprint of any foot-travel. Even where hamlets were found of from 15 to 30 houses, there were no side-paths from house to house; no turf, no relief of any kind. The road generally was not even walkable; it had no flat surface big enough to plant one's foot on. Certainly it was the worst *dry* road I ever saw. After about 15 m. of this sort of thing, the whole party were at last enabled to mount and ride into Wallacetown for supper, with a day's record of 40 m." He says that the whole party were only 29 min. in wheeling the 6-m. stretch ("as smooth as an asphalt pavement") ending at Bayfield.

The only straightaway ride, of 100 m. in a day, which had been taken in Canada previous to my own, was that of C. H. Hepinstall, Captain of the St. Thomas B. C., and a jeweler by occupation, who wrote for me this report: "Starting at 4.05 A. M. of Sept. 30, '82, I reached London (18 m.) at 6.10, and waited till 7.20 for repairs; stopped at St. John (6 m.) ½ h. for breakfast, and at Lucan (9 m.) ½ h. for a rider who wished to go a few m. with me. Reaching Exeter (48 m. from the start) at 11.05, I started on at 11.45; reached Mitchell (15 m.) at 1.15, rested 2 h. for dinner, and then went on to Listowel (24 m.) at 6.05. Leaving here, after supper, at 8.10, I finished at Fordwich (15 m.) at 9.47, making 102 m. in 17 h. 42 min., or a little over 11 h. of actual riding. My object was not to do the distance in the least possible time, but rather to wheel to Fordwich in a day, and see all my friends that I could in the towns along the road. I carried a heavy m. i. p. bag, full as I could stuff it, and another quite as large. As Saturday is the time when country people come to market, I was continually meeting teams which would not face the wheel. Considerable rain fell in the forenoon, but the afternoon was pleasant. From Exeter to Mitchell the road was somewhat sandy and stony; and from there

to Listowel quite unridable, being covered with deep parallel ruts, as no repairs have been made for years. I had to pick my way along the sides; and I may say the same of my route from L. to F., which led through swamps with corduroy crossings and many stones,—making night-riding very awkward. The surface from London to Exeter was, as usual, 'simply magnificent.'" It will be observed that his route coincided with mine for these 30 m., which he covered between 7.20 and 11.05 (3¾ h., with stops of ¾ h.), as compared to my 5.45 to 11.10 (5¾ h., with stops of 1¼ h.); showing that even my riding time was 1 h. slower than his.

At the close of the summer of '85, four members of the Star W. C. of Cleveland (Henry E. Chubb, John J. McTigue, Walter Collins, and Joseph Weitz), engaged in a successful fortnight's tour, comprising a large section of the track explored by me, as this mileage summary shows: August 14, Detroit to Morpeth, 77; 15th, to St. Thomas, 47; 16th, to London, 18; 17th, to Goderich, 66; 18th, to Woodstock, 69; 19th, to Guelph, 48; 20th, to Toronto, 60; 21st, spent in Toronto; 22d, to Hamilton, 40; 23d, to Niagara, 50; 24th, 25th and 26th, in Niagara and Buffalo; 27th, to Erie, 98; 28th, spent in Erie; 29th, to Cleveland, 82. This makes 655 m. for the 11 riding days, and the total of the tour was 677 m." With this may be compared the fortnight's circuit taken a year earlier by Samuel Roether, secretary of the Port Elgin B. C., as reported in *Canadian Wheelman* (March, '85, p. 67): "Starting from my home on Lake Huron at 7 A. M. of Aug. 24, I passed through Underwood and Tiverton over first-class gravel road, and reached Kincardine, 24 m., in 3 h., spite of the wind and rain. About 11 m. beyond, the wind increased to almost a hurricane, but I wheeled for 6 m. behind a buggy, which broke the force of it, and having lit my lamp at a corner-store, 8 m. from Goderich, I managed to reach there in 1¼ h., 60 m. from home. The wind was with me on the 25th, and I reached London in 8 h. of riding time. The next afternoon I rode to St. Thomas in 2 h., and on the forenoon of the fourth day to Aylmer. Getting out of my course, beyond here, and being caught by a shower, I took train to Simcoe, and again to Hamilton (for the roads were impassable on the 28th because of rain), and steamer thence to Toronto and Niagara. Starting homeward from there on September 3, at 9 o'clock, I reached St. Catharine's, for dinner, but failed to find good roads until near Beamsville, from which place to Hamilton they are first-class. There is considerable side-path riding near Grimsby, and I was repaid for the rough roads by magnificent scenery. Taking train to Woodstock, I wheeled thence on the afternoon of the 4th through Tavistock to Stratford; and on the 5th to Goderich, 42 m. The first 24 m. of this could easily be done without dismount, as there are but few hills until Seaforth is reached. In fact, the region of Clinton is where most of the hills on this route seem to have been placed; but still the roads are fine, and, in spite of heat and dust, I made the last 12 m. to Goderich in 1¼ h. The next forenoon I went n. through Carlow to Lucknow, along a road which can't be beat, as I covered 6 m. of it in 25 min. In the afternoon I went 26 m., through Riversdale and Enniskillen, on the Durham gravel road, to Walkerton, with a strong sun and hot wind on my back all the way. The heat continued so intense that I took train home to Port Elgin, 30 m. A good road was said to connect Lucknow with the lake shore at Kincardine, 18 m. Throughout the trip, I wore a ten-cent straw hat, in which I placed a fresh cabbage-leaf several times a day; and I did not meet with a single accident. I'm only sorry that my outing was not two months instead of two weeks."

The same rider thus describes the final section of route which he took by train ("C. W. A. Guide," p. 42): "Port Elgin to Walkerton, 32 m., may easily be ridden in 4 h. Roads of first half, to Paisley, very good and not much affected by rain; spite of some ugly hills, to be walked up and down, stretching through 1½ m., the 16 m. require less than 2 h. Last half (through Dunkeld, 11 m., and Johnston's Corners, 2½ m.) is too soft after a rain, and too dusty in dry weather. In starting from P. E. to Paisley, you go 2½ m. s. e. on Goderich road to Half-Way House, then 3½ m. s. to Burgoyne. The n. road from Port Elgin to Southampton is 7 m. of perfectly level gravel, which the rain improves, and may be ridden in ½ h. From Owen Sound (on Georgian Bay, a branch of Lake Huron) to Port Elgin, 28 m., the route leads through Tara, 12 m., of which the first 7 are rocky and rough on the Goderich road; then s. 2½ m. on county line; then 1½ m. w. on 10th concession Arran, good gravel; then 1½ m. s. to Tara; 1½ m. w.

to Invermay, hard gravel; then 3½ m. w. to Arkwright, fine; then 5 m. w. to Burgoyne, hard and good. The 16 m. from T. to P. E. is the best in this region. The Allenford and Elsinore route from Owen Sound to P. E., though shorter than the T. route, is not so good." Owen Sound was also the objective point in a 400-m. tour taken by W. J. Williams and Herbert Williams, brothers, of the Woodstock B. C., and outlined thus ("C. W. A. Guide," p. 88): "On Aug. 13, rode 50 m. to Waterloo, through Tavistock, Shakespeare, Baden and Berlin,—whence to W. was very hilly. Next day, through fine scenery to Breslau, and then by rough and hilly roads to Guelph, 15 m. Third ride, 60 m. to Durham, through Fergus (ideal road, 13 m. in 50 min.), Arthur (stop for dinner), 13 m., and Mt. Forest, 10 m.,—the afternoon road being bad and much cut up. Fourth ride, 40 m. to Woodford, through Williamsford, Chatsworth and Owen Sound; the 9 m. between the two latter taking only 50 min., the rest of the road very rough and rocky. Fifth ride, to Meaford (rough but down hill); thence along Georgian Bay to Collingwood (rotten stone and fine gravel, one of the best roads we ever saw); thence, on a soft road and against a head-wind to Stayner, where we gave up, and took train to Orillia, at the n. end of Lake Simcoe; record, 45 m. Next day was a tough one: we took train back to Barrie, at s. w. corner of lake, and wheeled thence across country 45 m. to Mono Center; had rain on a clay road to Cookston, and then soft sand; after passing Alliston, climbed the Mono hills, up some of which we could scarcely push our wheels because of steepness. The next 50 m. to Guelph led through Orangeville (very good) to Hillsburg (splendid), whence to the finish the road was not quite as good. Our 18 m. return ride, Guelph to Waterloo, through Freeport, we found better than the outward ride through Breslau. The final day's run to Woodstock, 50 m. (9.15 A. M. to 3 P. M.), was the swiftest of the trip, though we had to walk 3 m. on the r. r. track, to get around a broken bridge before taking our dinner at Shakespeare. Including 38 m. ridden at Guelph, we wheeled 411 m., and it was the best as well as the cheapest trip we ever had."

Hillsburg, named in the above report, is 4 m. n. w. of Erin village, which lies on the Eramosa road about the same distance n. of the Bristol Hotel ruins, where my own route turned e., as shown on p. 318. Of the direct road thence to Owen Sound, no report is given for the 12 m. between Orangeville and Shelburne; but for the 22½ m. thence n. w. to Flesherton, C. Langley, of Toronto, supplies the following: "Fair gravel, with sandy stretches for 5 m., then 1½ m. of rough and swampy land; 11 m. part clay and part gravel, slightly rolling; 5 m. to F., fair but hilly, the last 2 m. being a succession of 'steps.' This 22 m. affords glorious coasting and grandly picturesque views, and can be done in about 3 h. Markdale is 8 m. n. w. (good gravel); and 10 m. beyond M. is Williamsford, whence my route coincides with that of the Williams Brothers. The immense hills of this 10 m. cannot be ridden up, but may be coasted with care." The same rider reports this route to Lake Simcoe from Toronto ("C. W. A. Guide," p. 55): "Block pavement of Yonge st. 2 m. n.; 6 m. loose macadam to York Mills, but sidewalks nearly all the way, and two steep but ridable hills; then 4 m. to Thornhill; 4 m. fair to Richmond Hill; 4 m. good to Bond's Lake; good coasting and scenery round the end of it, and along the 6 m. to Aurora; thence 4 m. good rolling macadam to Newmarket. The town lies 1 m. e. of main road, and it offers two good routes to Lake Simcoe. That through Holland's Landing and Guillimbury to Cook's Bay is a good one; but the route to Roach's Point, 17 m., is even better; for, though apparently hilly, almost all the hills are surmountable, and there are some fine stretches of very level road. The 3 m. run from Keswick to Roach's Point is grand, being at all times within a stone's throw of the lake. Branching off at K., a very level road is found running through 8 m. of splendid country, past Belhaven to Sutton, a r. r. terminus. The route from Newmarket is to Sharon, 4 m., Queensville, 3 m., Jersey, 6 m., and Keswick, 1 m. A good temperance hotel is kept open during the summer at Roach's Point." One short route out of Toronto, not much favored by cyclers, leads to Danforth, 7 m., and is "level, with good stretches of gravel interspersed by bad patches of sand." It leaves the city by the Winchester st. bridge, and runs through the townships of Scarboro and Markham. This same road may be met by turning off from the Kingston road at the Half-Way House, 11 m. e. of Toronto (2 m. beyond Don Bridge), and will offer macadam for 3 m. n. to Malvern. "Thence 4 m. n. to Markham is a mud road. The next 9 m., to Stouffville, may be ridden in ¾ h., spite of two steep hills, for it is all fine gravel."

Resuming now the record of my own tour, I remark that, during the first four days of it, I covered almost exactly 250 m. of strange roadway; and if any other rider has traced as long an American trail in as short a time, the report of it has escaped my notice. The nearest approach to it that I am aware of was the three days' ride of 215 m. by H. S. Wood (Staunton, Va., to Columbia, Pa.; May 23–25, '84); and I have not yet heard of any one else who has taken a similar straightaway spin approximately as swift. My own longest three days' ride was 177 m. (the last part of the 250-m. ride just mentioned); next was 156 m., Niagara to Erie; Sept. 16–18, '80 (see pp. 50, 203); and third was 155 m., Lancaster, Pa., to Newark, N. J.; June 3–5, '84. The longest such combination during my last ten days in Ontario was 151½ m. (Galt to Cobourg), as may be seen by the following summary, showing the mileage of each day's ride, and the town and hotel where it ended: Friday, Oct. 12, Stratford ("Windsor"), 13¾; 13th, Berlin ("American"), 29½; 14th, Galt ("Queen's"), 16½; 15th, Toronto ("Rossin"), 79½; 16th, Pickering, 32½; 17th, Cobourg ("Arlington"), 49½; 18th, Belleville ("Dafoe"), 44½; 19th, Kingston ("Windsor"), 48¾; 20th, Gananoque ("International"), 24½; 21st, Prescott ("Revere"), 47.

Seebach's Hill, in Sebringville, about half-way between Mitchell and Stratford, is said to be "the highest point in Western Ontario, affording a magnificent view and a splendid coast"; but neither of those facts was of consequence to me on a misty and muddy afternoon. Beyond Stratford, the first town that I passed was Shakespeare (7 m.), and then Hamburg (7 m.), whence the Chicago tourists proposed to go to Ayr (12 m.) and through Paris to Brantford, 17 m. more. Another recommended route from Shakespeare to B. leads s. 3 m. to Tavistock; s. e. 14 m. through Strathallan (7 m.) to Woodstock; then e. and s. e. 30 m. through Eastwood, Cathcart, Burford and Mt. Vernon to Brantford. Nearly all this is ridable, on hard gravel roads or side-paths, and some of it is excellent. The 8 m. from Paris to Brantford "can be covered easily in 1 h., rain or shine, and in spite of the hills." The same authority says of the bad 28 m. leading thence to Hamilton (see p. 314): "Some parts supply good riding, after a fortnight of dry weather; and extensive repairs are contemplated." I decided to avoid this bad stretch by going e. to Toronto and then back again s. w. along the lake shore to Hamilton, and so e. to Niagara; but, when I reached T., I was told that the shore route backward was poor, while if I kept straight along to the n. e., I should find good riding for 200 m. or more. Thus I was persuaded to exchange Niagara for Ogdensburg as my point of re-entering the United States.

From Hamburg, through Wilmot Center (by mistake for Baden) and Petersburg, to Berlin I found the hard gravel roads unaffected by the previous day's rain, and I rode up all the hills. The next afternoon, following another rainy night, I went through Breslau and Preston to Galt (which was out of my direct course, being about half-way to Paris); and, thence, on the frosty morning of the 15th, through Hespeler to Guelph (15 m. in 3 h.), where

I turned towards Toronto again. Smooth gravel roads led me across a succession of hills, past Eramosa P. O. and the hamlet of Osprey to the ruins of the burned Bristol Arms Hotel (17 m. in 4 h.), where I turned to the r. and entered the first cedar forest of the tour. Hitherto I had been in an open country, affording fine views of the autumn foliage, and I had been grinding up long hills in the teeth of the wind; but now, having the wind at my back, I rode 6 m. in 50 min. and then broke my handle-bar. I walked much of the 5 m. to Georgetown, where I had it welded (though the road was good); wheeling thence in the moonlight to Norval (4 m. in 40 min.), whence I followed a somewhat winding road, with occasional stretches of sand, to the Dew Drop Inn cross-roads (5½ m. in 1¼ h.) at 8.45 P. M. Here I began the longest, swiftest and pleasantest moonlight spin of my experience (7 m. in 50 min.)—the course being "e. two concessions, then s. through Streetsville and Springfield to Dundas st., then e. for 18 m. to Toronto." The main roads of this region are straight, and cross each other at right angles, having apparently been laid out in regular parallels at the time of the original land-grants. People, therefore, speak of the short distances between these parallel roads as being so many "concessions," just as city men speak of a house as being so many "blocks" away. I've forgotten the equivalent distance of a "concession," but I remember that while obeying my directions to ride "e. two concessions from the Dew Drop Inn," a carriage kept quite near me—sometimes in front, sometimes behind—and its owner said I ought to "keep straight on for Toronto," instead of turning s. for the Dundas road. My 7-m. spin ended at a bit of sand, perhaps 2 m. before reaching that road,—the character of which varied greatly. There were some ideally smooth stretches, whitely glistening in the frosty moonlight; elsewhere parallel ruts covered the whole roadway; while sand was usually plentiful near the villages. The side-paths were said to be good by daylight for most of the distance, but the night shadows made them too dangerous for me. The tavern at Cooksville, 64 m. from the start, gave me my last chance for beer, at 11 o'clock; and, after a heavy side-fall at midnight, I did considerable tramping until I reached the board walks in the outskirts of the city. It was at 2.40 A. M. when I found my hotel, and plunged into the bath-tub. I had spent 20 h. in doing the 80 m. (with 5 h. of rests), and had not been supported by very luxurious food either at morning or night, while my mid-day meal had consisted simply of milk. My breakfast, indeed, I forgot to pay for; and I was many miles from Hespeler when the notion occurred to me that the landlord of its little inn, who was talking with me when I mounted, had forgotten to ask payment. Doubtless he was surprised a second time when he received the amount from me by mail.

Toronto, the capital of the Province, seemed to me more wide-awake and American-like than any other Canadian city; and from the fine outlook which I had of it on the tower of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, it seemed to offer shelter to much more than its actual population of 90,000. The massive and substantial architecture of its University also impressed me

more pleasantly than any similar structure in the United States has ever done, though I have, within the last dozen years, looked upon all of our chief collegiate buildings. Several of the local riders accompanied me about the city, and that one of them who escorted me out of it, late in the afternoon, was the same who had served as pilot for the Chicago tourists, three months before. His recommended route for Guelph ("C. W. A. Guide," p. 53) is 4 m. shorter than mine,—the differences being shown by the following summary: "At Cooksville, 16 m. w. of T., turn n. for Brampton, 9 m. of clay (good in dry weather; unridable after a rain); then 6 m. w. to Norval, stiff clay; 4 m. w. to Georgetown, clay, good only in dry weather; 17 m. to Bristol Arms, good gravel; 8 m. s. w. to Guelph, fine gravel, and fine coasting, on long, easy grades." His portrait appeared in the *Canadian Wheelman*, a few days after I met him, and the appended editorial said: "Without ever having seen a real bicycle, but only engravings thereof, he designed a wooden machine, and on one occasion rode it from Aylmer to Strathroy, 50 m., in a day. Afterwards, he covered the same 50 m. in 6 h., on an iron bicycle of his own making, in which the bent barrel of an old gun served for a backbone." As a reward of two years' persistent coaxing, he has at last prepared for me the following biography: "Perry E. Doolittle (b. March 22, 1861), M. D., surgeon of Toronto B. C., residence: 237 Front st. E. I now ride a 54-inch Invincible, but began on a home-made 48 in., May 20, 1878. My mileage to date (Oct. 6, '85) is 11,750, divided by years as follows: '78, 1,300; '79, 2,250; '80, 2,000; '81, 1,650; '82, 1,500; '83, 1,100; '84, 1,200; '85, 750. I made one run of 25 m. without dismount (Aug. 10, '79; Strathroy to London), in 3 h. 5 min., and another (July 28, '83; Kingston to Napanee), in 2 h. 40 min. My first race was at St. Thomas, May 24, '81; and before I retired from the path, in the autumn of '84, I took part in 53 contests, and won 38 first, 9 second and 3 third prizes. I held the Canadian 5 m. championship in '81-'82 and the Toronto B. C. championship in '83-'84. All my riding has been done in the Province of Ontario."

The President of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, R. H. McBride, who was also Captain of the Toronto B. C., rode around the city with me, that day; and, some three weeks later, in company with Harry Ryrie, a lieutenant in the club, he made a day's run of 117 m. to Belleville, over the same route which I had spent three days in covering. I believe that Mr. Hepinstall and myself were the only two men who had previously wheeled across as much as 100 m. of Canadian soil in a day; and that this third ride of that length was the very first one of the sort taken anywhere in America by a *pair* of wheelmen. From the report which was written at my request, I condense the following: "Started at 5.10 A. M. (Nov. 8, '83); finished at midnight. Riding time, 15½ h.; average speed, 7½ m. per h.; wind was light through the day, and air was cool enough to make us keep our jackets on. All the roads leading from Toronto are poor, and our route was one of the worst, being mostly unridable for 4 m., on account of stones and ruts. We kept the sidewalk for 3 m., and then walked and rode by turns in the darkness until after passing Norway. Good wheeling then began, and we reached Halfway House, 8 m., at 6.06; Highland Creek, 14 m., at 6.53; Whitby, 30 m., at 8.38; Oshawa, 34 m., at 9.10. The latter stretch was poor and very hilly. Halting 20 min. for lunch, we went 9 m. in 1½ h. to Bowmansville, 43 m., at 10.45,—the first 2 m. and last 3 m. being good, and the rest being rather sandy, though ridable at the edges. Thence on good gravel to Newcastle, 48 m., at 11.22 (fine coast down the hill on entering the town), and Newtonville, 53 m. Beyond here, 2 m., is a good hill for coasting, but the opposite grade must be walked up; then, after 7 m. more of smooth surface, a sharp turn s. is made at Welcome, and the road is stony and rutty for 3 m. to Port Hope, 65 m. We reached here at 2.05, after ½ h. stop for dinner at a farmhouse, and we spent another ½ h. looking for luggage at the railway station. Level and good road to Cobourg, 72 m. at 3.20; and to a point 5 m. beyond where we halted ½ h. for tea. Grafton, 80 m., was left behind at 4.47, and Colborne, 88 m., was reached at 6.05—darkness having set in when we were about midway between those two places, or at a point to which we might have ridden without dismount from Port Hope. After 20 min. rest at C., we went on to Brighton, 95 m. at 7.50, and halted 40 m. for a good wash and hearty supper. Reaching Trenton, 105 m., at 10, we were met by some Belleville bicyclers, and resumed the journey under their escort, 20 min. later,—finishing at Belleville, 117 m., just on the stroke of midnight."

The principal wheeling in the second annual tour under the auspices of the Chicago B. C. was along this same road, July 16-19, '84; and from President Bates's report thereof (*Outing*, May, '85, pp. 195-201), I extract the following: "Our route lay along the n. shore of Lake Ontario for 141 m., through a beautiful and thickly-settled country, with numerous pretty villages. The streams made frequent hills for coasting; and often a glimpse, and sometimes a broad expanse, of the blue and sail-dotted waters of the lake lent a charm to the landscape. First day, Toronto to Whitby, 28 m., 9.20 to 2; thence at 4.30 to Newcastle, 17 m.,—or 45 m. in 5¾ h. of riding. Second day, to Brighton, 45 m., 9.35 A. M. to 7.40 P. M.; riding time, 6 h.,—the longest stop being at Cobourg, from 12.30 to 4. Third day, to Napanee, 46 m., 9.35 A. M. to 6.15 P. M.; riding time, 4 h. 25 min.,—the final 24 m. from Belleville being covered in just 2 h. of continuous riding. Thus far the roads had been generally good, with some admirable stretches. But now we were to ride over the best road of the whole trip, from Napanee to Kingston, 25 m. Though narrow, it is as smooth and fine as the most noted road near Boston. We left N. at 9.30 and arrived at K. at 11.20,—riding time, 2 h. 10 min." There is an evident contradiction here (perhaps caused by a printer's blunder in changing the time of arrival from "12.20"); and, as to the previous days' records, it may be presumed that they represent the pace of the swiftest riders; for the party numbered no less than 57, and it is hardly probable that the straggling "rear guard" kept up any such pace as 12 m. per h. The *Wheel's* report says, however: "The run of 22 m., from Cobourg to Belleville was made in 2 h., the last 12 m. being covered within 1 h., which, considering that the party numbered 60, was a most creditable performance. Saturday's short run, from Napanee to Kingston, 22 m., was made in about 3 h. Fine weather was the rule of the tour. The wind was at nearly all times on the quarter, and helped rather than retarded progress." Two months later (Sept. 26, '84), four members of the Toronto B. C. rode in the opposite direction, Kingston to Napanee, without dismount. The time was 2 h. 35 min., but they had the wind against them. These riders were A. F. Webster (Capt.), N. R. Butcher (Sec.), W. H. Cox and W. H. West.

The same road also supplied the central two days' riding in the third annual tour of the same management (called the "Big Four," because its four divisions, of 25 men each, were commanded by representatives of four big cities: Chicago, Boston, Buffalo and New York), whose first two days, Buffalo to Rochester, and last two days, Albany to New York, I have already described on pp. 215, 198. The report of "C. S. H.," a Bostonian (*Wheel*, July 17, '85), is less rose-colored than the one I have quoted from President Bates, concerning the same locality, as will appear from the following excerpts: "There is nothing in Canada, or at least the portions we visited, to attract the touring cyclist. A thinly-settled country, with little beautiful scenery, wretched roads and worse hotels. We had more enjoyment from one day's touring in New York State. Charming scenery and pleasant people are there to be met with on every side. We were heartily thankful when the shores of Canada were being left behind, in favor of a country where we could be sure of good hotel accommodations and better roads. One hundred is far too many to take on a tour of this kind. The hotels are overcrowded, and on the road it is impossible to set a pace that will prove satisfactory to so large a party. It was, in fact, generally either a race or a funeral. Each division seemed to vie with the other in doing the staff up when it was in the lead. As regards quality, the Canadian roads were a great disappointment over those of last year. When the tourists mounted at Cobourg, July 9, they were in high glee because of the assurance that before them lay a stretch of 100 m. of as perfect a road as was ever wheeled over. Through the town the road was all right, but ½ m. out they came to a steep hill that forced a number to dismount, and then came a stretch of soft sand, followed by a mile of loose stones of assorted sizes, and then a stretch of ruts, and so on throughout most of the day's ride. The disappointment was intense, and words unprintable were thought and loudly uttered. The tourists who went over this route last year said that the roads were then good, and recent rain must have spoiled them. That may be true, but it is hard to believe. The last 12 m. to Belleville was very good and the distance was covered in 50 min. The day's record was 43½ m. in 4 h. 35 min. of actual riding. After an all night's rain, the roads were very muddy, but Napanee was reached without incident. While taking dinner there, a sudden shower thoroughly drenched the

machines before they could be got under cover. The rain continued when the journey was resumed, through the mud, over roads even worse than those of the previous day; and another heavy shower, when we were about half-way to Kingston, completely broke up the line. After that, it was simply a straggling race for the finish, each man for himself; and every one breathed a prayer of thankfulness when Kingston was finally reached."

On this same rainy day and same muddy course was run the first long straightaway race attempted on this continent; and from the full report of it which was printed in the same paper by "W. I. H.," also a Boston man, I condense the following: "The arrangements were made by W. Kingsley Evans, of London, editor of the *Canadian Wheelman*, who deserves much credit for their completeness. The distance from Cobourg to Kingston being only 95 m., a flagman was stationed 2½ m. from the start, on a wide and grassy part of the road which gave ample space for the racers to turn; and they took a preliminary circuit around him, so as to make their full course 100 m. Owing to numerous uncompleted attempts to repair the highway, the first 25 m. of it, mostly up-hill, was in very bad shape; while the 25 m. section of it between Belleville and Napanee was in frightful condition because of the rains which had fallen in floods, in advance of the racers, forcing them literally to ride in running water. At about 10 A. M. of July 10, these six men, out of the dozen entries, came to the scratch in front of the Arlington: Cola E. Stone, St. Louis, 58-in. Rudge; L. D. Munger, Detroit, 54-in. Apollo Light Roadster; George Weber, Smithville, Star; F. W. Westervelt, Springfield, 52-in. Victor; H. D. Corey, Boston, 52-in. Rudge; N. H. Van Sicklen, Chicago, 56-in. Columbia Light Roadster. During the days just preceding, Stone had been over the road three times (making the 45 m., Cobourg to Belleville, in 3 h. 26 min., July 8), and Corey had been to Belleville and back, while Weber traversed the route before joining the tour at Buffalo; but Munger, Westervelt and Van Sicklen had clung to the main body of the tourists, and knew practically nothing of the road ahead of them. Mr. Evans gave the word 'go' at 10.08, and the four leaders rounded the flagman, near together, in this order: Stone, Weber, Westervelt, Van Sicklen, with Munger and Corey ¼ m. behind. About ½ m. after the turn, they met a farm wagon with two horses in front, and a mare and a colt hitched behind. The mare saw them coming and commenced to prance about in a most unpleasant manner. Stone, being first, got by safely on the fly. Weber went down into a ditch on the l. of the team and clambered up beyond. Westervelt jumped off and ran along the side of the road on the grass for a hundred yards before he could get on to the road again. Van Sicklen attempted to pass on the edge of the road, but as he got abreast of the horses behind, the mare gave a snort of terror, and backing against him, shoved him off into the ditch where he sprawled ingloriously and damaged his wheel so badly that he was obliged to withdraw from the race. Munger jumped off and ran his wheel by on the grass, while Corey, finding it impossible to make the borrowed forks work satisfactorily, joined Van Sicklen, his partner in misfortune. Meanwhile Stone had gained an eighth of a m. on Westervelt and Weber, but at the starting-point both men, after some decidedly warm work, had caught him, and the trio began the long stretch of 95 m. straightaway in a bunch. Weber lost ground a little but managed to cling to the leaders, who cut out some tough running for the next 5 m. As they neared Wicklow, Weber found the pace too hot and fell back, while Stone and Westervelt continued their mad careers for 10 m. farther, when the latter had found the strain too much for him, and, striking a steep hill, Stone got clear away.

"Munger, who had been plodding steadily along, now began to pick up, and, as they neared Brighton, he saw a team back down on Weber and cause him to take a genuine header, bending the handle-bars and twisting the backbone of his machine. Passing the unlucky Star man, who declined his help, he soon passed Westervelt and landed in Brighton, 28 m. out, at 12.05, just 5 min. behind Stone. Westervelt passed at 12.15, and Weber, having made his wheel ridable, at 12.35. At Trenton, Stone was told that Weber was just behind him, and this caused him to strike out at a high rate of speed for Belleville, where he arrived at 1.49, having made the 12 m. in a little less than 1 h., and the 50 m. in 3 h. 41 min. He was so exhausted that he had to be carried into the hotel and laid down; and, when he resumed the journey, 10 min. later, after having taken a large quantity of milk and several raw eggs, he presented such a dilapidated ap-

pearance that bystanders offered odds of 2 to 1 that he would be unable to finish. Munger reached the hotel 21 min. after Stone; ate a hearty meal of steak and potatoes, well garnished with liquids; was rubbed down; came out; kicked off a man's hat, and vaulting lightly into the saddle, started out at a good pace, having delayed just 17 min. Meantime Westervelt had arrived at 2.22 (50 m. in 4 h. 14 min.), stopped 1 min. to drink a bottle of ginger ale, and started off 4 min. in advance of Munger. He kept second place until 18 m. beyond Belleville, when he played out entirely and gave up the contest. Weber reached B. at 2.33, exchanged his damaged wheel for a new one that was waiting for him, and left at 2.35. At Napanee, where he was about 1 h. behind Munger, he mounted his racing wheel, waiting for him in charge of C. H. Chickering, who served as a pace-maker for 10 m., while Weber, keeping on, arrived at Kingston at 7.14½ P. M., making the 25½ m. in 1 h. 45 min., a total of 9 h. 14½ min. Stone reached Napanee at 4.08 (20 min. ahead of Munger), and was coached thence to Kingston by Lindell Gordon, in about 2 h., finishing at 6.36, as the winner of the race, in exactly 8 h. 28 min. This is only 22 min. more than the best record for a 100 m. road race. The prize is a circular gold medal valued at $60. Munger was coached from Belleville to Napanee by J. W. Vivian, and thence to Kingston by Gideon Haynes, jr., who once brought him within 6 min. of Stone. He finished at 7.08½, 6 min. ahead of Weber, with a record of 9 h. 8½ min. During the race Stone ate nothing except raw eggs, while all the rest drank sherry and egg, ginger ale, milk and cold tea in great quantities, Weber excelling in that respect. The 'incidents' besides those already mentioned were a header taken over a cow by Stone, and a fearful shake-up for Munger, who ran into a horse, or rather the horse backed into him. Forced thus to make a back dismount, and landing astride the backbone of his wheel, he was 'knocked out' for the space of ten minutes. As for Westervelt, considering that this was his first long race, he made a wonderful showing and surprised everybody. Had he been an experienced man, and known just how to take care of himself, there is little doubt but he would have shown up at the finish nearer the front."

Some previous notable rides of his have been described by me on pp. 114, 182. The second man in the race (who is captain of the Detroit B. C., aged 23 and weighing 160 lbs.), distinguished himself, three weeks later, by driving the same bicycle 211½ m. in 24 h., beginning at 4 P. M. of July 31. The roads around Boston supplied the course, Butcher cyclometer kept the record, and pace-makers were present for the entire distance. The *Bi. World* (Aug. 7, p. 329) recorded the exploit as beyond dispute. As the tragic death of Cola E. Stone (b. Feb. 27, '63; d. Sept. 26, '85) will serve to permanently connect his name with the remarkable 100 m. race which he won, I present here the brief wheeling biography which he wrote at my request, July 29: "It was sometime in June of '81 that I made my first wild and unsatisfactory attempt to ride. I got the knack in about ½ h., by propping the wheel up with a fence-rail, climbing on and then throwing the rail away. The date of my first mount is identical with that of my first road-ride. It was n't a very long ride,—only about 3 m. on the road,—but I think the trail would have measured 17. My longest straightaway day's ride, except in the recent race, was from St. Louis to Clarksville, about 80 m., on the r. r. track, through the counties of St. Louis, St. Charles, Lincoln and Pike. It was a poor r. r. track, too; and the only cow we saw all day was lying peacefully in the middle of it (though there were about 137 cattle-guards to the mile), so that we had to kick her to make her get up. My longest tours have been only Saturday-to-Monday runs. We frequently go to Manchester, 20 m., without dismounting; and I don't remember ever staying in the saddle longer than that, except in a 25 m. race. I 've never kept any regular account of mileage, except occasionally for a month or two at a time. Judging from that, I think I averaged from 6,000 to 7,000 m. a year, through '82, '83 and '84. I 've done a great deal of riding, I know, because I wear out, on an average, two back tires and one front tire a year, and I always have to get a new set of bearings, every 8 or 9 months; but I have n't the slightest idea what my total mileage amounts to. My weight, when stripped for racing, is 165 lbs.; and my occupation, as shown by the letter-head, is that of a dealer in bicycles." At the last spring meeting of the St. Louis Ramblers, he rode the fastest mile ever made on a dirt or cinder track west of the Hudson, defeating Weber, in 2.46¾. While racing at Springfield, September 8, his hand was broken by a collision and fall, in the last half of the 10th m.; but this mis-

hap was in no way the cause of his sudden death. Resolutions of regret for this sad event were passed by the cycling clubs of the city and printed in all the journals; and they bore unmistakable evidence of their writers' sincerity. This may be shown by a brief extract from the extended memorial and eulogy given in a St. Louis journal (*The Spectator*, Oct. 3), in connection with his portrait, which also appeared in the *L. A. W. Bulletin* (Oct. 16, p. 276) and *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*. The eulogist says: "As a wheelman, I am satisfied that he had no living equal. He was good for long distances and short distances; he was great on rough roads and smooth roads. He could climb any hill that a horse could climb, and he could ride hands-off where good riders were fain to dismount. He was the foremost member and special pride of his club. His mastery over the wheel was absolute. It was, under his feet, a perfectly natural and certain mode of locomotion, and as obedient as the best trained horse. There never was a man more absolutely devoid of fear. I cannot but think he was laboring under some mental derangement when he determined on the rash act which ended his life. He will be remembered with keen regret while the present generation of wheelmen remember anything."

> "Thy leaf has perished in the green: and while we breathe beneath the sun,
> The world, which credits what is done, is cold to all that might have been."

"Clerical Wheelman's Canadian Tour, 621 m., Aug. 5-26, 1885," was the title of a carefully-compiled little pamphlet (24 pp.) issued at Lancaster, Pa., May 12, by the Rev. Sylvanus Stall (b. Oct. 18, 1847), a cycling enthusiast, whose executive ability as a practical man-of-affairs had been previously shown by the business-success attending the publication of his "Lutheran Year Book" (ed. for '85 has 196 pp. and sells for 25 c.), "How to Pay Church Debts," and other matter-of-fact pieces of ministerial literature. An itinerary for each day of the proposed tour, with maps, mileage, estimates of expenses, and other exact details, filled the body of the pamphlet, whose three final pages contained an alphabetical list of 120 "clerical wheelmen," with their residences. To them and to all others of their cloth in the United States, this alluring little book addressed its greeting, with a "cordial invitation to share in a journey which was at first projected for the author's enjoyment in company with a few personal friends." The success of the scheme was at once assured by the quantity and character of the responses, so that the supplementary circular of June 15 said "the final number of those agreeing to participate will not fall far short of 40 or 50." In fact, however, there were 80 many withdrawals before the start that the real number was reduced to 20. Nine of these were laymen (for the plan of the tour allowed each of the clergy to invite "any friend for whose character and bearing he would become personally responsible"), but only 5 of the whole party were bachelors. It was, therefore, a dignified collection of "good men, weighing"—on the average, according to the statistician—143 lbs., having an average height of 5 ft. 9 in., and an average age of 33 years. "Daily prayers were promptly established, the Sundays were spent in rest and worship, and the spirit of Christian fellowship characterized the whole tour. Seven denominations were represented and as many States. By the thundering waters of Niagara, the final photograph was taken, and the reluctant good byes exchanged, after 18 days of delightful companionship. The party had covered more than 500 m., and, in the delightful riding between Goderich and Kingston, reached the high-water mark of comfort and pleasure. It was a longer tour than had ever been accomplished on wheels by any considerable body of men." My quotation is from a well-written article by the Rev. S. G. Barnes, professor of English Literature in Iowa College ("The Ministers on Wheels": *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*, Nov., '85, pp. 452-457), who rode a tandem tricycle with his brother, and, as a longest day's journey, made 50 m. On the same day (Aug. 19) the only other tricycler in the party, the Rev. C. E. Fessenden, of Summit Hill, Pa., accomplished 70 m., as did also Professor C. P. Hoffman, of Bordentown, N. J., in company with the commander,—the two bicycles being ridden without dismount for the last 23 m., ending at 4.30 P. M. at Kingston. The 96 m. from Cobourg to that point were done the previous day by Elliot Mason, of New York, George Zeh, of Washington, and Louis A. Pope, of Warren, R. I. (the latter being the only clergyman of the trio); and the still longer run of 102 m. by three Michigan ministers: B. J. Holcombe, of Detroit, J. P. Maveety, of Homer, and E. P. Johnson,

of Marshall. The last-named sent four letters descriptive of the tour to the *Chicago Tribune* (reprinted in *Marshall Statesman*), and I reproduce what he says about this first 100 m. straight-away ride engaged in by any American representatives of the cloth: "Starting from Port Hope soon after 5 A. M., we found the first 40 m. so discouragingly poor that some of us gave up the idea of a 'century run,' and lazily wasted almost 3 h. along the road, resting at farm-houses or under the trees. Courage and ambition were both mightily revived by the fine surface encountered at Trenton, and we joyfully wheeled the 12 m. to Belleville in 1 h., reached Napanee before 6 o'clock, and finally Kingston. H.'s riding time was 10½ h., and the others rode 2 h. longer. Far from being 'completely used up next day,' we only felt a little lazy and a trifle stiff in the knees, but were ready to walk or wheel around the city streets as we chose." The same writer properly denounces the delay and trouble which the Canadian customs people caused at the outset of the tour by their cast-iron enforcement of Middle Ages "regulations, for the repression of international touring"; and he praises without stint the universal hospitality shown by the Canadian people not of the customs, who arranged formal receptions and banquets (in the churches and town-halls) at Galt, Woodstock, Goderich, Seaforth, Mitchell, Stratford and elsewhere. Rainy weather combined with the customs interference to force the tourists (rather than disappoint the citizens of Galt, who had prepared to welcome them August 6) to ride by train from Hamilton, the first day's ride being from Niagara to St. Catharine's; but the Rev. Mr. Pope kept up the reputation of his family by doing the whole 62 m. on his wheel, though he found the road from H. to G. "conspicuously wretched." From there, "next morning, s. and e. to Paris, then 12 m. due w. to Princeton, and 12 m. to Woodstock (a total of 45 m., on account of a mistaken detour), we found poor roads. From W. to Ingersoll, on the forenoon of the 8th, the surface was so much better that a few covered the 10 m. in 55 min., and most of the others within 1¼ h. Hilly, rough, stony and sandy, by turns, were the next 6 m. to Thamesford; and the following 10 m. to Dreaney's Corners, though generally level, were nearly as vile; but the final stretch thence to London (9 m.) was much better." Rain fell during the Sunday while the party halted there; so the start on the Goderich road was not made until 2 P. M., and Monday night was spent at Exeter. The remainder of the route coincided with my own—the second Sunday being spent in Toronto, and the go-as-you-please rule being adopted from there to Kingston, in order that those who wished to attempt 100 m. in a day might do so without appearing to be "racing against the party." Five letters about the tour were written for the *Pittsburg Despatch* by the Rev. J. F. Cowan, of that city, editor of the "Methodist Protestant Year Book," who said (Stratford, Aug. 14): "So far, there is but one opinion as to Canadian roads. They have been greatly overrated. One could hardly find 142 m. of as bad continuous riding on any main highway in N. Y., N. J. or Pa. The 50 m. from Galt to Woodstock is simply execrable for a wheel; while from there to London, the road, though having a hard bottom and little sand, has a very rough and stony top." The magazine article, before alluded to, reflects pleasantly the general spirit of the tour, while avoiding details, and is accompanied by a pair of pictures reproduced from Mr. Holcombe's photographs, and another pair of ancient cuts from *Outing*; but its main purpose is the argumentative one of converting the souls of unbelievers, that they may pin their faith to the bicycle. Like a true preacher, he uses the tour as a text for demonstrating that there is nothing undignified or unclerical or unmanly about a sort of pleasuring which gives the weary worker new strength and vigor for fighting the battles of the Church; and his sermon is good enough to take rank as a definite addition to the literature of the wheel. Manufacturers might do well to mail a copy of it (as a tract productive of "business") to every clergyman in America. "There are now about 250 or 300 of these who use the wheel," writes Mr. Stall to me (Oct. 23, '85), "and I am sure that next summer's clerical tour will be as successful as the first one and much larger. My weight, which you ask for, is 145 lbs., and height is 5 ft. 10 in. I ride a 56 in. Expert on the road, and a tricycle for pastoral work. I gained 14 lbs. while on the tour."

A five days' ride (Kingston to Toronto, July 20–24, '83) was thus reported to me by L. B. Graves, of Minneapolis: "I rode a 52 in. Sanspareil, and was accompanied F. C. Sheam, of Northampton, Ms., on a 50 in. Columbia, though he took the train at Port Hope, on account

of an ill-fitting saddle. Both machines stood the journey admirably, not a nut or spoke coming loose; and neither of us had any kind of trouble, though riding (never coasting) some very rough and steep hills. The roads were in good condition, and no rain fell, and the prevailing winds were westerly. McDonnell cyclometer failed about half in its registry, and so we depended on local information for distances. K. to Napanee, 25 m., 3.45 to 7.45 P. M.; and next forenoon to Belleville, 25 m. Third day, fought against a head-wind and reached Colborne, 30 m., at 7.15 P. M., dinner having been taken at Brighton. Fourth day, after 2 h. stop for dinner at Port Hope, I started on alone at 2 P. M., and walked about 2 m. of stony and hilly surface before learning that I 'd missed the road for Bowmansville, by following the telephone instead of telegraph poles. Reaching the Millbank road, 6 m. out, I decided not to turn back, but went 'cross country (10 or 12 m. in 4 h.) over the poorest and sandiest roads I had ever seen,—indescribably bad, mere holes through the sandbanks,—until at last, tired out and heated through, I reached Newtonville (only 16 m. from Port Hope, by the proper track), and sped along the next 5 m. to Newcastle in ½ h. Fifth and final day, 8.30 A. M. to 6 P. M., brought me to Toronto, 48 m.; roads showing fine scenery, but steadily up-grade, and increasingly poor towards the end, so that I took side-path wherever practicable. The weather was very warm, and at 2 P. M. of 26th I took steamer across the lake to Lewiston and wheeled thence to Niagara, 7 m. in 1¼ h. Starting back at 1.30 P. M. next day, I reached Lockport, 25 m., in 4 h. About 3 m. from N., on the Lewiston road, I turned r., and thence had no trouble, as the course is pretty direct. It leads through a flat and uninteresting country of a sandy character, and offers rather uncomfortable riding,—though I presume the whole distance *might* be done without dismount." Three young members of the Belleville B. C. (T. G. West, W. Greatrix and F. Macown) rode from there to Kingston in 6 h. ending at 4 P. M., with 1 h. at Napanee for dinner (Aug. 3, '83); and, at about the same time, Mr. Dean, from the Montreal Bank, rode from B. to K. and back, 100 m., in 17 h. ending at 9 P. M.

The previous chapter (pp. 295-298, 301, 306) may be consulted for incidents of my own four days' trial of this much-described route, from Toronto to Kingston, 165 m. I registered 115 m. in my three days to Belleville, and 93 m. from Cobourg to Kingston,—being in each case 2 m. less than accredited to the single day's rides between those points (pp. 319, 321). An ideal run, on an always-smooth road, may be had from Kingston, 4 m. n. w. to Portsmouth, passing the penitentiary and asylum; and another macadamized track extends w. along the lake shore to Bath, 21 m., passing Williamsville, Collinsby and Millhaven; but my own route led e., through Ontario st., past the barracks, across the Cataraqui bridge, and 1 m. of mac. to top of Barryfield hill. I was from 2.40 to 7 P. M. in going thence by direct road to the International Hotel at Gananoque, 17 m., walking the last m. on a very smooth surface, and the 3 m. preceding on a rough and muddy one, which even in good weather and daylight would be difficult to ride. The 3 m. previous I managed to cover without dismount, spite of roughness, up-grades and wind. The first 4 m. out of Barryfield were also ridable, though difficult. Starting next morning, in the bitingly frosty air, for an all day's fight against the wind, I made my first halt at 10 (8½ m. in 2½ h.), where a road turned l. for Lansdowne station; and I walked every step for 1 m., until this road rejoined the main line again. My longest stay in the saddle was 2 m., ending at 11.45, and during this 25 min. of happiness I passed a little village having an "Escott Hotel," and afterwards a "Springfield Carriage Factory" adjacent to a post-office. After making a detour l. to a r. r. station, in vain search for a tavern, I found a little

house with a sign "Grocery" on the main road, 20 m. from the start; and there I was served with a dinner which, being my first repast of the day, tasted extremely good. A frost-bitten apple and little piece of chocolate had been my sole sustenance during 5 h. on the road. I crossed a r. r. 2 m. from the grocery, and rested again after another 4 m. Then I rode almost continuously till I reached Lynn (the first sizable village yet encountered) and the church on the top of the hill beyond it, at 3.50; and I next read my cyclometer at the post-office in Brockville, 6 m. in 1½ h. A peculiarly brilliant clay, of reddish purple color, supplied some goodish riding in this region; and, at the fork, beyond Lynn, I turned r., and was told I did wisely, though the "mine road" on the l. would also have brought me to Brockville. Its "Revere House," opposite the post-office, was an attractive-looking hostelry; but, as I wished to improve the departing daylight, I turned my longing eyes away from it, and wheeled down the St. Lawrence (first on wooden walks and then on good macadam, in gentle undulations), 5 m., to a wretched little wayside tavern at Maitland, where I stopped 1 h. for supper. Mounting in the dark at 7.25, I rode and walked by turns, over a track of ideal smoothness, to a toll-gate (3 m. in ¾ h.); and thence ventured on a rather larger proportion of riding for the 4 m. ending at 9.30 at the ferry in Prescott. I was too late to catch a boat across to Ogdensburg, and win the hoped-for boon of resting my weary bones in a comfortable bed at the Seymour House, where the United States flag was waving its defense over my awaiting mail-matter; and so I turned back from the ferry to the little "Revere House" (which seemed all the dingier by suggesting the memory of its stone-fronted namesake at Brockville), and reconciled myself to the acceptance of a couch of straw in a stuffy, kerosene-lit bed-room, by remembering that this fifteenth night in "cheap Canadian lodgings" was, at all events, my last. These final 47 m., completing the fortnight's 635, tired me more than any previous day of the tour, because of the average roughness of surface and the fierce gale of wind; but I should say that the last 12 m. of all must supply, by daylight, about as pretty a stretch of wheeling as can be found in Canada. For a good share of this distance, the road is within a few rods of the river's surface, and a clear view is to be had across it to the New York shore. Even through the dusk, which was settling about me as I wheeled from Brockville, the outlook seemed a fine one.

According to the "C. W. A. Guide" (p. 59), "H. C. Goodman and S. Carman, Capt. and Lieut. of St. Catherine's B. C., wheeled from that place to Prescott in 1882, but were there forced by wet weather to abandon the plan of reaching Montreal. Despite strenuous endeavors, we have been unable to find any one who has ridden from P. to St. Anne's, 70 m., which is the end of our reported route from Montreal, 24 m. In fact, the only report we have been able to get e. of Gananoque is the general one in the sketch prepared for us by Karl Kron (pp. 81–84) concerning his fortnight in Ontario. Few Canadian wheelmen seem to ride further e. than Kingston." A lounger in the reeking bar-room of the tavern at Prescott assured me, as a fact within his own knowledge, that the next 40 m. down the river from P. to Cornwall were as smooth as the 12 m. I had just traversed; and that he believed the macadam continued through to Montreal. Approximate truthfulness on the part of my informant seems shown by this item in the *Canadian Wheelman* (Oct., '84), "Sandy McCaw wheeled from Toronto to Cornwall,

about 275 m., in four days, last month, doing upwards of 80 m. on two of the days; and he would have kept on to Montreal but for rain." M. is about 65 m. beyond C., and 20 m. beyond St. Anne's, which is the point-of-beginning of the river-route for Quebec presented in the next paragraph. This I condense from the excellent report prepared for me by F. M. S. Jenkins, Captain of the Ottawa B. C. (*Wheel* printed it in full, Dec. 12, 19, '84); and, as an introduction to his story, I remark that S. T. Greene, of Belleville, rode from Prescott to Ottawa, 54 m. (July 7, '85, 4 A. M. to 3 P. M.), in about 8 h., though the return ride could be done in 6 h.; and I offer a route from Brockville to Ottawa ("C. W. A. Guide," p. 61): "Between Brockville and Smith's Falls, 30 m., is a mac. road, out of repair in Sept., '83, and unsatisfactory for wheeling, but it has no bad hills, leads through many villages with fair hotels, and can be covered in 6 h. Butler's Hotel, at S. F., is a good one, and the route from Ottawa thither may be thus shown: Wellington st., 1 m. w.; across r. r. to Hutonburg Corners, 1 m.; good mac. to Birchton, 1½ m.; to blacksmith's shop, 1½ m. (detour r. to bathing beach on lake shore); to Arnprior road, 1 m.; toll-gate, 2½ m.; t. s. at Bell's Corners and follow mac. road 5½ m. to O'Mara's Hotel, easy down-grade; toll-gate, 3½ m., with Jock river on l.; Richmond, 2½ m., where stands Rielly's Hotel, a big stone building which offers excellent fare. The scenery to this point is the finest,—making a pleasant trip of 2½ h. on light up-grades, and the return requires 1½ h. less. The labor of covering the next 29 m. to Smith's Falls is hardly repaid unless the tourist has ample time. Very slow wheeling may be had on 12 of the 16 m. leading to Franktown, and nearly 4 m. of sand must be walked. The final stretch to S. F. is not dissimilar, though, at a point 4 m. beyond F., a detour may be made to Perth, 8 m., along a clay road which is good in dry weather. Hick's Hotel recommended." Shorter routes from Ottawa I quote from the same authority: "Wellington st. w. and Bridge st. n. ½ m. along car tracks to Suspension bridge (fine view of Chaudiere Falls); s. and w. ½ m. to Hull; t. l. at first cor. after crossing bridge; next t. r. and keep n. w. 1 m. mac. to toll-gate; n. 5 m. to Ironsides, where is an iron mine. Beyond, 1 m., is a ½ m. hill which can be wheeled up, and gives magnificent coast on return. Chelsea is 2 m. from the summit, and the road from O. to C. can be ridden in all weathers,—often in 1 h. Scenery is very beautiful, with Ottawa and Gatineau rivers to n. e. and Laurentian mts. n. and n. w. Gilmour's Park is worth visiting at C. and the mills at the foot of the cliff, near which a good swim may be had. The same may be said of Tueaches Lake, 5 m. from Chelsea, along a road of grand scenery." The favorite run of the O. B. C. is to Aylmer, "a summer resort on w. shore of Lake Deschene, about 8 m. of mac. which can always be relied on for 1 h. outward trip (up-grade) and 40 min. homeward. Turn s. w. at Hull; pass Eddy's factory; ¾ m. beyond look out for r. r. crossing; right up a hill beyond toll-gate; Moore's hill is safe to coast; pass a hotel about ½ m. from toll-gate and take r. side; then 6 m. s. w. to Pitcher's Hotel in A." From O. to Metcalfe is "all mac. except the last 1½ m., which is clay, good when dry, Bank st. s. to toll-gate, ¾ m.; Patterson's Creek bridge, ½ m.; driving park and toll-gate, ½ m.; canal swing bridge, ½ m.; Lansdown park and slight ascent, followed by fine ½ m. coast to Billings bridge, which crosses Indian river. The road up w. bank to Manotick, 1½ m., to toll-gate and ½ m. to Bridge, is a long ascent which can be wheeled, and coasted on return. O'Neil's Hotel is 8 m. s., and Metcalfe 9 m. beyond. A pace of 7 m. per h. can easily be kept." Ottawa to Eastman Springs: "Nicholas st. s., good mac. ½ m. to canal deep-cut; then e. ½ m. to the Rideau river at Hurdman's bridge, whose ends are bad; s. e. ½ m. to r. r. crossing; s. e. 1½ m. to toll-gate at Hawthorne; and the mac. ends at church and cemetery 1½ m. e. Taylorworth is 7 m. from church, and Eastman Springs 3 m. beyond. Sand must be walked for 1 m. from church; rest of road is clay, good in dry weather, unridable when wet." In leaving Ottawa for Montreal, the best route leads through "Rideau st. e. ¾ m. to Rideau hill, and a bad bridge at bottom over Rideau river; and the road leading up this connects with Eastman Springs and Metcalfe roads. From bridge, go s. e. to toll-gate and e. to r. r. crossing, ½ m.; then 10 m. e. to St. Josephs (2 m. up-grade before reaching Queen's Creek)." This was the route taken by Mr. Jenkins (b. July 6, 1859; weight, 145 lbs.; Premier 54 in.), whose report I now append:

"I left Ottawa with a tricycling companion on the afternoon of Aug. 9, '84, and we rode to Clarence, 25 m., that evening; next to Caledonia Springs, 25 m.; third forenoon to Hawkesbury,

15 m., whence I proceeded alone in afternoon to Rigaud, 19 m. Leaving at 10 A. M. of Tuesday, I dined and spent the afternoon at St. Anne's, 21 m., and rode into Montreal, 20 m., in the cool of the evening, taking tea *en route* at Lachine. My experience was a very pleasant one, and I can recommend the route to all who are content with 50 m. a day. For record breakers it would be a mistake. The great drawback is that the road bottom is blue clay, and a little rain renders it unridable—a downpour, impassable on wheel or foot. On this account, I have particularized such facilities for escape as steamboats and trains afford. Ottawa to St. Joseph village, 10 m., good mac.; two hotels. Macadam ends, in 2 m., and there is 4 m. of fair clay road to Cumberland; two hotels. Thence to Clarence, 9 m., all ridable; 1 m. sandy, rest clay. At Thurso, on the opposite side of the river, from Clarence, a better hotel may be found. C. to Wendover, 7 m. clay. The Ottawa river is in view all the way from O. to W., and the scenery is very beautiful. At W. the road bends inland, and after 4 m. the Nation river is sighted. At Plantagenet, 3 m., the road crosses and leaves this river, and for 5 m. to Alfred (two hotels) is too sandy for wheeling. The road changes to clay again, ½ m. beyond A., and gives a perfectly level, straight stretch for 10 m. At Alfred Corners, 5 m., the Grand Hotel at Caledonia Springs can be seen, 1 m. off on r. t.; but I kept straight on, under the sign of the Ottawa Hotel, to Cassburn Corners, 6 m. clay and 2 m. sandy loam, all ridable. Of the two roads thence, the direct one to Hawkesbury (which is a pretty village, worth an hour's loiter, at the mills and deer-parks) is very sandy, while, by turning to the l. at the Corners, the wheelman will enjoy 2 m. good mac. to L'Original, whence, to Hawkesbury, the ride is a charming one over good gravel, close to the river bank. There are fair hotels at both places; also ferries connecting with the C. P. r. r., and boats for Ottawa and Montreal. From H. to Point Fortune, 12 m., there is ridable sand for 2 m., but the rest is too stony for fast riding. A few m. from H. a long up-grade is encountered, from the top of which a magnificent view of the Ottawa Long Soult Rapids is obtainable. A market steamer for Montreal runs three times a week from Point Fortune. A very good clay road extends thence to Rigaud, 2 m. (beautifully situated on the Rigaud river, 1½ m. from the Ottawa), and its two French hotels offer better accommodation than P. F. Of the 18 m. from R. to Vaudreuil, good clay prevails for 7 m., and the rest has stony patches that call for careful riding; but the scenery atones for all shortcomings. The road winds along the shores of the Lake of Two Mountains, so near its edge that the perspiring wheelman has but to lay his bike against a tree to enjoy a plunge in its clear, cool waters. Como and Hudson, hamlets passed *en route*, are summer resorts of many Montrealers, and charming lake shore villas abound. After so many m. of 'Bon jour, Monsieur,' the English-speaking tourist will feel tempted to linger here, just to have his ears tickled by the dear familiar 'English as she is spoke.' Vaudreuil is on the line of the Grand Trunk r. r. which here crosses the river to St. Anne's, and affords the wheelman the best means of crossing, if he is so fortunate as to find a passing train. On wheel, the 3 m. across Isle Parent to St. Anne's is very slow work, and necessitates dependence in the end on a ferryman who is always at his dinner on the other side when you want him. Satisfactory accommodation may be had at the Clarendon, a large summer hotel on the water's edge at St. Anne's. Thence the road runs along the river bank, and, after 7 m. rough and stony clay to Point Claire, affords excellent mac. wheeling for 13 m. to Montreal. The outward route from M. is Sherbrooke st. w. 1½ m.; Cote St. Antoine, 1 m.; s. ¾ m. and then on upper Lachine road, 2¾ m. w. to Cote St. Luke; gradual descent and good coasting to Blue Bonnets, ½ m.; Reilly's Crossing, 1 m.; Lower Lachine, 1 m.; Upper Lachine, 1½ m.; river bank to Dorval, 2½ m.; Valois, 2½ m.; Point Claire, 2½ m.

"'Montreal to Quebec' has not yet been done by wheel. As I had heard that the road along the n. shore was rough and sandy, I chose the s. shore, taking ferry to Longueuil. From L. to Boucherville, 5 m., the road is a rough mac., which it is a relief to exchange for the very fair clay which extends from B. through Varennes, to Vercheres, 16 m. (which has a good French hotel, with the unusual luxury of a bath-room, and a market steamer running daily to Montreal). Beyond V., I found the road difficult, and soon unridable, being hopelessly sandy. At Sorel, 25 m. further, a party of surveyors told me that the road continued sandy for at least 90 m.,—as far as they had been,—so sandy, indeed, as to be difficult with horse and carriage. Of

course, there are always foot-path and grass chances, and a wheelman, with plenty of time on his hands, might do the trip very well; but, as I was impatiently looking forward to Lower St. Lawrence wheeling, and was restricted as to time, I took the boat at S. for Quebec. In writing of the ride below there I find my enthusiasm rising to a degree that makes it difficult to keep within practical bounds. The stimulating salt air, grand scenery, and fishing and shooting opportunities the route offers, render this 260 m. of straightaway riding a most satisfactory vacation jaunt. Such easy spinning of 60 or 70 m. a day would seem really heavenly, but for the prosaic fact that fresh meat has the rarity of angels' visits in this French-Canadian region. Salt pork abounds, and fish can be procured; but this diet won't give a wheelman wings. It is not a record-breaking diet. I have, however, discovered possibilities of beefsteak in the following villages, which the tourist will do well to note and arrange his wheeling hours accordingly: Montmagny, L'Islet, Rivière Ouelle, Kamouraska, Notre Dame du Portage, and, of course, Rivière du Loup (La Rochelle House), which is a railway center, and Cacouna, 5 m. beyond, which is the chief Canadian summer resort (St. Lawrence Hall, $2.50; Mansion House, $1.50). I had fine riding all the way from Quebec to C., 131 m. Of the road from Cacouna to Trois Pistoles, 30 m., I cannot speak fully, though I went several m. below C., and found it passable for a bicycle; and the inhabitants assured me it preserved the same character the rest of the way. It is, however, quite impassable for a tricycle, owing to high grass ridges between the wheel tracks; and, as I had been joined by a tricycler at Rivière du Loup, I took train from C. to Trois Pistoles. This is a refreshment station on the Intercolonial Railway, and excellent accommodation can be found at the restaurant. There is a good beach for bathing near by. Thence to Bic, 31 m., the road is fair clay through St. Simon to St. Fabian (no hotels), 20 m., then changes to gravel, and improves with every m. until at Bic, it is nearly perfect. The scenery on this last 10 m. is very attractive. From Trois Pistoles the road, which has clung to the shore up to this point, takes a more inland course. After leaving St. Fabian, it descends into a beautiful valley, walled in on either side by lofty mountains. The only outlet is found by following a secretive little river to where it joins Bic Bay, and this the road does to good purpose, revealing a widening prospect with every pedal-push, until the bay itself, sentineled by woody islands, with Bic village stretching along its curving shores, and beyond the almost limitless water-reach of old St. Lawrence, presents a scene that commands the attention of the most prosaic. Bic is a popular sea-side resort. Thence to Rimouski, 12 m., the road is a little soft for 2 m., to where Hatte Bay, a bathing beach, is passed, after which it hardens and affords most satisfactory wheeling. From R. (two hotels) the road is fine gravel, and runs along the beach. There are no hills worth mentioning, and the wheelman can 'rush' with impunity for 26 m. Father Point is passed 4 m. from R. In summer, this is the point of reception and despatch for the Canadian Trans-Atlantic mail service. Mails are conveyed thus far by rail, and are here shipped by tender to passing steamers. The wharf is of extraordinary length and ridable from end to end. St. Luce (no hotel) is 6 m. further, and St. Flavie (poor hotel), 10 m. beyond. At St. F. the old government 'Metapediac' road is found running inland to New Brunswick with tempting directness, the sign-board reading '110 m. to Campbellton.' Leaving St. F., the road continues unchanged in character for 6 m., when it leaves the beach for higher ground, and is hilly for 4 m. to Grand Metis (two hotels). The Metis affords good fishing, and the falls, about 1½ m. up the river, are well worth a visit. From G. M. to Little Metis, 7 m., is principally beach road again, and affords delightful wheeling. L. M. is a summer resort and either one of the two large hotels (Tariff Hall and Astor House) will be found satisfactory. From L. M. to Matane, 26 m., the road continues a beach one, of such excellent quality that I covered it in 2 h. 10 min. The villages offer but scant accommodation, and it is better not to depend on them. Two little rivers, the Tartijoux and Blanche, are crossed. The latter has an attractive fall a short distance from the road. At Matane, the hotel kept by Mr. Fraser, the Norwegian vice-consul, will be found satisfactory. M. is literally the get-off place on this route. So I got off, and made it the terminus of my tour. The road is said to struggle on for a few parishes further, and is then lost in the mountains. Good bathing and fishing are the recreations offered by the village, which is refreshingly isolated, 30 m. from the nearest r. r. It might make the finish of a fine straighta-

way century, starting from Trois Pistoles; for there are 70 m. of beautiful wheeling, and the other 30 are by no means bad. The 4 or 5 unridable hills are steep rather than long, and would not cause much delay; while Bic, Ramouski and Little Metis could be depended on for good, hearty fare. This whole route along the Lower St. Lawrence I cannot too highly commend; for, besides the scenic attractions which I 've only hinted at, it has a peculiar social interest, in that it introduces the wheelman to a region where the old Feudal System still exists. Though modified into some semblance of consistency with modern ideas of equity, the change is a recent one, and has really been effected on paper only, the original customs still obtaining to a degree that gives a distinct character to these people. Distances are reckoned by leagues, half leagues and acres; superstitions of a past age are cherished; and quaint little customs of 'the long-ago' surprise us at every turn. In short, the trip offers a refreshing dive into a past century; and I 'm already arranging to repeat it next year, when I hope also to penetrate into New Brunswick."

As for this '85 trip, it extended only from Quebec to Little Metis, and was taken by three members of the Ottawa B. C.: Jenkins, Roy, and Harrison. The beach roads, having been injured by the spring floods, were not as good as in '84. A September paragraph says: "Alphonse Hamel and Colin Hetherington, amateur oarsmen, rode from Quebec to Rivière du Loup, 122 m. in 24 h., Aug. 1, '85." In Aug., '83, H. Roy, above named, "took the n. shore from Quebec to Montmorenci Falls, 7½ m., and Chateau Richer, 8½ m., finding splendid mac. and magnificent coasting. The next 6 m., to St. Anne, was so poor that he crossed to the s. shore and continued on to Cacouna, finding everything delightful, 'except the ham and eggs, three times a day.'" The route from Q. to C. is thus given by W. N. Campbell (109 St. Peter st., Quebec): "Cross river to Point Levi; then a 10 m. mac. to Beaumont; 9 m. sand and loam to St. Valier (good hotel); 7½ m. loam to Berthier; 7 m. gravel to St. Thomas (splendid, except first m.); 18 m. loam and gravel to L'Islet (fair hotel); 9 m. to St. Jean Port Joli, good level loam and gravel; fair then for 9 m. to St. Roch, and 9 m. to St. Anne; ridable but difficult clay thence to Rivière Ouelle; then hilly but good for 12 m. to Kamouraska; clay and loam to St. Andre, 9 m.; loam and gravel to Notre Dame du Portage, 8 m.; gravel to Rivière du Loup, 6 m., and loam to Cacouna, 5 m. Even a little rain makes these roads bad; much makes them unridable." By contrast, the 16 m. from Q. to Chateau Richer is called "excellent at all seasons and in all weathers; average time, 1½ h." Likewise the w. road from Q. to St. Foy, 5 m., and Cap Rouge, 4 m., "is always ridable and none the worse for a considerable rain." Good mac. also stretches n. w. from Q. to Charlesbourg, 3 m., and St. Pierre, 5 m.; whence Stoneham, 7 m., may be reached on rather poor road of sand and loam. Hills of ½ m. and ¼ m. are to be met before reaching St. P. A three days' run from Point Levi to Cacouna, as reported by C. M. Douglass (*Outing*, Dec., '84, p. 177), is called "the first one along that road," though happening a year after Mr. Roy's ride from St. A. to C.; and he says: "A splendid 5 m. run, near Rivière du Loup, on excellent gravel, just by the water's edge, was an exceptional luxury; for parts of the route were decidedly bad; and often a baked, humpy, clay road forced us either to get off and walk, or else be seriously jolted."

As the main roads of the Dominion show a better average excellence than those of the Union, there is a certain appropriateness in the fact that the earliest-printed of American road-books should be the work of Dominion wheelmen. Indeed, the first trail made on this continent by the rubber tire of a modern bicycle is accredited to A. T. Lane, one of the founders of the Montreal B. C., who imported thither a 50 in. Coventry in season to take his first ride July 1, 1874; while H. S. Tibbs, captain of the same club, took a 300-m. tour in England that same year. Importing thence a Challenge bicycle he took his first ride on it in M., Aug. 15, '77; and he won a medal for 2 m. at the first bicycle race ever held in Canada, June 7, '79. As for the little volume, from which I 've already made many extracts, its title-page reads thus: "The C. W. A. Guide Book, containing descriptions of Canadian roads, hotels, consuls, etc., with the constitution and by-laws of the Association (organized, Sept., 1882). Published by order of the board of officers, April, 1884. H. B. Donly, W. G. Eakins, J. S. Brierley, editors." It has 128 pp. (including 20 pp. of advertisements), 6 by 4 in. in size, bound in flexible cloth covers; is ¼ in. thick and weighs 3 oz. It is mailed for 50 c. by H. B. Donly, Secretary of the Canadian Wheelmen's

Association (whose members receive it free), and was printed at the office of the *Norfolk Reformer*, Simcoe, Ont., of which journal he is an editor. Official, historical and statistical matters cover nearly 50 pp., mostly at the opening of the book; "recommended hotels" in 88 towns arranged alphabetically are named on p. 70; following this is a valuable list of the 24 bicycle clubs composing the Association, a total of more than 500 names, covering 9 pp.; and the next 11 pp. are devoted to "extended tours," including my own experiences in Ontario, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The "road-reports" proper reach from p. 34 to p. 69 (about 14,000 words), and are "classified under certain central-towns, named in the following order: St. Thomas, London, St. Mary's, Goderich, Port Elgin, Woodstock, Brantford, Simcoe, Hamilton, Guelph, Toronto, Belleville, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec." Statistics as to population, hotels, repair-shops, local clubs, riding restrictions, and the like, are given for each of these 15 objective points; and "the wheelman on an extended tour will have no difficulty in tracing routes from one point to another." As the name and address of the man reporting each route are printed with it, the tourist knows where to apply when he wishes for fuller details than the book contains; and no one worthy of the name of tourist should presume to enter Canada without first purchasing a copy of it to carry in his pocket. The editors ask indulgence for the "many defects and shortcomings necessarily attaching to a compilation, made without model, from widely-scattered sources," and express the hope to "improve upon it in future annual issues, until the book includes every highway, town and village in the Dominion." The second edition, however, will not really appear until '86; and it will doubtless be supplied with an index-of-towns, for the absence of such index is the most serious defect of the first. The editors of the "C. W. A. Guide" also issued a 10 c. map of Ontario, in '84, which "met the hearty praise of the members of the Association" among whom the entire edition was distributed in the spring of '85, except about 50 of the 800 copies. Designed by Mr. Eakins, and lithographed by Alexander, Clare & Cable, of Toronto (31 by 19 in., 20 m. to 1 in.), the map gives the guide's reported routes in red, and the county lines in black, but makes no attempt to show the mountains, rivers, and railroads, or the quality of the routes laid down. Nevertheless, it is a most useful supplement to the guide's statistics; and a similar chart for the Province of Quebec will doubtless be issued with the '86 edition of the book, which is promised for the opening of the riding season. The 940 copies of the first edition have all been disposed of; and it is possible that the new book may have maps directly attached to it, but cut into smaller sections for convenience. As regards other maps, the Canadian P. O. Dep't issues none of value to wheelmen; the Coltons (182 William st., N. Y.) publish three, 27 by 18 in., at 75 c. each: the first showing Ontario, with adjacent parts of P. Q. and U. S.; the second, Quebec and New Brunswick, with a plan of Manitoba; the third, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Pr. Ed. Id., Magdelen Is., with New Brunswick and parts of P. Q. and U. S. They also issue Joseph Bouchette's map of the Dominion (mounted, $20), which includes New England, New York and other parts of U. S., with separate plans of environs of Montreal, Niagara and Lake Superior, and the British N. A. Possessions. A railroad map of Ontario and New York (1874, 23 by 16 in., 20 m. to 1 in., 60 c.) is published by G. H. Adams & Son, 59 Beekman st., N. Y.

The routes of the guide, as already noted, are given in a general w. to e. order, similar to my own passage through the Province; and I now present most of those not previously quoted, with page-references to the connecting points on my route. Port Stanley, with picturesque scenery, on Lake Erie (Fraser House, summer resort, on the bluff), is 9 m. s. of St. Thomas (p. 312), and is reached by a "fairly good gravel road, slightly stony, passing through Union." Talbot st., e. 12 m. from St. T. to Aylmer (through Yarmouth Center, New Sarum and Orwell), is "good gravel, though very hilly"; and a fairly good road, of gravel and sand, branches thence to the lake shore at Port Burwell, 17 m., through Mt. Salem and Grovesend. (Route from A. to Simcoe and Hamilton, 84 m., given on p. 332.) A direct s. w. route of 62 m. from London (p. 312) to Chatham leads through Richmond and Locke sts. to Westminster, 4 m.; Lambeth, 3 m.; Delaware, 6 m. (two heavy hills); Longwood road to Melbourne, 9 m. (big hills); Strathburn, 9 m.; Wardsville, 5 m.; Thamesville, 16 m. (sandy and almost unridable), where take w. side of river; Chatham, 11 m. (clay, good in dry weather; unridable after a rain). The first 36

m. from L. is good gravel; and a fairly ridable road extends from C. s. 5 m. to Charing Cross, and so to Buckhorn, just e. of Dealtown, where my first day's ride ended (p. 310). The w. route from L. to Sarnia (at the foot of Lake Huron, and opposite Port Huron, Mich.) is a beautiful gravel road of 68 m., very level, except a few hills near Warwick, which is 4 m. n. w. of Watford, which is 36 m. w. of L. A fair but rather hilly route extends from W. ¼ m. e. and then 7½ m. s. along the Navoo road to Alvinston, whence a ridable road extends to Thamesville, 25 m., on the Chatham route. From Watford to Forrest, "take 18th side road n. 10 m., fair gravel; then w. on 6th concession; then 5 side lines (clay and gravel, good only when dry); then n. 1 m. to F., and splendid wheeling beyond it to Stony Point and Kettle Point on Lake Huron." From Watford to Ailsa Craig (which is 5 m. s. w. of Clandeboye, p. 313), "take the 18th side road w. 4½ m. and then London road e. 15 m. to old toll-gate; then n. 13 m. to A. C. Nearly all gravel and fine wheeling, on which the rain has little or no bad effect. The road from L. to Strathroy, 26 m., which has been done without dismount (p. 319), leads over Blackfriar's Bridge to Poplar Hill, 18 m., and at S. is about 3½ m. s. of the Watford road. Good gravel extends from S. to Delaware, 12 m.; and n. w. from S. to Forrest, 28 m., through Ryckman's Corners, Adelaide and Arkona; but rain soon spoils this n. w. route. From L. n. e. through Thorndale to St. Mary's, 24 m., the surface is mostly gravel, of varying goodness; thence n. 18 m. to Mitchell (p. 314) it is good gravel, passing through McIntyre's Corners, 3 m., and Fullerton, 9 m. beyond. From McIntyre's to Exeter (p. 313) 18 m., good gravel prevails, except 2 m., and there are a few high hills w. of Kirkton, 8 m., the next village being Winchelsea, 4 m. St. Mary's e. 12 m. to Stratford (p. 317) is a hard gravel road, hilly and rough for the first 3 m., the rest gently rolling and very good,—Conroy p. o. being half way. St. Mary's s. 24 m. to Ingersoll (p. 324): "Blanshard gravel road, hilly and poor, 2 m. e. to Medina, where t. s. to Nissouri gravel road, or 10th concession, to Kintore, 10 m., moderately good; then Thamesford, 6 m., medium; then Ingersoll, 6 m., rough gravel, mostly down hill." From Clinton (p. 313) to Bayfield, 9 m. s. w., "fine for 2½ m.; series of hills for 1 m.; splendid level stretch for 2 m.; remainder broken, and so crooked that way must be inquired. Good riding at Bayfield on lake shore, and thence a road due e. to Seaforth, 17 m., which can be ridden without dismount." The n. road of 20 m. from Clinton is through Londsboro, 6 m., hard gravel; Blythe, 5 m.; Belgrave, 4 m.; to Wingham, 5 m. A turn to l. around a long but ridable hill is made 2 m. n. of L., and then a slight t. r.; hills must also be climbed at Blythe and Belgrave, and the roads there are not very good. Lucknow (p. 315) is 12 m. w. of W., on county side line road, part sand, part gravel, and very hilly.

Simcoe, the home of the chief compiler of the guide, is just half-way along the 84 m. route from Aylmer (p. 331) to Hamilton (p. 324), and 8 m. from Lake Erie at Port Dover. It has a good hotel, the Battersby, and the ride to the lake may be easily taken in 1 h., along a pleasant road which the rain improves. The route to Aylmer is along the Talbot road w. to the r. r. crossing, a level run of 1 m. on hard gravel; then fair side-paths to Atherton, 7 m., and Delhi, 4 m., except that the last 2 m., ending with a hill, is mostly unridable. Beyond D. the road is magnificent: 8 m. to Courtland, then a 7 m. level to Doyle's Hotel, then 3½ m. clay to Staffordville, 3 m. clay to Richmond, 7 m. good gravel to Aylmer. The e. trip of 42 m. from S. to Hamilton is, on the whole, a good one, passing through grand scenery, especially near H.; and it may be done in 5 h. Take Talbot st. e. 10 m. to Murphy's Corners, clay and sand; 1 m. n. to turn, hard clay; ½ m. e. to Jarvis; then first class run on old stage road n. e. to Hagersville, 6 m.; fair clay to Caledonia, 9 m.; loam and clay, very stony, rolling, to Mt. Hope, 7 m.; fair clay to Ryckman's Corners, 3 m.; then 4 m. on gently rolling clay loam to Mountain View Hotel, overlooking Hamilton,—to which descend through John st. The road from Delhi through Hawtrey to Norwich, 12 m., is called hilly, sandy and mostly unridable. Good side-path riding may be had from Simcoe to Vittoria, 8 m., a summer resort 3 m. from Lake Erie, and to Port Ryerse. The n. and e. road of 8 m. from S. to Waterford may be done in 40 min.; and the Cockshutt gravel road thence n. e. through Boston and Bealton to Brantford, 17 m. (p. 314), is called very fair. The n. route of 28 m. from S. to Paris (p. 317) offers fine gravel or else ridable side-paths thus: "Round Plains, 7 m.; Scotland, 7 m.; Bishop's Gate, 7 m.; Pelton's Corners, 4 m. By going w. one concession at Scotland, hills near Bishop's Gate may be avoided."

XXIV.

THOUSAND ISLANDS TO NATURAL BRIDGE.[1]

KINGSTON, at the foot of Lake Ontario, is distant in a bee line only 175 m. from Hamilton, at the head of it; and "the Lake of the Thousand Islands," which begins there, forms in fact the uppermost section of the River St. Lawrence, and may be considered as terminating at Brockville, 50 m. n. e. of K. This picturesque and romantic archipelago comprises more than 1,800 islands and islets, of which the largest by far is Wolf Island (15 m. long), directly opposite Kingston. On the New York shore, 1 m. s. e. of the island, is Cape Vincent, the terminus of a r. r. from Watertown, 20 m. s. e.; and the wheeling between those places is said to be good. Alexandria Bay, a famous summer resort, is 25 m. n. e. of Cape Vincent, on the same shore; and I believe the shore route thither has been found fairly ridable by the bicycle, as well as the direct road of 30 m. from Watertown. I presume, in fact, that little trouble would be had in pushing along the New York shore for another 20 m., to Morristown, whence a steam ferry-boat crosses the river every ½ h. to Brockville. Gananoque is about 15 m. w. of Alexandria Bay; and, during the summer season, the numerous steamers which ply among the islands give ready connection between all the ports I have named. They may be reached also by the through boats from Montreal and Quebec, on the n. e., and Oswego, Rochester (Charlotte), Niagara and Toronto on the s. w.

The previous chapter has made plain why Kingston is the natural terminal-point in the wheeling of any tourist who starts from Western Ontario to visit the Thousand Islands; and it has also recorded the fact (pp. 325-326) that I myself not only did not stop there but continued down the river for a dozen miles below Brockville, where the last of the islands were left behind,—finishing thus at Prescott, on the night of October 21, 1883, a fortnight's straight-away run of 635 m., which began at Windsor, opposite Detroit, on the morning of the 8th. The bitterly cold air which prevailed at daybreak on the 22d, when I took the first boat across to Ogdensburg, perhaps kept the customs inspector from the dock. At all events, I mounted there without challenge and wheeled up to the Seymour House, ½ m.,—though that was nearly six months before my "Bermuda case" caused the United States to relax its restrictions against bicycle touring, which were even more vexatious and absurd than those by which the Dominion authorities still seek to prevent Yankee wheelmen from spending their vacations, and vacation-money, in Canada. A good breakfast seemed specially refreshing, after the scanty fare of the previous day; and,

[1] The first part of this is from *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, December, 1885.

having answered my letters, I mounted at 9, and rode in 1¼ h. to Heuvelton, 7 m., over a smooth and level surface, with a sharp descent across the r. r. track at H. At the top of a hill which I walked up, 2 m. beyond, after rather poor riding, I could see the village of Rensselaer Falls on my l., and also some mountain-peaks, whose outlines delighted me because my Canadian horizons had offered my eyes very little variety of that sort. Walking down hill through the sand and crossing a bridge, I kept the r. to a church and school-house (4 m.), where, of three possible roads, the l. was said to be the best, though I found that it led over a succession of short hills and was largely unridable for 4 m. to De Kalb (no hotel), where I took a header by striking a stone on an up-grade, after having gone 250 m. without a fall. The road improves and is good through Richville, 7 m., beyond which I wheeled up two long hills, and then found stretches of smooth and flat riding (6 m. in 1 h.) to Gouverneur, where I spent the night in comfort at the Van Buren House. The next morning, between 7 and 9.45, I rode 14 m. to Antwerp, and stopped there 1 h. for breakfast. The first 3 m. was done without dismount, and good riding continued 4 m. further, or until I had passed Somerville. Then 2 m. of poor plodding brought me to a point offering three routes to A., of which I chose the r. (afterwards learning that the l. is best), up a sand hill and then l. along a gravel road, somewhat hilly but generally smooth and good for 4 m., ending with a long but ridable grade which winds around into the village of A. My first stop was forced 1 m. beyond it; then rough clay prevailed to the river bridge, which I crossed, only to find the roughness increase to the unridable point, as I plodded along a plain to a cross-roads school-house, where I turned r. over the stream again (I learned later that I should have kept straight on), and after ½ m. of difficult riding reached Philadelphia, 6 m. from A. Sand prevailed then for 1 m., or until I turned r. on the road which I should have followed from the school-house; and after going 3½ m. on this road I reached the stone "3 m. to Evans Mills." The last 2 m. to that place was mostly ridable, and I reached the corners, 5 m. beyond, in a little more than 1 h. Thence to the Woodruff House in Watertown, 5¼ m., I went in similar time, doing the last 2 m. without stop, over rather rough macadam, ending in mist and dusk at 5.15 P. M. On this day and the preceding one I had nothing substantial to eat between breakfast and supper.

Watertown is the home of the rider who had accompanied me from Utica to Trenton Falls, the previous season (see p. 209), when rain at that point prevented his piloting me thence through W. to Alexandria Bay; and as he had also been my companion between Boston and Portsmouth in '81 (p. 101), he felt under bonds to see me safely started out of town. We left the hotel at 7 A. M., and got to the end of the good riding, 4 m., in 35 min., our route being through Washington st., about 2 m., up a long grade; and we took the second l. t. about 1½ m. beyond this. We were 2 h. in doing the next 6 m. to Adams Center; but ½ h. represented a halt for bathing my foot, where I ran a nail into it by jumping down from an apple tree upon a board

which supported the unlucky nail in sticking stiffly upward (p. 306). We gave only ½ h. to the 4 m. from Adams Center to Adams, and continued at speed along a smooth stretch beyond it. From Pierrepont Manor, 5 m. from A., we went without stop 4 m. in ½ h., through Mannsville, to a water-trough at a fork, where we turned r. (the l. route, through Laconia, was said to be less sandy), and were ¾ h. in getting over the 2 m. to the Sandy Creek Hotel, where we stopped 1 h. for dinner. Ridable stretches of clay, broken by sand, took us to Pulaski, 5½ m. in 1 h.; and at the foot of a long grade, 3 m. beyond, my companion said good bye and turned homeward,—the time being 4 o'clock. Colosse, of curious name, 7 m., was reached 2 h. later, after considerable walking in the dark, and I perforce sought shelter for the night in its terribly squalid little tavern. Shouts and shrieks of mirth from its bar-room, soon after I went up stairs, showed that (for the first night of my tour) I had forgotten to lock together the wheels of the bicycle; and an awful hush fell upon the assembly when I returned for that purpose, and displaced a small boy who had kindly consented to entertain them by a few experiments in the saddle. The weather of the day had been ideally pleasant, with favorable wind, and the 42 m. covered represented but 8½ h. of actual motion. The next day was also mild and balmy, barring the first 2 m. after daybreak, when a keen frost filled the air. For 3½ m., to Hastings, the road was difficult, and then followed 6 m. of sandy stretches, mostly unridable, to the hotel in Central Square, where I halted 1 h. for breakfast, ending at 10.40. It was while plodding hungrily along one of the most hopeless, not to say utterly irreclaimable, of these sandy levels, that I was confronted by a woman who came out from a little farm house in the woods to enquire of me where she could purchase a tricycle! I gave her a manufacturer's address from which she might procure a price catalogue; and I gave her this answer when questioned as to the probable time required for learning to drive a tricycle, with speed and comfort, over country roads of that sort: "Not less than 100 years!" The road grew better, however, from Central Square to Brewerton, perhaps 5 m., where I crossed the Oneida river, near the lake (20 m. long) of same name for which it is the outlet. The board "12 m. to Syracuse" was reached at 11.45, and the next one in 20 min. Goodish riding soon brought me to Cicero, with its unclassical cheese-factory, and its plank road, along which I jogged without stop, through Centerville, till I reached the water-trough a little beyond the board "3 m. to S.," at 1.30. It was ½ h. later when I stabled my steed in Olmstead's harness store, 3½ m. on, with a record of 27 m. for the half-day, and 804 m. for 19 successive days.

Chapter XXII. can be consulted (pp. 298–300, 302–303) for a general statement of the geographic and atmospheric conditions which characterized my 19 days' ride from Syracuse to Staunton, 618 m. I began it November 3, at 2 P. M. (after halting at the house of a friend nine days, during which there was much bad weather ending in a snow storm which left the roads deplorably muddy), by taking the l. sidewalk of Genesee st. at the park and

traversing the flagstones for 1 m. to the r. r. crossing; then the plank walk up the hill and beyond till it ended, 1½ m. It took me almost 1 h. to tramp 1½ m. of muddy hills to Orville tavern, which stands about midway between toll-gates 1½ m. apart, but I covered the next 1½ m. in 25 min. and found a good sidewalk then for ½ m. to Fayette, where I t. r. on Manlius st. and reached M., 3 m., in 1 h. Here, at fork on the hill, I again t. r. and went to Buelville, 3 m., in 35 min. Dusk had now settled down (5.20 P. M.), and I mounted not again, though the macadam extended a little further, to the hamlet of Oran. It was now pitch dark, and the roadway a mere slough of mud. After about 1 m. of this, a wayfarer told me to "t. l. at the next fork by a brick house"; but I failed to see it, and so struggled on to a cross-roads, where a driver told me to t. l. up a long and rough hill, to meet the road which I had missed. I found this at last, near a r. r. crossing, and tramped along a ridge where good riding would be possible in dry weather by daylight, with a fine view across the valley on r. At last I crossed the r. r. again, near a station, and t. l. along the lake,—floundering through a terribly muddy stretch overhung with trees, and so reached the shelter of the Stanton House in Cazenovia, at 8.40 o'clock, just as the rain drops began to patter down. The next morning was damp but not rainy, and, as the sun shone in the afternoon, I decided to proceed as far as the next town, West Woodstock, 7½ m. I did so in 2½ h., ending at 6.30 o'clock. This was much the shortest day's journey of my tour, and I walked the last 4 m. in the dark, except that the faint moonlight tempted me to mount once or twice, towards the end. I had spent the early part of the day in the experiment of fitting rawhide bearings to my front axle; and as these had not been given time to dry, the wheel turned hard. The rawhide washer inserted in steering head quickly worked loose; and I threw it away, two days later, as an impracticable device.[1]

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[1] The President of the Cazenovia B. C., Sèvére Dorion, a druggist, invited me to his store, as a proper place for putting my bicycle in order, and assured me that, in dry weather, he had taken the 20 m. run to Syracuse in 2¼ h., and that S. riders had ridden to C. as quickly. He had also made the run from West Woodstock to C., with the help of the wind, in ¾ h., though the grades are easier in the other direction, as I took them;—the "w. road" being preferable in each case to the route which is a little more direct. He gave me the following outline of a day's run of 104 m., which had been taken by the Captain of his club, Charles P. Knowlton, in October: "Starting at 5.30 A. M., he took a 6 m. circuit in Cazenovia, and then rode 12 m. for breakfast at Chittenango, a rise of 963 ft. Canistota, Oneida, Rome and Utica were successively passed, and he took dinner at a house 6 m. beyond New York Mills, with a record of 61 m. Thence he retraced his course to Chittenango, 43 m., at 9 P. M." This ride suggests a desirable variation in my own route between the Thousand Islands and Cazenovia; and I recommend any tourist between those points to aim for Trenton Falls when he leaves Watertown; and then, after reaching Rome by route given on p. 210, to follow this other route to C. For the sake of comparison with my own ride given on p. 337, I may as well add to this note that H. C. Higgins, of Cincinnatus, told me he rode thence, through Taylor, on the other side of the river, to South Otselic and back, about 21 m., in 2½ h., including a stop of ½ h. Mr. Knowlton also reports good riding from Cincinnatus across to Norwich, and thence S. W. along the line of the river and canal, through Greene, to Chenango Forks.

West Woodstock was still in sight, next morning, after I had got to the top of a long hill 2 m. beyond it; and Shed's Corners, 1 m. on, was reached in 1 h. from the start. For 6 m. further, the road continued to wind among smooth and sterile hills to Georgetown, a sizable village at the end of the Otselic Valley. The stretch of loam below G. was said to be "sand-papered" in summer; but the snow storm of four days before (whereof white patches still lingered on the hill-tops) had turned it into a slough of black mud, through which I toiled for about 2 m., without a bit of riding, to a cross-roads school-house, where l. or r. may be taken to North Otselic. Taking the r., I reached the p. o. of that name (13 m. and 4½ h. from the start) at 12.30, and munched some apples for ½ h., in lack of anything better, without crossing the bridge to the village on l. At the next fork I went up-hill to r., then t. l. under bridge of abandoned r. r., 1¾ m. An equal distance beyond is a fork by a grave-yard, where either road may be taken, but I chose the l., because leveler, and had bits of riding for 3 m. to South Otselic, where stands a sizable new hotel. North Pitcher, 3 m., was reached in 1 h. and South Pitcher, 4 m., also in 1 h., about half the latter stretch being ridable. I probably walked 20 m. of the 27 which I traversed that day (9½ h.), though all would be ridable in summer, except a few of the hills. My next day's ride of 28½ m. seemed wonderfully swift in contrast, for though I gave 8 h. to it, my numerous rests amounted to nearly 3 h.; and the surface kept improving as I advanced. Mounting at 8.30, I t. l. ½ m. out, and then t. r. down the valley to Cincinnatus, 3 m., where I am told that the leveler road on r. bank of river is the better one in dry weather, but that I had best continue on the l. to avoid the mud. At the top of a long hill, 3 m. below (nearly all ridden) I had a beautiful view of the sunlit valley; and fine views were before me as I rode down hill for 1 m., and then ¾ m. to the hotel at Willet. Indeed, there was good scenery all the way to Upper Lisle (6 m. in ½ h.), whose little hotel supplied me with a really excellent dinner for 25 c.,—though its fare would probably be found less sumptuous on any other day than that of the State election. About 2 m. on, at the top of a ½ m. hill, I had another fine view to n.; and then descended for 1½ m., except one short up-grade, which would usually be ridable. The bridge leading to Whitney's Point, was 5 m. below Upper Lisle; but, instead of crossing it, I kept on for perhaps 4 m. to the next bridge, over a branch of the river, beyond which the road winds along a shelf of rock, undulating, but with general smoothness of surface, past a saw-mill and fall. From this point to the little "temperance hotel" beyond the bridge at Chenango Forks (1½ m.), where I stopped at 5 P. M., I was sprinkled upon slightly; and a heavy rain then continued far into the night. The next morning was damp, but the wind favored me, and, finally, the sun. The first 2 m. required ½ h. and brought me to the top of a high hill having a fine view,—also an adv. board "9 m. to Binghamton." Descending for ½ m., I t. l. for ½ m. (instead of keeping straight on, as would have been better), and, at 10 o'clock, having crossed the bridge below the r. r. bridge (2½ m.), I struck

the first sand seen in about 100 m.; but the side-paths proved generally ridable to Port Dickson, and I rode continuously for 3 m., from the point where its h. r. r. begins to the post-office in Binghamton (11 m. in 2½ h. from Chenango Forks). What with letter-writing, chatting with local riders, buying a new pair of shoes (see pp. 308, 218), and getting dinner, 2½ h. slipped away before I resumed the saddle. I rode 1 m. to the bridge and 1 m. beyond; then walked nearly 1 m., including a long hill (for the road was nearly as rutty as I had found it in the dry season of '80; see p. 206); t. r. with the river in 1 m. at the fork where stands the 4 m. plank; and, finally, at the bridge where stands the 5 m. plank and where darkness overtook me in '80, my real riding of the day began. An excellent gravel surface stretches thence for 9½ m. to the post-office in Great Bend, the first town across the Pennsylvania line; and I seemed to myself to be going very fast when I got over it in 1½ h. My only stop was made for a horse, which I met under the r. r. about 3½ m. after mounting,—though the hill which I soon afterwards climbed, beyond the r. r. tracks, and the hill which confronted me previously were both quite difficult. Beyond the post-office in G. B., I mistakenly kept to the l. (whereas the r. was recommended by riders of both Binghamton and Susquehanna), and soon found stones sprinkled on a soft surface. At the fork, 1½ m. on, I walked up-hill to r. and had a fine view backward of G. B. The descent on wheel was rather ticklish in the gathering dusk; and though the next 7 m. would have offered fair wheeling in the day time, and though I was tempted occasionally to mount in the frosty moonlight, I tramped most of the distance (2 h.) and, at 7 o'clock crossed the bridge over the Susquehanna into the town of that name, and sought its chief hotel, the Starucca, which is connected with the r. r. station. I recommend it as a place where wheelmen will probably get good treatment hereafter, because of the emphasis with which I resented the incivility there offered to myself. The hotel clerk having shown me to a room, I made my usual remark that I would "be ready for supper in about half an hour"; but, instead of giving the usual assurance that a good supper should then be ready for me, he pulled out his watch and said with an insolent swagger: "Tables are cleared at 7.30. If you want any supper, you must come down now." This was not exactly an alluring sort of "hospitality" for a traveler to have thrust upon him, as a sequel to a tiresome day's journey of 35 m.,—which had left him wet with perspiration, in spite of the frosty night air,—and so I picked up my roll of luggage and said I would take my chance of shelter at some other hotel, where it might be allowable to properly wash and dress myself as a preliminary to eating. As I re-entered the hotel office, and put on my jacket, which I had thrown upon the heater to dry, and ordered my bicycle to be brought out of the cloak-room, the loungers about the place pricked up their ears to know what the trouble might be; and one of the proprietors appeared on the scene, with apologies for the rudeness which had been offered. Being a wheelman himself, he wished to smooth the matter over by the promise of a

good supper; but, as I quietly insisted that I'd had enough of the Starucca, he kindly piloted me to the "second best" hotel, where I was allowed to take my time in putting on dry clothes, and afterwards to eat in peace, without reference to any kitchen girl's rule as to "clearing the tables at 7.30." The lecture on the value of civility which that hotel clerk received from his employer, after my withdrawal, was, I trust, sanctified to him for his everlasting good; and the hotel itself, I am sure, can hereafter be all the better depended upon to make wheelmen comfortable because of the fact that, when once it endeavored to rob me of comfort, I flatly turned my back upon it.

I felt quite elated, next morning, at my ability to wheel to the top of the hill (nearly 1 m.) which offers a fine view of the town. This start was at 8.40 o'clock, and I was 14 h. in covering the 39 m. stretching thence over the mountains to the Allen House in Honesdale. It was just noon when I crossed the r. r. track at Thompson station, 9 m. from S., riding down a steep hill whose water-courses made it dangerous; but, as dinner was not quite ready at the Jefferson House, a neat-looking little hostelry, I jogged along to Hinds Corners p. o. (5 m. in 1¾ h.), where I found no other provender than apples. The surface to this point was composed of light yellow soil, and was ridable except on the up-grades, which were pretty continuous. At Belmont (6 m. in 2 h.), which consists of two private houses at a cross-roads, I turned l. and rode down hill ½ m. to the tanneries. Before beginning the descent towards B., a fine view was had of the country for many m. on every side; and there were numerous ridable stretches of red clay and black loam, though I had to toil through one mud-slough for ½ m. in the woods. Had the weather been dry, I should have turned r. at the tanneries and followed the creek down to Prompton; but, to avoid the probable mud of that route, I kept straight on and walked up a smooth ½ m. hill of red clay to Mt. Pleasant, where the sign "oysters 15 c. a plate," in front of the local book-store, tempted me to stop ½ h. A flock of admiring school-children collected around that literary emporium, to see me eat and then resume the saddle. I soon t. r. down hill; also took r. at the first fork, and again r. where the stone reservoir stands, opposite a brick house, 3 m. This was fair wheeling; but the next 1½ m., which brought me to the creek road leading from the tanneries, would hardly be ridable even by daylight. The creek road proved level and firm, leading through a narrow valley; and after walking along it 1 h. (3½ m.) I ventured to ride 1½ m. to Aldenville. Several short stretches of deep sand were met with between there and Prompton, 4½ m.; then, after one rather sandy hill, I found good going for nearly 2 m. to the wretched little road-house where, after much urging, I secured some chocolate and eggs for supper. I was nearly 1 h. in walking the 2½ m. thence to the hotel in Honesdale, —and, as the mist threatened to change into rain, I assumed my jacket, for the first time since morning. I kept it on, the next morning, however, for when I mounted at 9.50, after getting information about roads from a local wheelman employed in a coal-office adjacent to the tow-path, the mist had

thickened to a drizzle. Twenty minutes later, when I had gone about 2 m., and was almost at the end of the "mile level," a pair of mules ran away with my bicycle, as detailed on pp. 44-45; and I worked in the lock-house till noon, getting it into ridable shape again. After ½ m. of service, the cracked handle-bar broke off, forcing me to walk to the next lock, and delay there 1 h. in fitting a wagon-spoke to the head. In the next 2 h., ending at 4 o'clock, I rode 5½ m. to Hawley, where I got my bar welded and stopped for the night at the Keystone House. Sunshine cheered me during this final stretch, though the rain fell heavily for the 3 h. preceding. The canal-locks were quite near together and the approaches to them were quite steep, though all on a down-grade. I found longer levels the next day, whose forenoon was damp and warm and whose afternoon was damp and rainy. The canal crosses the Delaware twice at Lackawaxen; and the rain began falling just at noon, soon after I had crossed the lower bridge, 17 m. and 4 h. from H. Before crossing the first one, I might have t. l., to reach a big hotel, called the Williamson, which is a sort of summer resort; but I in fact got a lunch of crackers and beer about 1 o'clock at a bar-room in Barryville, 4 m. on, where I also bought a strip of oil-cloth to protect my jacket, which I had strapped on the outside of my rubber-covered luggage-roll. Pond Eddy, 7 m., was reached after 2 h. of rainy wheeling, and darkness came upon me 5 m. beyond, so that I tramped the last 7 m., which brought me to the Delaware House, in Port Jervis, at 7.15 P. M.[1]

[1] Pages 304, 305 may be consulted for scenic details of this rainy afternoon's ride, during which I completed "the first American bicycle trail of 1,000 m. straightaway." Nearly all the 40 m. traversed that day, through mist and rain and mud, would offer pleasant wheeling in pleasant weather; and I believe the tow-path would be practicable to its terminus on the Hudson river at Rondout (see p. 188). Another good route to the Hudson was thus given me by a local rider who had wheeled from Port Jervis to Newburg: "Cuddebackville, 9 m. n. e., is reached by the excellent Huguenot road, and Otisville is from 4 to 6 m. beyond,—half the distance requiring to be walked, on account of a steep hill. Other such hills give trouble before reaching the Hudson, but there is no sand to render the levels unridable. The towns passed through are Middletown (see p. 198), Goshen and Chester, whence the route leads along the r. r. 12 m. to Newburg." A ride from Scranton to Honesdale, 30 m., was taken Sept. 17, '81, 2 to 5 P. M., by F. C. Hand (who reported it in *Bi. World*, Oct. 21, p. 289) and three Wilkesbarre riders; and the party next day proceeded to Port Jervis, 50 m., 7. A. M. to 6 P. M., "finding the usually easy tow-path rather heavy and dusty from recent repairs and want of rain. The best riding was within a few inches of the edge, where the tug-ropes had made the surface smooth; and, in spite of close watching of our wheels, three of us, at one time or another, took 'coolers' in the canal. These interesting incidents happened between Hawley, which we reached 1½ h. from the start, and Lackawaxen, which we reached at noon." The monotony of life in that wild region has so few interruptions that the memory of "the bicycle man who tumbled into the canal, two years ago," was still fresh among the people whom I met along the route. They told me also of a later tourist who had been snapped into the water by the sudden tightening up of a tug-rope, which he had ridden across as incautiously as I myself. Details have been sent to me as follows, by A. J. Kolp (b. 1849), ex-captain of Scranton B. C., about the routes leading from that city: "N. e. road good to Carbondale, 16 m.; then 6 m. over mountain to Waymart, half unridable and the rest rough and dangerous (better take car of gravity r. r., C. to W.); next 10 m. fair to bad, to Honesdale. The n.-route, from S. to Bing-

My ride through the snow squalls of November 12, down the Delaware to Bushkill, 28 m., has been described on p. 299. I spent 1 h., next morning, upon the first 4½ m., which brought me to Jim Price's house, where I had t. l. in 1880, at the sign "8 m. to Del. Water Gap" (p. 207); and 1 h. upon the next 3½ m. to the cross-roads tavern at Craig's Meadows. Roughly frozen mud formed the roadway for all this distance; and my best ride of the forenoon was 1½ m. on the sidewalk from the r. r. crossing above East Stroudsburg to the Burnett House in S. (13 m. from the start), where I secured a notably good dinner. I t. r. at fork 1 m. from hotel, and used sidepaths for 1 m. to the sign "5 m. to Snydersville," though I found it in 4 m., on a stretch of black gravel, after considerable experience with sandy, stony and hilly roads. I ought to have t. l. at S., and avoided hills; but I kept along the direct road 2 m. and t. l. at the falls of Sciota (where also I might have taken r.), and then I t. r. at the hotel and tannery, ½ m. on, and walked up long hills to the tavern at Mechanicsville, 2½ m. By this time, it was dark, and I tramped 2 m. further to the tavern in Brodheadsville (venturing into the saddle for short spells when the moon shone), at 6 o'clock, and halted 1 h. for supper. The badness of this showed the impossibility of my faring worse by going further, and so I tramped 2½ m. beyond, along a level which would have been ridable by daylight, to another little cross-roads inn at Pleasant Valley, where my bed had only one sheet and my door had no lock at all, but where my pocket-book suffered a lightening of only 40 c. for lodging and breakfast. (A ride from Stroudsburg to Phillipsburg, 9 m., and Brodheadsville, 3½ m., was reported in the *Wheel*, Aug. 3, '83; and it probably led along the other side of the broad valley which I traversed; but I was told that my own route was shorter and better.) Next morning, I rode from Pleasant Valley to Kresgeville, 3¾ m. in ½ h., against a bitter gale of wind, along a gravel track with many turnings, but all ridable and some stretches excellent. Trochsville, a brick tavern where five roads meet, is 2½ m. on, and, of two possible routes from K., I chose the r., turning round the corner and finally up a ¼ m. hill, which would be ridable with the wind. Stemlersville, another brick tavern at a turn in the road, was 5 m. from T., and I rode the first 1 m. pretty continuously up-grade. Five m. beyond S., I crossed the r. r. tracks at Weissport, after 1 m. or so of continuous houses, before reaching which I descended a defile overhung with evergreens; and at the Exchange Hotel in Lehighton, 1 m. beyond the W. r. r. crossing, I got a comfortable 50 c. dinner, though it was by no means as well served as the one at Strouds-

hamton, 57 m. (pp. 219, 310), is a good day's work for a determined rider, being rather hilly, though of fair surface. It leads through Clarke's Summit, Waverly, Blakeley, Glenwood, New Milford and Great Bend. The e. road from S. is good but up-hill for 6 m. to Greenville; and thence unridable to the Water Gap, 57 m. The s. road from S. is fair, through Taylorville to Pittston Junction, 9 m., thence very good to Wilkesbarre (p. 220), on either side the river, the e. route being 7 m., and the w. route, 9 m. As for personal statistics, I rode about 1,000 m. each in '80, '81 and '82, and 1,358 m. in '83. My wheel is a 52 in., and I do not use it in going to business."

burg. Mauch Chunk may be reached by going up the tow-path 3 m. from W.; and the canal which begins there follows the Lehigh down to Allentown and Easton, and then the Delaware to Trenton. A canal reaches from T. to New Brunswick (p. 167) and also from Easton to Jersey City (p. 173). My afternoon's ride led along one of the slopes of the Mahoning Valley (p. 302), and my longest stay in the saddle was 3½ m., beginning at Pleasant Corners, a cross-roads tavern, 5 m. from my dining-place. I t. r., away from the valley, 2¼ m. beyond this point of dismounting; and, after another 4 m., my course wound among the mountains until Tamaqua was reached at 7 o'clock (p. 299). My first forced dismount, next morning, was at a hill leading up to the forlorn little mining village of Tuscarora, 4 m.; thence to the bridge leading l. to Middleport, 4½ m.; New Philadelphia, 2 m.; then without stop for 4½ m. to hill beyond Port Carbon; and so to the post office in Pottsville, 1¾ m., at noon. Starting 1½ h. later, I followed the main street, passing the Henry Clay statue on hill top to r., to Mt. Carbon station, below which I crossed bridge and t. r. down the river until a hill forced a halt. Instead of going then through Schuylkill Haven, on an excellent road of rotten rock which avoids the hills of Orwigsburg, I left S. H. on my r., and climbed a long, rough hill, and then, in 3 m., was forced to dismount by the hill at O. (which boasts a new and good-looking hotel called the Arcadian). Just 1 m. beyond here, I reached the top of the second long hill of red clay which had to be walked; and, at the foot of the next hill, ¾ m. further, I reached the place where I should have come out if I had taken the proper road through S. H. Some 2 m. beyond here is a fork, where I should have t. l. with the telegraph poles across a covered bridge; but so smooth was this stretch of road (made of rotten rock or black gravel, ground to whiteness by the traffic) that I kept on to the r. without noticing it. Returning ¾ m. to the bridge, when I discovered my mistake, I walked up a long grade to a pine-covered hill-top where stood a stone "23 m. to Reading"; and then rode 1 m. down a hill of brilliantly red clay. Beyond here was a waterfall, from which I walked 1½ m. to the Center Hotel in Port Clinton, at 6,—though I should have ridden except for the darkness. This road winds among the mountains, with river on l., through a wild and rugged region, and would offer very pleasant wheeling by daylight. My afternoon ride had been along the edge of a valley, with a rolling surface spread far out to the n. and e.

An up-grade road, along a shelf of the mountain-side, overlooking the river and canal on r., was ridden by me, on the morning of the 16th, in spite of frozen ruts and a film of snow. A bitter gale of wind blew me along, and combined with brilliant sunshine in a cloudless sky to make my progress ideally exhilarating. I took the tow-path at 9 o'clock, 2½ m. and ½ h. after leaving Port Clinton, and kept it through Hamburg to Shoemakersville, 4½ m., at 10.20, though I ought to have followed it to the other side of S. The road was said to be rough from H. to S., and the tow-path was also roughened by frozen mule-tracks, suggesting the idea that it would be too soft for riding

in summer. I met few boats, and I walked 1 m. where the wind was at my side. Had I been facing it, I could not have ridden at all on such a surface. At Mooresville, 2½ m., I took the tow-path again for 2½ m. to the first bridge at Leestown (lying off to the r.), where I whizzed down a smooth slope for 1 m. A well-known tavern called Solomon's Temple stands 2 m. from this point, and I reached it at noon, by leaving the turnpike at the covered bridge and following the telegraph poles along the Temple road, whose hilly and roughly frozen surface of yellow clay was made ridable by the tremendous wind. Thence I went without stop down a dangerous clay hill and through streets of very rough macadam to a point in Reading within ½ m. of the Keystone Hotel, where I rested 1 h. for dinner; and this 4½ m. in 40 min. was perhaps the longest stay I had made in the saddle since leaving Syracuse, 358 m. behind. The fortnight thus terminating included the slowest and most difficult riding of my entire tour; and I remember Reading pleasantly as the place where I got fairly "out of the woods" and struck the turnpike which allowed swift progress nearly all the way to the finish, six days later, 260 m. s. w. From the hotel, I followed Penn st., the chief business avenue of the city, to the bridge, beyond which I t. r. and rode to the top of the hill, where I halted for the sake of the backward view. Then I went without dismount 12 m. in 2 h., climbing one quite difficult hill, and several lesser ones, and passing a number of villages, of which Robesonia was the one nearest where I halted. My course being w. or n. w., the n. wind which had helped me in the forenoon now hindered me somewhat, until it went down with the sun. I was 1¼ h. in doing the next 6 m., ending at the Baney House in Myerstown at 5.30,—the last 5 m. having been done without stop, in spite of several hills, the most difficult of which was the one beyond Womelsdorf, having a church and grave-yard on its summit.

Except for a slightly adverse wind, the next day supplied ideal weather for riding (bright sunshine and bitter-cold air), and I improved it by covering 51 m. (8.30 A. M. to 7.45 P. M.), or a greater distance than was accredited to any of my forty days, except three of those in Canada. My first mount was terminated in exactly 3 h. (19½ m.) by a stony hill beyond the village of Palmyra; and ranks next in length to my straightaway stay from Tarrytown to Fifty-ninth street (p. 53). The grade of the hill would not have prohibited riding, if the surface had been smooth; and my second stop was at Hummelstown p. o., 3½ m. Poorish sections of road were encountered along here; but from a point between the 7th and the 6th m. stones, I went without stop to the r. r. station in Harrisburg, at 2 o'clock (32½ m. from the start), barely escaping a tumble on the dangerous hill that leads down to the r. r. crossing. I passed through Lebanon, the county seat, in 1¼ h. after leaving Myerstown; and I conquered a series of three hills beyond Annville, which might be called difficult, more difficult, and most difficult. Having walked the long bridge over the Susquehanna, after ¾ h. rest for dinner, I t. r. and then curved to l., under the tracks, and so reached Hoguestown, 9½ m., in 2 h. I rode 2 m. more in

the gathering dusk, and then walked 7 m., along a ridable surface to the Florence House in Carlisle, except a short spln in the gas-lighted streets. Near the finish, I let my wheel tumble in a rut, and thereby snapped one of the spokes which the mules had injured, a week before. This spoke I gave to a local cycler as a keepsake, by virtue of its being the first broken one in a wheel whose record was 9,280 m. Starting at 9, the next morning, I stopped for dinner 4 h. later at the Sherman House in Shippensburg, 19 m.,—the last 3 or 4 m. being done without stop and forming my best mount of the day, in spite of the hills. At the start, I followed the telegraph poles, past Dickinson College and the r. r. freight-house, for 1 m. to the fork where I t. l.; and I covered the next 6 m. in 1 h. Resuming the saddle at 2, I reached the National Hotel in Chambersburg, 10 m., at 4,—the last 3 m. being much better than the 6 m. preceding. Sunset, at 5 o'clock, found me 4 m. beyond, and I stopped riding at 5.35, 2 m. on, and tramped in 1 h. to the National Hotel in Greencastle, which my cyclometer called 10 m. from C., though local authority said "11 m." This stretch was a badly-kept pike, much poorer than what I had previously traversed,—especially the first 5 m. out from C.,—and it would be unridable when wet. Good weather and good scenery accompanied me this day, and the mountains on my r. often had the appearance of clouds on a lake, floating in the hazy air.

The thicker haze of the following morning, and the increased warmth of the sunshine, betokened the advent of Indian summer. There was not a breath of wind when we started forth at 8.15 and wheeled in 1½ h. to the blacksmith shop, where our road crossed the National Pike, which was said to be excellent for 4 m. e. to Hagerstown, and ½ m. w. to Clear Spring (see pp. 243–245). We were now in Maryland, and the distance back to G., the border town of Pennsylvania, was called 10 m. The fact that I recorded it as 11½ m. shows that I probably took a wrong reading of the cyclometer, the night before, when it fell 1 m. short of the record. An hour later (4¼ m. of good road), we were poled across the Potomac at Williamsport (see p. 239) in a flat boat, and celebrated our entrance into West Virginia by getting a drink of milk at the farm-house adjoining the ferry. I say "we," because a resident of Martinsburg in that State, who had wheeled up to G., the day before, while I was wheeling down there from Carlisle, accompanied me back to his home this forenoon. "Southern hospitality" was further shown by his proffer of a whisky flask,—the only one I ever saw in the equipment of a touring cycler. We reached Falling Waters, 4½ m. in 1 h., and rested on a hill beyond; took another rest for water after 4 m. more; and the third run of 4½ m. brought us to the Continental Hotel in Martinsburg at 1.25 P. M. Except for spots of fresh macadam, the whole distance might have been done without dismount; and also the next 7 m. to the ford at Bunker Hill, which I reached in 1 h. the following afternoon; proceeding thence 15 m. further, in the next 1¾ h., to Taylor's Hotel in Winchester, where I spent the night. The 35 m. from the Potomac to W. could be covered without leaving the saddle,

if a rider had nerve enough to wheel through the ford, instead of crawling across on the side-plank as I did; and I do not recollect any grade or other obstacle which would force a dismount before reaching Staunton, 90 m. further, if the surface were in normal condition and the wind favorable. It is probable, however, that fresh metal will always be found at one point or another of this 125 m. macadamized roadway, for the toll-company owning it consult economy by repairing different sections at different seasons, and by avoiding any expense for a road-roller, which would immediately pound the bits of limestone into ridable shape. Ordinary traffic, rather, is depended upon to do this duty, and I believe about three months of it are usually required to grind the new surface into smoothness. Under this system, the outer edges become earliest ridable, and a bicycler may often pick his way comfortably along them, while yet the center of the roadway is a ridge of loose metal, and tricycling would be quite impracticable. In spite of these probable obstacles resulting from its primitive management, this longest and best macadamized road in the Union is, in my belief, the most promising course in the Union for a bicycler who is ambitious to make a longer straightaway stay in the saddle than any yet recorded here. Wooden mile-posts, originally painted white and marked in black, are set diagonally to the roadway, so as readily to show the mileage numerals to "W." and "S." upon their opposite sides; but some of the markings have been obliterated by the weather, and some by deliberate malice or idiocy.

After vainly waiting 24 h. in Martinsburg, for a money-order, which arrived next day, I telegraphed that money be sent to me at Staunton, and I wheeled up to the telegraph-office at Winchester, 22 m. below, just as the reply came in that it had been so sent. Oddly enough, my comrade of the previous forenoon had taken the same journey, only 1 h. in advance of me; and I therefore explored the environs of W. in his company, and afterwards rode a little with a New Yorker who was a student there in the Shenandoah Academy. He said that the pike w. to Romney, 40 m., was reported hard and smooth, though it leads through a thinly settled country, and he himself had not been inclined to explore it beyond the point where he once suffered an assault from highwaymen, while returning toward W. after dark. When I left the hotel, next morning at 7.30, I failed to t. r. at the first fork, and so, a little later, I t. r. at a dirt-road, which brought me across to the first toll-gate. A ride of 3 h., through the little villages of Kernstown, Newtown and Middletown, brought me to Strasburg, 18 m., at whose Chalybeate Springs Hotel I got a lunch and a letter, as well as much interesting information about the roads and battle-fields adjacent. I had planned to spend the previous night there, for the house had been recommended to me as both new and neat; whereas the best friend of the best hotel in Winchester cannot deny that it is both old and musty. Resuming the saddle at 12.15, I wheeled 2½ m. to the top of the long incline of Fisher's Hill, and then pulled out my maps of the battles fought there (Sept. 22 and Oct. 19, 1864) and studied the details of them.

Woodstock, 9 m. on, is a county town, whose chief hotel is the Strickler, and I passed it at 2 o'clock. There was a long incline beyond here, and also at Edinburg, 6½ m., which I reached in 1½ h. The next h. took me to Mt. Jackson, 5 m., and the next to Newmarket, 7 m., where I stopped at the Central Hotel at 5.40. This last section seemed almost continuously up-grade, and the twilight deepened rapidly to dusk and darkness as I went over it; but it offered smoother stretches than I had previously met, and my speed was therefore good. Six months later, when I tried it by daylight, s. to n. (without stop, 6.25 to 7.10 P. M.), I thought it a wonderfully fine course; and there is no other section in the whole famous Valley of Virginia whose scenery can be called more beautiful. A damp breeze from the s. blew gently in my face during the final day (November 22) as well as the one preceding; and at 11.45 o'clock, just 3 h. (14 m.) after leaving Newmarket, a rut somehow caught hold of my front wheel and pulled it out from under me, as if it were slipping on ice. Thus, 590 m. from Syracuse, after much rough and dangerous riding, carelessness on a smooth roadway caused my first fall. Near a bridge, 2 m. beyond here, where I rode up a steep hill, I remember a specially fine view. Then came Harrisonburg (1½ m. on, where I halted ½ h. for dinner), which is the freshest looking town in the valley, thanks to the cruel fate which destroyed nearly all its houses in war time, and so gave modern architecture a chance to control the rebuilding. I reached Mt. Crawford, 7½ m. in 1 h., and walked the last section of a long hill with a toll-gate near its top, 4½ m. on, meanwhile riding up several difficult hills, with a horseman alongside me. The toll-gate hill would be ridable, however, with a favoring wind and smoother surface. I halted 3 m. beyond, after passing Mt. Sydney, and, after another 5 m., reached the post near the r. r. track which says "4 m. to S." Mounting there at 4.30, I reached the Virginia Hotel in Staunton, 4 m., at 5.15, after riding up in succession three rather difficult hills. No sunshine brightened this day's ride of 42 m., though the air was very warm, and the white clouds floating along the summits of the Blue Ridge made quite a pretty picture.

"The Shenandoah Valley in 1864," by Geo. E. Pond, associate editor of the *Army and Navy Journal* (N. Y. : Scribners, 1883, pp. 286, $1), is a book which should be read by every intelligent tourist who proposes to visit this most attractive locality; and I recommend that he follow my example by carrying in his pocket its maps and pages which describe the battle-fields,—or else, as the volume is not a heavy one, let him strap it bodily to his bicycle. "The Valley of Virginia" is minutely described in its opening chapter, from which I quote below; and at the head of this is an excellent map (5½ by 3½ in., 20 m. to 1 in.), showing the roads, mountains and streams for the entire region between Hagerstown and Cumberland, on the n., above the Potomac, and Lynchburg and Appomattox (40 m. below Staunton), on the s., below the James. Double-page maps of the battle-fields at Winchester (1 m. to 1 in.) and Fisher's Hill (¾ m. to 1 in.) will well repay careful study while "on the spot"; and the lesser charts make a useful showing of the roads, like those from Newmarket to Luray, p. 18, and Washington to Hagerstown, p. 52. I quote from pp. 1–8, condensing somewhat the phraseology: "Virginia's parallel rivers, flowing to the Atlantic, were water-barriers against attacks from the n., while upreared to shield its w. front were the rampant ridges of its highland domain. The valleys be-

tween these ridges furnished well-sheltered avenues for invading Northern territory; and the most commanding one of all was the valley of the Shenandoah, named from the chief river that drains it. Its e. wall is the lofty Blue Ridge; its w., the North mts., a part of the main chain of the Alleghanies. Since its course is s. w., a Confederate army moving n. through it would at the same time draw nearer Washington, whereas a Union advance s. would diverge from the straight course to Richmond. The Potomac running at right angles to the line of the Ridge, a force crossing this border stream at Williamsport would already be 60 m. n. or in the rear of Washington; while one day's march n. through the Cumberland Valley, which is simply a continuation of the Shenandoah, would carry a body of Confederate horsemen among the peaceful farm lands of Pennsylvania. Thus, from the first, the Shenandoah was a tempting field for the strategists of both armies. The war's initial campaign turned on the use made of it by the forces which General J. E. Johnston posted at its outlet, and it was the scene of constant Confederate manœuvring, whether on a large scale, under Jackson, Ewell and Early, or on a smaller one, under Ashby, Mosby, Imboden and Gilmor. Lee found there a line of communications for his Maryland campaign, and captured at Harper's Ferry 10,000 men and 73 guns. There, too, he sought rest and refreshment in retreating from the Antietam; and thither again (having made it the route of his second invasion after defeating Hooker at Chancellorsville) he fell back after Gettysburg, pitching his camps along the Opequon. Thus, though subordinate to the main scene of operations e. of the Blue Ridge, the valley had always played an important part in the drama of the war. It had yielded so many captures of Union garrisons, and so many disasters in the field, as to be called the Valley of Humiliation; and not until it was wrested from Confederate control in '64, as set forth in this volume, did the problem of the Richmond campaign find a successful solution. * * * In the mountainous country s. of the S. valley proper, the rivers run to all points of the compass. The Roanoke and the New diverge from opposite slopes of the same range; the Kanawha and the James, from neighboring headwaters, take their several ways, after many turnings, the one to the Mississippi and the other to the Atlantic. A little s. of where the James rushes through the Blue Ridge at Balcony Falls, the range also breaks apart at the Peaks of Otter. On a branch of the James, called North river, is Lexington, a county seat; and this brings us fairly into the valley itself, for below L. the S. takes its rise in a multitude of streams that combine in three, called North, Middle and South, these uniting in turn lower down, near Port Republic. At Staunton, 35 m. below L., we strike upon the valley pike, a fine, macadamized road, well worn by Northern and Southern troops and trains. W. of the pike is the 'back-road,' with a 'middle road' in some places between the two. Near Harrisonburg, 25 m. n. of Staunton, an isolated chain called Massanutten, rising abruptly to a height equal to that of the Blue Ridge, divides the valley for more than 40 m., until at Strasburg this beautiful range suddenly falls again into the plains. It was crossed by a good road connecting Newmarket with Luray. The South Fork, or larger branch of the Shenandoah, flows through the easternmost of the two valleys created by Massanutten—called Page or Luray valley—while the main or Strasburg valley, w. of the range, is drained by the North Fork, which, rising in the N. mts., winds along the w. flank of Massanutten, until, escaping around the base at Strasburg, it joins the South Fork near Front Royal, and the main river thus formed skirts thenceforth the foot of the Blue Ridge till it swells the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, 155 m. below Lexington. At Strasburg, the valley, relieved of the Massanutten, recovers its usual breadth of 20 m. Military operations were aided by the fine roads that connected all the important towns with each other and, through the leading gaps, with those of Eastern Virginia. The valley was also so largely cleared and cultivated that troops could march almost where they liked through the fields, on both sides of the roads, leaving these for the guns and wagons, the whole column thereby advancing very rapidly. The creeks and rivers could be waded nearly everywhere during the summer and autumn, the military significance of the fords being in most instances simply that of leveled approaches to the crossing-places; for often even small streams ran between high and precipitous banks. In the Blue Ridge there are practicable gaps all the way from the James to the Potomac, that connect the valley with Eastern Virginia. Beginning with Rockfish, the outlet of Staunton, and passing Jaman's,

Brown's, Semons, Powell's and High Top, which give access from Port Republic to Charlottesville, we come to Swift Run Gap, through which a turnpike leads from Conrad's Store to Stannardsville, and there branches to Orange and Gordonsville. A little farther n. two more turnpikes cross the Ridge through Milani's and Thornton gaps, one leading from Newmarket, across the Massanutten to Madison, and the other diverging from it by way of Luray to Culpeper. From Luray a very good road runs n. between the Ridge and the South Fork to Front Royal, where another pike gives access to the country east of the Ridge by Thoroughfare and Chester gaps. A few m. farther on, through Manassas Gap, ran the railroad of that name. From Winchester turnpikes led through Ashby's and Snicker's gaps to Aldie, while Gregory's and Keyes gaps are nearer Harper's Ferry. Doorways in plenty, therefore, opened through the Ridge. The best single point for commanding these passes was Gordonsville."

"A Tour to the Natural Bridge," as described by L. W. Seely (*The Wheelman*, Aug., 1883, pp. 323-331), was a chief inspiration of my own ride thither, and it rendered me good service as a pocket companion. The accompanying pictures of that great freak of nature, drawn by H. Sandham, are as satisfactory as could be hoped for in a case whose magnitude is beyond the power of artistic reproduction; but the sketch of the Natural Bridge Hotel (though apparently copied from a photograph) gives no adequate notion of that extensive caravansary. The fact of its greatness deserves insisting upon, because it is one of the three hotels in Virginia where the managers' ideal of comfort is likely to seem satisfactory and "modern," according to the New Yorker's standard. "The Luray Inn" is another, newer and more elegant; and the third (which I am told is equally fine, and under the management of the same Philadelphians who have made a reputation at Luray) is "the Roanoke," at Salem, less than 50 m. s. w. from Natural Bridge. The tour in question was taken by three members of the Capital B. C.; and the reporter of it, before mentioned (b. Dec. 10, 1859; began riding Feb., 1880), rode a 56 in. Singer, weighing 58 lbs., including 12 lbs. of baggage. His companions were Max Hansman, 48 in. Xtra (59 lbs., incl. 20 lbs. baggage), and C. G. Allen, 52 in. Bayliss & Thomas (59 lbs., incl. 8½ lbs. baggage). They left Harper's Ferry Aug. 28, 1882, at 1.30 P. M., and reached Washington Sept. 17, late in the afternoon, with a record of 449 m., exclusive of 130 m. by train. The expenses of the 21 days' trip averaged less than $3 a day for each man, and (as on 5 days practically no wheeling was done) the average day's record may be called 28 m. They met my own route at Winchester, and after halting there 3 days for a broken backbone, rode to Strasburg, 18 m., 4 to 6.30 P. M. Next day they went to Newmarket, "riding up all the hills," and then turned e. along the Luray road to the Valley View Springs Hotel, 2 m. (the last ½ m. being up the Massanutten mountain), which is probably a pleasanter stopping place than the Central Hotel in Newmarket, for it "gave a panoramic view of the valley, which is here 25 m. wide, and our w. horizon was nearly 100 m. away." On the return from Luray, they rode from N. to Harrisonburg, 18 m., in 2 h. 18 min., doing the first 10 m. without dismount in 1 h. "The 26 m. thence to Staunton, though not as good as some parts of the pike, is all ridable, and we covered it, next day, in about 3½ h. Five days later, Sept. 11, in the face of a driving rain, and a sharp n. e. gale, which at times absolutely brought us to a standstill, we rode back from S. to H. in 5 h. The 'recuperative powers' of the valley pike were well shown on the 12th, for then we made our longest run of the tour, an even 50 m., ending at the Chalybeate House in Strasburg at 6.25 P. M., the last 25 m., from Mt. Jackson, having been begun at 3 o'clock. We reached there at 1 o'clock, having done the 7 m. from Newmarket in 1 h. This proves how little effect two days of heavy rain had had upon the pike, which dries as quickly as concrete, and is at various points a perfect road, without dust or mud and with never a rut. We ran to Winchester, 18 m., next morning, and on the following forenoon to Martinsburg, 22½ m., in 2 h. 17 min., with 20 min. stop at Bunker Hill. The 10 m. thence to M. were run in 50 min. The pike from W. to M. was a revelation to us, stretching through a fertile and beautiful country, almost level, and provided with plainly-marked m.-posts, which had a most encouraging way of coming past every 5½ min. Leaving M. at 3, we rode to Hagerstown, 19 m., and were favorably impressed with the Baldwin House, where we spent the night. We had kept the pike all the way, though told that the C. & O. tow-path also supplied good riding for the 5 m. from Falling Waters to

Williamsport, where we suffered some delay in getting ferried across the swiftly-running river. Our afternoon's ride of 27 m. from H. to Frederick led through Boonsboro, 10 m., and the gap where the desperate battle of South Mountain was fought, just 20 years before (see p. 238). This ascent of 2 m. might be ridden, though walking is preferable. Powerful braking was necessary on the descent into the Middletown valley, across which the road ran 8 m. to the base of the Catoctin mts., up which we walked, rewarded by a magnificent view backward and a sight of the spires of Frederick in the e. There, on the 16th, we crossed the Monocacy by a solid stone bridge built in 1811, and we found other interesting relics of the old coaching days on the hilly but ridable pike which took us to Poplar Springs, 18 m., where a good dinner was had. Thence the road was poorer and stonier to Ellicott City, 18 m., which is within 9 m. of Baltimore. At the start from E. C., after a comfortable night at the Howard House, we strayed away into the woods, and forded the Patuxent rather than turn back; but we thus cut off 4 m. and reached a house called Burtonsville, on the main road, 14 m. from the start. The 18 m. thence to Washington, through Sligo and Brightwood, allowed us to ride at reasonable speed, for the first time on this final day of the tour."

I now return to a report of their experiences between Staunton and the Natural Bridge, as a preliminary to my own. In their case, as in mine, a rainy night at S. changed the red clay to mud; but while I only accomplished 1½ m. after a continuous struggle of 1 h., and then turned back in despair, they managed to do the 12 m. to Greenville in 3 h. Such rate of progress seems to me quite rapid for a surface which is at all difficult, but their historian speaks of it as if it were so desperately slow as in itself to proclaim the phenomenal badness of the road: "Great quagmires and mud-holes abounded, like those described in Dickens's account of a Virginia stage-ride, requiring us to lift the machines bodily and carry them through the mud to a more solid surface. From G., which we left at 2.25, the road improved somewhat, and at Midway, 6 m., it became comparatively dry, and we found that we were making 6 m. per h. The hills were steep, but we were repaid for the exertion by the magnificent views of mountain scenery which greeted us from each summit. We dismounted at the National Hotel in Lexington at 6.24, just 4 h. from G, having done the last 12 m. on the pike from Fairfield in 2 h. Considering the hard hill-pulling and rough roading, we thought our time creditable; though a cycling Ananias who reached L. on a bicycle, a month before, had told people of his doing the 36 m. from S. in 3 h.! We reached the finish at 1 P. M. of the 8th, ours being the first bicycles at the Natural Bridge. The road of 15 m. thither from L. was, at the outset, almost indescribable; for, as rain had fallen during the night, the tenacious red clay was at its worst. Clogging in the rear forks, and beneath brake and leg-guard, it would stop the wheels; so that riding was impossible and walking an effort. As we ascended, however, and got beyond the region touched by the shower, the road became comparatively dry, and ran through long stretches of wood in a wild and desolate country. Two days later, we journeyed to the r. r. station, 3 m. from the Bridge, down a road whose roughness, steepness and general depravity can hardly be described, and took train thence to Staunton, 67 m., which we reached in a pouring rain." Three years afterwards, one of the trio, M. Hansman, again wheeled to Natural Bridge, going this time on a sociable tricycle, with a Mr. Killits, of his club. Their course was from Luray (Sept. 6, 1885), through Staunton and Lexington, 110 m. in 3 days; and only one wheelman had ridden from L. to the Bridge, in '85, ahead of themselves. Returning, they took train to Staunton, and wheeled thence to Martinsburg, 114 m., in 24 h. 34 min., in spite of many interruptions caused by freshly-spread stone. The start was made at 8.45 P. M. of Sept. 11, and M. was reached at 9.19 of the 12th. The first 100 m. was done in 21 h. 58 min.

My own visit to the Natural Bridge was accomplished by train and on foot. Though a tradesman at S., of whom I bought some underclothing on the drizzly night of November 22, assured me that the clay road thence to L. "would be found nearly as good as the pike," I found it in fact so bad as hardly to be walkable, even without the weight of a loaded bicycle lifted high above my head. I despairingly waded through several sloughs in this fashion, as the only alternative to uninterrupted cleaning out my forks with a stick (for the mud was so tenacious as to stop the revolution of the wheels in less than five rods of pushing); and then, at

a post 2 m. from the hotel, and 1 m. beyond my last attempt to try the saddle, I gave up hope, and floundered back again through the mist and drizzle to my starting point. Deciding then to wheel homewards to New York, without even visiting the Bridge, I was again balked, by my mechanical clumsiness in "tightening up" the bicycle to such a degree that its wheels refused to revolve at all (see p. 46). So, at 5 o'clock I started with it by train for Lexington, on the newly-opened Valley Branch of the B. & O. r. r., whose terminal station was yet unbuilt, and whose passengers were at 8 o'clock plumped down in the mud and rain and pitchy darkness, at a desolate point 1 m. from town. A hackman kindly offered to carry my bicycle thither for $1, and assured me that no shelter could be found for it otherwise; but I discovered a little shanty used by the telegraphers, and persuaded them to receive "No. 234," though they warned me that it would probably be stolen before the next night. Considering that three spokes were knocked out and the rim so cracked and bulged as not to turn at all, I gladly accepted the chance of robbery, and then I tramped through the mist and mud for the National Hotel, where a most wretched supper formed a fitting finale to the pleasures of the day. As this hotel is not only "the best one in town," but also "the oldest," it is no more than fair that I should record my surprise and delight on being shown to a bedroom whose furniture and fittings were new and neat—instead of being (as I shudderingly expected) the ancient and fish-like relics of "befo' de wah." Wakened by request at 5 A. M., I finally dressed in a hurry and ran through the fog and darkness to catch the 6.30 train for Balcony Falls, at whose sole and single "boarding-house" I ultimately managed to get a breakfast, of oysters and chicken. The latter was walking around the house, quite sociable like, when I clambered down from the train; and the attending negress, who did the cooking for the establishment, wrung its neck in my presence, and then dissected the carcass and threw the pieces into the frying pan, with a matter-of-fact dexterity which the chicken had doubtless, on previous occasions, thought very charming to behold. Breakfast over at 9.15, I started out through the fog, and reached the Natural Bridge Hotel, 9 m. in 2½ h., by which time the sun was shining brightly.

Balcony Falls lies on the main line of the Richmond & Alleghany r. r. (which is a recent successor to the old James river canal of Washington's time—running largely upon its tow-path, and making the same unfortunate short-stop at Clifton Forge, 230 m., without crossing the Alleghanies), and I had reached it by a branch track of 21 m. from L., thereby getting within 6 m. of the station called Natural Bridge. An up-hill carriage road of 3½ m. leads thence to the hotel; but as no train was due on the main line for 4 h., I walked along the track for 6 m., and then had a pleasant tramp through the woods, along a path where bicycling would be occasionally practicable, in spite of all the hard things the Washington wheelmen wrote about it. I came down the same road in a carriage, the next noon, in the midst of a rain storm which had raged with varying intensity for hours, and took train for 20 m. to Riverside, whence I tramped back to my hotel at Lexington, 7 m. in 2 h., in season for supper, and then at 8, with my bicycle safely stored in the baggage-car, began my homeward journey to New York, 450 m. in 19 h. The Valley Branch of the B. & O. r. r. extends along the w. side of the Massanutten, through Strasburg and Winchester, and joins the main line at Harper's Ferry; while the Shenandoah Valley r. r. runs parallel to it along the e. or Luray side of Massanutten, stretching from Hagerstown 240 m. s. to Roanoke, and crossing the R. & A. r. r. at Natural Bridge station, 40 m. from Roanoke. Hence, except for the need of going back to L. for my bicycle, I should not have left the train of this road at Riverside, but should have kept it straight down the valley until it met the B. & O. main line; or, if I had wished to reach Staunton, I should have got off at Waynesboro Junction, 55 m. from Natural Bridge, and taken the Chesapeake & Ohio r. r. for 12 m. to S. My object in giving all these details is to make clear to the touring wheelman that the most economical way of combining a visit to the two great natural wonders of Virginia is to take train directly from Luray to Natural Bridge, 110 m. Waynesboro is just half-way between, close beside Rockfish Gap, through which the C. & O. r. r. goes to Charlottesville (the chief town of Albemarle county, and seat of the University of Virginia), 27 m. e., and to Gordonsville, 21 m. n. e. Culpeper is about 25 m. n. of G., and Warrenton about 20 m. n. of C.; and Chapter XXVI. will describe the route I wheeled from Washington to Warrenton

and thence to Luray. By taking train at L. at 2 P. M., one may reach Natural Bridge at 6, spend the night and following forenoon there and get back to L. again at 6; or he may spend 36 h. at the Bridge, take train at 1 o'clock and reach L. at 5 A. M. Or, if he prefers to leave L. at 2 A. M., he may reach the Bridge at daybreak, and start on the return either at midday or midnight. As these trains are 12 h. apart, and as the C. & O. r. r. also has only two trains a day, it will be seen that the chances are very slight of changing trains at Waynesboro Junction (for Staunton, 12 m. w., or Charlottesville, 27 m. e.) without long delays. That is why I say that L., though 50 m. further from the Bridge than S., is the most economical point of resorting to the r. r. for a touring wheelman who designs to visit all three places. Remounting his wheel at L. at daybreak (after a comfortable night at the famous hotel there, or a night on the train), he may climb over the Massanutten to Newmarket and then speed down the valley pike to S.; or, if he wishes to go around the mountain rather than over it, he may follow the South Fork n. for 20 m. through the Luray valley to Front Royal (though I have quoted an authority in praise of this road, p. 348, I was told at L. that it was fairly ridable in dry weather only), and thence t. w. 10 m. to the pike at Strasburg or Middletown. Varying my recommendation somewhat, I may suggest that, if a man were spry, he might be able to get his wheel from the baggage-car to the baggage-room at Waynesboro during the halt of the train which was taking him from L. to Natural Bridge; and then, returning to W. instead of L., he could wheel the 12 m. to S., if the weather favored, and he did not wish to wait for a connecting train. Another variation would be to wheel from S. to W., and, after taking a visit by train to L., or the Bridge, or both, rejoin the bicycle at W., and push it through the gap to Charlottesville, where may be visited the tomb of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello. Still another plan would be, in returning n. by train from the Bridge, to snatch the bicycle out of the baggage-room at W. and put it on the same train, which would then carry the tourist directly along to the junction with the B. & O. main line, 111 m. above, or allow him to halt at L., when half-way thither. Holders of first-class, unlimited tickets are allowed "stop-over privileges" at both Luray and Natural Bridge.

"The red clay road from Staunton to Charlottesville gets in fine condition at times; but a continued drought makes it seriously dusty, and rains turn it into deep mud. Same may be said of route to Lexington. The road to White Sulphur Springs (90 m. s. w. on C. & O. r. r.) is an old pike, free from sand, smooth and hard. Except for a few places where the grades are rather heavy, it could all be ridden. The scenery is magnificent; and, even with my limited experience, I should not be afraid to attempt the trip." Such is the report to me (March 21, '85) of W. W. Gibbs, President of the Star B. C. at S.; and I supplement it with the following, from L. B. Enslow, of Richmond (July 9, '85): "Such parts of the old stage road as I saw from the car windows between White Sulphur Springs and S. were equal to the smoothest streets in Washington, being composed of minute particles of slate, packed hard and smooth. But there were lots of hills that would give good chances for walking. I am told that roads are good from S. to Gordonsville; and my observation from the car window would confirm this. The hill country is there left behind, and with it rocks, and, as a consequence, good roads. From G. to Richmond (76 m. s. e. by r. r.) they are said to be sandy. From R. to Lexington (115 m. w. in a bee line) I know nothing about them. Sandy roads prevent our taking any long runs from R. Ashland we sometimes visit, by a route of 26 m., which requires a 6 m. walk in sand five inches deep. The riding to Petersburg, 20 m. s. e., is also very tiresome, and 2 or 3 m. must be walked."

Pottstown, 43 m. n. w. of Philadelphia, is the home of Hugh J. High, who wheeled 3409 m., between May 4 and Oct. 10, '85, mostly in a circuit of unrepeated roadway. A full account of this notable journey will be given in Chapter XXX.; but, for better comparison with facts in the present, I here exhibit the route of his last 12 days: "Sept. 29, Grayson, Ky., to Barbersville, W. Va., 46 m. (2), 8 h.; 30th, Charleston, 42 m. (1½), 7 h.; Oct. 1, Gauley's Bridge, 38 m. (3½), 8 h.; 2d, Big Snell Mt., 32 m. (22), 10 h.; 3d, Lewisburg, 27 m. (15), 7½ h.; 4th, Covington, Va., 32 m. (8), 7 h.; 5th, Goshen, 38 m. (10), 8 h.; 6th, Mt. Sidney, 42 m. (8), 8 h.; 7th, Strasburg, 65 m., 7h.; 8th, Hagerstown, 65 m., 8 h.; 9th, New Oxford, 43 m. (9), 7½ h.; 10th, Pottstown, 81 m. (4), 12 h. The numerals in parenthesis show the miles walked each day, and the h. numerals show the actual riding time. On the 3d, 4th, 6th and 8th, the rides were

shortened by rain." His last day's ride was the longest of the entire journey, and the last four days' ride (254 m.) was the longest American straightaway run for that period which I have yet heard of. It was completed, oddly enough, on the very day after I wrote the words on p. 317, saying that my own 250 m. Canadian run, of exactly two years earlier, appeared to be the longest; and, as a furthur coincidence, it began at Mt. Sidney (see p. 346), a point only 10 m. from the finish of my 1400 m. tour, whereof the 250 m. run had marked the start.

"Johnson's Family Atlas" (N. Y.: J. H. Colton and A. J. Johnson, 1864, pp. 124, 18 by 14 in., $12) has a double-page "map of the Peninsula Campaign, compiled from the official maps of the War Department," on a scale of 3 m. to 1 in. Richmond being at the middle of the w. margin, a strip of country 50 m. wide is shown, stretching thence e. to Norfolk and Chesapeake Bay, and all the roads, streams, swamps and hills, and the marches of the Union armies, are plainly marked. The "Virginia" map, in the same atlas (25 m. to 1 in.) also shows the more important roads; and a like remark may be made of nearly all the other States in the book,—the combined map of Mass., Conn. and R. I. being the best, because of its large scale, 8 m. to 1 in. Street plans of the cities of New York (1 m. to 3 in.) and Washington (1 m. to 2½ in.) are likewise given. All the roads between W. and Richmond are also shown on the map (12 by 12 in., 18 m. to 1 in.) which accompanies "The Virginia Campaigns of '64 and '65," by Andrew A. Humphreys, Brig.-Gen. and Chief of Engineers, U. S. A. (N. Y.: Scribners, 1883, $1); and the book itself may be recommended as a worthy guide for the studious tourist in this region of battle-fields. It is the final one in a series of a dozen volumes of uniform binding and price, called "The Campaign of the Civil War," and its immediate predecessor was the Shenandoah book from which I have liberally quoted. The four earlier ones which concern Virginia are: (III.) "The Peninsula," by Alexander S. Webb, Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. A., Assistant Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, 1861–'62; (IV.) "The Army Under Pope," by John C. Ropes, of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts; (V.) "The Antietam and Fredericksburg," by Francis Winthrop Palfrey, late Colonel 20th Mass. Infantry, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols.; (VI.) "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg," by Abner Doubleday, Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. A., and late Maj.-Gen. U. S. Vols., commanding the First Corps at Gettysburg. Numerous maps are given in all four books,—the best ones showing the country from Washington to Warrenton and Sperryville (Vol. IV.), and from the Potomac to Harrisburg (Vol. VI., 15 m. to 1 in.), and the four battle-fields named in the titles, 1 m. to 1 in. For the sake of completeness, I append the titles of the other volumes of the series, and also of three similar ones called "The Navy in the Civil War." Tourists in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, and along the Mississippi and the Gulf and Atlantic coasts, will do well to study all these books, though their maps of the three States named are on too small a scale to serve as road guides: (II.) "From Fort Henry to Corinth," by M. F. Force, late Brig.-Gen. and Bvt. Maj.-Gen. U. S. Vols.; (VII.) "The Army of the Cumberland," by Henry M. Cist, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols., Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland; (VIII.) "The Mississippi," by F. V. Greene, Lieut. of Engineers, U. S. Army; (IX.) "Atlanta," by Jacob D. Cox, ex-Governor of Ohio; late Secretary of the Interior of the United States; Maj.-Gen. U. S. Vols., commanding 23d Corps; (X.) "The March to the Sea—Franklin and Nashville," by Jacob D. Cox; "The Blockade and the Cruisers," by J. Russell Soley, Professor in the United States Navy; "The Atlantic Coast," by Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, U. S. Navy; "The Gulf and Inland Waters," by Commander A. T. Mahan, U. S. Navy. The Coltons (182 William st., N. Y.) issue "a map of Va., W. Va., Md. and Del., with E. Tenn., and parts of other States" (46 by 32 in., 12 m. to 1 in., $1.50, mounted $3), which their catalogue calls "the best ever published of those States; for its large scale and careful execution enable a great amount of information to be clearly represented." They also have a map of the same region, 18 by 27 in., 75 c.; "Delaware," 26 by 16 in., $1.25; "Md. and Del., with a plan of the District of Columbia," 18 by 14 in., 50 c.; and "City of Washington," 18 by 14 in., 50 c. In the list of pocket-maps issued by G. H. Adams & Son, 59 Beekman st., N. Y., (60 c. each, 20 m. to 1 in.) are "Va. and W. Va.," "Md. and Del.," "Ky. and Tenn.," "N. C. and S. C.," "Ga. and Ala.," "Ala. and Miss.," "Florida," "Texas," "Ark. and Indian Ter."

XXV.

THE CORAL REEFS OF BERMUDA.[1]

"There are islands in the ocean
Where the wild and restless motion
Of the heart that beats and surges with its passion and its pain,
May be stilled to quiet dreaming
Till all pain is but a seeming
Of a world long left behind us that we ne'er shall see again."

"THE Bermudas" had been present to my mind for more than a dozen years, as a spot of the earth's surface which I definitely desired to visit, when there came to me, at the opening of the year 1884, a letter which I felt myself quite competent to answer by an emphatic No, without even troubling myself to break the seal of it. I recognized the superscription as that of the genial enthusiast who had persuaded me to be one of the three dozen "participants" in a week's wheeling "amid the down east fogs," of the previous June; and I felt assured that he was now trying to persuade me to participate in a similar excursion "along the Kennebec," which I knew that he was organizing for the following June. Considering that he understood perfectly well my settled objection to the personal discomforts necessarily connected with "touring in a crowd," and my expressed belief that one experience of the same would last me for a life-time, I felt mildly exasperated at his temerity in thus attempting to overcome my old-time prejudices. Taking up my pen to give written expression of this feeling, it occurred to me that civility demanded my first taking a glance at his letter; and, when I opened it, I found that it invited me to join—not a crowd of summer saunterers a-wheelback amid the woods of Maine, but his own solitary self on a winter's voyage to the Bermudas! Somehow, it had been his luck to strike the one weak joint in my harness,—to make an irresistible appeal to me,—to compel my unconditional surrender. Temptation, in behalf of any other locality, would have been resisted by me; since duty demanded that I should work "twenty-five hours a day for eight days in the week," in order to give a successful start to my canvass for subscriptions to "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle"; and since prudence assured me that I could spare neither the time nor the money for any such mid-winter outing. But this temptation was not "in behalf of any other locality,"—it was in behalf of "the Bermudas,"—in behalf of the very scenes which I for a decade had been vaguely yearning to set my eyes upon,—in behalf of the very place to which

[1] From *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, January, 1885, pp. 139–143.

I had insensibly attached the quoted bit of newspaper verse as a true description; a place where

"There are little shady harbors,
There are cool and quiet arbors,
'Neath the trees upon the islands that are brightly resting there."

In the face of this extreme temptation, presented so unexpectedly, and in such glowing colors, I hesitated—and was lost. Duty and prudence ceased to have compelling power. To me, as to the mariner in the old story, Bermuda had suddenly become a veritable Loadstone Rock. "It was drawing me to itself, and I must go." At first, of course, I quieted my conscience with a few weak struggles against the inevitable; but after the man of Maine had made plausible answers to the various practical difficulties which I urged against accepting his proposal, I, "saying I would ne'er consent, consented." Then, having named the day, I hurled at him still another stanza from the song already quoted. "Yes!" I cried,

"Yes, away we'll go a-boating,
And to other islands floating,
Other skies and other idling seeking, with our careless song;
Now in bright lagoons be sailing
Where our heavy keel goes trailing,
From beyond the reef of coral, all its listless wake along."

The steamship "Orinoco" took us away from New York on a Thursday afternoon, the 6th of March, just as the sunshine had begun to dispel the wintry gloom in which a raging snow-storm had for twenty-four hours enshrouded the great city; and daybreak of Sunday disclosed to us the longed-for outlines of the blessed islands, whose verdure was suggestive of perpetual summer, though there were spots of limestone glistening through the green, as a sort of reminder of the snow which we had so recently fled from. The literature of the locality had been well-studied during the voyage; and I may properly quote from it, at this point, enough preliminary facts to render intelligible the record of my own personal explorations. A Philadelphia lawyer shall be my first authority[1]:—

These islands, now converted into one by permanent and solid causeways, constitute the summit of a great submarine mountain, somewhat higher than Mont Blanc, and some 600 miles distant from any other land. The land area is about nineteen and one-fourth square miles, or about 12,378 acres, of which 2,300 acres are under tillage. The construction of its rocks, and the derivation of its vegetation, birds, and insects, afford some interesting and suggestive illustrations of modern views on those entertaining subjects. Its settlement was nearly coincident with that of Virginia, although its population of 761 per square mile far exceeds that of Virginia, or of any other rural part of the adjacent continent. The aggregate population (exclusive of sailors and soldiers) is 14,650, of which 60 per cent. is colored, but, owing to a £60 freehold qualification, the whole number of legal voters is 854. Hence the representative body, as well as all administrative functions, is in the hands of the most respected, tax-paying

[1] I. J. W., in *The Nation*, March 27, 1884, p. 275.

citizens. The general revenue is about £30,000, derived entirely from a specific duty on spirits and tobacco, and a trifling ad-valorem duty of 5 per cent. on all other importations. From this revenue is maintained the entire legislative and judicial, and a fair proportion of the executive machinery, excellent municipal conveniences in the two towns of Hamilton and St. George's, a general island police, and the efficient maintenance of over ninety-five miles of roads and streets, exclusive of the sixteen miles of military roads, which are also open to public use, but maintained by the Imperial military authorities. It is these streets and roads, and their economic construction, which are especially interesting to Americans, who have only got a step beyond savage tribes in the making and maintenance of public highways, although we spend somewhat more upon them than the richest and most perfectly supplied European nations. The Bermuda roads, though penetrating a very uneven and undulating surface, are graded almost to the capacity of railroads, shrinking from no "rock cuts" or expensive "fills," or solid causeways, to obtain this result. Most of the heaviest work of grading, draining, and metaling (they are all metaled) was done by borrowing long-term convicts from the mother-country. The heavy fortifications belonging to the Imperial Government were mainly constructed in the same manner — that is to say, at no expense except transportation, since the convicts had to be subsisted somewhere.

The situation of the islands (latitude, 32° 20′ N.; longitude, 64° 41′ W.) is "as far south as Charleston and as far east as Nova Scotia; and there is said to be no habitable land so isolated on the face of the round globe, unless it may possibly be St. Helena." Tropical plants flourish, not because the summer heat greatly exceeds that of the main land, but because they are not winter-killed. A mild form of slavery existed from 1618 to 1834, when the English Government abolished it by paying about $35 each for the 4,200 blacks then in servitude. According to Godet ("History of Bermuda," London, 1860), "Bermuda, conjointly with Halifax, holds in check the whole Atlantic coast of the United States, upon which nature has bestowed no equivalent for naval purposes; and it also controls the West Indies, the Gulf of Mexico, and the southern coasts of the United States." A well-known guide-book,[1] after remarking that "the soil is very thin, and of a red color; that it is already overworked, and constantly demands fertilizers; and that it is but a sparse stratum, deposited in the course of long ages on a limestone basis," adds:—

> The most noteworthy characteristic of the Bermudas, in the opinion of the scientist, is their formation. Originally they were nothing but reefs of coral. Gradually the central portions arose above the sea, and then the surf, beating on their outer coral ledges, wore them into sand, which was washed up on the higher parts. Exposure to the weather of an ocean celebrated for the inhospitable treatment it extends to those who court its acquaintance, had a hardening tendency, and these heaps of loose sand became indurated into limestone. Nor is the process yet complete; it is still going on along the southern coast, where limestone in the various stages of formation may be seen, from hard rock to softer masses like cheese, and mere shifting hills composed of the disintegrated coral washed up by the latest storm. These islets number one hundred, with a large flock of nameless rocks. The main group forms a chain shaped like a fish-hook, from St. George's Island to Ireland Island, and connected by causeways. On the northern side they are hedged in by a remarkable coralline reef extending in a

[1] "The Atlantic Islands," by S. G. W. Benjamin, 8vo, pp. 274 (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878), devotes twenty pages to Bermuda.

semi-circle completely across, subtending the arc of the bay lying between these two islands, a distance of twenty-five miles. It is worthy of remark that the Bermudas are in the highest latitude in which coral insects build in the form of rocks. In heavy weather this immense barrier is cruelly terrible, beaten by an unbroken mass of raging breakers. As there is but one passage by which it can be entered, it serves as an impenetrable *cheval-de-frise* against all ships of the enemy. The islands, in a direct line, are but fifteen miles in length, and never over two miles broad, and generally very much narrower, and excessively cut up with creeks and bays; and yet they give an impression of a much larger area — to such a degree as almost to come within the definition of an illusion. The surface, nowhere over 250 feet high, is always undulating; and thus one will often find himself in a little sylvan hollow surrounded by hills so steep as to give the impression of considerable elevation; they are clothed with cedar groves. On the intervening meadow-lands lies, perchance, a little pool surrounded by attractive farm-houses and gardens, and a church-spire. One could easily imagine himself in some New England vale, hundreds of miles from the sea, when a turn in the road reveals the ocean only a few score yards away; and the illusion is heightened by the numerous admirable roads running in every direction. A penal settlement existed until recently in Bermuda, and the convicts were employed to hew out of the rocks 120 miles of carriage-roads. The question is, "If these men had not sinned, would these roads have been constructed? and what would these islands be without these roads?"

What the islands are *with* them was pleasantly told in a series of letters to the New York *Times*, during the first two months of 1883, by W. Drysdale, whose most precious bit of testimony for wheelmen was as follows: "It would be hard to equal the Bermuda roads, and utterly impossible to excel them. They are smooth, hard, and clean. When there are hills, they are not steep hills. When it is dry, there is no dust. When it is rainy, there is no mud. These roads run all over the island in every direction. The road-bed is solid rock, planed down as smooth as a floor."

Such ideal conditions for wheeling are due to the singular fact, which gives distinctiveness to so many other conditions of existence in Bermuda, that the coral or limestone can be cut and worked almost as easily as if it were cheese. "The limestone quarries, whence are taken the great blocks of which all the buildings in Bermuda are composed, may be seen everywhere; but the chisel and hand-saw take the place of blast and drill." Mark Twain's "Notes of an Idle Excursion,"[1] present the case quite clearly, thus:—

Bermuda is a coral island, with a six inch crust of soil on top of it, and every man has a quarry on his own premises. Everywhere you go you see square recesses cut out of the hill-sides, with perpendicular walls, unmarred by crack or crevice; and perhaps you imagine that a house grew out of the ground there, and has been removed in a single piece from the mould. If you do, you err; but the material for a house has been quarried there. They cut right down through the coral, to any depth which is convenient,— ten to twenty feet,— and take it out in great square blocks. This cutting is done with a chisel, which has a handle twelve or fifteen feet long, and is used as one uses a crowbar when he is drilling a hole, or a dasher when he is churning. Thus soft is this stone. Then, with a common hand-saw, they saw the great blocks into handsome, huge bricks, that are two feet long, a foot wide, and about six inches thick. These stand loosely piled during a month to harden; then the work of building begins.

[1] Reprinted as the second chapter (pp. 36 to 105) of "The Stolen White Elephant" (Boston: Osgood & Co., 1883).

The house is built of these blocks; it is roofed with broad coral slabs an inch thick, whose edges lap upon each other, so that the roof looks like a succession of shallow steps or terraces; the chimneys are built of the coral blocks, and sawed into graceful and picturesque patterns; the ground floor veranda is paved with coral blocks; also the walk to the gate; the fence is built of coral blocks,— built in massive panels, with broad capstones and heavy gate-posts, and the whole trimmed into easy lines and comely shape with the saw. Then they put a hard coat of whitewash, as thick as your thumb-nail, on the fence and all over the house, roof, chimneys and all. Cased thus in its hard scale of whitewash, not a crack, or sign of a seam, or joining of the blocks, is detectable, from base-stone to chimney-top; the building looks as if it had been carved from a single block of stone, and the doors and windows sawed out afterwards. A Bermuda house does not look like marble; it is a much intenser white than that. It is exactly the white of the icing of a cake, and has the same unemphasized and scarcely perceptible polish. There is something exhilarating, even hilarious, about its vivid whiteness when the sun plays upon it. I know of no other country that has chimneys — too pure and white for this world—worthy to be gazed at and gloated over. Wherever you go, in the town or along the country roads, among little potato-farms and patches, or extensive country-seats, these stainless white dwellings, gleaming out from flowers and foliage, meet you at every turn. The least little bit of a cottage is as white and blemishless as the stateliest mansion. Nowhere is there dirt or stench, puddle or hog-wallow, neglect, disorder or lack of trimness and neatness. The roads, the streets, the dwellings, the people, the clothes,—their neatness extends to everything that falls under the eye. It is the tidiest country in the world. And very much the tidiest, too.

Bermuda roads are made by cutting down a few inches into the solid white coral—or a good many feet, where a hill intrudes itself—and smoothing off the surface of the road-bed. It is a simple and easy process. The grain of the coral is coarse and porous; the road-bed has the look of being made of coarse white sugar. These country roads curve and wind hither and thither in the delightfulest way, unfolding pretty surprises at every turn: pillowy masses of oleander that seem to float out from behind distant projections like the pink cloud-banks of sunset; sudden plunges among cottages and gardens, life and activity, followed by as sudden plunges into the somber twilight and stillness of the woods; flitting visions of white fortresses and beacon towers, pictured against the sky on remote hill-tops; glimpses of shining green sea, caught for a moment through open head-lands, then lost again; more woods and solitude; and by and by another turn lays bare, without warning, the full sweep of the inland ocean, enriched with its bars of soft color, and graced with its wandering sails. Take any road you please, you may depend upon it, you will not stay in it half a mile. Your road is everything that a road ought to be: it is bordered with trees, and with strange plants and flowers; it is shady and pleasant, or sunny and still pleasant; it carries you by the prettiest and peacefulest and most homelike of homes, and through stretches of forest that lie in a deep hush sometimes, and sometimes are alive with the music of birds; it curves always, which is a continual promise, whereas straight roads reveal everything at a glance and kill interest. Your road is all this, and yet you will not stay in it half a mile, for the reason that little, seductive, mysterious roads are always branching out from it on either hand, and as these curve sharply also, and hide what is beyond, you cannot resist the temptation to desert your own chosen road and explore them. You are usually paid for your trouble; consequently, your walk inland always turns out to be one of the most crooked, involved, purposeless, and interesting experiences a body can imagine. There is enough of variety. Sometimes you are in the level open, with marshes thick-grown with flag-lances that are ten feet high on the one hand, and potato and onion orchards on the other; next, you are on a hill-top, with the ocean and the islands spread around you; presently the road winds through a deep cut, shut in by perpendicular walls, thirty or forty feet high; and by and by your way is along the sea-edge, and you may look down a fathom or two through the transparent waters and watch the diamond-like flash and play of the light upon the rocks and sands on the bottom until you are tired of it,— if you are so constituted as to be able to get tired of it.

The general character of the place having been impressed upon the reader's mind by this graphic and appreciative description, he will be enabled to grasp with intelligence, and I hope with sympathetic interest, the statistical details of my own matter-of-fact report concerning the dear, delightful paths of this "ocean paradise for wheelmen." Fort St. George, overlooking the town of that name, which was formerly the capital of the province, stands at the most northeasterly part of the Bermuda "fish-hook," or at the top of the "letter J," which slopes thence in a southwesterly direction for a dozen miles, and then curves to the west and north for six miles, ending at Somerset. The point of the "fish-hook" extends two miles northeasterly from here, and consists of Ireland Island (reached by a horse-ferry), on which is situated the Royal dock-yard. Less than a mile and a half across the water from this is Spanish Point, a headland projecting from where the curve begins in the "J"; and two miles behind this headland stands "Hamilton, on her clustered hill-sides and summits, the whitest mass of terraced architecture which exists in the world." The relative situation of things may perhaps be suggested more clearly by considering Spanish Point as the end of the left thumb, Ireland Point as the end of the forefinger, which is crooked towards it, and Hamilton Harbor as lying at the junction of the thumb and finger. In entering this harbor, "we steamed between two island points, whose rocky jaws allowed only just enough room for the vessel's body,"—and it is only for a few hours of each day, when the tide is high, that they allow even this. Hence, though we were in sight of land at daybreak on Sunday, and though we soon came up within hailing distance of Fort St. George, and then steamed along the coast for ten miles, to the anchorage in Grassy Bay, off the dock-yard, the "Orinoco" did not reach the dock in Hamilton until late in the afternoon. Most of her passengers went ashore six hours earlier, however, in a steam-launch which came alongside for that purpose; but, as the customs regulations forbade the taking of anything with them except hand-baggage, I preferred to stick by the ship, and devote the time to getting my bicycle in trim for immediate service, after I had superintended the hoisting of it from the hold, and had convinced the custom-house officer that he might properly grant me the privilege of riding it directly away from the dock, instead of delaying it there until Monday morning, for tedious official formalities.

Early in the day, my companion became so exhilarated at the sight of the cedar-covered shores (the smoothness of whose roads seemed to his mind's eye doubly attractive, in contrast to the roughness of the sea, which had given him two days of wretchedness), that he was almost ready to lay violent hands on one of the under-officers of the ship for declaring, peremptorily, that, as the disembarkation of the bicycles on Sunday was quite out of the question, all thoughts of indulgence in wheeling must be postponed until the morrow. His indignant sorrow over this prospective calamity was assuaged somewhat by my quiet assertion that I would guarantee the prompt putting ashore of the wheels, all under-officers to the contrary notwithstanding; and,

as the hours wore on, the increasing warmth of the atmosphere soothed his excitement into sleepiness and languor, so that, when the time for disembarking really came, he decided that it was the part of prudence to devote a solid night's rest to overcoming the effects of sea-sickness, before venturing to entrust his weary frame to the saddle at all. Alone, therefore, at a quarter-past five o'clock, I pushed my wheel down the gangway and through the admiring throng of two hundred well-dressed Bermudians, white and black, and forthwith started off for a ride of a dozen miles to St. George's, in front of whose hotel I dismounted at half-past seven o'clock.

No inns or public houses are to be found between these two main towns, though there are several little post-office groceries where the traveler may refresh himself with fruits, confectionery, crackers and cheese, and bottled sarsaparilla. I believe, however, that a regular "American hotel" is soon to be erected at the Flatts, which is the first objective point on the route, being a little collection of houses at the little bridge (four miles from Hamilton) that crosses the inlet into Harrington Sound. This is described as "a charming inland sea, bordered by high cliffs, alternated by smooth beaches and tables of coral rock," and its dimensions may be generally indicated as those of an irregular oval, fully a mile broad and nearly two miles long. The second objective point is the Causeway, which is a mile long,—or, rather, nearly two miles long, if it be considered as extending to the Causeway Cottage, beyond the iron swing-bridge, which is six miles from the Flatts, and a mile-and-a-half from St. George's. Three main roads from Hamilton—called the North, the Middle, and the South—converge at the Flatts; and two of them continue thence on opposite sides of the Sound and meet at the Causeway, whence a single road runs to St. George's. The North road, which a local guide calls "the most airy and easy of the three," was the one which I first made trial of, when I wheeled away from the ship, that Sunday afternoon. Facing the west, I turned up hill to the right, and again to the right, passing on my left the terraces in front of the Hamilton Hotel; then turning left and climbing Mount Langton through a deep cut, whence I descended through an avenue of cedars to the north shore, one mile from the dock. Thence, for three miles to the Flatts, I gayly glided along the shore, looking out all the while over the intensely blue ocean, which shone with unwonted brilliancy beneath the rays of the setting sun. The North road, which turns to the left across the bridge at the Flatts, continues to overlook the ocean, for two miles farther; but I preferred to keep directly on by what from that point is called the South road, which skirts Harrington Sound for a similar distance, and then, making two successive turns to the right, extends to the Causeway. The left-hand road at both of these turns leads over to the north shore, but the second is much the better one to travel. There is also a more direct road, of rougher surface, leading from the Sound to the Causeway. The ride across this—with green waters upon one side, and blue waters upon the other, and the hues of both varying in intensity according to the tides and the posi-

tion of the coral reefs—is always a very pleasant one; but my first ride there, in the brilliantly moonlit solitude of my first night ashore, seemed particularly strange and exhilarating. The twelve-mile course, which I traversed that first night, may be wheeled without dismount, in both directions. I think the same may be said of the north route around the Sound; but, though I rode over it in both directions, I cannot remember whether I conquered all the hills or not.

The South road is reached at a mile from the dock in Hamilton, by going southeasterly to the head of the harbor and then curving south. Meanwhile the celebrated row of five cabbage-palm trees, whose stately trunks look like chiseled columns of stone, have been passed on the right. Along the south shore, though not in sight of the water, one goes in an easterly direction, through a marshy and wooded country, for nearly two miles, and then turns left at the fork in the road by the Wesleyan chapel, climbing up a long, rough hill, and then making a sharp descent to the Flatts; or he may keep straight on at the fork and turn off for the Flatts at St. Mark's church; or he may continue past the church up Knapton Hill, and descend to the main road at a point near the Devil's Hole, at the southeast corner of Harrington Sound,—the distance to here from the fork being two miles, much of which is sandy and unridable. Just beyond here a road branches off to the right directly for Tuckertown; but I, in seeking that place, kept to the main road for a mile-and-a-quarter beyond the Devil's Hole (this is a walled enclosure on the right, guarded by broken bottles, where a shilling fee is extracted from each visitor who wishes to gaze on the great fish, swimming lazily in the transparent depths of the hole); and then, at the top of an incline, I turned to the right, and went a half-mile to meet the direct road before mentioned, on which I then wheeled a mile, or till I reached its terminus, at the wharf in Tuckertown. As there was nothing to the town except this little wooden wharf, I soon turned about, and walked up to the signal station, whence some interesting views were to be had. Rejoining my wheel at the foot of this hill, I drove it westward for a mile over a neglected military road, which would have brought me into the South road again, near St. Mark's church, if I had been willing to plod about two miles farther, over its rough stones. I preferred, however, to go back to St. George's, for my dinner, by the route already described, a distance of eight miles. The process of exploring Fort Albert, in the last-named town, the public garden (where flourishes a date-palm 130 years old), and "the point," required me to test two miles more of excellent roadway; but when I turned up hill to the right, just before reaching the Causeway Cottage, and explored a half-mile of rough, sandy, and hilly road, leading towards the north shore, I felt satisfied that a return to Hamilton by that route would hardly be worth while, even if the old ferry were in operation, of which I did not feel confident.

The Middle road from Hamilton to the Flatts is a half-mile shorter than either of the other two; and, though more hilly than either, it is attractive

because of the smoothness of its surface, while the overhanging cedars give it a specially secluded character, and supply a grateful shade from the glare of the sun. Near the east end of Hamilton harbor, just before reaching the line of five, tall palm-trees, the wheelman must turn left and ride up a half-mile hill, from whose summit there is a descent of three-quarters of a mile to Christ church, whence he must go up hill again, to the northeastward, for a mile-and-a-quarter, to the little triangle where a junction is made with the road leading from the south shore down to the Flatts. Christ church is connected to the north shore by a direct road a mile long; and from the top of the hill that overlooks the five palm-trees there is a rather sandy cross-road, three-quarters of a mile long, which passes through the military barracks at Prospect, and descends to the north shore at a point a half-mile east of where the road from Mount Langton reaches the shore. From this latter junction, the shore road may be ridden westward for two miles to its terminus at Spanish Point, whence a return course of about that distance may be laid out, without much repetition of roadway, to the dock at Hamilton. When about half-way between the point and the dock, a detour, which requires about a mile of wheeling, may be made to the place called Fairyland.

The first mile of the route to Somerset is identical with that gone over in reaching the South road, but a backward (westerly) course is then taken along the south side of the harbor, so that the second mile ends about opposite the starting point. At the crest of a hill, a little beyond here, the best route makes an angle to the left, and in a few rods brings the tourist to the main road, by which he can go towards Somerset (right), or turn back towards Hamilton (left). A narrower, rougher, and hillier road, two miles long, whose additional picturesqueness partly atones for its difficulties, descends from the crest of hill just mentioned, and follows the shore until it finally turns off and joins the main road,—its appearance at the point of junction being that of a private lane. A mile beyond here is Gibbs's Hill, 245 feet in height, from the top of whose light-house (362 feet above high water), a wonderfully attractive panoramic view may be had of the entire region. The bicycler, instead of attempting to traverse the road leading up the hill itself, should leave his wheel on the main road, at the point where the telegraph wires cross it, and climb thence by a foot-path directly to the summit. Four miles beyond this is Scaur Hill, surmounted by a private boarding-house, where we secured a good dinner, as a result of a friendly warning that better fare was obtainable there than at the hotel in Somerset. From Scaur Hill, which I managed to ride up, in both directions, though the effort made me groan, I had a fine spin northward to the public wharf and thence along the shore, past the Somerset House and police station to the horse-ferry, a distance of two-and-a-half miles. There is a road extending along the outside shore of the island, for about ten miles, from Somerset Bridge to a point opposite Hamilton, and it is very nearly parallel, at a distance of a quarter or a third of a mile, to the highway which we traversed;

but it was said to be generally sandy and impracticable for a bicycle, and so we made no attempt to explore it. In the wooded heights of Fairmount, opposite Hamilton, is quite a network of ridable roads, of whose intricacies I will say nothing more than that the bicycler may find much pleasure in disporting himself at hap-hazard among them.

My cyclometer registered 142 miles in Bermuda, distributed as follows: Sunday, 12; Monday, 33; Tuesday, 36; Wednesday, 38; Thursday, 23. I covered 56 miles of roadway which was new to me, and 34 miles of the same in an opposite or new direction, leaving a remainder of 52 miles to represent the absolute repetitions. On the forenoon of the second day, while I rode down to Hamilton, to seek my companion, he rode up to St. George's by another route, in search of me; and, as we each of us reversed the operation in the afternoon, we slept in separate towns on the second night as well as the first. On the third night, I rejoined him at his hotel,—the day having been spent by us in separately exploring opposite ends of the island,—so that the fourth day was the only one when we did any wheeling in company. Early in the morning of the fifth and final day, he saw his bicycle safely crated and stowed in the hold of the "Orinoco," on which he embarked at nine o'clock, while I continued to wheel for four hours later than that, or till the very moment when the steam-launch started off with the mails, to meet the ship at her anchorage beyond the reef in Grassy Bay. In apprehension of possible accident during those final hours, I warned my companion that, in case I should fail to catch the mail-boat, it would be his duty to send back my baggage, and as much cash as he could spare, in order to keep me comfortable during the fortnight which would elapse before the sailing of the next homeward steamer.

The narrowness with which I escaped such accident formed the most exciting incident of my entire visit; for, by some miscalculation of distances, I found myself on the North shore road, at the foot of Prospect Hill, within less than a quarter-hour of the time announced for the steamer's departure. The route which I took from there to the dock was measured by my cyclometer as two miles; but I am confident it was longer, for I went around by the Admiral's corner, whereas the direct route across the hill called Mount Langton (which I somehow failed to prefer) was known as a good mile-and-a-half. Whatever the actual distance might prove to be when calmly measured in a less desperate crisis, that final spin of mine, "along the coral reefs of Bermuda," seemed the longest two miles of the entire 10,000 over which my "No. 234" had carried me. For the first time in my experience, I rode "as fast as I could." I devoted my entire force and energy to the one endeavor of speedily "getting there." My mind dwelt angrily upon the various troubles and perplexities which would result from suddenly "getting left" for a fortnight upon an island having no connection with the world that I belonged to, until it really seemed that I was "riding for my life." In the midst of this exciting chase, before I had turned away from the shore,

or got within a mile of the dock, a sand-rut gave me a violent header,—the first and last fall which I had during the visit. I picked up my venerable wheel with profound trepidation, for, if the accident had disabled it at all, my last hope of sailing for New York, that day, would have disappeared. Fortune favors the foolish, sometimes, however, as well as the brave; and my own folly, in taking so needless a risk, was not fated to be properly punished. "No. 234" came up smiling from the sand; and I, without stopping to brush the white coral dust from my white flannel riding costume, was soon pushing its pedals harder than ever, in my despairing drive for the dock. I suppose that all touring wheelmen have occasionally, like myself, been oppressed with remorseful exasperation over their own mistaken choices among possible alternatives while on the road; but I don't think I ever had a more contemptuous opinion of my own discretion and sagacity as a traveler than during those last bitter moments of that "bad quarter-hour" when the tattered tires of my bicycle were pounding along, with every atom of speed which I could impart to them, through the glistening streets of "the whitest city in the world." All's well that ends well, however; and though I reached the dock two minutes before the appointed time, the mail-boat didn't really push off till twenty minutes afterwards. Life in Bermuda is a matter of such infinite leisure that even the post-office people seem to resent the tyranny of clocks and schedules! Even the "Mo-on-dy-ne" likes to lag, though her name means "messenger." I was escorted on that final spin by a young man from Massachusetts, a fellow-voyager on the outward passage, who intended to remain upon the island for several weeks. I presume that he would have proved a much faster rider than myself on any ordinary occasion, and perhaps he did not now exert himself to keep up with me. At all events, he was considerably in the rear as we approached the dock, and, whether he thought my pace a swift one or not, I can assure him that he is the only cycler who ever competed with my swiftest pace, or ever saw me doing my very best to fly over the ground.

Ideally pleasant weather favored my five days on the islands; for a sudden shower of a few hours' duration, which worked no injury to the roads, could hardly be called an exception to it. The mildness of the air tempted me to sleep on deck in the moonlight, during the first night of the return voyage,—though my slumber was not profound after a rat had once interrupted it by running across my face. A bench in the smoking-room supplied my couch on the second night, which was a stormy one; while the bitter cold of the third night drove me to my own proper state-room, and made its air endurable in spite of the "inside" position. This room was an exceptionally large one, but, for a man who values "outer ventilation" as much as I do, it was the very "last choice" in the ship. My misfortune in getting assigned to it resulted from this: that when I bought a round-trip ticket, two months in advance, and selected a most comfortable upper-deck room, I assumed that the same was assured to me for the return voyage also. A

knowledge of my mistake may give friendly warning to other tourists that they should write to the Bermuda agents of the line, to secure choice of rooms, just as early as the exact date of the return voyage is decided upon. The steamship company's service is fortnightly (weekly in April, May, and June), and its charge for round-trip tickets is fifty dollars. Such tickets are not limited as to time; but, if the traveler returns by the same boat which takes him out, he need spend no more than ten dollars upon the island, and can thus restrict to sixty dollars the cost of his ten days' absence from New York. I know of no other way in which the expenditure of so little time and money can "give to the inhabitants of that city so genuine a taste of 'a foreign atmosphere,' or so good a view of the contrasts which English colonial life and habits present to their own." I adapt thus a previous remark of mine as to the advantages which a Bostonian may gain by a visit to Halifax, in Nova Scotia, which is more readily accessible.

The relative inaccessibility of Bermuda — the penalty which most good Americans must pay to Neptune, when the steamer plunges through the sea-sickening surges of the Gulf Stream, on the way thither—is the one circumstance which has kept it from being overrun and spoiled by them. This natural barrier against the excursionist and the pleasure-seeker is an everlasting one, and though its power to "keep out the crowd" will diminish, as the knowledge of Bermuda's special attractions spreads more generally over the continent, its power will never wholly disappear. There will always be a large body of American travelers whom no possible picture of the beauties of this ocean paradise will ever tempt into exposing their stomachs to the wrenching commonly produced by the cross-currents and choppy seas of the Gulf Stream. Nevertheless, the man who wishes to enjoy the pristine simplicity of the Somers Islands, should visit them right speedily, and take no trust in the theory that the discomforts of sea-sickness will long prevent the tide of American travel from rolling in with sufficient volume to obliterate that simplicity. Even while I write, I feel there is a possibility that our Yankee "rage for improvement" may have put an end to that delightfully stupid and admirably exasperating old custom of *building* a gangway out to the steamer, every time it arrives, and of taking it to pieces every time it departs (ensuring a long delay, on each occasion), instead of keeping the same in condition for immediate use.

The black people deserve a word of commendation for the contrast which their thrifty appearance and self-respecting politeness presents to the looks and manner of their race upon the main-land. I am afraid they regard with disdain these less fortunate ones, because of their slow improvement under the adverse social conditions inherited from times of slavery; conditions which almost necessarily render them cringing and servile when poor, and insolent and obtrusive when they chance to obtain wealth. The Bermuda blacks, on the other hand, were the first ones I ever saw who seemed sincerely to hold themselves "just as good as white folks," without making any fuss about it.

It was a thing simply taken for granted; an entire matter of course. I recall, as a pleasantly novel civility, their salutation of "good night!" (just as we say "good morning!") when I sped past them, in the dusk or the moonlight, on that first Sunday evening ashore. I recall, too, the picturesque appearance of a group of colored school-children, ranged along the glistening road in the order of their size, who gazed with admiring silence upon the white-clad white man from America, silently sliding past them on his silver wheel. I remember, too, the impression of age and solidity and perfection and permanence given to my mind by the deep-cut roads through the rocks. It seemed as if the work had been done centuries ago, for no scars of it remained, and the weather-darkened surfaces of these soft coral cliffs, overhung with cedars and vines and oleanders, suggested a flint-like hardness of structure which idealized the road-builders into very heroes of perseverance. But most of all I remember the loquot!

Be it known, then, that the loquot is a pear-shaped fruit, growing in yellow clusters, which make the tree extremely attractive to the eye, and that its delicacy of structure is such that it begins to decay within less than a dozen hours from the time of plucking. Hence, though the best of all the other innumerable fruits and vegetables which Bermuda produces are marketed in New York, and should be sought there rather than on the islands, the loquot cannot be exported! No Yankee can hope to delight his palate with its matchless flavor unless he first crosses the Gulf Stream! Perhaps it is because of my own superiority to sea-sickness that I extol the loquot as supplying in itself full compensation for a three days' voyage. But certainly I liked the loquot. I *had* to like it. There is a sort of subtle toothsomeness, or fineness of flavor, about the fruit, which is indescribably delicious. "They're *good*, the loquots are," as my companion said, with a tone of heartfelt emphasis, not indicated by the simple words, when he sadly threw into Grassy Bay the pits of the last handful which I had brought out to him in the mail-boat; "there's no sort of doubt about the loquots!" There may well be a doubt, however, as to the accuracy of my careless suggestion about their growth being confined to Bermuda; for that was intended to signify nothing more than my own ignorance of their existence elsewhere. Very likely they may flourish in other islands farther south; like Jamaica, whither Bermudians have a chance to go, once a month, by Cunard steamer, which also, in the other direction, gives them a monthly mail to Halifax. That city, which I have elsewhere characterized as seeming to me like a sort of little London,—as the most English-like place on the North American continent,—is just about as near, in sailing distance, as is the city of New York; while, as regards customs and tastes and sympathies, it is much nearer to them. In Bermuda, as in Nova Scotia, "take the left" is the rule of the road. There is nothing really extraordinary, therefore, in the seemingly odd fact that the bishop of Newfoundland should embrace Bermuda in his diocese, making biennial visitations to the

milder island. So, too, it would be quite in keeping with the geography of the case to recommend that a September wheeling tourist through Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, should thence prolong his travels by taking steamer direct for the coral reefs of Bermuda. Whichever route the traveler may choose, let me advise him to equip himself not only with an abundance of clothing suitable for summer and winter, but also with all the attainable literature relating to the scene of his visit. The old-time guide is the "Bermuda Pocket Almanac" (issued annually from the office of the *Royal Gazette*, and costing half a dollar), which contains tables of roads and distances, amid numerous other statistics, and which renders them all intelligible by exhibiting on its cover a map of the islands, drawn upon a scale of three miles to the inch. A much larger and more clearly drawn map, printed in colors, is appended to Mrs. Dorr's recently issued volume,[1] which every visitor to the islands should have in his pocket; though the littler map of the "Almanac" gives to the wheelman a completer showing of the roads.

A new guide-book,[2] in the field which this ancient annual has hitherto monopolized, presents still a third map,—larger than either of the others, and in many respects more useful to the explorer,—though it fails to show the road leading to the Flatts from the Wesleyan chapel on the south shore, and also the road directly connecting Christ church with the north shore. A "process" reproduction of the rude old maps and pictures which were prepared, centuries ago, by order of the immortal Captain John Smith,—who was the earliest guide-book-maker for this microscopic speck of the western world,—is another praiseworthy feature in the work of his latest imitator. Its distinctive value, however, consists in the series of sixteen "photo-prints," which have power to give to the mind of a stranger a far better idea of the peculiar beauties of Bermuda, than volumes of descriptive writing could afford, and which recall those beauties, with a pleasing degree of vividness, to the mind of the home-returned visitor. The scenes which I myself saw are here preserved exactly as I saw them,—the author's visit having preceded my own by only a few weeks,—for he says: "The photographs were taken by me, on gelatine dry plates, during the months of January and February, 1884, and the prints were made from these negatives by the Photo-Electrotype Company," of which he happens to be the president. The letter-press contains about all the customary, cut-and-dried information which a casual tourist is supposed to need; and, if such tourist be a bicycler, his desire for lightness and portability will doubtless impel him to offer the criticism that "it contains too much information,"—that if the historical

[1] "Bermuda, an Idyl of the Summer Islands," by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, 12mo, pp. 150, price $1.25 (New York: Scribner's Sons, 1884).

[2] "Illustrated Bermuda Guide," by James H. Stark, 12mo, pp. 157 (and advertising pp. 35), price $2.00 (Boston: Photo-Electrotype Co., 1884).

third of it had been omitted, and if the weight of the remainder had been still farther reduced by the use of thinner paper, the book would have a better chance of finally supplanting in his affections that very manageable old blue-covered stand-by, the rightly-named "Bermuda Pocket Almanac." Such criticism would seem to me sound enough, but the best practical remedy in the case is for the bicycler to buy both books, even though he cycles with only one of them. I myself certainly hate to see a modern guide-book padded out by the plunder which a drag-net may be made to yield from the stores of ancient history, and yet, as I am a loyal son of Massachusetts, I feel bound to forgive the sinner in the present case, because, being a Bostonian, he humanly yielded to the temptation of telling people the story of how little Bermuda helped the great George Washington to "drive the British out of Boston." It was by means of a ship-load of gunpowder, of which the besiegers stood in the direst need, and which the Bermudians stole for them from a government storehouse. So remote in those days was the island from having its present character of a fortified stronghold, and so poorly guarded was the government powder-magazine, that the responsibility of the theft was never fixed upon anyone, though there was naturally an outburst of wrath in "official circles" when their sleepy limits were finally penetrated by "news from Boston," disclosing the ultimate use to which the mysteriously missing gunpowder had been put.

"We have not been quite everywhere, yet. But one thing we are all agreed upon: nowhere have we found within the compass of nineteen square miles so much that was novel, beautiful, and interesting, with such air and such sunshine, and such peace, as we have found just here." Such was the testimony of some widely-traveled acquaintances which Mrs. Dorr presents as best reflecting the personal impressions which she has endeavored to embody in her "book of Bermudian days"; and such shall be my testimony, also, as I recommend her pleasantly-written little volume to those who seek the islands. I mildly suggest to them, however, that the dreamy poetry of the place may have led the lady to idealize beyond the recognizable point some of the prosaic discomforts of existence there; just as it led certain masculine witnesses, whom I have quoted, to report that *all* the roads are perfectly hard and smooth of surface, and perfectly gentle as regards their slopes. There are fleas in Bermuda, let me sadly say, and they bite as remorselessly as if dwelling in less poetic climes. I do not like the fleas; but the loquots I do like. And it is as the Land of the Incomparable Loquot that I shall always cherish the Bermudas in my dreams!

"So, in this wintry weather,
Were we rich, we'd go together,
Sailing far o'er distant oceans, and among the dreamy isles;
But those queer, outlandish places
Will find, this year, no traces
Of the white-clad cycler, Karl Kron, where he wheeled those happy miles."

I did not enclose my bicycle in a crate for the homeward voyage, but merely bandaged its forks and backbone with cloth before lowering it into the hold; and so it was easily put in order for riding, when hauled on deck again, as the "Orinoco" steamed up the harbor of New York, in the forenoon of Sunday, March 16. In the innocence of my heart I supposed that, "the bicycle being entitled to free entry because of American manufacture," I should be allowed to mount it at the dock and ride right up home to Washington Square. But the "deputy surveyor"—as the lordly creature was called who happened to be in command of this particular gang of custom-house mercenaries—asserted his authority to the contrary; and, though knowing perfectly well that the machine *was* American, and that I had embarked with it from the same dock only ten days before, he ordered it to be "sent to the Public Stores for appraisement." The same order was issued concerning the crated machine of my companion, accompanied by the assurance that, as this was of English make, a duty of 35 per cent. would certainly be levied upon it, in spite of that duty having once been regularly paid when the bicycle was first imported into America. We sought out the Public Stores, next morning, and thought ourselves singularly fortunate in meeting there with an affable official gentleman, who sympathized with our troubles, because his own son had been touring by wheel in Europe, and who endorsed our "papers," with the request that the "deputy appraiser," to whose official keeping the bicycles had been consigned, would "make the appraisal informal," and so let us take them away without additional bother. When we finally reached the presence of that functionary, however, after various delays for the winding of red tape at the desks of several of his underlings, he gruffly said that he should exercise no discretion in the matter, but should formally enter both machines for the custom-house, and that the one of English make would have to pay duty. The reason why he, like the "deputy surveyor" on the dock, refused to pass my own bicycle, which he knew was "entitled to free entry," was presumably his desire to force me to employ a "custom-house broker" to attend to the intricate and exasperating formalities exacted by custom-house regulations, even in a case of "free entry." The usually accepted theory of the matter is, that these private brokers pay to the government officers a certain percentage of the fees derived from each traveler whom the officers deliver into their hands; and that, unless he directly bribes the latter to take a lenient view of the law, they will use the authority which a harsh interpretation of it gives them to revenge themselves by "sending his case through the custom-house." If the traveler wishes to leave the city on the day of landing, such act of the officer on the dock simply forces the employment of a broker, because "the papers in the case" cannot reach the custom-house for one or two days afterwards.

Having wasted a good share of one forenoon in following my "papers" through the hands of a half-dozen official persons, in as many different rooms of the Public Stores, only to gain from the last one the surly assurance that

(instead of atoning to the best of his ability for the inconvenience so wantonly inflicted upon me by the unjust decision of the officer upon the dock) "he would send me through the custom-house, anyhow," I decided to "go through" in person, instead of allowing myself to be fleeced by a broker. It would have been more logical, of course, to have paid in money the penalty which the United States Government thus permitted its representatives to inflict upon me for the high crime and misdemeanor of taking my wheel to Bermuda for a ten days' outing; but I preferred to pay the penalty with my body, rather than allow the "deputy surveyor" and the "deputy appraiser" to gain their expected "divvy" of the brokerage which they designed to extort from me. On Thursday, therefore, I spent two solid hours inside the custom-house, engaged in unwinding the red tape with which the process of "free entry" had completely covered my bicycle. This implied no less than a dozen distinct operations, before seven different officers, occupying four separate apartments, on different floors of the building, and the payment of sixty-four cents to the United States of America for the enforced use of its Public Stores. An order on the keeper of the same was finally given to me, and this, when I presented it there, went through the hands of two more official people before the last of them trundled my "No. 234" out into the free light of day, and accorded me full authority to ride off with it.

The assistance of no less than twenty representatives of the National Circumlocution Office had thus been needed to purge my beloved bicycle of the taint attaching to it in consequence of ten days' absence from the jurisdiction of the United States Government, and thus to confer upon that bicycle the inestimable blessing of a "free entry." Had the entry been subject to duty, the process would have been no longer or more complicated; and I have taken pains thus to exhibit in detail the atrocities of the regulations then existing, in order that wheelmen may approximately realize how great a boon was conferred upon every traveler, native or foreign, who enters a United States port with his wheel, as an ultimate result of my visit to Bermuda. The companion who persuaded me into this visit early abandoned the idea of it, and only resumed his original intention, at the last minute, on learning that I was to "go anyhow." Knowing that his machine had paid duty on its original importation from England he "kicked" against the idea of submitting to a second tax of the sort when we returned from our brief visit to the little English province, lying there in the ocean, only 700 m. from New York. The custom-house people assured us that all previous "kickers" against this absurdly unjust ruling of the Treasury Department had finally swallowed their rage and paid the double-duty; and that so many precedents had now grown up about the rule as to make any attempt on our part to persuade the Secretary of the Treasury to overturn it utterly foolish and hopeless. "Carriages are not personal nor household effects, and can only be admitted to free entry when used by an immigrant in the act of immigration:" such was the rule which the customs men proudly pointed to as giving an irrevocable

negative to all our hopes of justice,—the decision of Secretary Sherman (June 28, 1878, on the appeal of A. D. Chandler, of Boston, against paying, on an imported bicycle, the 45 per cent. duty exacted against "machinery") having settled the fact that, for customs purposes, the bicycle must be classified as a "carriage." My companion, nevertheless, put in his appeal to the authorities at Washington; and with a celerity which was really wonderful, in view of the usual slowness of official routine, secured their decision, of April 9, that "bicycles, accompanying a passenger, may be regarded as personal effects, not merchandise, within the language of the full list, and therefore exempt from duty." Thus not only was a remedy given for the intolerable injustice specially complained of by my companion (of taxing a returning American a second time on a wheel which had previously paid its proper duty), but the whole antiquated scheme of restrictions, which were practically prohibitory to international touring on the wheel, was done away with. Any traveler can now bring his bicycle freely into the United States, without regard to the fact of its American or foreign origin, and without the expensive delays inseparable from entry at the custom-house, even when the entry is "free." The officer at the dock may require the passenger to declare that his bicycle has been "in actual use," and that he does not import it with the intention of immediately selling it; but they no longer have the power to prevent his mounting the machine at the dock and riding away to his proper business. Bribes and brokerage are no longer necessary.

Except for my determination to include a chapter of Bermudian experiences in "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," this triumph of justice and civilization might have been postponed for several years longer; and I should therefore think the chapter incomplete if it did not contain a full account of this triumph, and did not urge every American wheelman who reads it to cherish a grateful recollection of the honest judge, so recently dead, who brought this triumph about. The late Secretary of the Treasury, Charles J. Folger, may well be remembered by others on account of the squareness of his character as manifested in decisions of greater popular importance; but I want wheelmen specially to remember him for that same quality as manifested in his righteous decision of "the Bermuda bicycle case." I want them to remember him as a man whose strong sense of justice gave him the vision to see through all the sophistries of "precedent" and get a firm grip on the ultimate truth (incomprehensible though it be to the underlings of the custom-house) that, "in this democratic government of ours, nothing is ever really settled which is not settled *right*." The names of Benjamin Harris Brewster, Attorney-General; of Charles R. Skinner, Congressman from New York, and of T. B. Reed, Congressman from Maine, also deserve all the honor which this chapter of mine can ensure to them in the hearts of cyclers for their effective services in getting an old wrong righted. I do not like the political party which these gentlemen belong to; but I am glad to bear testimony to their manliness in recognizing the truth that the removal of injustice from any class of citizens (no matter how few, or young, or humble, or uninfluential, they are presumed to be) ought never to be considered too trivial or undignified an act for even the highest officer of the government to take interest in. So, I say again, "let lasting honor be attached to the names of the four men who so promptly brought about the great reform; who persuaded the United States to cease playing the part of a cut-throat and bully towards those of her citizens who might return from wheeling tours in foreign lands; who deprived the 'deputy surveyor' and the 'deputy appraiser' of all further power to badger and torment me like a criminal, in case it is ever again my happy lot to sail into port, after another visit to 'the blessed isles of Bermuda.'"

XXVI.

BULL RUN, LURAY CAVERN AND GETTYSBURG.[1]

WASHINGTON having been chosen as the place for the fifth annual meet of the League, I accepted the fact as an excuse for wheeling thither to be a spectator of the parade. From the personal part which I had taken in its four previous ones, as rearmost rider in the ragtag-and-bobtail division known as "the unattached," I felt entirely qualified to appreciate the beauties of a spectacle that "the new rule" (which I myself had urged the adoption of, though ruinous to my last hope of individual glory) declared should not be disfigured by the presence of any such variegated rabble of guys and grotesques as I had been wont to risk my life among at the earlier meets. As a matter of fact, a sudden softening of the spine, on the part of those in authority, allowed this rule to be "suspended"; and the customary "mob on wheels" therefore sauntered along in Indian file through the broad roadways of the Capital. Hence, I was rather glad that I reached it too late to look upon such a sorry sight, for it might have exasperated me to the pitch of desperation. Here, in the single "show city" which America can boast of, on magnificent avenues of asphalt, where 24 wheelmen could ride abreast, and where the smallest "company fronts" allowable for parade should be files of 16 or 12 or 8, a long-drawn-out column of ill-arranged and parti-colored paraders straggled through the streets, by twos and fours (May 20, 1884), under pretense of proclaiming "the dignity and power of the League." Such was the sad truth that I gathered from beneath the florid rhetoric and lavish laudation with which the historians of the day sought to conceal the League's failure to improve this first great opportunity ever offered in America for a really impressive and inspiring display of spectacular wheelmanship.

It was, in fact, just about as bad a show as that which had been given, three years earlier, in the badly-policed lanes of the little New England capital, Boston. I remember my rage, on that occasion, at the utter lack of any efficient police protection for the wheelmen's procession, against the disastrous intrusion of an entirely orderly and good-natured crowd of lookers-on; and it is a matter of recent history that when 400 local cyclers endeavored to enliven an autumn evening in that solemn city, by a "lantern parade" (Oct. 22, '85), a ruffianly and ill-natured crowd amused themselves by hurling missiles at the lanterns and upsetting the riders, until at last the police appeared on the scene and summarily dragged off to the station-house a quiet citizen who had courageously defended the luckless wheelmen against one of

[1]The first part of this is from *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, January, 1886.

the most obnoxious of their rascally assailants. But however small might be my reasonable expectation, as a Massachusetts man, of seeing either safety or splendor characterize a street show in an Irish sea-coast settlement like Boston, I certainly did cherish great hopes, as an American, that our really magnificent National Capital might inspire the League to make there one thoroughly creditable public display of itself. Fortune, therefore, was kind, in so delaying my advance, as to hide the sad reality from my actual vision. Embittered as I then was by a four months' steady struggle with the preliminary subscription-list of this book, my shattered nerves might have given way to the strain of disappointment in seeing the noble streets of Washington belittled by this pitiful parade of the customary, Indian-file, no-two-coats-alike "mob on wheels." The market rate of dynamite being "only 62 cents a pound," I might have decided (in a fit of emotional insanity, when thus unnerved) to blot out the whole wretched business,—or at least the "staff officers," who seemed chiefly responsible for it, as the ostensible ring-leaders of the mob. So, it was a blessing to all concerned that my bicycle didn't bear me into sighting distance of the big white dome, until long after the League's "fifth annual mob" had been dispersed.

My two days' ride from New York to Philadelphia, 100 m., which raised the mileage of my new machine (straightaway from Hartford) to just "234," has been already reported on p. 172. Next morning, May 19, I rode from the Bingham House along the brick-shaped stone blocks of Market st., 1½ m. w., to the bridge. An eighth of a m. beyond that, just opposite the r. r. station, Woodward av. branches off to the l., and I tried its sidewalk flags 1 m. and then t. l. at the cemetery corner. After about 1 m. of off-and-on, I struck a yellow clay road and went without stop, spite of hills, to the Buttonwood House at Darby, 3 m. A planked horse-car track extends to this point and would probably be ridable in all weathers. A hilly pike whose mac. is worn into ruts stretches thence to Chester, 6 m., and the Pennsylvania Military Academy surmounts a hill on the r., as one enters the town. My route, which a local wheelman recommended, led up Seventh st. 1 m., then l. through Curling on Belgian blocks to Second, then up this for 1 m. or more, then t. r. back to the pike, near a mill at Fourth. Less than 3 m. beyond here, at 1.30 P. M., I for the first time wheeled into the little State of Delaware,—"the line" being marked by a cedar stump on the r. Following this were a series of hills, tiresome wheeling, whether up or down, and one of them 1 m. long, —relieved by fine views of the Delaware river and ships sailing under full canvas. I crossed the Brandywine into Wilmington, just 7 m. after entering the State, and halted ½ h. at a restaurant on its main street, ½ m. beyond. Newport, 3½ m., was reached at 5.10, and the Deer Park Hotel in Newark, 9 m., at 7.20,—making my day's record 38¾ m. The hotel people said that the road to Elkton and Perryville (Havre de Grace) was level but very sandy, and advised me to try the hillier route, and cross the Susquehanna by ferry at Port Deposit, 5 or 6 m. above the r. r. bridge connecting Havre de Grace

with Perryville. As a result of a heavy night's rain, I found, as soon as I got beyond the town limits,—perhaps 1 m. from the hotel,—that the clay roads had changed to mud, which was not ridable and was hardly walkable, on account of the clogging in the forks. Half-way up a big hill, a little more than 1½ m. after starting, I crossed into Maryland,—ending thus a Delaware trail of 21¾ m.,—and I reached the top of another long hill at 8 o'clock, 3 m. and 1¼ h. from the start. A store and one or two other houses stood here, and I imbibed a quart of milk, in lack of any other attainable breakfast. Three h. later, I had progressed only 7 m. more, and I lay on my back on a bridge, thoroughly tired from the long dragging of my wheel through the clay. Brick Church, 1½ m., was reached at noon, and 1 h. spent there for dinner at its poor little tavern. My walking amounted to about 7 m. to this point, but beyond it the roads were dryer and more down-grade,—so that I walked less and reached Port Deposit, 8½ m., in 3 h., entering it by a long and very steep descent.

Disembarking from the ferry boat, on s. side of the Susquehanna, at 4.35, I followed a winding course up the ravine to l., and then, after passing a bridge about 1 m. out, t. r. The road gradually improved as I drew near a cross-roads called Level, 5 m. from the river, at 6 o'clock, where I t. l. with the telegraph poles, and enjoyed, on a level of 1 m. or so, my first good riding of the day. At Churchville, 3½ m., I stopped for an orange, and found my watch had stopped also. The time was about 7; and I then went without halt along a good dirt road for 5½ m. to Bel Air, at 7.45. There I t. r., and reached the hotel, after riding a few rods on r. sidewalk; but, if I had t. l., I should have even more quickly reached the head of the pike leading to Baltimore. Down this winding way of fairly good mac. I sped at 7 o'clock, next morning, and climbed some rather stiff hills before resting ½ h., at a point 3 m. out, to oil and polish my wheel. I didn't leave the saddle again for 1¾ h., when I was flung out of it, 13 m. beyond, by carelessly riding among some fresh lumps of stone on the edge of the road. ("Number 234, Jr.," thus suffered its first fall, 324 m. from the start at Hartford, and the r. handle-bar was so badly bent that my leg grazed against it at every revolution of the wheel for the next 50 m. to Washington. I did not have a second fall until a fortnight later, on the last day of my tour, 511 m. beyond; see p. 173.) My third stop was made in 5¼ m., when I reached the cobble stones in the outskirts of Baltimore, at 10.45; and the 22 m. to this point might have been done without dismount. Turning r. along Boundary av. to Fillmore st., I went l. on its flag-stone sidewalks to the junction of Baltimore and Frederick sts., 4 m., and thence followed alongside the horse-car track to Catonsville, 4 m. At Ellicott City, 4¼ m. on (see p. 349), I halted ½ h. for lunch, and then, between 2.20 and 2.40, wheeled up a hill 1½ m. long, except its steepest pitch of two rods, at about the middle point. The course beyond proved continuously hilly; and I t. r. at a cross-roads on a hill-top, and at 4.35 reached a cross-roads store called Clarksville, 9 m. from E. C. The next 5½ m. ended at a certain private house in the hamlet of Ashton, where a previous tourist had told me it would

be possible to procure supper; and though I covered this distance in 1 h., and probably rode ⅔ of it, because of down-grades, it was the poorest stretch of the day, and its abundant sand would have forced me to walk nearly all of it, had I been faced in the other direction. Starting from A. at 6.30, I rode without stop till 7.55, nearly 10 m.; and then, in the thickening darkness walked most of the 2 m. to Sligo, at 8.35. My Maryland trail of 95 m. ended ½ m. beyond here when I crossed into the District of Columbia; and, as the road grew very smooth, I ventured again into the saddle and rode almost continuously for 3 m. to the Boundary av. of Washington, at 9.45. Thence along the gas lighted asphalt of Ninth and H sts. to Twentieth, 1½ m., where I found my clean clothes awaiting me at 10.15. My day's record was 65¾ m., as compared to 35 m. of the previous day; and my 5 days' ride from N. Y. (Hoboken Ferry) to W. measured just 240 m.

The bright sunshine and hot air of that final day were tempered somewhat by a gentle breeze, which was generally in my face; but the weather of the next 3 days, while I tarried in Washington, was extremely hot and sticky, with heavy evening showers which gave no life to the atmosphere. The 43 m. which I registered during that visit probably represented 15 m. of new road, 15 m. of new-direction riding, and 13 m. of repetitions; and I was surprised on the evening of the first day, when I took my first look at Butcher cyclometer, whose action had hitherto given me no reason for distrust, to find only 7½ m. recorded, though I vaguely believed that I had been jogging about the asphalt for 2 or 3 h. altogether. For the next 600 m., however, it seemed to run accurately, until it stuck at the 1,000 m. point, as described on p. 147. At 4.30 A. M. of May 25, just before daybreak, and after less than 6 h. of sleep, I left the St. Marc Hotel, which had given me pleasant shelter for 3 days and nights, and began a tiresome journey of 48 m., which ended about 9 P. M. at the Warren Green Hotel in Warrenton. My real start was made at 5.15, at the house of the President of the Washington Cycle Club, 1½ m. from the hotel, where, after rousing him from slumber, I had a chance to munch some crackers and cheese, moistened with oranges, before my escort gave the word to mount. We crossed Georgetown Bridge, into Virginia, 2¾ m., at 5.40, and at once t. r. and climbed hills pretty steadily, on winding and difficult but usually ridable roads, till we reached the brick house in Falls Church, 6½ m., at 6.55, and halted ½ h. for some milk. Fairfax Court House, 8½ m., was reached in 2 h.; and, while my comrade arranged to get some breakfast there, before starting backward for Alexandria, I pushed on alone at 10.10, and reached Centerville, 7 m., in 2 h. This was approached by a rough hill, ½ m. long, from whose top (along which stretched a line of the earthworks, thrown up in war time) I got my first sight of the Blue Ridge. On the descent, I twisted to the r., and then soon again to the l., whence the old pike goes in a bee line to Warrenton. Rotten red-sandstone, of which an excellent road might easily be made, is abundant, all along here; and I found it ridable for 2 m., to the bridge over Cub Run, which I reached at 1.30,—having made a

long halt on the way to chat with a talkative native. He had heard the cannonade in the opening Sunday battle of the civil war, 23 years before, while piously turning a grindstone to sharpen a big bowie knife for a trooper, who then galloped away with it in the direction of the noise; and he had seen a good deal of the second Bull Run battle, from the safe lookout of a lofty tree; and he described to me various military evolutions which he had witnessed upon this same broad sweep of rolling grass-land that we were now lazily looking at in the summer sunshine.

Stone parapets surmounting a double-culvert characterize the bridge over the historic Bull Run, which is 2¼ m. beyond Cub Run. I had spent ¾ h. in doing the distance, and as I halted here a while, to eat a few apples for lunch, I called clearly to mind another pleasant Sunday afternoon of my boyhood—July 21, 1861—when I "wondered if the expected battle had begun," and when in reality men were fighting and falling around this self-same brook and bridge. An h. later, at a clump of houses called Groveton, I was shown the marks made by musketry in the walls; and I also noticed that the flower-bed borders were formed from fragments of shell from the adjoining battle-field of '62. A negro, who saw part of this fight, described to me the appearance of things after it was over; and he also gave me a rifle bullet which he had plowed up, the previous Friday, "along wid a couple of carcasses" (soldiers' skeletons) which he "frew inter de fence." At 5 o'clock, I had got 6½ m. beyond Bull Run to Gainesville, which has a r. r. station and a "store," whose proprietor talked with me about his war experiences, for ½ h., while I drank some milk, and offered to give me a bed for the night. I preferred to push on, however, and by 7 o'clock, just before darkness closed in, had advanced 5 m., to a certain hill-top, where I secured another drink of milk, my last nourishment on the journey. This hill was just beyond Buckland, where a ford, three rods wide, forced me to go up stream about ten times that distance and there drag my bicycle across, on slippery rocks and logs, with a torrent rushing below. From this point to Warrenton, 8 m., the hills succeeded each other closely, and water ran across the road in each depression between them. The last three streams, which I crossed in pitchy darkness, were bordered with a rod or two of deep, red clay mud, owing to a heavy shower which had raged in that region, the previous night. I sank nearly half way to my knees in this terrible stuff, and got my wheel completely smeared and clogged with it, though my white breeches escaped serious disfigurement. Somehow, I managed to clamber across these sloughs, on the fences, without really dropping into the water; and from the last and worst of them, where my cyclometer presumably stuck, I tramped wearily in for 1 m. to the hotel. It was about 10 o'clock when I finished supper, which was the first food of any account that I had that day; and I then worked till midnight getting my bicycle into approximately decent condition. Considering the badness of the last 30 m., this day's journey of 48 m. ranks among my most notable ones; and the incident of floundering through the mud, in the pitchy

darkness, when tired and weak and hungry, was not exactly exhilarating. Most of the day's scenery was flat and unattractive, though the broad fields where yellow flowers waved peacefully in the sunshine gave a sort of pleasing sense of remoteness to the thought of those times of "blood and iron" which once laid them waste. (For relation of Warrenton to other towns, see p. 350.)

My companion thus reports his return: "I found a good road from Fairfax to Vienna, about 8 m., and stopped there from 11.40 to 12.30. Thence to Falls Church, about 5 m., was a magnificent road,—called the Leesburg pike, I think,—but the people said that my bi. was the first one they had ever seen roll along it. I made the run from F. C. to Georgetown in just 1 h., ending at 5 P. M., and my day's record was 36½ m. I may add that the tow-path from G. to Alexandria, about 8 m., is good, and that the road thence for 8 m. to Mt. Vernon, the tomb of Washington, is decently good in certain weathers. The same may be said of the road from A. to Fairfax Court House, 12 m. n.; and the direct tour from A. to Staunton has been made by bicycle, though I never learned the details of it." Another Washington correspondent, W. F. Crossman, of the Capital B. C., adds the following (March 9, '84): "Our suburban riding is not quite as limited as the remarks in your Springfield chapter (p. 116) would seem to imply; for there are at least three pikes leading out of the city on which an average rider can go straight-away for a dozen m. without a dismount, and on two of them a good rider need not stop for 18 m. or 20 m.,—assuming dry weather, of course. The trouble is that, beyond 20 m. or so, they become so poor as to remind one of what you say of the roads near the Mammoth Cave (p. 231), and hence do not tempt one into touring further. Yet the fact is worth insisting upon that, for these 20 m., our three best turnpikes are mostly in very good condition from March to November, and often ridable during the other three months. The s. e. one, across the Navy Yard Bridge, is of hard clay, which when packed makes as fine a road as your Boulevard from Central Park to Yonkers. The second-best leads to Great Falls, on the Potomac, 26 m.,—of which the first 9 m. to Cabin John Bridge is very smooth, and mostly level, though there are two rather steep hills. The third outlet, called the Seventh st. pike, leads due n. through Brightwood, 4 m.; Silver Spring, 3 m.; and Brookville, 5 m., where the l. branch leads to Rockville, 6 m., and the r. to Ellicott City. The regular Baltimore pike is good only for the 6 m. to Bladensburg. The Alexandria pike is ridable to Mt. Vernon, though requiring many dismounts. Besides these, there are numerous cross roads, mostly of clay, which admit of pleasant short runs during eight months of the year. In fact, though our suburban roads are none too good, they are all more smooth and free from sand than those around East Bridgewater (only 24 m. from Boston), where I visited last summer. Furthermore, the beautiful grounds about our Soldiers' Home contain many m. of smooth roadway, and the gentlemanly welcome always extended to cyclers on entering the gates is in grateful contrast to the rudeness often shown by well-dressed hogs upon the road." Of the same writer's report of ride to Baltimore (April 21, '84; 9.45 A. M. to 6.15 P. M.; 50 m.), in company with C. M. Barrick, I quote the following in regard to the only part of the route which did not coincide with my own (p. 374): "At the fork in Sligo, whose r. is the Colesville pike, we took the l. or Brookville pike, and at Wheaton, 10 m. on, we t. r. at another fork, and went along the Norwood pike 9 m. to Sandy Spring, and then ¾ m., bearing round to r., to reach the Colesville pike at Ashton. Still a third route leads from A. to W., and all three of them are fair roads,—best soon after a rain. We took the longer one by preference, and found two small streams to ford, and a few hills, but these could be ridden up, on account of hard surface. There is no hotel at A., but meals and lodging may be had at Mr. Stabler's (25 c.); and we took dinner there before tackling the 6 m. of hills and rough clay extending to Clarksville, which formed the worst part of our 50 m. journey and cost us 1½ h." The route from A. to Frederick (pp. 293, 349) he thus reports: "On April 27, B. and I left W. at 4.30 P. M. and rode to A. in 2 h. 40 min. Starting on at 9 A. M., we reached the end of the pike at Mechanicsville, 3½ m., whence a level but soft dirt road took us to Laytonsville, 8 m. At Damascus, after 9 m. of hilly and poorer riding, we halted 1½ h., and were told that we were the first bicyclers in that

town. Two or three long and steep hills were met on the next 6 m. to Ridgeville, where we struck the regular Baltimore and Frederick pike, on which we made good time for 14 m. to the City Hotel in F. at 6,—passing through one small town called Newmarket." (See p. 349.)

The Secretary of the Junior Wheelmen of Baltimore supplies the following facts (March 2, '84): "The pike from B. to F., about 60 m., is an average good one, and of the numerous hills not more than 4 or 5 are unridable,—the longest and steepest being beyond Ellicott City, 12 m., to which point the surface is excellent. The distances on the direct road to Washington, which is a very poor sandy pike with occasional red clay, are 9 m. to Relay, 27 m. to Laurel and 41 m. to W. A good pike leads from B. to Westminster, 36 m. The first half of it, to Reisterstown, goes through a flat country and is always kept in repair. Beyond R. there are many hills too steep for riding, and the surface is poorer. Of the two roads from B. to Bel Air, 23 m., 'the Harford' and 'the Bel Air,' the latter is so difficult, both in surface and in grades, that bicycles are rarely seen upon it, while the former offers one of our best runs." (I chose "the Harford," p. 373; and the Springfield men, named below, "the Bel Air," as advised in Wood's road-book.) "The old pike from Balt. to York has a great deal of traffic, but its surface is kept hard and smooth by repairs, and offers excellent wheeling. The runs to Govanstown, 4½ m., and Towson, 7 m., are very popular, and are not interrupted by long or steep hills. In fact, there are none worth naming on this road for 15 or 20 m. out of B. For a short spin the favorite course is 'the shell road' (made of oyster shells ground to ideal smoothness), which leads from the city boundary to a popular suburban hotel on the Patapsco, near its entrance into Chesapeake Bay."

A tour of 514 m., without much repetition of roadway, was taken July 4–17, '85, by F. A. Eldred (b. March 20, 1862) and E. E. Sawtell (b. April 7, 1865), clerks at Springfield, whose report I condense as follows: "Leaving S. at 4 P. M., we reached Hartford at dusk, after a stop of 1½ h. for a thunderstorm at Windsor Locks. On the 5th, 10 A. M. to 7.30 P. M., we proceeded through New Britain and Meriden to New Haven, 72 m. from S., and took boat to N. Y. On the 6th, we wheeled across Staten Island, from Clifton to Tottenville (roads heavy from rain), and then by fine roads to Somerville, 38 m. at 1 o'clock, where rain stopped us. Our route from Perth Amboy had led through Metuchen and New Brunswick, where we turned and went on the n. side of the river to Bound Brook,—taking a spin of 6½ m. in 25 min. On the 7th we were carried some little distance in a farm wagon, to get through a washout where the water came up to the hubs; and then we wheeled through Blawenburg, Kingston, Princeton (good dinner at Nassau Hotel), Lawrenceville, Trenton, Newportville, Nicetown, to Philadelphia, in the evening, 68 m., of which the last 6 m. were hardly ridable. The next day we wheeled about P. a little, and then to Chester, 18 m. On the 9th, we found fairly good roads to Wilmington, 12 m. (dinner), whence they grew constantly poorer, until they forced us to walk most of the last 7 m., ending at North East, 28 m. Thence on the 10th we walked 8 m. of sand and hills to Perryville, crossed by train to Havre de Grace, and took the upper route for Baltimore, 41 m., which we reached at night,—the wind being a great help to us on this bumpy and hilly road. Early on the 11th, we walked across the city, and, after 2 or 3 m. of rough wheeling, got opposite the Insane Asylum, from which point the roads were fine to the Relay House (breakfast), where we walked the viaduct and had foot-path wheeling till we struck the pike. This grew hillier and sandier as we advanced, compelling frequent dismounts. It might be called between fair and poor, as far as Laurels, the half-way point; but beyond that it grew so hilly and sandy that it could rarely be ridden at all. We could not even wheel down the hills except at considerable risk. Washington was sighted at dusk, and on its smooth pavements we finished a day's record of 41 m., making 254 m. for the 6 days from N. Y." (Compare this with my own 5 days' route of 240 m., on pp. 172, 372. The tourists evidently made a mistake in not wheeling up the tow-path from H. de G. to Port Deposit, 4 m., and taking my route thence to B. and W. My route from Somerville to Phila., 61 m., was probably preferable to theirs.)

"Having enjoyed 4 days' wheeling in and around the Capital, we took train to Havre de Grace, and spent the night at its best hotel, which is a very bad one. We started for the tow-path at 7 A. M. of the 16th, and crossed the bridge at the first lock, but in less than 1 m. reached an overflow where a rod of water had to be waded. Most of the path was poor riding, perhaps

because of recent rains, and it was 6 P. M. when we left it and crossed the long bridge to Columbia, 43 m., whence we went, after supper, to Lancaster, 11 m. Wood's road-book says 'the tow-path is good almost the entire distance to H. de G. and wide enough for two carriages abreast'; but there are in fact only a very few places where teams can pass each other in safety, and even a wheelman generally has to dismount to let an ordinary team go by. In some places the path is on the brink of a precipice, where the cycler rides within 18 in. of the edge, so that a false move would send him shooting into space. The novelty of this danger, and the fine scenery, made the experience a pleasant one, though the thermometer stood at 104°, when we rested 1 h. for dinner at McCall's Ferry House, 20 m. from the start. The most refreshing ride of our tour was the last 20 m. of our last day, Paoli to Phila., when our total was 60½ m. A sprained wrist, when 5 m. from L., caused us to take train at Bird-in-Hand, but we alighted again, two stations beyond, and thence took a hot pace to Paoli, at 1 o'clock. We both rode 54 in. Standard Columbias (53 lbs.), and are satisfied that the registry of Lakin cyclometer (514½ m. for the 14 days) was perfectly accurate. Our repetitions of roadway were mostly confined to the 146 m. registered while at Washington. As for previous record, I have not kept a cyclometer from the first, but think I may have done about 3,000 m. each season since I began, in '83. My longest ride then was to Hartford and back; but in '84 I rode to New Haven with my brother (two months after his learning), and to Phila. and back to N. Y., whence I proceeded alone to Troy, 160 m. in 3 days, in spite of poor roads; and kept on through Grafton, over the mountain, to Greenfield, whence I pushed home to S. in 4¾ h. I also wheeled from S. to Lake Pleasant (beyond G.) and back in one day, finding fair roads except for the 7 m. nearest the lake. My 100 m. run to Boston that same autumn has already been mentioned (p. 114). I once wheeled 19 m. in 80 min. on the road without dismount, though I never yet tried to see how long a stay I could make in the saddle." To these statistics from Mr. Eldred, Mr. Sawtell adds the following: "I bought my first wheel in the spring of '84, having perhaps ridden 100 m. previously. My only long trip besides the recent one was 300 m., through Worcester, Lowell, Boston and Providence. As I have ridden steadily for two seasons, to and from my work in a furnishing store, I think it would be safe to set my mileage at 3,000."

The pastor of the First English Lutheran Church at Columbia, Pa., W. P. Evans, writes: "The best run hereabouts is down the tide-water tow-path, through some very beautiful scenery along the Susquehanna, to the river's mouth, 48 m. The 25 m. of this which I have ridden is certainly worthy of a description in your book. My total mileage is nearly 3,000, and represents touring, daily exercising, and somewhat of pastoral work. My longest single tour was from Cooperstown to Albany and Rhinebeck and return." The date of these words was Jan. 30, '84; but in August following the writer accompanied his friend, Rev. S. Stall, for the greater part of a tour of 590 m., extending through Phila., N. Y., Albany, Round Lake, Saratoga, Sharon Springs, Cooperstown, Port Jervis, and Del. Water Gap to Easton; and in August, '85, he took part in the "clerical wheelmen's tour," devised by Mr. S., and described on p. 323.

There was no sunshine, next day, but the atmosphere was hot and sticky, with occasional light, drizzly showers. Finishing breakfast at 9, I devoted 2 h. to polishing up my wheel, and getting the cyclometer into working order. I turned the hands along 1 m., to represent the probable distance traversed after the mud clogged it. Starting at 2 P. M., in the midst of an admiring crowd, who had come to attend the opening day of court, I found, in the course of a few m., several hills which had to be walked, and little water-courses, edged with mud, which gave considerable trouble. Then I sat down beside a broad expanse of reddish water, which reached nearly to the bellies of the horses that were ridden through it; and I smiled sadly when the riders assured me that two other equally bad "fords" were to be found within ½ m., on account of the twisting of the same creek across the road. Finally, a

farmer's cart, laden with sacks of meal and flour, came along; and I clambered on top of the same, and, after ½ m. of the most tiresome jolting conceivable, disembarked on the further side of the third ford. I ought to have stuck to the cart for a few rods further, because I was forced almost immediately to drag the bicycle through three desperate mud holes. Crossing the iron bridge over the Rappahannock, at a store and p. o. called Waterloo, 6½ m. from the start, I found the road so improved as to be almost continuously ridable, and I reached the foot of the hill where stands the store of Amosville, 5½ m., at 5.30. The prospects of finding a lodging-place further on being very dubious, I accepted the proprietor's invitation, and rode back to his house, half-way up the hill, for the night. The bearings of my right pedal having been jarred full of flour by ½ m. of jolting on the sacks, I improved the occasion to clean it, and did so successfully; though I was frightened at first, when the 22 steel balls rattled out on the floor, for I had supposed they were confined in a collar, and I doubted my ability to replace them properly. A notable feature on this afternoon's road were the clumsy, canvas-topped wagons, drawn by 4, 6 or 8 horses or mules, with big bells jangling above their necks, and red tassels attached for style. Their negro drivers, as well as other stray specimens of humanity who were met, always uttered loud shrieks of laughter, whenever they saw me mount the bicycle.

My next day's ride of 34½ m. led over the Blue Ridge, and ended at 6.30 P. M. at the famous Luray Inn. The rain storm which had raged during the night made the roads heavy when I started at 7.15; but all ill-effects had vanished before I reached Gaines's cross-roads, 6 m., and t. l. at 8.35. Washington, the c. h. town next on the road (5½ m. in 1½ h.), is called "Little," to distinguish it from the Capital; and before getting to it I was forced to cross a wide stream on a log-and-plank bridge, whose ends were rather difficult of access. A similar experience was had when entering Sperryville, 6 m. (p. 352), though that bridge was shorter; and in each case I trundled the bicycle along the log, wheelbarrow-fashion, without accident. The owner of the hotel in W. was "one of Mosby's men"; and while I rested there for 1½ h., and imbibed a quart or more of milk, he entertained me, in a very good-natured way, with reminiscences of his boyish escapades as a trooper. I reached the hotel in S., in 1½ h., at 1 o'clock, and got an excellent dinner there, including some very toothsome wild strawberries, whereof the landlord remarked that he had just bought 6 quarts for 75 cents from a casual mountaineer. I blessed the man's industry, and regretted its scant reward; for, if better berries than these were ever created, it had not been the luck of my palate to be tickled with them. The fog or mist, which had been obscuring the mountain-tops during the forenoon, produced a sharp shower while I sat at dinner; but the sun shone again at 2 o'clock, when I started on the up-grade of the Blue Ridge. It was mostly ridable for 4 m. (1 h.), to a point where a U. S. mail-carrier, who had been riding alongside me, t. l. into a rough, short-cut path through the woods, while I continued along the main road, generally on foot,

winding around towards the summit of the gap (3½ m. in 1½ h.), where this solitary horseman was awaiting me.

This highest place in the road is opposite a peak called Mary's rock, from which a wonderfully wide view is said to be attainable; and a picnic party had just come down from the enjoyment of it as I passed along. Fine views had tempted me to stop at various points on my upward road, which was smooth enough to make easy riding on the descent. My own actual descent on the w. was continuously ridable for 4½ m., though I gave 1 h. to it and made two brief halts on the way. I stopped first 1 m. from the summit, in rounding a sharp curve, where I was a little afraid my brake would not hold, and where I also wished to enjoy the view. The next dismount was made 2½ m. below, to avoid frightening a wood-team. As to this, I have a mirthful recollection of the alacrity with which a brave passenger leaped from the wagon and scrambled up the bank into the woods,—"So as to be ready to catch the horses," he explained to me, apologetically, as I walked past those not very rampant animals, whose driver kept them well in hand. My third dismount, at the foot of the mountain, 1 m. below, was also because of a team.

This down-hill ride of 4½ m. was perhaps the strangest and most ticklish one in my experience. Though I made it very slowly and carefully, I had an abiding consciousness that "every minute was gwine ter be de nex'," as Uncle Remus says; and, as the cold chills crept along my spine, whenever the rear wheel lifted in air, I rather wondered at my temerity in sticking to the saddle longer. Even to the least adventurous of mortals, however, such riding, "on de brink ob ruin," has a grim fascination all its own; and it forced me to persist in the freak of tempting fickle Fortune to the uttermost, so long as I did n't really fall. I 'm too cautious a man ever to seek out such a grade, for the sake of taking a risky ride down it; but when I found it, as a section of my appointed path, I felt in duty bound to make a trial of my abilities as a "hillian," even though my hair stiffened to spikiness, as one steep pitch after another was revealed to my anxious gaze. There were some rough places, and some patches of red clay which a rain would soon render unridable; but most of the road was fairly smooth, and led through deep woods, with only a few outlooks into the valley. At some of these places, I could see the dense rain-sheets of separate showers, sweeping along the tops of adjacent mountains; and, though I was lightly sprinkled upon without being wetted, the rattling claps of thunder and sharp flashes of lightning added to the weirdness of my environment. The spectacular effect of this battle of the elements was certainly grand, and I recall it with pleasure; though, as I lowered myself slowly downward, aching, as to my arms, from the strain of a prolonged clutch upon the handle-bar, and expecting momentarily to be drenched by a sudden sweep towards me of the shower, I did not then regard my lot as a superlatively happy one. I was comforted, however, by the thought that if my final "transformation scene" were really destined to be effected by electricity, here in these solitary summits of the Blue Ridge, there

would be a certain poetic appropriateness about it; and that my executor would be able to assure the sorrowing subscribers of this book that "Number 234, Jr.," was found with a creditable degree of polish upon its nickel-plate, and that the white riding-clothes of its owner were fairly clean!

After rounding a rocky ledge at the foot of the mountain, I found a straight road—rather rough, with some streaks of red and yellow clay—to a hill beyond a r. r. crossing, about 2 m. Beyond this, I met a ford, crossed by a narrow plank; and, afterwards, within 1 m. of the fine hotel at Luray, a still broader one, having no sign of a bridge but a rough rail fence, along which some well-dressed ladies were slowly struggling, with an awkwardness quite painful to behold. Realizing that it would be useless for me to attempt dragging my bicycle along such a fence, I raised it above my head and stolidly plodded for a rod or two through six inches of running water. At the r. r., I t. l. along the tracks to the station, and then rode up the steep but smooth board walk to the Luray Inn. The entrance to the Cave is 1¼ m. away, and I wheeled thither and back, the next forenoon, though the hill through the village is a steep one. Regretfully, at 2.30, I turned my back on the scene of my "last good dinner in Virginia," and in 1 h. reached the ferry over the South Fork, 4¾ m. Good riding followed for 3 m., and then 1 m. of up-grade, after which I walked most of the last 2 m., to the summit of the Massanutten, at 5 o'clock, though I think a powerful rider might conquer the whole of it. The first of the descent was smooth, but towards the end the rough clay seemed too dangerous for me to ride. The views of the Shenandoah Valley, as I thus descended into it, were of surpassing beauty. I struck the valley pike, at the Central Hotel in Newmarket, 4 m. from the summit, in 1 h., the latter part of the road, from the covered bridge, being of rough brown clay, which would probably be found hammered into smoothness in dry weather.

"Lovely" is the proper adjective to apply to the broad plain where stands the Luray Inn, with nearly all of its horizon bounded by the beautifully blue summits of the Blue Ridge,—the remoter ones almost imperceptibly sinking into the blue of the sky itself. The hill where entrance is made to the Cave also commands a noble outlook; though this is not needed to cheer the spirits of the tourist when he emerges from an inspection of its wonders. The electric lights, reflecting the glitter of the gigantic crystals, make the cavern itself a fairly cheerful place, without detracting from its weird and indescribable impressiveness; whereas, in the Mammoth Cave (p. 232), the uppermost feeling left upon my mind was one of profound gloom over its mysteriousness and immensity. The guide would throw lighted rolls of oiled paper into its deepest chasms, and would illumine its most remarkable domes and chambers by burning red and blue chemicals; but the darkness seemed all the deeper after these brief breaks in it, and the prison-like feeling produced by a knowledge that, if the guide became disabled, no exit would be possible until the next guide came along the route (a period of a few minutes or of several hours), was not a happy one. Mammoth Cave, furthermore, has been vulgarized in some places by piles of stones rudely labeled as "monuments," and in other places by tourists' names inscribed in candle-smoke upon the ceilings, and by the pits and implements used in the making of saltpetre, and by a house whose floor is an inch or two deep with "visiting cards" which have been swept down from the walls by later "visitors" whose cards are pinned there. The house which makes this melancholy exhibition of mortal vanity is one of a series built early in the century to shelter a colony of consumptives, who vainly hoped that the unvarying temperature of the cavern would

restore their diseased lungs to health. They might more pleasantly have died at the outset, it seems to me, than thus dismally have buried themselves from the daylight; for though many miles may there be walked, much of the walking leads through deep dust, and some of it over rocks which are slippery with water or otherwise difficult. When a lady sprains an ankle in such a place, the task of lugging her out, 5 or 6 m., by the flickering light of lanterns, is too tiresome for romance or poetry. I name these defects and discomforts of the cavern not to discourage any healthy and vigorous person from going there (for Mammoth Cave is a real wonder of the world, which every American ought to visit, in spite of the 9 m. of bad road which separates it from the railway), but to emphasize the contrast which the cavern of Luray offers in respect to attractiveness and accessibility. By virtue of its recent discovery, it has been kept unmarred, as Nature made it; and all its spectacular magnificence may be viewed in a comfortable and leisurely manner. A single inspection of the Mammoth Cave sufficed to gratify my curiosity; but Luray I would like to look at often, just as I like to look often at Niagara.

I may say the same of the Natural Bridge, and the mountains overhanging it; and I have explained on p. 350 how conveniently a trip thither may be combined with one to Luray. A carriage road, which crosses the Bridge a few rods s. of the hotel and not much above its level, winds by easy grades to the top of Mt. Jefferson, a smooth and open summit crowned by an observatory which offers an inspiring view of grand mountain-ranges in nearly every direction,—the extreme peaks on the horizon being nearly 100 m. apart. I thought myself very fortunate in having the whole of a sunshiny afternoon to loiter upon that glorious hill-top (in a balmy temperature of 70°, though it was the last Saturday of autumn), for a two days' fog lifted just before my arrival, and a two days' rain began soon after nightfall. "Picturesque B. and O." (see p. 245) makes only a casual allusion to Natural Bridge, though it gives a third of its space (pp. 68-114) to "the Valley of Virginia," and illustrates the same with 32 pictures, including a fairly good view of Luray Cave, and of the White Sulphur Springs Hotel. The same authority says that a good hotel may be found at Weyer's Cave, which is reached by a stage-coach ride of 14 m., beginning at a point about half-way between Staunton and Harrisonburg. This cave is described with enthusiasm in "Picturesque America" (I. 212), by Sallie A. Brock; and there are also caves near Newmarket whose attractions are locally proclaimed as "superior in some respects to Luray." Of the journey to L. which some Washington wheelmen made, from the Valley View Springs Hotel, overlooking Newmarket, I quote the following report from the *Wheelman* article used on p. 348; and it may be instructively compared with my own experiences on the same road, as given on p. 381: "On Sept. 4, we climbed laboriously on foot (40 min.) to the top of the mountain,—the surface being hard and smooth, but unridable for any distance on account of the grade,—and, after seeing that the brakes were in order, began the descent. That was a memorable piece of hill-riding! A recent shower had made the road-bed wet; stones of all sizes lay around promiscuously; sharp turns occurred at short intervals; but over all was the grade—at least 1 in 8 all the way down. Every foot to the bottom was ridden without dismount by two of us, and the cyclometer showed the distance from the summit was just 2½ m. Of the 7 m. thence to the Luray Inn, which was reached at 12.30, the first 3 m., to the North Fork, is excellent; the rest has many hills and steep ones, and the loose stones treacherously imbedded in the soil demand great care in riding. We rode down the almost perpendicular hill into Luray, and one of the party afterwards rode up it. Next morning, we retraced our course, walking to the summit of Massanutten, and riding down the opposite side to Valley View House for dinner. Thence at 3 we proceeded across to Newmarket and struck the Valley pike again."

I had planned to go again to Staunton, but, being two days behind my schedule, I decided that I must deny myself that pleasure, and so faced for the n., along one of the very prettiest sections of the entire valley. I have alluded in Chapter XXIV. (p. 346) to this 7 m. spin without stop, 6.25 to 7.10 P. M., as a specially exhilarating one; and it sharpened my appetite for supper at Wilson's Hotel, in Mt. Jackson, where I was quite taken aback by the

unexpected luxury of broiled frog's-legs. Through all this favored region, the noble bull-frog vaunts himself in much grandeur and greenness, and furnishes great sport to the small boy, after school hours are over. I saw several such intently engaged in "frogging," at previous points on the road, but never suspected that I was to enjoy the results of similar labors; and I presume that any epicure on the wheel, who may plan to pass a night in Mt. Jackson, can always make sure of a frog supper, during the season, by sending a day's notice of his desire to the owner of the comfortable hotel there situated.

When I started away from it, at 6 A. M. of May 29, a very cold wind was blowing; and the air continued of such phenomenal chilliness during the day that I actually kept on my flannel jacket without discomfort. The night which followed was so bitter as to set all the natives to shivering. I afterwards learned, to my sorrow, that this extraordinary cold wave had been very widely diffused,—producing, in Massachusetts, a frost of unheard-of severity which destroyed all the crops. But it was an ideal day for wheeling, and I reached the Chalybeate Springs Hotel, in Strasburg, 25 m., in just 3 h., covering thus a longer distance than ever before in that interval. My first stop was for the sake of a horse; my second was forced by a long hill of rough mac. which I could n't quite surmount (this same hill was the only one not conquered by H. S. Wood, the previous week, in riding the whole 125 m. from Staunton to the Potomac); and at Woodstock I halted to get a drink from a milk-wagon. This was at the middle-point of the spin, 12½ m. and 1½ h. from the start, and I think I kept the saddle then to S. The hotel in W. was labeled "Shenandoah," and looked not unattractive. I delayed 1½ h. for breakfast and for renewing my acquaintance of the previous November with the owner of the hotel (p. 345), whom I quickly beguiled into subscribing for the book; and I made several long stops on the road, to enjoy the scenery, or the talk of people who recalled the stirring events of war times. Hence, it was nearly 2 when I halted for lunch at a restaurant opposite the post-office in Winchester, 17½ m., and it was 3 when I really resumed my journey on the Berryville pike, after an intermediate progress of 1 m., in examining the monuments of the Confederate cemetery. The 50 m. between Newmarket and this point had been wheeled by me in the opposite direction (Nov. 21, '83, 8.30 A. M. to 5.40 P. M., see p. 345), but the rest of my route was new. Good wheeling prevailed for 4½ m., much of it down a defile which allowed no view, to a place where I crossed a stream, a rod wide, on stones and a log. Opequon creek, with a ford 3 or 4 rods wide, was ½ m. beyond, and a passing farm-wagon ferried me across. The driver said there was a line of stepping stones, a little ways below, but I saw nothing of them. Berryville, 6 m., was reached in 1 h., and I ought there to have taken a sharp t. l. for the Charlestown pike, but I unwittingly kept straight on for 5 m. till brought to a halt by the river at Candleman's Ferry. (This was formerly called Snicker's, and leads to Snicker's Gap, the unattractive route through which to the Potomac is given on p. 244.) Turning about, I made one or two detours on cross roads towards

Charlestown before deciding to go back to Berryville for the night, and I rode 2 m. there, in a vain pursuit of "strawberries for supper," so that when I stopped, at 7.15, my day's record was just 67 m. A local rider escorted me 3 m. out, the next morning; and I entered West Virginia, 2 m. beyond his place of leaving me, at 10.45. The court house in Charlestown, 7½ m., where John Brown was tried in 1859, was reached just before noon, and though a decent-looking hotel called the Carter stood opposite to it, I decided to press on to Harper's Ferry for dinner. When I reached the Mountain View House there, 7½ m. in 1½ h., I found a horde of cheap excursionists from Washington in full control; and I had to fight for all the food I got. Under normal conditions, the establishment might offer a fair amount of comfort, and it is certainly a great improvement on the desperately dirty one, which I found there two years before (p. 241). At the cemetery on the hill in sight of H. F., where the roads fork, I t. r. down a rough and partly unridable slope to the riverside, and followed this, with lofty cliffs overhanging the l., past the U. S. Armory ruins, to the hotel. The l. road at the cemetery was said to be inferior. The road from C. to that point was hilly and difficult, with much freshly-laid mac., and one or two small villages. Crossing the bridge into Maryland at 2, I t. l. up the C. & O. tow-path, and after riding 6 m. pleasantly in 1 h. (getting over two waste-weirs on logs and wading one, which would be troublesome in time of high water), I stopped about 1 h. to chat with a tourist who was wheeling in the opposite direction (see p. 244). I rode the next 6 m. as fast as I could (½ h.), and then t. r. from the tow-path, walked up a hill, and followed a rough road of yellow clay to Sharpsburg, 3½ m. The place where I left the canal was opposite the bridge which crosses the Potomac to Shepherdstown, whence a good mac. road extends w. to Martinsburg, 12 m. (p. 344); while another road, presumably ridable, reaches from Sharpsburg to Williamsport (pp. 238, 344).

I found the people of S. celebrating Memorial Day, by decorating the graves in the adjacent National Cemetery, where sleep the 2,000 Union soldiers who fell in the great battle of the Antietam (Sept. 17, 1862), that raged from daybreak till sundown, along the hills and through the ravines among which winds the deeply-flowing creek whose name was thus made historic. I believe I crossed it twice by bridges, one on each side of S., and that 2 or 3 m. of my riding was along a path where the bloody waves of battle had surged back and forth upon that dreadful day. I reached the Baldwin House in Hagerstown (p. 238), at 7.10 P. M., with a day's record of 48¼ m., and at once possessed myself of the baggage which I had sent thither from Washington, and which I next day despatched to New York. I rode 236 m. in the 6 days between W. and H., and 246 m. in the 6 days between H. and N. Y.; and I think each experience represents about as long a time or distance as I like to push a bicycle without having access to a larger supply of personal comforts than I care to carry on it. My ride from Sharpsburg to H., 13 m. in 1½ h., was along an undulating toll-pike of mac., often bordered with locust-trees in

full bloom, with ridable hills and many pleasing views of a fertile and prosperous country. Starting n. from the central square of H. at 11 A. M. of the 31st, I t. r. at the first toll-gate, 1½ m., and after passing the gate at Leitersburg, 5¾ m., at 11.50, t. l. for Waynesboro, 5 m., which is just inside the line of Pennsylvania. Thence I jogged on, at 1.30, after a dinner at the National Hotel (whose owner said he was glad to subscribe for a wheeler's guide, even though forced to fight the printers for not spelling his own name "Wheler"), carrying a paper bag full of strawberries at the l. end of my handle-bar. Rather than drop these, on the occasion of a sudden dismount, I let the wheel itself drop, for the first time in its history (record, 667 m.); and I did not drop it again until 738 m. later. The toll-gate on the mountain summit, 5 m. from W., was reached in 2 h., and at the brick summer-hotel of Monterey, ½ m. beyond, I t. l., and began upon 2 m. of down-hill riding. Being warned that the first sign "l. to Gettysburg" would lead me into a rough and hilly road, I kept on till within a few rods of the toll-gate of the Emmettsburg pike, and there t. l. across a covered bridge. At 5 o'clock, when 11 m. from W., I reached a sign "3½ m. to Fairfield," and I was almost 1 h. in getting to the Mansion House in F., 3¾ m., which is also called Millerstown. I finished at the Eagle Hotel in Gettysburg, 8¼ m., at 7.30 o'clock. The last 5 or 6 m. of road, being made of powdered red sandstone, was fairly good; but from the bridge to F. the surface was mostly unridable, though level. I was assured, by the owner of the Eagle, that the route over the mountains, which I had been warned against, would have been found much better than the one actually traversed. I paid an early visit, next morning,—which was perfectly clear and pleasant,—to the National Cemetery, and made several circuits of its ideally smooth roads, so that 3 m. were added to my register when I returned to the hotel for breakfast.

General Doubleday's book on "Gettysburg" (Scribners, $1), whose maps of the region I have alluded to on p. 352, is an admirable companion for the studious tourist who wishes to bring before his mind a clear conception of the sulphurous scenes once enacted here,—though I believe a cheaper local guide is procurable at the hotel. A visit may also be recommended to the great circular building of the Boston Cyclorama Company, 531 to 541 Tremont st., Boston, where, according to the advertisement, "you step at once into the center of the battle as it took place, and may expect to see the grandest sight of the age; for the managers have expended no less than $300,000 in perfecting this wonderful representation of Gettysburg." The battle which raged along these slopes and plains from the 1st to the 3d of July, 1863, will probably rank in history as chief among the decisive ones of the civil war. Here, at least, the South made her supreme effort to play the part of an invader; and never again was she able to bring into the field so mighty and hopeful a host. Nowhere else, I think, did so many representative men, from so many States, struggle so long and so desperately for the mastery. Looking at these endless rows of soldiers' grave-stones in this National Cemetery, and thinking of the equally numerous Confederate dead whose unmarked resting places are hard by, I pity the man who is possessed by any other sentiment than one of profound sorrow and compassion that so many of America's best and bravest were fated thus to slaughter one another. At Gettysburg, if nowhere else, the survivors or successors of that warring generation, which has now mostly gone from the stage, can afford to view the hard-fought field "with malice towards none—with charity for all." As I stood there beside the graves of the Massachusetts men, on that bright

Sunday morning, the first day of summer, twenty-one years after the combat, I thought of the wise words spoken at the age of 34 by the gallant soldier whom I like to remember as the best single contribution which that native State of mine made to the civil war: William Francis Bartlett (b. June 6, 1840, d. Dec. 17, 1876), the youngest man who came out of that war as a Major General, commanding a division in the largest army of modern times. And these are the words, whose statesmanlike grasp and greatness made them seem to me more truly monumental than any of the inscriptions which I read on the monuments at Gettysburg, that Sunday morning,—words which I hope will be remembered, as the characteristic and representative utterance of a typical and thoroughbred Yankee, long after the pitiful maunderings of the decrepit political pigmies, who now pretend to speak for New England, shall have been buried, with themselves, in charitable oblivion: "It was to make this a happy, reunited country, where every man should be in reality free and equal before the law, that our comrades fought, our brothers fell. They died not that New England might prosper, or that the West might thrive. They died not to defend the Northern Capitol, or preserve those marble halls where the polished statesmen of the period conduct their dignified debates! *They died for their country—for the South no less than for the North.* And the Southern youth, in the days to come, will see this, and, as he stands in these hallowed halls and reads those names, realizing the grandeur and power of a country which, thanks to them, is still his, will exclaim: 'These men fought for my salvation as well as for their own. They died to preserve not merely the unity of a nation, but the destinies of a continent.' * * * As an American, I am as proud of the men who charged so bravely with Pickett's Division on our lines at Gettysburg, as I am of the men who so bravely met and repulsed them there. Men cannot always choose the right cause; but when, having chosen that which conscience dictates, they are ready to die for it, if they justify not their cause, they at least ennoble themselves. And the men who, for conscience' sake, fought against their government at Gettysburg, ought easily to be forgiven by the sons of men who, for conscience' sake, fought against their government at Lexington and Bunker Hill. As Massachusetts was first in war, so let her be first in peace, and she shall ever be first in the hearts of her countrymen. And let us here resolve that, true to her ancient motto, while in war '*Ense petit placidam*,' in peace she demands, not only for herself, but for every inch of this great country, '*sub libertate quietem*.'"—From his speeches at Cambridge, June 24, 1874, and Lexington, April 19, 1875, as given on pp. 251, 257 of "Memoir of General Bartlett," by Francis Winthrop Palfrey (Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co., 1878).

Resuming the journey from G. at 11.10, I stopped for dinner at Oxford, 10 m., from 1.20 to 2, and reached Abbottown, 4 m., at 2.55. The pike to this point (and for 6 m. further, where the smooth riding of the day began) may be described as a cobble-stone macadam, with the top-dressing washed away, having side-tracks of red sandstone or red and yellow clay; fairly level and most of it ridable, but none of it excellent. The city of York hove in sight 4 or 5 m. before I reached it. Descending into it at last by a gentle grade to the river, I crossed this and went past the National Hotel to the central square and market place, at 5.25, when the cyclometer registered 9 m. from the point of striking the smooth road. At 6.20 I had ridden 5½ m. more; and I reached the Susquehanna, 2 m. beyond this,—making a sharp descent through Wrightsville to the bridge. My cyclometer called this dark and dismal structure just 1 m. long; and ¼ m. beyond its end at Columbia, I ended my day's journey of 44¼ m., at the Franklin House, at 7.50 P. M. Monday forenoon I devoted to walking about town, and talking with local riders; and in the afternoon, between 2 and 5, I wheeled leisurely to Lancaster, 11 m., escorted by a pair of clergymen, one of whom afterwards managed the clerical

tour described on p. 323. The mac. was rather dusty, for want of rain; but I think my companions said they had several times ridden between C. and L. without dismount. Another L. rider piloted me 4½ m., next morning, to the Landis Valley House, where I t. r. and followed the Catfish pike to its end at Oregon; and then a dirt road, winding over the hills, while locust blossoms filled the air with fragrance, just as on my afternoon's approach to Hagerstown. Passing the cross-roads of East Lynde and Akron, I came to Ephrata, at 10.30 (13½ m. in 3 h. from L.), where "the Mt. Vernon House by Z. Undercuffler" presented a decent appearance; and I stopped 1 h. later at Reamstown, 4 m., for ice-cream. Another 4 m. took me to Adamstown, and a stop of 1 h. for dinner; thence 5 m. in 1½ h. to the Five Mile House, in sight of Reading, at 3.15. The road was good, all the way into R., and I reached Penn st. there, 5½ m., at 4; and after a talk with local cyclers, and a detour to Ninth st., I was told to try Fifth st., as the best outlet from the city.

Climbing the hill past the cemetery, where a fine view was offered, I t. l. at its foot, and went under the first culvert but not the second. From this point along the r. r. and so to the Temple road-house, 6½ m. at 6, I reversed the route by which I entered the city on the previous autumn (see p. 343); and at 7 I reached the top of a hill, 4 m. from the Temple; and at 8.10 I reached Kutztown, 6 m., riding without stop for 1 m. or more at the end, spite of dusk and darkness. After a long but smooth ascent, I passed a large State institution on the r., before descending into K., whose hotels are all inferior. I afterwards thought that I might have fared quite as well, if I had stopped at the lone road-house about midway between R. and K. I covered 49 m., that day, on roads of soft yellow clay or brown loam, which were nearly all ridable, though they offered hardly any good riding. The sun shone brightly, but a breeze tempered the heat. The next day was hotter, and the afternoon roads were dusty; and as my night's sleep after the long journey had been poor, I rode no further than Easton (35 m., 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.). Rothrocksville tempted me to stop for beer at 10, Trexlertown was passed at 11; and the American House in Allentown, 18½ m. from K., was reached at 12.30. Light brown and yellow clay supplied pretty good riding from K. to T., but between T. and A. there were many stones covered by deep dust, and several bad hills. Cheered by the first well-served dinner I had had since leaving the Luray Inn, a week before (296 m.), I jogged to Bethlehem, between 2 and 3.30, paying 8 c. toll for the use of the dusty mac. road, which is said to offer excellent riding in damper weather. Resting ½ h. in B., I reached the Farmersville Hotel, 10 m. from A., at 4.40, and then took no further note of my cyclometer until the finish, 6½ m. beyond, at the United States Hotel in Easton. This stands on a corner, a short distance l. of the public square, into which I descended by a very steep grade.

I have already described (p. 173) the next day's ride across New Jersey to Newark, 72 m., the longest and most difficult in the 20 days' circuit of 765 m. which was thus completed, and which raised my cyclometer to 898 m. I mounted not again for more than three months; and

the story of how I then continued the trail 200 m. to Springfield in September has been told on pp. 169-172, 146-148, 121; and of my December ride back to New York, on pp. 122, 134, 136. On the 24th of December, in the midst of a driving snow-storm, I rode my wheel from Washington Heights to Washington Square, 7½ m., and stored it in my chambers, with the vow not to mount it again "until after the publication of my book." Hence, for more than a year I've had not even a taste of wheeling. That final ride was my 44th on "No. 234, Jr.," during 8 months, and brought its record up to 1,408 m.,—showing a daily average of nearly 32 m. I fell with it on the 324th and 836th m., and dropped it on the 667th and 1,407th m.—bending the l. crank in the latter case, and the handle-bar the other times. When I reached my April starting-point in Hartford (Dec. 4), I completed a continuous circuit of 1,050 m. of separate roadway (excluding all detours as well as repetitions); and less than 250 m. of that circuit had been included in the 5,000 m. previously explored by me in riding twice that distance on a bicycle. This fact suggests the readiness with which even the most experienced of riders may lay out a pleasant course through country which is entirely new to him. The good touring routes are practically inexhaustible.

The compiler of the "League Road Book of Pa. and N. J.," described on p. 177, H. S. Wood (b. Dec. 18, 1860), of Philadelphia, has supplied for me the following details of his 215 m. ride from Staunton to Gettysburg and Columbia, which I have already alluded to (pp. 317, 383) as the longest three days' straightaway run yet reported in America: "Starting from S. at 6 A. M., May 23, 1884, 1 h. after completing an all-night, sleepless ride by train from Washington, I reached Harrisonville at 9, and Newmarket, 44½ m., at 11.10. Between 2.20 and 4, I rode from N. to Edinburg, where a storm stopped me till 5.40, when I wheeled 5 m. in a hard rain to Woodstock, at 6.20, completing thus a run of 63 m. in 6½ h. of riding. The weather was warm and calm, and the next day's was very hot, with a light breeze at my back; while the road surface in the bottoms was heavy from the rain. Leaving W. at 8 A. M., I reached Hagerstown at 6.30 P. M., a run of 73 m. in 7¾ h. of riding. My longest stop was at Winchester, 1¾ h., ending at 1.20; Bunker Hill, 11½ m., was passed at 2.45; Martinsburg, 10 m., at 4, and Williamsport, 14 m., at 5.35. On Sunday, I covered 79 m., H. to Columbia, 7 A. M. to 7.45 P. M. About half the road was very poor, and my riding time of 10½ h. was divided equally by my stop of 1 h. at Gettysburg, 37 m. from H., where I got a good dinner at the 'Eagle.' I reached Waynesboro, 11½ m. from H., at 8.35; Emmetsburg, 15 m., at 11.15; and Gettysburg, 11 m., at 1 P. M. As no road could be worse than this vile stretch from E. to G., where several hills must be walked, I advise others to avoid any such detour by taking the direct route from W. to G. The 10 m. from G. to Oxford, 2 to 3.40 P. M., offered very poor wheeling, and the surface then gradually improved for 5 m. to Abbotstown. I rode all the hills but one between Staunton and Hagerstown; had no falls during the 215 m., and felt no ill effects on the fourth day, when I did considerable wheeling in the region of Columbia, before embarking there on a long boating trip, which finished my vacation. My wheel was a 58 in. Light Rudge, with Duryea saddle and McDonnell cyclometer. A year earlier (July 1, '83), I took a straightaway ride of just 12 h., from Philadelphia to Columbia, about 80 m., ending at 4.15 P. M.,—my longest stop being 1½ h. for dinner at Lancaster. I rode then a 54 in. Expert, and was favored with a cool wind at my back; but I would not care to take the same trip again, for the 25 m. from Coatesville to L. was very rough and hilly, though much of it ridable. Let me say that an excellent course of 53 m. from Philadelphia to Wilmington is to follow this same Lancaster pike 20 m. to Paoli, then t. l. for West Chester and Chadd's Ford and follow the Brandywine to W. This allows 14 m. of splendid Telford, 9 m. of very good clay and 20 m. of good dirt, besides the pavement-riding in the terminal cities. I cannot tell how near my total riding approximates to 10,000 m., as I kept no record the first year. Of my '82 tour from New York to Boston, to which the *Wheelman's* letter alluded, the less said the better. I can think of nothing else in my record worth mentioning, except a ride of 106 m. on July 4, '84, between daybreak and darkness. Starting from Frankford (Phila.), I reached Plainfield, 69 m., in season for a 1 o'clock dinner, then continued to Jersey City, and came back from there to Newark,—the latter part of the journey being in the rain." Mr. W. printed two columns in praise of "the unequaled Shenandoah" in the *L. A. W. Bulletin* (Aug. 27, '85, p. 156); and on Oct. 18 he rode again from Phila. to Lancaster, 60 m.

in 7¼ h., and reached Columbia, 11 m., 2 h. later. His route from Paoli to L. was about 15 m. (or 3 h.) shorter than the pike between those points, which he had traversed on his previous journey; and the 14 m. section of it from P. to Downingtown is thus described: "Leave the pike at Green Tree and take Indian King road, which is parallel to Penn. r. r., on s. side, to Malvern whence it turns somewhat s. w., to Indian King Inn, where it merges into the Boot road, direct for D. At Valley Creek, about 2 m. before reaching D., it goes under r. r., and the w. down-grade of hill there is ridable. The surface is mostly hard clay, much superior to the pike." Possibly this newer route was the one taken by S. B. Downey, of L., when he wheeled from that city to Phila. (Lanc. av. and 52d. st.), "Sept. 20, '85, between 6.30 A. M. and 2 P. M., on a country road, a distance of about 70 m., with two stoppages for meals." Another notable local ride was that of Frank Ernberg, Landisville to Phila., 76 m., 4 A. M. to 7 P. M., June 15, '85.

"The Philadelphia riding district" is thus described by Mr. W. in his road-book: "All wheelmen use the Park and the Lancaster pike on the n. w.; many take the gravel highways radiating from Camden on the e., and a few of the bolder and more curious riders penetrate the comparatively unknown regions to the n. and s. w. The Lancaster pike, whereon commence routes to West Chester, Lancaster, Norristown and Reading, begins at the 52d st. station of the Penn. r. r. and leads the wheelman over an unsurpassed Telford road, with many hills, through Ardmore (4), Haverford College (5), Bryn Mawr (6), Wayne (10), Devon (12), Berwyn (13) and Paoli (16). Branching from the main pike, generally to the n., are many roads whose surfaces are fast being laid with the Telford pavement. Already starting from Bryn Mawr the road s. to G. W. Childs's country-seat, and Montgomery av. w. to the Gulf Mills (a lovely spot), offer inviting diversions, while most valuable of all appears the newly piked road to Conshohocken and Norristown, leading from Bryn Mawr station n. From Ardmore in turn a Telford leads s. to Coopertown, and a similar one n. to Merion Square, while from Overbrook a new and valuable route has been created to the hitherto inaccessible General Wayne Hotel, with digressions on Highland and Union av's. The fashionable suburban character of this neighborhood ensures constant additions to the now quite respectable list of n. w. runs, and when the beautiful Mill Creek road shall have joined its well-paved companions, cyclers will have little more to desire in that direction. In Fairmount Park wheelmen enjoy perfect liberty on the carriage ways, provided: (1) That a bell be carried always; a lamp by night; and a whistle, not at all. (2) That wheelmen ride not more than two abreast. (3) That no coasting be attempted. (4) That no wheel be left unattended by the roadside. (5) That the pace shall not exceed 7 m. per h. (the judgment of the police on this subject, however, being somewhat elastic). Owing to the cost of the City Hall, municipal expenditure on both Park and streets has been of recent years much too small for maintenance, and the Fairmount roads are, therefore, much inferior to the Lancaster pike. The West Park has the better surface at present, although the East Park is the more interesting in its river road, which, if followed up the Schuylkill and Wissahickon to Indian Rock, furnishes a straightaway of 10 m. of unsurpassed beauty, but constantly increasing difficulty. The various deviations in the West Park surround the sites of the Centennial buildings, and finally concentrate at the top of Belmont into one highway leading to the Old Ford Hill. In making the Park circuit, always start with the West, in order to walk down this soft and unridable grade, at whose foot a rather poor cinder road leads northward to the Falls Bridge, over which one must walk to the East Park drive.

"To the n. of P. the comparatively inaccessible region of Germantown offers a few mac. streets in the midst of a wilderness of pavement or sand; and if, by skilful navigation, the rider emerges on the farther side, he finds the abominable Reading road to Norristown, and the more ridable Bethlehem and Lime Kiln pikes leading due n., over a stony and hilly country, into the better "new red sandstone" of Montgomery county. This condition remains unchanged when, in passing e., we strike the Old York road—a prolongation of North Broad st. Between this road and Frankford a riding wilderness intervenes, and a 7 m. jolt over cobbles or sidewalks must be endured before the fairly good Bristol pike is reached. Skipping over the city to the s. and s. w. border, we find the extension of Market st.,—the direct and worst possible route to West Chester, embodying all that is vile of stone and dust. Crossing this delectable

highway, and coming from the mac. region of North Belmont av. and Overbrook, is the Township Line road, which has left its mac. near the Lancaster pike to lose its conglomerate identity in radiating forks to Media and Chester. Still farther s. the Baltimore pike ('Baltimore' meaning that travelers thereto should take any other route), starting from the r. fork at Darby road and Woodlands Cemetery, leads by a very direct, rough and hilly route to Media and Chadd's Ford. Passing s. once more, and commencing where the Balt. pike began, we find the Darby road, with 1 m. or so of sidewalk-riding before the cobbles give place to very uncertain mac. This is, at some seasons, fair riding to Darby; thence somewhat rough and rutty to Chester and Wilmington. But by far the most satisfactory southern outlet is the Tinicum road, parallel to the Delaware below the mouth of the Schuylkill. This road, approached by 5 m. of Belgian, mac., and side paths, offers a dead level surface of very fair, quickly drying gravel for another 4 m., and finally joins the Darby and Chester pike (after a sand hole and a turn inland) near Moore's Station. Crossing the river to Camden by Market St. Ferry, and beginning with the northernmost, we find the gravel pikes to Burlington (fair to poor), Merchantville and Moorestown (good), Marlton (fair), Haddonfield and White Horse (good), and Mt. Ephraim (good). The connections with South Jersey are best made by South St. Ferry to Gloucester, whence a good gravel pike leads to Woodbury. From this point three highways radiate southward,—the easternmost through Pitman Grove and Glassboro' to Vineland (fair to poor), the next to Woodstown by way of Mullica Hill, and the last direct to Swedesboro', Woodstown and Salem. From Salem a magnificent surface runs through Bridgeton and Millville to Vineland. All the Jersey roads above mentioned are reclaimed from a sandy soil by gravel piking. They become vile in frosty weather and dusty in a very dry season, but are generally fine, especially after the spring scraping, or a soaking rain in summer. The Devon Inn, the Wayne hotels, or that at Bryn Mawr, afford visitors the best and most compact riding with the highest social advantages."

The latter part of the next chapter is from the *Wheel World*, London, Oct., '85. The allegorical design which I have described on the opposite page (*Harper's Weekly*, Jan. 9, '69, p. 25) was drawn by Winslow Homer, who, at about that time, occupied a studio in the University Building. The same paper of April 10 (p. 236) had a sketch of the Prince Imperial and a boy companion practicing on velocipedes in the presence of the Emperor, in the reserved garden of the Tuileries. Its final illustration of the subject (May 1, p. 281) was a full-page picture, drawn by Thomas Worth, entitled "The Velocipede Mania—What It May Come To!" This is of a comic cast, and depicts eight bicycles and three four-wheelers, driving swiftly along in front of "J. Shank's Horse Meat Market." The latter vehicles are ridden by women, one of them having a baby in her arms, another having a garbage-cart attached, and the third being a lady of fashion, for whom a parasol is held by a "tiger" in the rear. The bicycle riders are an editor, a soldier, a clergyman, a doctor, a student, a baker, a milkman and a butcher-boy; and the single pedestrian in the sketch is emerging, with his arm in a sling, from the "Velocipede Manufactory and Riding School." At just about the time when this picture was printed, "the craze" came to its sudden end; and this end was foretold by another comic cut in the same issue of the paper: "The Fate of the Bicycles—'Knives to Grind!'" The only later allusion to it ever given in *Harper's Weekly* was contained in the following sketch of a "Wheelocipede" which the editor inserted twice (June 26, p. 407; Sept. 11, p. 587): "It has only one wheel; neither treadle nor saddle; and is built in such shape that you don't have to straddle. The man who propels it takes hold with his hands of two parallel bars, and on the ground stands: puts his feet in motion, one after the other, while the vehicle goes without any bother. This funny machine has no painting nor gilding: it is useful to carry material for building—shingles and shavings, brick, lime and plaster—and, the lighter the load, it can travel the faster. It is better than a bicycle, for it isn't so narrow; and our wheelocipede we call a wheelbarrow!" The ancient bone-shakers of Alnwick Castle, mentioned on p. 386 as exciting remark in 1841, were seen there quite recently by C. M. Douglass, who alludes to them in the *Wheelman* (Dec. '84, p. 174), "A-wheel in Three Continents."

XXVII.

BONE-SHAKER DAYS.[1]

TIME plays queer tricks with mortal memory, but it never drives from the mind of a college-bred man the distinctive number of his "class." About this particular numeral, which marks the exact point in the century where his four years' undergraduate life was terminated, there is a certain magical significance that age has no power to spoil. His boyish dreams of it, as representing a real *annus mirabilis* in human history, may all have been dissipated; his collegian's enthusiasm in chanting it aloud, as a war-cry for "the class," may all have been forgotten; but the numeral itself clings everlastingly to his consciousness. No man ever quite banishes from recollection "the year when he graduated." It is a fixed fact in his existence; a well-defined objective-point; a clearly-lettered mile-stone on the roadway of life. If he makes acquaintance with a graduate of some other college whose "year" was identical, the coincidence appeals to him in much the same way as a similarity in birth-days. Indeed, the year of his "class" is apt to be more vividly pictured upon his mind than the year of his birth.

It was not, therefore, on account of fear lest I forget the proper place in the century of my own college class, that I have kept continuously upon the wall of my bed-chamber, for more than a decade and a half, an allegorical representation of the advent into America of "1869." It is simply a wood-engraving, nine by fourteen inches in size, which originally covered a page in *Harper's Weekly;* but its historical and personal significance made it seem to me well worthy of being mounted and framed and glazed and erected in a place of honor. The sketch shows Father Time in the act of trundling off from the stage the Old Year ("1868"), in the guise of a drunken man collapsed in a wheelbarrow, just as the midnight bells ring in the New Year, who gayly drives his two-wheeler through the tissue-paper hoop which is proudly presided over by a pretty Columbine. Even the black cat upon the moon-lit belfry-top arches her back in welcome to this First of the Cranks ("1869"), whose pathway is pleasantly strewn with flowers, and whose happy appearance recalls to my mind these lines of the poet O'Brien:

> "Pink as the rose is his skin so fair; round as an apple his perfect shape;
> While the light that falls on his tawny hair is like sun in the heart of a bursting grape."

Thus the picture serves to remind me not only of the year when I finished crossing the bridge between youth and manhood, but of the fact that

[1] The first part of this is from *The Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, September, 1885.

the hobby, which has caused so notable a deviation to my career in middle-age, crossed the ocean and took possession of America at the opening of that self-same year. On the first Thursday of it, when I came down to New Haven, to enter upon the final six months of my undergraduate life, it seemed as if every waking hour of that period would have to be devoted to hard work. I had been kept out of college during the previous term, under a mistaken decision of the Faculty that it would be "practically hopeless" for me to attempt winning my degree with the class; and I was therefore at a great disadvantage in respect to my studies, and was bound by every consideration of pride to so succeed in them as to demonstrate the unjustness of the official judgment which had been pronounced against me. As one of the editors of "the oldest college magazine in the world," I had vowed to my four sceptical associates that (in spite of their expectation that the editorial board would be out-of-pocket, at the end of the year, as all previous boards had been, "in return for the honor of the position") the magazine *must* be made to yield a profit for our year's work upon it; and to bring this thing to pass required that I should make my face hateful to all the underclassmen, by the relentless persistency with which I pursued them for "subscriptions." At the same time it was incumbent upon me to persuade them to give an additional proof of patriotism by helping pay the printer's bill for my "index to the first thirty-three years of the magazine,"—the indulgence in which monumental compilation had been the immediate cause of my failure to pass the Faculty's examination, six months before. Finally, as the class had elected me to deliver their "valedictory poem" on Presentation Day, I was under bonds to "work the rhyming dictionary" industriously, in the hope of grinding out something that might do no discredit to that honorable occasion; and it was also my duty to compile for public reading then a "four years' personal history of the First Division," whose mention of each of the fifty men who had belonged to my own quarter of the class should be in such form as to amuse the others without giving any individual offense.

All these tasks combined to form a heavier load than my young shoulders had ever before attempted to carry; and I resolutely put away all hope of indulging in any other kind of amusement than the demonstration that they were strong enough to carry it. I hardened my heart, therefore, against the lively table-talk at the eating-club, discussing the great velocipedic furor which had taken sudden possession of the college and the city. Entrancing tales were told me daily of the comic and exciting scenes to be witnessed at the rink, and of the wonderful possibilities which even the most sedate and cautious of citizens attributed to this new means of locomotion. Great was my temptation, and it increased from week to week, as the excitement intensified and drew one classmate after another into the vortex; but still I said: "I will not go; I cannot afford the time." At last, however, four weeks from the day when the term opened, my curiosity got the better of my judgment, and I "casually dropped in, at a riding school on State street, just to

see what the thing was like, anyhow." It was at half-past 8 o'clock, on the evening of Thursday, February 4, 1869, that my eyes thus for the first time feasted themselves upon the alluring outlines of a bone-shaker. My daily journal of that date records the simple fact without comment or explanation; but I think it not unlikely that the ultimate excuse which I gave my conscience, for this gratification of curiosity, was the need of doing something unusual to dispel the gloom which oppressed me on account of the death, ten days before, of my much-loved bull-dog. At all events, I did certainly require some lively and cheerful experience, to alleviate the memory of that melancholy event; and the scenes of a velocipede rink were said to supply, by common consent, "the greatest fun a-going." My fancy seems to have been captivated at once. The new love came on with a rush, as a solace for the love that was dead. The record shows that, on the following forenoon, "I went in to watch the velocipedes, a little while," on my return from correcting magazine proofs at the printing office, which was adjacent; and that, the very next day, I deliberately "went down to the hall, and practiced with a machine for fifteen minutes, after waiting there two hours for a chance." This remark gives an idea of the briskness of the business which the owners of rinks were doing; for not only was every velocipede kept continuously in use, at the rate of "a cent a minute," but crowds of eager patrons waited impatiently to "take their quarter-hour turns," or even gave a premium for the "chances" of those who had registered in advance. The enormous waste of time thus involved, in the process of "learning to ride," brought me back again to a realizing sense of the truth that I simply *could not* afford to acquire that most delightful accomplishment. I vowed that this third visit to the rink should be my last, and that I would banish from my breast all ambition for winning the mastery over this exasperatingly insolent but marvelously seductive mechanism. I relied upon the axiom, "out of sight—out of mind," to cure the foolish passion which had been awakened within me. "But it seemed otherwise to the gods." The velocipede would n't stay out of sight. On the contrary, within three days from the taking of my solemn vow to shun the deadly allurements of the rink, it boldly emerged from the decorous concealment of that sawdust-sprinkled sanctum, and began flaunting itself along the city sidewalks. All in vain did I try to chain my thoughts to "the appointed studies of the curriculum," or to confine my enthusiasm to "*Lit.* subscriptions and index-checks." No amount of absorption in books could deaden my ears to the bewitching rattle made by the approaching iron tires upon the bricks; and when I gazed from my study window and actually *saw* an acquaintance proudly prancing by on a velocipede, my heart was quite gone. The charming spectacle enraptured my soul, and at the same time embittered it. I felt that I, too, must be a rider, or die!

This sensation stands unique in my experience, and I can recall it as freshly as if it had happened to me yesterday. My way of life has always been such as to keep me unusually free from envy; and there has never been

a time, save this one, when a consciousness of my inability to do a thing, which I saw another person doing, has had power to make me unhappy. Though the ability to ride a horse, to sail a boat, to row skilfully, to run swiftly, to throw or catch a ball, to box, to fence, to swing, to dance, to jump, or to vault—always seemed to me, in each case, a very pleasant possession, my own lack of it never gave me an instant's uneasiness. But here at last was an athletic accomplishment whose attainment seemed superlatively desirable! The idea of existing powerless any longer in the presence of the two-wheeler seemed personally ignominious. I could not bear to breathe the same air with men whose victory over it seemed to brand me as their inferior. So, seven days from the date of my vow of total abstinence from the rink, I rushed again to its embrace. The record says: "I run one of the machines for an hour, without learning anything at all. Horribly hot work. Cool off in time for supper, and at 10 P. M. take another half hour on the veloc., with no better result than before. Next morning (Sunday), when the chapel bell summons me to put on my clothes, I discover that the seat of my trousers has been torn completely out." Monday's report adds: "Instead of usual evening exercise at the gym., I chase up the veloc. for an hour, and 'learn how' just a little." Immediately following this preliminary suggestion of victory, comes the triumphant entry: "Tuesday, February 16—I rush right down to the velocipede hall, after morning recitation, and ride there for an hour. Eureka! Eureka! I'm really a velocipedist at last!" I indulged in two rides the next day, and engaged a "Pickering" for a sidewalk spin on the early morn of the 18th; but, as a heavy snow-storm raged then, I trundled the hobby to the gymnasium, and circled delightedly there for an hour,—repeating the experience on the 19th. On the 20th, which was Saturday, I had my first out-door riding, and made trial of the concrete walks of the same public green where Pierre Lallement, the inventor of "the crank idea," had given an exhibition of his mechanism, nearly three years before, as detailed on p. 140. "To think that only last Saturday I could n't ride a velocipede! It seems a hundred years since then!" Such is the entry which shows the degree of my progress within a fortnight after vowing to abstain from the rink. The suspension of recitations on Washington's Birthday (22d) and on the "day of fasting and prayer for colleges" (25th) gave me opportunity for "riding all around the city," and the record is similar for the 12th and 17th of March and the 3d and 13th of April, on which latter day I went home for a fortnight's vacation. Exclamations expressive of my joy and delight in the sport are sandwiched in among the memoranda of these gala occasions, and of the intermediate shorter rides. Westville, less than four miles distant from the college, is the most remote spot named (April 3) in my wheeling record, and the latest date is May 15. Four after-supper rides upon the flag-stone walks of the college-yard are recorded during the week which ended then; and it is to be noted that my final experience with the machine in New Haven happened just three months from the day

of my first victory over it. The enforcement of a municipal law, during the April vacation, forbidding the use of velocipedes on the city sidewalks, explains why the field of my May riding was so restricted. It was because of these cramped conditions, and not because of any diminution of my ardor, that I abandoned it altogether.

One misfortune only befell my quarter-year's career on the bone-shaker; but that one attained a national notoriety, in so far as universal newspaper mention could confer it. The facts of the case were these: I was driving a velocipede southward along the west sidewalk of Dwight street, at a slow rate, on the afternoon of February 24, when I noticed that an old white horse, hitched beside the roadway, showed symptoms of fright. I dismounted immediately, but, though a distance of two or three rods still intervened, the animal continued his contortions, made a vain attempt at impalement on the hitching-post, and then threw himself down. He was soon brought up again, by the assistance of some men who ran out from an adjacent carpenter's shop, and was apparently uninjured. I expressed my regrets to the owner, who had by this time appeared upon the scene; and, as one of the wheels of his carriage, to which the horse was attached, had suffered the loss of one or two spokes, in the animal's endeavor to kick himself free, I made a tender of payment, to cover the probable cost of repairs, and the owner accepted a dollar with apparent satisfaction. The next forenoon, however, those of my fellow-velocipedists, who chanced to see me riding, kindly shouted the information that the city police had been "visiting all the rinks, in order to arrest the student who scared a horse"; and I found, when I returned to my lodgings, at noon, that official enquiry had actually been made for me there. I hastened down to police headquarters, therefore, to demand an explanation of the threatened outrage, and was told by the chief that there had been no pretense of authority to arrest, but that, as a personal favor to the owner of the horse, he had instructed some of his men to discover the velocipedist's identity. He gave me the address of the owner (Rosenbluth by name, broker and general agent by occupation, German Jew by descent), and I at once repaired thither to learn what might be wanted. The man said that a large swelling had appeared on the spot where the horse tried to run the post into his belly; that he valued the beast at $150 and should hold me responsible if, as seemed probable, he were to die; but that he would accept a tender of $50, in lieu of all prospective damages. Instead of greedily jumping at this liberal offer, I divided the sum of $4 equally between a horse-doctor and a lawyer. The former, having examined the horse, suggested that he might hardly sell for more than $50, even without the swelling, and that this might soon disappear (as in fact it did). The lawyer advised me that I was not responsible for any penalty; and I sent a note of that effect to the owner. I repeated my decision to him, verbally, the next morning, when he accosted me at the gymnasium, while I was engaged in my customary club-swinging. And these be the final words of Rosenbluth, as

recorded in my journal of March 5: "So you says you pay me noting? Ver' well! I 'll sue you, if it costs me five tousand dollar!"

On the face of the facts, as here minutely presented by the chief actor in them, there seems little excuse for making this a "celebrated case"; but there are vast latent possibilities in "journalism"; and the short story which these facts gave a local newspaper an excuse for setting afloat (with eight errors in less than that number of lines) appealed to two circumstances which ensured for it a currency quite unexampled among the "velocipede items" of that period. In the first place, as the story appeared at the exact time when the velocipedic furor was at its height, all over the Union, the newspapers were then most eager to print any possible paragraph which concerned or illustrated it; and, in the second place, the newspapers are always glad to give prominence to gossip concerning an undergraduate of a famous college, especially when it represents him in an unfortunate or humiliating light. They do this for the same reason that English papers prattle about the personal errors and mishaps of "the nobility and gentry": because they believe that "the masses" like to read such things about "their betters." A great American college community exhibits, as regards the personal relations of the students to one another, the nearest approximation to an ideal democracy ("liberty, equality, fraternity") that exists anywhere in the world; but, on the other hand, the only real and permanent aristocracy which can be found in the American social system is its mass of undergraduate collegians. We possess no other well-defined body of men who are oblivious of money-making, or who are able to maintain their personal amusements and customs, on a scheme of exclusion, in a perfectly complete and unapproachable world of their own. Individual connection with this aristocracy must terminate in four years, but the thing itself continues unbroken through all the ages. After graduation, the ex-collegian descends at once to his proper level in the world of common-place,—whether it be to drive a horse-car, for his daily bread, or to drive a "tally-ho coach," for proclaiming his membership in the sham aristocracy of wealth and fashion;—but, whatever happens to him, he knows that Fate can never rob him of the consciousness of having once "belonged to the real nobility," universally so recognized by all Americans. Full proof of this universal recognition has been supplied me by a quarter century's acquaintance with the newspapers; and no one can fail to be convinced of it who will study with any care the philosophy of their management. The rakish rhetoric of the illustrated police gazettes, just as unmistakably as the pious platitudes of the religious weeklies, bears testimony to this same truth, which the satirists and humorists of the daily press continually trade upon. All journalists understand that the trick of connecting their jokes, or pungent paragraphs, or solemn homilies, or scandalous stories, with the name of some college well-known to their readers, is the best attainable trick for compelling their interest in the same. Of course, the names that are most frequently taken in vain are those of the colleges of widest repute;

but even the smaller ones form a basis for considerable lying and misrepresentation in the columns of the local papers. It is a traditional complaint in undergraduate journals, that collegians are the only class of American youth whose harmless horse-play and petty escapades are systematically paraded in the public press and solemnly discoursed upon by the heavy moralists; and whose athletic pastimes (though notoriously confined to a few hours of leisure) are habitually joked about, by the public humorists, as if comprising the whole sum of college life. These complaints are entirely just, but the evils complained of are a natural part of the situation: they merely show the relationship which newspaper-makers, in a free country, necessarily bear to any recognized aristocracy. When the proprietor of one of the illustrated criminal weeklies pictures "fifty students of Harvard" as the patrons of some imaginary cock-fight, he gives conclusive proof of his belief that that is the noblest name in America to conjure with, as a means of stimulating the interest of even the most ignorant of readers in his obscene rubbish.

Perhaps this prelude is longer than necessary to account for the vogue which my "horse accident" had among the editors, but it will serve to emphasize the fact that the paragraph made one of the most remarkable runs on record. I believe there was no sizable city between Bangor and San Francisco whose newspapers did not give it some sort of a show. The lying lines exasperated me at first, but I afterwards took a sort of perverse pleasure in watching them "limp from scissors to scissors" across the continent. I watched them thus through the files of the college reading-room, but, as I resisted the base temptation to indulge in any surreptitious snipping therefrom, and only purchased such few papers as came in my way, the number of distinct specimens which I find in my scrap-book, and now literally reproduce, is only nine. The first of these is the original story, containing eight misstatements of fact, and the rest were all copied from or based upon it. I regret my neglect in failing to preserve the names of the papers to which the several extracts should be accredited; but the collection, even as it stands, has a certain representative value, as exhibiting the average trustworthiness of "journalism." The ninth and final extract which I reproduce will be recognized by all experienced journalists as a really fine specimen of what is known in a newspaper office as "intelligent condensation,"—the art of recasting the substance of a current story into the fewest possible words. The paragrapher concerned in this special case, instead of making a slovenly surrender of "eight lines for the eight lies," had the genius to "boil down the whole business into a single line," containing a single lie eight times as improbable as any one of those in the original! This, surely, was a master stroke in the direction of securing "readableness." The simple majesty of such falsification compels me to pay the tribute of italics.[1]

[1] "On Wednesday, a student riding a velocipede, in attempting to cross a street in the upper part of the city, ran into a horse, throwing the animal down, and in attempting to rise the animal breached himself, and it is expected he will have to be killed. The owner considered him

I remember that one of the rinks kept on exhibition a venerable "veloss," of the sort that had seen service in New Haven during the rage of fifty years before; and it was such a terribly clumsy affair that the bone-shaker seemed ideally light and graceful in comparison. A fair description of it is given in the following badly-written letter, dated at Yale, July 14, 1819: "The 'velocipede' has excited the curiosity of the students. It is a small carriage with one wheel placed before the other, and a saddle between them, on which the rider sits, and, by touching his feet to the ground, sets the wheels in motion, and keeps them rolling by now and then lightly touching the ground. Some will ride at the rate of *ten miles an hour*. I have rode it a number of times, and can advance six or seven miles an hour. It requires a level, hard-beaten road." The *Yale Courant* of February 13, 1869, had a column sketch, "Half-Hours With the Best Velocipedes," descriptive of the editor's experience. The first words were: "We caught the fever," and the last: "Long live It-of-the-swift-foot!" From the same paper of a week later, I extract the following: "Velocipedomania.—Every student and every other man seems to have velocipede on the brain. Two halls have been opened in the city for beginners, without meeting the great demand; and Hoad promises that a third (the basement of Music Hall) shall be in readiness for the knights of the bicycle by Thursday evening. The proposition for turning Brothers and Linonia (debating-society halls) into one commodious veloci-

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worth $300, and calls upon the Junior for that amount. So much for the velocipede mania. We expect items of a similar character daily, soon."—*New Haven Journal and Courier, Feb.* 26, 1869. (2) "The velocipede mania has fairly taken hold of the city. Four rinks are constantly filled, day and evening, by novices learning how to manage the machine. A large number of those engaged in the exercise are Yale students, many of whom appear upon the streets with the vehicles and ride them with much skill. On Wednesday a Junior, in crossing a street in the upper part of the city, ran into a horse, causing the horse to throw himself. The horse on attempting to rise sustained injuries which it is thought will necessitate his death, and the owner calls upon the student for $300 damages." (3) "A velocipedist, who could not control his 'animal' attempted to cross a street in the upper part of the city, Wednesday, 24th, when he collided with a horse, throwing the beast down; and, as the horse attempted to get up, he was so injured that he will have to be killed. The owner wants the Junior to pony up $300." (4) "A velocipedist ran his machine into a horse while crossing a street recently. The horse was thrown down, and in attempting to get up was so badly injured as to be worthless. The owner of the horse now wants $300 damages." (5) "A student riding a velocipede in New Haven recently ran into a horse, throwing the animal down, and, it is supposed, fatally injuring it. The owner values the horse at $300, and calls upon the student for that amount. We expect to have to chronicle several accidents of this nature before the velocipede season closes. If the velocipedestrians get too thick on the sidewalks, the other pedestrians will have to provide themselves with stout canes for emergencies." (6) "A Yale student ran his velocipede against and threw down a valuable horse in New Haven, the other day, and the owner wants $300 from the unlucky rider, because the horse is fatally injured." (7) "A velocipedist in New Haven, last week, while crossing a street, ran into a horse and knocked him down. The horse was so injured by the fall that the owner was obliged to kill him, and he now holds the velocipede rider responsible to the extent of $300." (8) "A Yale student, the other day, velocipeded against a valuable horse. The animal died, and the owner claims $300 from the fatal velocipedist." (9) "*A New Haven velocipedist ran over a horse and killed him.*"

pede arena has been actually agitated about college for some time, since the appearance of the fascinating bicyculars. Bring on your 'glorious memories,' ye babblers of the forum, for these Philistines be upon thee; these Gauls assault your very senate chamber; these 'wabblers' mean business. Already have the *fervidæ rotæ* wakened unwonted echoes about the ears of the grim academical ancestors in Alumni Hall. Neither bolts nor oaken doors have barred their entrance to those august presences. How, then, shall the flimsy trappings of *your* bellowing-places avail to awe them? We think the mania is rather subsiding, however, though one-, two-, three- and four-wheeled vehicles have made their appearance (the one-wheeler is a wheel-barrow). The best time on record is to the boat-house in twelve minutes, and back; distance, a mile and a quarter." The latter remark is ambiguous, but, as I do not believe that any Yale bone-shaker ever made the round trip of two miles and a half in twelve minutes, I suppose the reference is to the downward ride simply. Even on that interpretation, it was a faster one than I recollect taking. No races took place at New Haven, either in the rinks or on the sidewalks; but first prizes for "the most skilful riding" were won by two students in rink competitions, and one of these winners exhibited his skill at the athletic exhibition given in the college gymnasium about the middle of March.

The truth of the opening remark of the present chapter, concerning the fallibility of memory, is again illustrated by the fact that, after writing those pages which tell how I for four weeks refrained from taking a look at the hobby which had aroused my classmates' enthusiasm, I find, on turning to my own printed chronicle of those times, that the actual period of my resistance to temptation was only four days! Though the craze had captured New York on New Year's, it was exactly a month in reaching New Haven,—probably because the metropolitan demand for machines prevented the manufacturers from taking any outside orders. In assigning "January" as the month of considerable college table-talk on the subject, my recollection may not have been entirely at fault, however, because the current newspaper gossip must have attracted some attention, and some of the many undergraduates who spent their vacation in the big city must have brought back stories of the "wheelomania" which prevailed there. My own earliest printed paragraph on the subject is this (written February 4, 1869, the self-same day that I first saw a bone-shaker): "The velocipede is the plaything of the hour among the Seniors, who find in its subtle and alluring capabilities their chief amusement." The progress and decline of the furor were minutely chronicled in three successive monthly issues of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, from which I will now present extracts, with the date of each. The first two were written by myself, and the verses have since seen the light in the *Wheelman* (July, 1883, pp. 256, 311). The record also has a certain historic value, as representing in a general way what happened, during that exciting period, at every other considerable college, and every other wide-awake city, throughout the entire land. In my tours, it is a common experience to meet with men—

of great diversity in character and occupation, but resembling each other in respect to being about forty years old—who are inspired by the sight of the new bicycle to recount to me the comic experiences of their "bone-shaker days."

"By all odds, the liveliest things of the month have been the velocipedes, which of themselves ought to make February, 1869, famous in our history. They came to town the first day of the month. The old church on the corner of State and Court sts. was turned into a riding-room, and beginners were 'at it,' night and day, for the space of a week. Then the shop-keepers below objected to having the plaster from the walls sprinkled upon them longer, and so the rink was closed. On the 10th, two clerks from Springfield opened a new school in Literary Hall, on State st.; but they, too, at the end of a very successful week, were obliged to 'move on,' and so went home with their machines. Thatcher & Co. 'ran a rink' at DeGarmo's old dancing hall, 303 Chapel st., for the week ending on the 20th, and were then forced out of the building, as the others had been from the other places, on account of too much falling plaster. Their present riding-room, corner of Crown and Park sts., is better than those already mentioned, and altogether superior to the only other one now in operation: Hoadley's, established in the basement of Music Hall, on the 18th. Hoad., however, was one of the first to introduce the 'veloss,' and had several machines at his store, ready for out-door usage, within a day or two of the opening of the earliest rink. Eli Hill soon followed his example. Thomas Brothers have several machines to let, at their headquarters, the Madison House, on State st.; and Oatman, at the Park House, on Chapel st., opposite the green, is the latest claimant for bicycular profits. A cent a minute is the usual tax, though Hoad. lets machines for out-door use at a half-dollar an hour, and possibly the terms of some of the others are as low. The thirty or more velocipedes thus at the service of the public are constantly in use, and earning a neat little sum for their owners. The two rinks close at 10 o'clock in the evening, and, unless the weather prevents, ardent velocipedists are driving about the green, or the different streets, until that hour. Machines can be engaged for a single day only in advance; and he must get up very early in the morning who would be sure of 'a good choice' for the following day. The walks on the green are naturally the great resort, but the broad sidewalk at the west end of Chapel st. is the best course we have yet discovered, while Howe and Dwight sts. offer good facilities. A great many people, who, if they have n't been injured by the bicycle, imagine they might have been or may be, and who in any case hate to see others enjoy themselves, have lodged complaints with the authorities, and it is probable that the city fathers may order velocipedes to be kept from the sidewalks altogether,—though no such action has yet been taken, in spite of the rumors. The machines in the riding-rooms are mostly poor ones—'good enough for beginners, you know'—and cost from $50 to $75. Those rented for out-door use, patented by Pickering, Wood, Monod, Witty and others, are less clumsy, and are supposed to be worth from $75 to $125. We give the names in the order of merit, as it appears to us, though many account Wood's the best machine. Every one is waiting for the price to fall before purchasing, and no college man yet boasts a bicycle of his own. The *Lit.* editors are all velocipedists, with the disgraceful exception of a single individual. He perversely pretends to admire the ungainly three-wheeled machine, which by its occasional appearances excites the unqualified disgust of all who are capable of appreciating better things. Even the so-called 'skatorial queen' mounts a two-wheeler in going through with her 'great velocipede act,' at the 'calico ball,' next week." (March 1, 1869, pp. 255, 256.)

"Spite of the bad weather, velocipedes have held their own, during the past month, and have recompensed their owners. The rink on Park st. has just been supplied with a new flooring and other improvements, and is equipped with a dozen machines, including several new ones. The proprietor is also preparing a quarter-mile track, in the neighborhood of Savin Rock, which is expected to be in readiness for out-door riders and racers about the middle of May. Going down Crown st. we come to Hoadley's new rink, opened March 24, in the basement of Music Hall. This is also supplied with a dozen machines, and it has the advantage of the others in the matter of location, but it affords no special facilities for beginners.

'Way down town, on Franklin st., we climb up four flights of stairs and reach the big 'Elm City Rink,' opened March 16. Barring the difficulty of getting to it, this is the best in New Haven, as it certainly is the largest. It claims, indeed, to be the largest in New England, and its outer track measures one-sixteenth of a mile, exclusive of a good-sized L, reserved for beginners. Its stock of machines comprises eighteen, mostly of the 'Hartford' pattern, but is soon to be increased by several 'Pickerings' and 'Monods.' Hoad.'s original 'Pickering,' by the way, is the only one thus far owned in the city, and we are fully confirmed in our opinion that it is the best variety which has yet been put forth. The two first-mentioned rinks rent machines for usage upon the street, as do also three or four other concerns. A cent a minute still continues to be the regular tax, and an admission fee of ten or fifteen cents is generally charged in the evening,—the ticket entitling the visitor, at his option, to a similar number of minutes upon a 'veloss.' The subscription paper which was started about the middle of February, for the purchase of velocipedes for the gymnasium, has for more than a month made a mournful exhibition of the two lonely legends: 'Instructor in gymnastics, $25; D. J. Merrill, class of '27, $5.' A more complicated plan, devised by the same instructor, whereby every subscriber for the purchase of gymnasium velocipedes was to have a proportionate amount of riding upon the same, was detailed upon several sheets of foolscap and posted in the reading-room for several days; but we believe it fared no better than its predecessor. We presume the janitor of the gym. might make a good thing by getting a few machines and renting them at low rates to college men; but to expect the latter to pledge the money in advance is absurd. Two or three velocipedes are already owned in college, and doubtless the number will be greatly increased next term. They as yet have the right of way on the sidewalks, and, if the city officials have any idea of restricting it, we are sure they will at once change their minds, when they read the 'prayer' appended to this chronicle. These verses, by the way, are the work of the 'private sweep' of our Class Poet, who concocted them by the aid of the latter's rhyming dictionary, while he (the C. P.) was absorbed in calculating his 'Index' losses. 'The sweep' also gave us a list of words rhyming with 'velocipede,' in addition to those employed by himself, and these we now publish, for general accommodation: 'A c- re- pre- se- ante- super- intercede, soli- palmi- multi- plumi- centi- pede, suc- pro- ex- ceed, feed, bleed, need, deed, reed, breed, freed, weed, bead, lead, plead, mislead, mead, read, knead.' Though the value of the rhymes indicated is almost incalculable, the price of the present *Lit.* will remain unchanged:

O city fathers, hear my prayer! I'm but a student, yet give heed,
And, as you hope for mercy, spare! Don't, *don't* outlaw Velocipede!
Why banish him? He does no harm to any one. Indeed, indeed,
I know the timid feel alarm and hatred for Velocipede;
But yet I say he harms them not. Their fancy 't is which seems to need
Repression, for it makes them plot and lie against Velocipede.
Don't believe the stories that they tell, of accident or foul misdeed;
The *Journal*'s 'horse' long since got well, uninjured by Velocipede.
'T is envy simply that 's at work: the one who must on foot proceed
Feels jealous when, with artful quirk, another rides Velocipede.
Some, too, there are, who hate all fun; who count all sport of ill the seed;
And such judge that the Evil One himself devised Velocipede.
But those who believe in life, and joy, and jollity, must fain concede
The many virtues of this toy we fondly call Velocipede.
So let him have the right of way! The sidewalks he will not impede,
Nor force the footmen to delay their steps for him, Velocipede.
Or, if from Chapel, State and Church you order him, we are agreed,
If, leaving these streets in the lurch, elsewhere may roam Velocipede.
Now, city fathers, hear my prayer! I 'm but a student, yet give heed
To my poor words, and spare, oh! spare my only love, Velocipede!"

(April 7, 1869, pp. 295, 296, 308, 309.)

"As for velocipedes, we can only tell, what we never expected to have to tell, of their dying days. Alas! Poor Yorick! A dire pronunciamento of the city fathers ('No person shall use or propel by riding thereon any velocipede along or upon any paved walk in said city, formed for the convenience of foot passengers, under penalty of $25') has sent you to an untimely grave. Many disciples mourn their loss; but columns full of complaints have availed not for repealing the obnoxious article. A couple of bold riders, who were arrested on the green, owed their release to the fact that *paved* walks were specified; but this quibble will no longer prevent strict justice from being meted out to all offenders. Anticipations of bright moonlight rides on the green, on summer evenings, have faded beneath the cruel blow. The best rinks with their best machines at 25 cents per hour cannot rescue the dying-out enthusiasm. Monods, Pickerings, and Hartfords are temptingless. The large Velocipedrome at the Beach House, Savin Rock, is not realizing the golden expectations of its builders. Eli has grown thin from the total 'standstill' of his velocipede stock. The corner rink at Park and Crown sts. offers big inducements; but few are enticed. Elm City still assures us that his building is warranted to stand for ages; but few attempt to test the accuracy of his statements. Here and there a solitary rider passes along the college yard,—sole remnants of your former greatness,—sole proofs of what you might have been. Nor is the sky overcast with circles of hope. No more will your followers 'see stars.' Signs point to a premature death. Your days are numbered, O Velocipedus! The *Lit.* has done with you.

'Green be the turf above thee, friend of my earlier days;
None knew thee but to love thee; none named thee but to praise.'"

(May 22, 1869, p. 368.)

A little book called "The Velocipede; its History, Varieties and Practice," by J. T. Goddard (N. Y.: Hurd & Houghton; pp. 107; large type; thirteen coarse wood-cuts), is the only such memorial which the mania produced here; and its preface—dated at Cambridge, March 20, 1869—assumes that no book on the subject had then been published abroad. Though hastily flung together, without literary skill,—a mere jumble and hodge-podge of unaccredited gleanings from the newspapers, and from the circulars of manufacturers and inventors,—it serves well to show how extensive the craze really was, and to point the contrast between that noisy furor and the quiet advent, a decade later, of the sort of cycling which is destined to flourish forever. The history of the wheel in England exhibits no such contrasts. The London authority quoted in the first of the fine-type extracts appended to this paragraph (reprinted also in *Harper's Weekly*, March 30, 1869, p. 189) represents John Bull at that time as an amused spectator of Brother Jonathan's antics. The British bone-shaker days had no such wildly impetuous and frenziedly hopeful beginning; but, on the other hand, they had no such sudden and ignominious ending. Though the American carriage-makers all dropped the *veloce* in a hurry, with a feeling of contempt for their own folly in having interrupted their proper business in behalf of such a deceptive toy, the less-excitable Englishmen kept pegging away at it, both on the road and in the machine-shop, until the modern bicycle was evolved. Velocipeding never entirely ceased in that country, in spite of the reaction which followed the impetus of 1868–9; and neither there nor here nor anywhere in the world has any "craze" or "mania" ever been developed in regard to the modern bicycle. This gift of all the ages comes to all countries quietly, as if con-

scious of its power and permanency. It causes no general fuss or ferment; it asserts its supremacy soberly; but it comes to stay.

The furor has migrated from France to our brethren across the Atlantic, passing over us. The go-ahead vehicle is exactly suited to American ideas. Schools, with the imposing name of *Velocinasiums*, for teaching the young idea how to gyrate, are being established; races are being rolled; men and boys are whizzing here, there and everywhere, at a speed of twelve miles an hour. Inventors are improving the machines, and are making them wholesale, the supply at present falling short of the demand. Our turn may come yet. Or have we had it? There was a considerable rage for velocipedes in England some thirty [fifty?] years ago. There may be those living who can recollect seeing no less a man than Michael Faraday spinning one up Hampstead Hill.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*, London, February, 1869.

The two best and largest rinks in the United States are to be found at Harvard Square, Cambridge. One of them has 12,000 sq. ft. of floor, and 25 good machines. The other, built by J. C. Stiles, is in the form of an amphitheatre, and has a circular course of a little less than an eighth of a mile. Only part of the track is under cover. At night this rink is brilliantly lighted, and the scene is at once novel and inspiring. Scores of riders rush madly after each other at break-neck speed, round and round the arena. We have seen an expert wheel over the course in 17 sec., which is nearly as good time as any recorded abroad, and better than any heretofore made in this country. Harvard students crowd these rinks; the billiard-halls and other places of resort are deserted, and all are eager votaries of the fascinating art. The fever is not confined to the Eastern and Middle States, but rages throughout the South and West. The Hanlon Brothers, well known as gymnasts, have the largest hall in New York, with 25 machines, and, at their recent 'velocipede reception and hop' exhibited many daring feats upon the bicycle. Other gentlemen afterwards gave proof of their skill, among them Charles A. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, who is an expert rider.—Goddard's "The Velocipede," pp. 93, 95.

Several months have passed since we heard of a two-wheeled contrivance, called *bicircle* or *veloce*, by which it was possible for an active Frenchman to traverse ten miles of the streets of Paris in a single hour. The fever which raged so high there seems to have broken out in America. Schools for the instruction of velocipede-riding are being opened. Youngsters ride down Fifth Avenue with their school-books strapped in front of their velocipedes, and expert riders cause crowds of spectators to visit the public squares, which afford excellent tracks for the light wheels to move swiftly over. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has secured two of the American machines, and other gentlemen, well known in the literary and artistic world, are possessed of their magic circles. One of them takes his ride of nearly ten miles daily, and saves time as well as enjoying the ride. A number of persons are already making use of the velocipede as a means of traversing the distance between their homes and places of business. Professional inventors are now laboring to bring it to American completeness, and the few dealers in New York are doing quite a driving business. Their prices range from $60 to $100, about the same as in France. The weight of a medium sized machine is about 60 lbs., and the size of driving-wheel most in favor from 30 to 36 in. The winter season is not favorable to *veloce*-riding, but with opening of spring we may expect to see the two-wheeled affairs gliding gracefully about the streets and whizzing swiftly through the smooth roads of Central Park.—*Harper's Weekly*, Dec. 19, 1868, p. 811.

The above extract from that well-edited and really representative "journal of civilization" exhibits the date of its earliest mention of the matter, which was made to accompany a pair of pictures: "Velocipede Race in Paris on Sunday Afternoon" and "The American Velocipede." The former, reproduced from a foreign paper, represents four women competing, in the presence of a large crowd; and the latter, sketched by T. R. Davis, gives a good idea of the Pickering machine, which was described in the following words from the *Scientific American*: "It differs from the French *veloce* in the arrangement of the tiller, which is brought well back and sufficiently high to allow of a perfectly upright position in riding. The stirrups or crank pedals are three-sided, with circular flanges at each end; and, as they turn on the crank pins,

the pressure of the foot will always bring one of the three sides into proper position. The connecting apparatus differs from that of the French bicycle in that the saddle-bar serves only as a seat and a brake, and is not attached to the rear wheel. By a simple pressure forward against the tiller, and a backward pressure against the tail of the saddle, the saddle-spring is compressed and the brake attached to it is brought firmly down upon the wheel." *Harper's Weekly* afterwards printed (Feb. 20, 1869, p. 124) the picture of "an ice velocipede recently seen on the river near Tarrytown. It has but one wheel, whose tire is armed with sharp points to prevent slipping. The frame is supported behind by two steel runners, like those attached to ice-boats, and the machine is propelled with astonishing rapidity." This was followed (March 6, p. 149) by a reproduction of "the picture published by Ackerman of London in 1819, showing precisely the same thing as the velocipede which is just at this moment so popular in New York, except in the crank or treadle." Quotations from a weekly paper of August of that year are appended to show that "our excitable citizens went into an ecstasy of astonishment and delight over the introduction of these 'dandy horses,' and the manufacturers for a time could not apparently meet the demand of the 'velocipeders.'" The editor adds: "The velocipede mania of a half-century ago soon died out in New York, and the people who had purchased machines at high prices gave them away as playthings for grown-up boys. Time must decide whether history is to repeat itself. At present, however, there seems to be no diminution of the interest taken in this curious machine, of which a single agency in this city has prepared seventy patents for improvements."

Goddard's little book reprints all these details about the New York craze of 1819 (pp. 14, 15), and also makes casual allusion to the "ice velocipede, invented by a gentleman of Poughkeepsie, who propels it with astonishing rapidity" (p. 81). A story is also quoted (p. 13) from William Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places," published 1841, showing this odd discovery made by him at Alnwick Castle: "Among the curiosities laid up here are two velocipedes, machines which twenty years ago were for a short period much in vogue. It is said that the duke and his physicians used to amuse themselves in careering about the grounds with these steeds. One young man of my acquaintance rode on one of these wooden horses all the way from London to Falkirk in Scotland, and was requested at various towns to exhibit his management of it to the ladies and gentlemen of the place. He afterward made a long excursion to France upon it; for he was a very adroit velocipedean."

Looking backward through the mists of more than sixteen years, I am quite unable to recall the image of a single one of my contemporaries as he "sat his veloss" in New Haven. I remember the names of some who were persistent riders, but I have entirely forgotten whether they ever accompanied me, or whether I always rode solitarily. I cannot create a vivid mental picture of how the bone-shakers used to look upon the street; though the "scenes in a velocipede riding school" are called back with some degree of freshness whenever I turn to a certain wood-cut of that name which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* (Feb. 13, 1869, p. 109). It was on Saturday, the 24th of July, that I brought home my "impossible" A. B. degree; and the record shows that my first act, on the 26th, was to send for the lists of various velocipede makers. The price of a new "Pickering" had already dropped from $130 to $80; but I bought a second-hand one of the ex-keeper of a rink, paying $20 for it. This was on the 13th of August, and on the following day I spent an hour and a half in riding it four miles to Springfield, where I urged the dealer to return my money. Instead of consenting to this, he made a few repairs which he declared "caused the wheels to run

true," as originally warranted. I denied his assertion, but my denial did not avail to loosen his hold on the $20; and so I sent the Pickering home in a cart. I took short rides with it, every day or two, until the end of October; and, on a half-dozen occasions, during the latter month, went as far as the post office, two miles distant. This was my furthest objective point, and I presume such long tours may have been rather wearisome, for I oftener employed a horse to draw me thither, in spite of my indifference to driving. My latest entry concerning this machine shows that on the first day of December "I rode a little in attic, in addition to usual exercise." This usual exercise was club-swinging, to which I gave about a half-hour daily; and the scene of it was the top story of a large storehouse, whose floor furnished a smooth riding-surface, but whose converging rafters restricted the scope of it. How much or how little I circled there, on the *veloce*, as a supplement to my customary club exercise, during that winter, I cannot now recall; but I probably never again mounted the Pickering in the open air, for, when the warm weather returned, I presented it to a twelve-year-old boy, who has preserved it, I believe, even unto the present time. When he last dragged it out for my inspection, a year or two ago, I was impressed with surprise at my ever having had the ability to ride it, and at my ever having had the infatuation to see grace and loveliness in its clumsy outlines.

My post-collegiate experiences with the bone-shaker were doubtless restricted by my lack of leisure for indulging the hobby; for it was during the half-year that ended with the last day of April, 1870, that I wrote "Four Years at Yale," a sort of cyclopedia of undergraduate life there, or matter-of-fact presentation of student customs and traditions. The production of such a manuscript (950 large pages, containing about 220,000 words) in so short a time required uninterrupted industry; and the events which followed its completion proved almost equally prohibitory to thoughts of velocipeding. During a nine months' European tour which began in October, 1871, I made four distinct visits to England and London; and, on the last and longest of these visits, I saw a sight which pleased me more, and made a stronger impression on my memory, than any other single experience of the tour. This was the dog show at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, where 1,050 specimens of the canine nobility of the kingdom (including a goodly number of adorable bull dogs) howled and barked a discordant chorus which made sweet melody in my ears. No show of the sort had then been known in America, and a passage across the Atlantic seemed to me a small price to pay for the privilege of witnessing so sublime a spectacle. I record the date of it here, however, only because that was the last day when I ever put myself astride of a bone-shaker, as shown by this entry (June 7, 1872): "After regretfully taking leave of the dogs, I went out into the garden of the palace and hired a velocipede 'for an hour'; but I got enough of it in ten minutes, because of the wetness of the ground and the badness of the machine. I prove to my own satisfaction, however, that I still know how to ride." My memory of

the unrecorded sights of those days is very vague, but it seems to me that I used to be confronted quite often by the *veloce* in the parks not only of London, but of Paris, Vienna and other continental cities. In all those places, however, my own favorite "mount" was the roof of an omnibus or horse-car; though when I went to London again, in December, 1875, I saw so many advertisements of the new-fangled, rubber-tired bicycles—giving prices at which they could be hired by the day or week, for use upon the road—that my old-time passion for personal wheeling revived once more, and I resolved to take a tour with one before I left the country.

Had I kept this resolve, I should inevitably have purchased a bicycle; and, as I sailed homeward from Liverpool on the 20th of April, 1876, that same supposititious machine would have been the first of its sort to roll along our United States roads,—because the first that actually did this dated its career from the same summer's Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Procrastination, that thief of time, thus robbed me, "all unbeknownst," of my possible honors as a pioneer. Though I lived for nearly five months in the unbroken seclusion of "No. 33, St. James's Place, S. W.," without once speaking to a private acquaintance, and though the rather remarkable task for which I established myself in that haughty and high-priced *cul-de-sac* (the construction of a secret tunnel thence to the innermost vaults of Somerset House) was completed long before the expiration of that period, I somehow never quite got leisure to indulge in the anticipated bicycling. Perhaps the thought that the roads would grow better with the advancing spring led me to postpone the experience to as late a date as possible; until at last I suddenly saw, amid the rush of things which *must* be done as sailing day drew near, that I had postponed it beyond the possibility of realization. Of course, I had no shadow of a premonition of the brilliant future which was just then beginning to dawn upon the modified bone-shaker. I did not think of the proposed ride as a matter of vast latent significance. I did not suspect that it concealed the "potency" of causing a definite deviation in my whole course of life, such as my actual adoption of the wheel, three years later, has caused in fact. But it is certainly true that, among all the regrets for things undone and pleasures postponed, my chief regret, when I sailed away from England in '76, was connected with the fact that I had failed to explore its roads on a bicycle! My consolation was the old one: that the mysteries and attractions of the mighty metropolis are too vast and varied for any philosophic visitor ever to reach the end of. My own selected samples of "life" there had proved sufficiently amusing and instructive, even without any trials of the wheel. Though the mystic formula "G. B. V. 4. 5. 6." had not availed to give me the hoped-for pot of gold, when I reached the end of its rainbow, it had at least been the means of impressing me anew with the significance of these lines from Cowper:

> "Where has pleasure such a field—so rich, so thronged, so well supplied—as London? Opulent, enlarged, and still increasing London!"

XXVIII.

CURL.[1]

CURL was the best dog that ever lived. His face was his fortune. The soul which shone through that ugly visage was one whose beauty not even the pen of Shakespeare could do justice to. He was neither a gentleman nor a scholar,—for he was born in a beer-saloon kept by an Irishman, and the discipline of his earlier months was imperfect; but he was a genuine humorist, a devout believer in the supernatural, and a thoroughly honest seeker after a high ideal for the shaping of his personal conduct. Realizing clearly the vanity of life, he early decided to attempt getting the most good possible from it by treating it as a joke; and though his own vanities and affectations and pretenses were many and whimsical, they were too transparent to be a real blot upon his character. No one knew better than himself that they were mere devices of "business," assumed for conventional and necessary purposes; and it rarely happened, when the occasion was over, that he would refuse to admit this, or to join with me in laughing at them.

His function in the universe was to serve as guardian of the ancestral farm or market-garden where I was born and brought up, and where a great many men and boys were employed under conditions favorable to the development of insolence and thievishness. For the repression of those lawless tendencies in such a place, no instrument of police has ever yet been found quite so effective as the presence of a savage watch-dog, provided his own savage impulses can be repressed at the proper point. They are useful as a menace and a warning,—as a vague, overhanging terror, to discourage and dishearten the prospective doer-of-evil,—but they must never be gratified by the actual taste of blood. No man or boy will consent to work at a place where he is liable to be bitten, while in the discharge of his ordinary and proper tasks; but no such a one can fail to have his moral tendencies stiffened and confirmed in the right direction by an ever-present belief that, if he sneaks back in the night time for the special and improper task of lugging off a load of farm-produce, or if he attempts to offer personal

[1] See heliotype portrait facing the title-page. The likeness was made by the Photo-Gravure Company, of 853 Broadway, N. Y., from the original ambrotype, taken by A. F. Daniels, at Chicopee, Mass., Dec. 24, 1858. This biographical sketch of Curl was unanimously rejected by the editors of a dozen magazines to whose inspection I submitted it, though my own necessarily partial judgment attributes to it the possession of more "contemporaneous human interest," with respect to the general reader, than attaches to anything else contained in the book. Copies of this chapter (with heliotype appended) will be mailed by the publisher for 25 c. each.

violence to his employer, the jaws of a powerful bull-dog will simultaneously fasten upon his throat with the remorselessness of an avenging angel.

Here, then, was Curl's opportunity; and wonderfully well did he improve it. He magnified his office to the utmost. He came in time to rank himself as the true owner of the farm. Never failing to accord dignified and affable toleration to the presence of other members of the family, it was plain that he after a while adopted the theory that they were a species of favored guests or tenants-at-will, whom it was his good-pleasure, as the real head of the establishment, to entertain and defend. He was, in essence and intention, the mildest-mannered dog that ever scuttled home to gnaw a bone! Not so much as once in all his long life did he ever inflict a bite upon a single human being. No creature that walks the earth could be softer-hearted, or more actively sympathetic, or more ardently desirous of cultivating the friendship of every chance acquaintance who offered civil greeting. If his true character, as revealed to me and his other intimates, could have been comprehended by the general outside public, he would have been utterly worthless as a barrier and a defense. The fact, then, that he served in such capacity for many years, with eminent honor and never-varying success, supplies a striking proof of the deceitfulness of appearances. In the language of the tramps, he remained a "holy terror" to the last. Even in extreme old age, his feeble and tottering presence gave the farm a sort of traditionary prestige as the abiding place of an animal whose ferocious and blood-thirsty nature presented, as Dr. Johnson might say, a potentiality of destructiveness beyond the dream of the prize-fighter. I used to tell these things to Curl; and the knowledge of them (such was his sense of humor, and his appreciation of the grotesqueness in the contrast between his real and his reputed character) undoubtedly helped to cheer and prolong his life. He took pleasure in maintaining his entirely undeserved reputation for savagery. He understood that the keeping up of appearances was a part of his daily routine of duties. He knew that his position as "chief of the state" demanded the preservation of a bold front in the presence of strangers. He supposed, too, that his little tricks of bluster and bravado were what chiefly compelled their respect and deference. As to this I never had the heart to attempt to undeceive him. The result might have been disastrous to our friendship. In fact, I myself could rarely be forced to admit the truth, without a rankling sense of outrage and resentment. But the true source of Curl's remarkable hold upon the public imagination was his ugly mug. His face was his fortune.

Idealized as it was to me by the light of affection, I always accounted it the handsomest face that canine creature was ever blessed with. The ambrotype which was taken of Curl, with my arm proudly encircling his admired head, "when I was twelve and he was two," is a speaking portrait, possessed of a lifelike force and vigor which no photographic reproduction has been able to do justice to, and which the heliotype copy now presented as a frontis-

piece to this book fails adequately to depict. Gazing upon that ambrotype after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, and reflecting how well that special artistic process has justified its name by preserving Curl's features for me with such "immortal freshness," I am even now unable to comprehend why other people fail to recognize those features as handsome,—as the very perfection of canine beauty. It was always hard for me to realize that folks were in earnest who called him "as homely as a hedge fence." Appreciating as I did his unbounded good-nature and kind-heartedness, the spectacle of people shrinking back from him in terror and dismay was always very trying to my finer feelings. I might laugh at their foolishness, but the testimony thus involuntarily given to the sincerity of their belief in his evil appearance was exasperating to me. Curl's nose and ears were black, and below the ears were dark brindled patches, of irregular shape, which I considered veritable beauty-spots, though the one of them which encircled his left eye doubtless served to intensify the stern and implacable expression which gave him his practical value. All the rest of his outward form was white,—reflecting thus the purity of his inward character. In most respects he was a thorough-going bull dog, with square shoulders and flattened nose, but he lacked the protruding lower jaw characteristic of that type, and his large size and dignified deportment showed there was something of the strain of the mastiff in him. His ancestry was obscure, but the Irish rum-seller who nurtured him had enough faith in it, or in his own early promise of "gameness," to solemnly dedicate him for service in the prize-ring. Curl's ears were therefore cropped, the tip-end of his tail was bitten off by human teeth, and "the little white worm which makes a dog go mad" (presumably some short nerve or ligament) was carefully extracted from beneath his tongue. These two latter ceremonies are dear to the heart of Hibernian superstition, as supremely important steps in the preliminary training of a successful fighter; and the inestimable value of them was dwelt upon with great earnestness when the time came for naming the price at which this most ferociously promising pup could be purchased. "The blackness of the roof of the mouth of him," which was undeniable, was also alleged as another praiseworthy "point," indicative of tenacity and truculence. In short, such a dog as Curl seemed destined to become, up to the very moment when a change of ownership rescued him from behind the bar of a low grog-gery, and ensured for him a peaceful pastoral career,—such a dog as Curl seemed always in fact to be to those who casually met him,—was shown with a fairly graphic touch by the professional poet of *Puck*, when he put forth this "impression":

> Bow-legged champion of the town, you yawn and lick your chops with glee,
> And watch the cat ascend the tree like lightning, when you deign to frown.
> You chew all enemies to pulp, and, 'neath the light of summer moons,
> The lover's doe-skin pantaloons you swallow at a single gulp.

It was the lover's spotted coach-dog, however,—sleek and gentle as a

kitten,—that excited the baser passions of the real Curl, known to the present history. He could not bear to see that dandified city dog upon the place, or to feel that he was anywhere secreted upon the place. It grieved him. He resented it as a personal affront. "I am a peaceful dog and a well-disposed," Curl would say; "I give trouble to no honest wayfarers at the outer gate. But the rules of this farm are 'No dogs allowed on the premises!' and it 's my duty to expel this interloper. You may call it jealousy, but I call it duty." Thereupon the hairs in Curl's back would bristle up with a Jerry-Cruncher-like spikiness, his tail would oscillate stiffly to and fro, a lurid light would flash from his eyes, his cropped ears would slant back at a dangerous angle; and either he or "Spot" had to be forthwith incarcerated until the time came for the lover's departure. On one memorable occasion, when the dungeon drear chanced to be a vacant room in the second story, through whose closed window Curl had an unobstructed view of his handsome visitor,—sauntering placidly about and even sniffing at the fragments of food in his own basin,—the maddening sight overcame his habitual caution. There was the sound of breaking glass; there was the sight of a big white bull-dog sprawling for an instant on a narrow ledge of roof, with a shattered window-sash encircling him; there was the "dull, sickening thud" and the sharp yelp of pain as his body struck the earth. But, in another instant, Curl had resumed his official duties as commander of the farm, and "sprung, all claws, upon the foe."

This escapade of Curl's hot youth always brought to his face a glow of pride, when I recalled it to him in maturer years,—long after the lover had taken his bride away, and the incursions of the spotted coach-dog had become matter of ancient history. No other canine intruder ever again regularly came upon the farm; but "Black Jack," a shaggy Newfoundland, residing less than a quarter-mile away, used often to trot majestically by the gate and incidentally throw glances of lofty scorn on Curl and all his belongings. A hearty reciprocation of this was shown whenever Curl had occasion to go by Jack's gate; for he then walked so slowly and stiffly, and held his tail with such a minatory and insolent twist, that even a far less intelligent dog than Jack would have understood the odium and contempt thus expressed for him. Jack appreciated it perfectly. For all the years of their lives—and as regards the times of their deaths they were not greatly divided—they were sworn enemies. The whole town knew it; and they both knew that the town knew it. It was one of the conventions of their existence. No other dog ventured to compare himself with them, or to aspire to a leadership in public affairs. It was universally recognized that these two were "the best two dogs in town." The great question was, Which of the two is the better dog? Opinion was about equally divided, and the question has remained unanswered to the present day. Curl and Jack never fought. They continually challenged each other to combat. They always carried chips on their shoulders. They seemed everlastingly to thirst for each other's blood. They struggled des-

perately for the fray when "held back by their friends." But each dog was at heart a trifle afraid of the other; and I think they had secretly signed a mutual compact that the test of superior prowess should never really be made. Even in his most confidential moments, however, Curl would never admit to me the existence of any such treaty; and always, at the mere mention of his hated rival's name,

> "With every bristling hair along his back he fiercely frowned,
> And curled his tail until he raised his hind legs from the ground."

Whenever, therefore, he failed promptly to answer my call, I had only to pretend to call Jack, or to speak pet words to Jack, or to scrape the feed-dish for Jack, and I was sure that Curl, if within ear-shot, would soon come rushing indignantly forward. It was a diversion also, when Curl's eyes had been bandaged, to "make-believe" feed or fondle Jack in his presence. His simulated rage and desperation over this imaginary affront were in most amusing contrast to his transports of joy and affection when the bandage was removed and he was assured again of the fact that he himself was the only perfect dog in the world. Once when Jack ran forth from his gate and barked viciously at Curl who was proudly rolling by in an empty market-wagon, and was therefore inaccessible, Curl fairly shrieked himself hoarse by the rapidity and vigor of his replies. While then he was running frantically around the wagon, in a pretended paroxysm of dismay at his inability to "out and at him," the tail-board suddenly gave way beneath his pressure, and the two furious enemies were thus brought close together on the ground, with never a barrier between them. The instant their surprise was over, the magnificent Jack was seen retreating within his gate, and the truculent Curl trotting homeward as mildly as if just returning from Sunday school. It was a favorite demonstration of belligerency with Curl,—when the sight of Jack, running gayly along with a carriage, revived in his breast an active sense of his rival's moral baseness,—to chase him violently for the thirty rods or so which represented the garden's frontage upon the street. Had such pursuit been planned in good-faith, Curl would have taken to the road by way of the front gate; but, instead of doing this, his practice was to run through the garden, along the inner side of the picket fence, shouting defiance and imprecations at Jack as he ran. When the angle of the garden fences was thus reached, Curl always expressed great surprise and grief at finding no gate or other outlet there; and he would sometimes carry his pretense so far as to gnaw at a picket or dig a little dirt from under the fence, in his desperate desire to overhaul the hated Jack, who by this time would be far down the road. A great change came over Curl's spirit on a certain morning when, having plunged through the garden with phenomenal speed and ferocity, in pursuit of a dog whom he had no real desire to reach, he found (as a result of my having removed two pickets, for his discomfiture) that an outlet to the street really existed there! Curl sprang through it, as in duty bound, but his pursuit of the foe immediately relaxed in vigor, and was very soon transformed into an ap-

parent endeavor to follow a chipmunk up the big maple tree. I ultimately replaced the pickets, for I wished to abet Curl in all his simulations of bravery; but it seemed to me that he never afterwards took quite as thorough a satisfaction as before in charging down upon his enemies from behind the safe barrier of the picket fence. The demonstrated element of danger in the case had somewhat impaired his confidence and enthusiasm. Knowing that his duty to the farm demanded the keeping up of a reputation as a "terrible fighter," he fulfilled that function perfectly without any violation of the peace. Except for the conventional necessities of their respective positions, I have no doubt that Jack and himself would gladly have joined in chanting the following duet, with responsive wags of their tails, as well representing their ideal of canine wisdom and philosophy:

"You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog, or of any dog that you please;
I go for the dog, the wise old dog, that knowingly takes his ease,
And, wagging his tail *outside* the ring,—keeping, always, his bone in sight,—
Cares not a pin, in his sound old head—the *outside* dog in the fight.
Not his is the bone they are fighting for; and why should my dog sail in,
With nothing to gain, but a certain chance to lose his own precious skin?
There may be a few, perhaps, who fail to see it quite in this light,
But, when the fur flies, I had rather be the *outside* dog in the fight.
I know there are dogs—injudicious dogs—who think it quite the thing
To take the part of one of the dogs, and go yelping into the ring;
But I care not a pin what all may say, in regard to the wrong or right,
My money goes, as well as my song, for the dog that keeps out of the fight."

In respect to a certain pair of dogs who stood in abject dread of him, Curl never assumed the existence of any better route of approach than through the front gate. One of these was a black-and-tan, of about half his own size, whom Curl would tumble into the dust with his paw, and then stand above, rather shamefacedly, as if in doubt. After a while, he would settle the doubt by letting the dog run on to rejoin the milk-wagon to which he was attached. Curl never bit or otherwise injured this dog, and the dog never resented the indignity of having Curl stand on all fours above him; but he would sometimes make a long detour into the field, to avoid this chance of being rolled in the dust; and Curl would even then give chase and force the making of a longer detour. The other regular recipient of discipline from Curl was a meek greyhound, belonging to a cracker-pedlar who drove past the farm once a week, and gave notice of his passing by a string of sleigh-bells on his horse's neck. Whenever Curl was observed to whine and show symptoms of uneasiness without apparent cause, it usually happened that the sound of the cracker-pedlar's bells would become audible to human ears soon afterwards. The bells probably seemed, to Curl's mind, specially designed to taunt him with the announcement that an absurdly thin greyhound was about to run by; and he usually resented it by chasing after him, for a dozen or twenty rods, and growling savagely,—though he never disgraced himself by offering actual violence to so frail and spiritless a specimen. The ringing of the large

dinner-bell, by which the men in the field were ordered to quit work at noon and night, also had a sort of horrible fascination for Curl. He would place himself as close as possible to the ringer, throw back his ears, lift his nose straight up to the sky, and dolefully howl a prolonged howl of despair. I myself used to be greatly entertained by these dismal outpourings, and I would sometimes jangle the bell for Curl's special edification; but other people did not like them, and some of the superstitious would secretly say that they "boded a death in the family."

The Fourth of July was a grievous day for Curl, and care had to be taken then to prevent him from committing involuntary suicide, so eager was he to attack and suppress the explosion of gunpowder in any and every shape. He would pounce upon and try to bite a pack of exploding fire-crackers, unless dragged away from them by main force; and, had the monster "cannon crackers" of the present day been then in vogue, he would doubtless have had his jaws blown off while furtively endeavoring to bite into silence one of those hissing enemies. Once, when I inadvertently left a Roman candle blazing in the ground, I was reminded of his presence by hearing his teeth snapping above it; and his whiskers had been singed off before he could be rescued. On the same evening, while I was standing on a hot-bed frame, waving another candle aloft, Curl gave a running jump with all his force, in the direction of the fire, and striking me in the stomach, knocked me backward into the soft earth of the hot-bed,—my head just barely escaping contact with the cross-bar of the frame, which contact would probably have been fatal. It was rare sport, however, to fire a pin-wheel, just high enough to be out of Curl's reach, but not too high to discourage him from jumping at it. Jump he would, tirelessly, so long as the wheel continued to whirl; and the sparks, which formed a halo about his head, expired harmlessly at the instant of contact with it. To send Curl in pursuit of a fiery snake or "chaser," was also another approved diversion: one instant his white form would be seen speeding along, illuminated by the shower of sparks streaming from the tail of the "snake"—and the next instant, through the blackness of darkness, would be heard the dog's puzzled grunt, proclaiming his surprise at the sudden disappearance of the *ignis fatuus*.

The setting off of fireworks was not, however, the only sort of human activity which Curl resented as immoral. It grieved him greatly to see any one walking on the roofs of the house and barns; or to hear the district-school children rattle their sticks along the picket fence; and the rapid trundling of an empty wheelbarrow upon the brick sidewalk awakened his active hostility. He would endeavor to retard its progress by pressing his thick neck against the revolving wheel, or even by biting it, and the sides of the barrow. He never interfered with this when it was loaded with vegetables, nor when it was wheeled slowly about, even if empty; but any attempt to push it rapidly, as a matter of sport, he considered highly improper. It was a convention with him also to assume great anger whenever I pounded

with a broomstick or rake-handle upon the door of his den,—which apartment occupied a recess beneath the stairs of the woodshed and was designated, by a sign of large letters, as belonging specially to "THE DORG." The sham-fights which I there used to engage in with the beloved beast were something terrible to behold,—by any one who did not know that his frantic manifestations of the wildest rage were mere humorous assumptions. It was all in fun. The minute that my desperate attack upon his castle ceased, he was ready to rush out and overwhelm me with caresses. The sight of men wrestling or scuffling with one another was so objectionable to his mind that he would usually try to spring upon them and separate them; and it vexed him greatly to see men throwing missiles at one another, or at any object whatever. Instead of avoiding any missile coming in his own direction, he would put himself in the way of it,—jumping into the air, if necessary, in his endeavor to catch it in his mouth. The sharper the hurt which such a thing gave him, the more eager he became to stop the next one. Had it been allowable to persist in any such cruel experiment, I know that Curl would have "caught things" until he was killed in the effort. His hostility seemed to be directed against the missile itself, rather than against the thrower of it; and, if a cannon-ball had been hurled at him, he would never have flinched from his assumed duty of trying to stop it.

This characteristic gave a chance for great fun in the winter, whenever the snow was sticky enough to pack well together; for Curl would spring valiantly against the largest lumps which could be lifted over him; and the process of being overwhelmed by their bulk and impetus was not really a painful one. Curl enjoyed immensely these struggles in the snow, but he hated very much to be imprisoned in a snow-cave. My plan was, when the cave was in readiness, to throw a piece of meat into its inmost recess, send Curl in pursuit of it, and then, before he had time to withdraw, seal up the entrance with a heavy barrier of snow. Afterwards, I would torment my victim by offering honeyed compliments to "Jack," or pretending to feed him lavishly, until at last Curl would tunnel his way out of the prison, or else I would break its roof down upon his head. It became increasingly difficult, as experience sharpened his sagacity, to coax Curl into a trap of this sort; and there was something very amusing in his various shrewd endeavors to secure the meat without irretrievably committing his entire body to the cave. No amount of coaxing or entreaty could ever persuade him to draw me on a sled, for so much as a single rod, when faced away from home. But sometimes, when an ice-storm had made a stout crust upon the surface of the snow, I would get Curl away off in the field, and then, having hitched him to the sled on which I had seated myself, I would tell him to "Go home!" He went, on such occasions, with surprising swiftness. Under no other impulse did my "Gen. Scott" ever travel quite so fast.

In skating times, also, Curl was emphatically "a big thing on ice," and the manner in which his rotund body would glide along the slippery surface,

as a sequel to any attempt on his part to make a sudden curve while running, was ludicrous in the extreme. He had a great dread of water in an unfrozen condition, however, and regarded the application of it to his body in the light of a punishment. Though always glad to accompany me into the field, he was apt to slink back, dubiously, as the river bank was approached; and considerable coaxing and dragging had to be resorted to in getting him into my flat-bottomed skiff, albeit the stern of this was conspicuously lettered "The Bull Dorg." The problem then was to row the boat out as far as possible before Curl sprang overboard; for, much as he hated the water, he hated still more to see the solid earth receding from him, and there was always a point at which commands, reproofs and entreaties proved powerless to prevent his obeying the first law of nature, and swimming, as he thought, for his life. The protruding, blood-shot eyes, and sad look of desperation, which characterized Curl on such occasions,—as he paddled rapidly to the shore and hurried breathlessly up the bank to secrete himself in the asparagus-bed or the corn-field,—gave rise to unsympathetic mirth on the part of those who knew the real benefit which the bath conferred upon him. He never ran home alone on such occasions, no matter how long I might be busied with the boat. At some point on my homeward walk, Curl would be sure to frisk out gayly from his lurking-place; but he would also be sure to keep well in advance of me until the nearness of the house convinced him that I meditated no return to the river. Once or twice in his life Curl was regularly "tubbed" and scrubbed; but the process was so saddening and depressing to his spirits, and the memory of the indignity rankled so long in his mind, that the benefit to his bodily purity seemed hardly an adequate compensation for his mental distress.

In the hottest and most thirst-provoking of days, he regarded with distrust and suspicion, any tender to him of fresh, cool water in a clean basin. He could rarely be persuaded to taste it; and, if he did so, his manner showed that he believed the true object of the kindness was a plan of drenching him with the contents of the basin,—though that trick was in fact never played upon him. His favorite drinking-place was the spout which carried the waste-water from the pump-room sink into the drain; and the dirtier and soapier this water happened to be, the better Curl seemed to relish it. He rarely consented to patronize the horses' drinking-trough, which was equally accessible, and the water of which was reasonably clean. He probably thought, in fact, that the drinking of water at all was a sort of weak and ignominious indulgence, which it became him, as far as possible, to conceal. The great advantage of the spout was, that an overhanging bench or shelf gave him a certain sense of privacy and seclusion while in the act of slaking his thirst there. He always did it furtively, and ran away whenever he found himself observed. His favorite beverage was buttermilk, and, in respect to the imbibing of this, he also showed a perverse preference for the pail devoted to the pigs, rather than for his own proper basin. If the cats approached the brimming edge of the latter, however, after he had gorged him-

self at the swill pail (Curl often took a vulgar satisfaction in plunging his entire head beneath its milky surface, in pursuit of possible delicacies hidden at the bottom), and had bolstered his distended body up against the fence, to sleep off the effects of the debauch,—his eyes immediately opened and his appetite returned. Walking with dignified and deprecatory tread to the basin, he would insert his nose therein and continue to lap the milk until the last drop, or the last cat, had disappeared. If the cats returned when the dish was refilled, Curl would also return from the fence and repeat the process. The cats stood in no sort of awe of him, for he always gave a dignified toleration to their friendly advances, and sometimes, in moods of special tenderness, he would condescend to stroke their foreheads with his tongue, when they purringly arched their backs upward for his approval. He never even growled his resentment when they clawed bits of solid food out of the dish at which he was feeding,—though he once contemptuously tossed aside, and thereby inadvertently killed, a kitten, who, not content with intruding into the dish, inserted her claws in his cheek. But, as regards the pre-emption of the milk, the point simply was that, as soon as Curl's flat nose covered the basin, the cats were hopelessly shut off: there was no space left in which they could insert their tongues.

It was always a pleasure to me to feed Curl at the table, and I taught him at that place the only real "trick" which he ever learned. He would patiently hold upon his nose even the most tempting morsel of food until my exclamation of "*There!* Curl," gave permission to toss it in the air and swallow it on the descent. Hence, the cry of "*There!* Curl," or "*There!* Jack," uttered in his absence, was always understood by him, when he heard it, as signifying a distribution of something to eat. There was something funny about the intentness with which Curl, after "swallowing at a single gulp" a large bit of meat which I had tossed into his mouth, would examine the carpet to see if by chance it had escaped him. It was only when thus convinced of his having really absorbed the morsel, that he would allow the complacent smile of the true gastronomer to overspread his face. There were perilous pyramids of chairs, and tottering wood piles, and slippery roofs, to whose summits I enticed Curl, with irresistibly tempting baits, in those dear old days; nor was the practice of teaching him a polite slowness in the swallowing of meat (by the device of having it hitched to a string whereof I held one end) entirely unknown to my experience. It used to seem to me that, when Curl watched the people sitting at table, he everlastingly turned over in mind, as an inexplicable puzzle, the reason for their moderation in failing to greedily seize upon all the food which lay unprotected before them. A single yielding to a great temptation of this sort was the only blot that ever fell upon Curl's reputation for entire integrity. On a certain fated noon of his early youth, while the deleterious influences of his low associations behind the bar were still fresh upon him, the sight of a platter of ham, just cooked and awaiting transfer from the stove-hearth to the dining-table, proved

too much for his virtue. He bolted the entire slice at a gulp, and then bolted, himself, for the lawn. Here the ham rose up and "gave him pause." He quickly swallowed it again, but had no more than reached the corner of the house when the slippery slice once more asserted itself. His third absorption of it proved effectual, however, as the digestive processes were doubtless stimulated by the tremendous horsewhipping which he received from the heavy hand of outraged authority. He never stole again.

The fifty acres within the farm limits gave Curl ample opportunity for exercise, and he well understood that he was not expected to wander beyond them. He was not often allowed to accompany any one beyond them; and though he esteemed it a treat to ride—either in the family carriage, or in a market-wagon, or a buggy, or a sleigh—he did not often feel aggrieved because not invited. The clumsy vigor with which he would, when requested, throw his heavy body far enough up on the big market-wagon to bring it within reach of the beckoning hand which would then drag him in by the collar was rather amusing. Still more so was his persistence in sitting on the front seat, or in standing in a position that would allow him to look over the dash-board or one side of it. Under no circumstances would Curl ever consent to occupy a rear position in any moving vehicle. He seemed to consider it a degradation. His sense of duty demanded that he, as the true commander, should have an outlook at the front. Even better than in the case of wagons, his powers as a leaper were exhibited by the act of scaling a certain high board-fence, which I had occasion to climb when on my way to collect maple sap. Crouching close to the ground, Curl would spring upward far enough to clutch the top of the fence with his paws; then, drawing his body up with them, he would balance himself for a moment and jump down solidly upon the other side. On one notable occasion, however,—as a result of too vigorous a jump, or of a subsequent loss of his foothold—Curl exhibited himself upon the summit of the fence, transfixed as to his stomach, and with all fours waving wildly in the air. It was a recognized part of his duties to drive the neighbors' hens out of the garden; and it was his custom when they, with much squawking, flew over the picket fence which marked the boundary line, to continue at full speed, with head and eyes lifted aloft, until the fence brought him to a sudden halt. No matter how often this chase was repeated, Curl never seemed to remember that any fence existed there, until his body came into violent collision with it. His entire attention was concentrated upon the hens, and upon envious thoughts of their superior ability in flying. Yet he tried never to catch them. He never killed a hen; and if a specially stupid specimen sometimes forced him to take a mouthful of feathers from her, before she would vacate the premises, he felt rather ashamed that his official duty in the case had demanded such rude conduct from him. He was wont to paw the troublesome feathers from his mouth with a rueful and crestfallen air.

Somewhat similar to this was his distress at getting a fly in his mouth,

when, after long continued efforts, he had managed to capture one. A fly on the end of Curl's nose would be watched by him with great intentness and deliberation before he made the final endeavor to toss and catch it, like a piece of meat. He also had a way, when in a hostile mood toward the flies, of assuming a particularly fixed and stony stare, gazing straight into vacancy until a fly crossed his field of vision, when his open jaws would come together with a snap. If the fly escaped, the operation was repeated; if captured, Curl was put to considerable trouble in getting his mouth clear of it. This recalls my own favorite device of sticking his jaws together with warm molasses candy, or maple wax, whereof he was so fond that, no matter how often the indulgence brought him to grief, he was always ready to partake. To see this besotted lover of sweets lie upon his back and awkwardly try to pry his jaws apart with his paws, or to dislodge with his paw a luscious lump clinging to the roof of his mouth, was a sight to be remembered. It was my custom to accelerate his movements in such cases by pretending that "Black Jack" was about to be introduced and pounce upon him in this shamelessly disabled condition. Curl once pounced upon and killed a big woodchuck, in a fair fight in the open field, while walking with me one day; and that was a fairly creditable feat for a dog of his clumsiness to do. He appreciated fully the glory of his achievement; and, having dragged home the carcass of the foe, he proudly exhibited it, and at intervals made fierce public attacks upon it, for a day or two, until it was hidden from him by burial. His onslaught upon some bumble-bees, whose nest in the clover had been stirred up by the progress of the mowing machine, was less happy in its conclusion. When the buzzing insects had stung Curl into a lively realization of the fact that he was utterly vanquished, and could hope for no relief or safety but in flight, he fled with a good degree of speed,—pausing once to roll upon the ground, as a means of shaking off his tormentors. I remember—as clearly as if I saw it yesterday, instead of in one of those remote summers "before the war"—the look of agonized bewilderment that overspread Curl's face when, on reaching the crest of the hill by the barn, he twisted his head far enough around to see that one of these tormentors was still clinging to him and vigorously "putting in his work." Curl's jaws snapped despairingly within an inch or so of the unapproachable bee, which was lodged exactly in the center of his back; and further rollings on the ground were equally in vain; but, finally, at the saw-horse, he scraped himself free.

There was only one other occasion in Curl's life when he was thoroughly abashed and disconcerted and robbed of his self-conceit, by the undeniable superiority of a fellow-animal. It was the day he saw the elephant. He had barked with gay superciliousness at the circus-wagons, and had sniffed the sniff of contempt at the horsemen; but when this vast and incredible mass of animated matter loped across his field of vision, Curl was simply overwhelmed, stupefied, paralyzed. His tail dropped, his legs trembled and refused to support him, his body shivered and shook as with a fit of ague, in the presence of this

gigantic monster whose existence had never been dreamed of. Curl's belief in his own magnificence shrunk down to the lowest notch. He slunk off to his den and remained there all the day in woeful meditation,—trying to reconcile his saddened soul to the astonishing discovery that the world contained something mightier than himself. At the other extreme in the animal kingdom were the fleas which infested Curl and made him grateful towards any one who would scratch his back along the central ridge where his own teeth could not do police duty efficiently. I know not whether there really exist two distinct varieties of this particular species of vermin; but I mention it as a fact that, while I am very susceptible to the bite of the flea, and of every other poisonous insect, I never received any such bites as a result of my intimate association with Curl, though fleas could always be found skipping about in his fine white hair. His demonstration of pleasure at being scratched consisted in holding his head and ears well back and rapidly protruding his tongue above his upper lip. The most comic exhibition which Curl ever gave, however, of the essential blitheness and gayety of his nature, was the diversion which we called "circling." There was no such word as "cycler" known in those days, but, as a "circler," Curl surely surpassed all the dogs of history. Whenever the sense of merriment took full control of him,—whenever a supreme consciousness of "the joy and pride of life" prompted him to work off his superabundance of animal spirits,—Curl would suddenly adopt a curious conventional attitude (arching his back, flattening his ears and giving a peculiar twist to his tail) and would dart off with unprecedented velocity,—scampering into the garden by one gate and out by the other,—making a special circuit of the hot-bed frames while there,—and finally bringing his performance to a close by a most sprightly and mirth-provoking specimen of "circling" upon the lawn. Then he would resume his customary dignity with a sly wink of innocence, as if to say: "Lord, what fools we mortals be!"

It was the deep religious element in Curl's nature, however,—the abiding faith which he had in the supernatural,—which chiefly distinguishes him in my mind from among all the dogs I have ever known or read about. Curl worshiped an idol; and his unswerving belief in it cheered, comforted and strengthened him in the most trying periods. His idol was a wooden saw-horse. Its appearance may be described as resembling two parallel specimens of the letter X, about twenty inches high, joined at their centers by a cross-piece a foot long, and at the ends of their legs by similar braces. The amount of space included between the two crossed uprights, the central cross-piece and the lower braces was so small that no dog of Curl's size could have been dragged through it against his wishes. Only on specially important occasions, indeed, did Curl really insist upon pushing himself through it, for the process was definitely a painful one. Ordinarily, he was satisfied to rub up against the side of the saw-horse, or even to lie down in front of it. Its simple presence soothed him with a sense of benign protection and tranquillity. Its mute and wooden sympathy was grateful to him in every time of trouble. If Curl was

seen bracing his body against the saw-horse and mildly whining, we all understood that some minor sorrow oppressed him. His action signified that he had seen Jack just trot past; or that he heard the distant bells of the cracker-pedlar; or that he noticed a man upon the roof; or that the wheelbarrow had been trundled rapidly along the bricks; or that the dinner-bell had been rung; or that the "shed boys" had varied the monotony of cleaning vegetables by throwing them at one another or by scuffling; or that a gun or cannon had been fired; or that a door had been violently slammed; or that a horse, cow, or pig had escaped from confinement and been chased noisily around the yard; or that the district-school children had been rattling their sticks along the picket fence; or that I had been hammering on the door of his den, or snowballing him, or placing tempting baits of meat in discouragingly dangerous positions. When, however, Curl was observed to actually thrust himself into the saw-horse, and scrape his body painfully back and forth between its braces, uttering short barks and groans of anger and distress, he proclaimed that the serenity of his righteous soul had been most seriously ruffled.

Whenever Curl left the presence of any one, with an air of resentment, or injury, or dejection, or sorrow, there was no doubt whatever as to his destination. He at once sought the saw-horse; and the degree of his mental disturbance could be accurately gauged both by the rapidity with which he sought it, and by his conduct on arriving in its sacred presence. If he at once lay down, the trouble was slight; if he walked around the beloved idol and groaned plaintively, the matter was more serious; but, if he wormed himself through it and cried aloud, then, assuredly his moral sensibilities were stirred to their lowest depths. On the Fourth of July, as may be inferred, Curl was never absent from the saw-horse for a moment, except when actively engaged in the attempt to suppress the explosion of gunpowder; and in the evening, during the lull which followed the setting off of any large piece of fireworks, his indignant voice could be heard, coming from the direction of the saw-horse, in the peculiar, suppressed tones, which testified that he was squeezed tightly between its rounds. After every attack of his upon Roman candle or pin-wheel or fiery serpent, he would rush back to his idol for a moment of comfort, and then hurry out again, with fresh zeal, to renew the fight. Likewise when snowballs or other missiles were hurled in his direction, he would—after jumping at or chasing each one of them, as a matter of traditional duty—whirl rapidly around and back himself up against the saw-horse, before making the next onset. Such contact with it seemed to give him indomitable courage and perseverance. I think he cherished the notion not only that defeat and retreat were alike impossible, so long as this magic device was behind him, but that his onslaughts on the missiles somehow served to defend it from insult and desecration. His battle-cry seemed to be:

"While stands the sturdy Saw-horse, Curl shall stand;
When falls the fated Saw-horse, Curl shall fall;
And when Curl falls, the world!"

I never had the heart to deprive the dog of this priceless treasure, for any great length of time, and I usually took pains to let it stand in some easily accessible spot, shady in summer and sunny in winter. But whenever I did indulge in the perverse pleasure of exasperating Curl to the heart-breaking point, and witnessing his dismay when, having hurried off to seek the solace which a saw-horse grants, he found his idol had been removed from its wonted shrine,—in fact, whenever, for any reason, this idol was not accessible to him,—Curl adopted another device for doing penance which was almost as curious as his original infatuation. There stood behind the high fence of the barn-yard a certain flat-roofed shed, in which were stored stacks of cord-wood, and heavy bits of logs, sawn into shape for use in the fire-place. Thrown roughly together, they made an insecure sort of a pyramid, whose apex, tottering just beneath the roof, was a favorite place for the baiting of Curl with meat. In his endeavors to reach the bait, the dog would usually pull down several logs and roll with them to the bottom,—getting, of course, somewhat bruised and ruffled by the process. When, however, the saw-horse could not be found, or when it was exposed to a pouring rain, Curl, if in affliction, would voluntarily resort to this unsteady wood-pile (which, ordinarily, he was distrustful of, when the endeavor was made to persuade him to ascend it by baits), and would pull down the loose logs upon himself, and bite them, with every appearance of ferocious satisfaction. In spite of all tumbles, he would usually persevere until he reached the summit; and his ability, while there, to bump his head against the roof, each time that he uttered a wrathful bark, seemed specially gratifying to him.

Curl was born in the summer of 1856; and, as the illiterate people who presided over his birth preserved no written record of the exact day of it, I insisted that it must have been the Fourth of July. That, certainly, was to me the happiest day in all the calendar; and during no other day did Curl himself stick so steadfastly by the saw-horse and devote himself so unreservedly to serious meditation. Another supposititious date of his birth, advanced by a certain member of the household (whose gross partisanship as a Republican obscured the nobler sentiment of patriotism), was the day when that new-born party nominated its first Presidential candidate, Colonel John C. Fremont. Party spirit even went so far as to decree that the new dog—just rescued from the actual groggery and the prospective fighting-pit—should be formally named "Colonel Fremont." But my own ten-year-old foot was planted in flat opposition. I declared that the new dog should *not* thus be dragged into politics; and I defied the ability of the proposer to foist such an awkward name upon the acceptance of the household. Knowing that I was powerless, in the face of hostile authority, to secure the adoption of the quite-contrasted name which was my real preference, I hit upon "Curl," as having a somewhat similar sound and being more smoothly-spoken. By ceaselessly proclaiming this as the dog's real title, I soon forced it into general recognition; so that, within a year, even the most persistent supporter of the

word "Colonel" was obliged to abandon it as obsolete and ineffective in reference to the noble animal.

In political affiliation, Curl classified himself with those who were known as "War Democrats." Yes, he would say, "I goes in for Dabe Linkun, Ginral Scott, Ginral Micklenan, and all the fine ginrals and sojers uv the Union army,—pretickerlerly T. F. Mahher, and the gallant Crunnel Crorcroran, of the 69th rigiment, Mahher's brigade." Such was his "platform," as inscribed upon the Union flag, nailed fast to the door of his den, in the "dark days of '61." When I called his attention to the peculiar orthography of this, or reminded him that no "r" was needed in the spelling of "dog," Curl smiled sadly and said in response that he was a plain, blunt bull-dog, whose early educational advantages had been limited, who was now too old to learn new tricks, who never made any pretensions to elegance, and for whom, therefore, any kind of spelling was good enough. There were occasions, perhaps a half-dozen in the whole course of his life, when Curl left the farm for a day and a night at a time, and returned with blood-shot eyes and disheveled hair, and a generally damaged and depraved appearance, which betrayed the fact that he had been treading in paths of vice. At such times I used to profess my belief that he had revisited the vile groggery whence we had rescued him; that he had freely volunteered to help his former master dispense rum and gin to wretched customers over the counter, or even to mix drinks for the more luxurious ones; and that I had no doubt he gloried in his shame, and secretly wished he might always be a wicked and despised saloon-keeper instead of an honest and respected farmer.

Outside the farm, I never admitted that Curl had any individual name. I always designated him simply as "the Dog,"—by eminence and superiority *the* dog; since there could be no other worth my talking about. Even in later years, when I introduced his portrait into the steel-plate vignette of a college secret-society, and had it emblazoned on the drop-curtain in the society-hall, I insisted that my classmates should know it only as "the dog." The health of Curl always seemed rugged, until impaired by artificial means; though, from a very early period, he was troubled occasionally by spells of a sort of whooping cough, whose spasms would almost strangle him. When they were over, he would wag his tail and wink, as much as to say: "It 's of no consequence, gentlemen, I 'm only in fun." But the paralysis which came upon Curl's hind-quarters—as a result of poison, left within his reach by some malicious or careless person—was a much more serious matter. The liberal doses of raw-eggs and sulphur, which were administered to him as an antidote, and which he swallowed with apparent intelligence of the design to help him, did indeed bring back to him the control of his limbs and help prolong his life. But his full strength did not come back. He was never again the same dog. He no longer had power to spring into the market-wagon, or scale the big board fence. His attempts at "circling" were brief and ineffective. Even the sad luxury of crawling through the saw-horse became

increasingly difficult of attainment. The vision of one eye was ultimately impaired by the poison. The dog's intellectual traits and characteristics, however, remained unchanged until the last.

He never could be made to really look upon his own reflection in the mirror, but would turn away his eyes from it restlessly, as if it were some trick or deception, which he did not comprehend, and did not wish in any way to be mixed up with. The sight of a person lying in bed oppressed him with apprehension and dismay. A bed-chamber itself he regarded as an uncanny place. He was always uncomfortable when summoned there; and the signal to run down stairs was hailed with a joyous bark of relief. In winter evenings, he liked to stretch himself out, close beside the stove or fire-place, and doze there in a heat that was almost intense enough to roast him. He often snored loudly, and, as became a dog of his superstitious nature, he was not infrequently vexed by dreams and visions and nightmares. I remember that he once, while in profound slumber, went through all the motions of scenting out and digging up an imaginary bone which he had buried. Usually, however, the phantasm took the guise of another dog—presumably Jack—with whom he grappled and fought. On such occasions the muffled growls and barks, and suppressed snapping of the jaws, had such a peculiarly ghostly effect that I was always greatly interested in watching them. Less sympathetic observers, however, sometimes thought them disagreeable; and I recall the fact that, on a certain rainy Sunday, when some newly-arrived guests of the house were left alone there, during the hours of church service, with the assurance that Curl would supply companionship and protection, his slumbrous activity caused them considerable alarm. The convulsive twitchings of his legs and jaws, and defiant vibrations of his tail, were accepted by them as symptoms of approaching madness; and his muttered growlings were thought to be a warning of his probable attack upon them if they attempted to leave the room. So they sat still in their chairs until the return of the family from church released them from the seemingly perilous protection of this dreadful guardian.

When the time came for the household to retire, it was the custom of the mistress thereof to say "Come, Curl, you want to go out!" and to impress that assumed want upon his recognition by various wheedling remarks as to his personal goodness; or even by pretenses that Black Jack was about to be regaled with an appetizing repast, just outside the door. At such times, Curl would finally arise, with great deliberation, yawn tremendously, stretch himself almost flat to the floor—first by a forward motion of the fore legs and then by a backward push of the hind legs—and at last advance with incredible slowness of tread towards the indicated exit. The instant that the door closed upon him, however, he would rush with great speed down the brick walk, barking briskly; and having thus proclaimed at the outer gate his continued defiance of Jack and all other enemies, he would withdraw to his den for the night. In case the mistress attempted to accelerate Curl's progress towards

the door,—and he often interrupted it, to gaze critically upon the pictures and furniture, or, haply, upon the ceiling,—by dragging upon his collar, he would resent the insult with a growl of such profundity and apparent wickedness that she usually respected it and returned to moral suasion. "Mother is really the only person left in the family whom Curl can scare:" that, towards the last, was a recognized joke with all the rest of us. It did seem funny that any one who had lived for long years "behind the scenes,"—where every act of Curl's was known to have reflected the real harmlessness of disposition, the real gentleness of heart, which lay concealed beneath his rough exterior, and his conventional assumptions of ferocity,—could actually be afraid of him. I have no doubt that Curl's sense of humor led him to enjoy the joke also; and that, in his old age, when the mistress assumed courage enough to hasten him along by the collar, as all his other familiars had habitually done from his early youth, the knowledge that his blood-curdling growls had ceased to be accepted as serious, was a source of secret sorrow to him. It was a sort of last straw, which betokened that the end was near.

Curl died on a cold Sunday night in winter,—the night of the 24th of January, 1869. I was sixty miles away from him,—as I had been, indeed, during most of the four years of my college course, then ending,—but I think that some subtle touch of the saw-horse had inspired his prophetic soul with a knowledge of the first incoming wave of that mania for "velocipeding," which was destined to mark the month as memorable in the annals of American cycling. I think he foresaw that the velocipede—the fore-runner of the modern bicycle—was destined to receive from me an enthusiastic welcome. I think he realized that my admiration for his own particular "circling" was about to be supplanted by my admiration for "cycling" in general. I think that his resentment of the notion of my pushing about a velocipede or bicycle (a mechanism far more scandalous and repulsive to his sense of propriety than the wheelbarrow with which I had sometimes vexed him) was so extreme that he decided he would not live to witness the shameful sight. So, alone in the cold and darkness of a winter's midnight, he dragged his tottering limbs out from his snugly sheltered den, and, in a final search for the saw-horse, dropped down dead in the snow.

Yet not altogether alone did my old friend die. During the last year of Curl's life, as a re-enforcement to his waning activities as a defender, there was introduced upon the farm a small house-dog, whose color gave him the name of "Buff," but whose character was best reflected by the title of "Uriah Heep." I myself invariably addressed him in this way, and he never denied the justice of the stigma, or resented the application of it; for he was the most hypocritically "umble" and meanest-spirited dog in the entire circle of my acquaintance. Curl never so much as admitted that he was a dog at all (for it would have broken his heart to recognize the presence on the place of any real canine rival, or to abate a jot of the pretense—stiffly maintained by him to the last—that he was the supreme commander, fully competent to

protect all the interests of the farm), but he gave Uriah a sort of contemptuous toleration, as if he ranked him in the same class with the cats. Though Curl would quickly resent any kind attentions shown to any other dog, no matter how small; though he was disturbed when marked deference was paid to a visiting baby, and was distressed when members of the household exhibited any interest or admiration in gazing upon a newly-born colt, or calf, or pig,—he maintained a serene indifference as to Uriah. No amount of strokings bestowed upon the sleek head of that despicable character could arouse Curl's jealousy, or even ruffle his complacency. He simply ignored Uriah. To his consciousness, there was no such dog. Yet the ears of this unrecognized interloper, whose pusillanimous nature lowered him morally beneath the level of any respectable dog's contempt, gave him a certain value as a guardian of the public safety. The least disturbance of the wonted quiet of night-time attracted his instant attention, and was promptly announced by a very sharp and penetrating voice. The habit was no credit to him,—for he was a consummate coward, who would have fled from the meanest foe,—but it made him useful. On the last night of Curl's life, however, the usually contemptible Buff (for I will consent to call him by his baptismal name in connection with this single creditable appearance) performed the only admirable act of his entire existence. For this one touch of nature, I will try to do him justice. For this one display of kindness and fortitude,—shining as it does in contrast to the otherwise unrelieved baseness of his character,—his memory shall alway find a soft spot in my heart. Buff, in truth, made a desperate disturbance, at intervals between midnight and morning, on that mournful occasion; but his barkings and scratchings at the outer door were all in vain. Those who heard them did not believe that the trouble was serious enough to deserve inquiring into until morning; and so they resumed their slumbers. When morning came, Buff was still alert and demonstrative. The earliest-riser was promptly seized hold of by him and was led, with great excitement, along the path which his own feet had worn through the snow, in the course of his vain vigil. Buff had evidently run back-and-forth many times during the night, in the endeavor to summon help for the fallen hero, and he had as evidently kept guard till daylight beside that prostrate form. For there, at the end of the path, lay Curl; and there, just beyond him, stood the snow-embedded saw-horse, upon whose idolized outlines the dead face of the dear old dog seemed still to be fixed in fondness.

"Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes in holy dread,
He now on honeydew is fed,
And drinks the milk of Paradise."

XXIX.

CASTLE SOLITUDE IN THE METROPOLIS.[1]

THAT subtle essence which, in lack of a more graphic term, we call "character," though it is sufficiently rare among men, and rarer yet among women, is rarest of all among the buildings which the human race erect for their habitations. However greatly the houses of men may differ in size or architecture,—in outward appearance or inner arrangement,—one house is apt to be very much like another in its lack of inherent distinctiveness. The reader must be a very exceptional and widely-traveled person if he can recall as many as a dozen abodes which have impressed him as endowed with a genuine individuality,—as having a nature essentially different from that of every other house in the world. It is within the experience of almost every one to occasionally meet with a man whose peculiar traits and endowments create this impression, that he is the only one of his kind that ever existed or ever could exist; but an inanimate building possessed of this indescribable attribute of "character" is so rare an object—especially in a new country like America—that I presume a great majority of the people whose lives have been spent here have never formed the acquaintance of even one such specimen. Grotesque and singular mansions, whose exact types of grandeur or ugliness or absurdity are known to be unique, may be found on both slopes of the continent; but they all afflict the nostrils with so strong an odor of fresh paint and varnish as to render them in a moral sense quite colorless. "Character" is a product of age and experience, and it can no more be attached to a house by artificial process than a "moss-grown, historic ruin" can be incorporated into a landscape by contract with the nearest stone-cutter.

London is to me the most interesting city in the world, because of the amount of "character" which seems to have accumulated there as a gift of all the ages. It is this, I take it, which gives the touch of truth to Dr. Johnson's oft-quoted remark to the effect that it is all things to all men; that each individual's conception of it reflects his own nature; that it is a city of banks, or a city of book-shops, or a city of taverns, or a city of horse-markets, or a city of theaters, or a city of a hundred other things, according to one's personal point-of-view. The Modern Babylon is certainly the only inhabited spot in Europe where a man may mind his own business, and isolate himself almost as completely from observation as if in a desert solitude. The fact that it contains more people than the cities of Paris, Berlin, Vienna,

[1] Copies of this chapter, on heavier paper, will be mailed by the publisher for 25 c. each.

Rome, Dresden and Turin combined, suggests "the boundless contiguity of shade" that renders possible a degree of seclusion which is quite unattainable in those lesser cities. The immensity of London was the characteristic of it which never left my consciousness during the half-year that it was my good-fortune to be hidden there,—without once setting eyes upon a single personal acquaintance; and I do not pretend that my persistent explorations of its mysteries revealed to me a one-hundredth part of them. I know that there are secret chambers, in the "inns-of-court" and other secluded buildings, where men may live peacefully for years without having their existence or their daily movements known to more than a very few people. But I am confident that there is no place in London where the habit of bodily self-suppression can be maintained with such a degree of completeness as is possible to tenants of a certain Building in America whose phenomenal queerness it is my present object to exhibit and explain.

The two millions of people who dwell upon Manhattan Island and the opposite shores—though equal in number to the combined inhabitants of Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and Baltimore—form but a twenty-fifth part of the nation's population, whereas a fifth of all the people of England are concentrated at London. Nevertheless, New York is the exact counterpart of the latter city in respect to the obliteration of the sense of locality. It is certainly the only inhabited spot in the western hemisphere where a man is allowed to live as he likes, without question, or criticism or notice from his next-door neighbor. I have visited all but two of the other twenty cities here which have a population in excess of a hundred thousand; and I know it is not possible for even the obscurest person to live as much as a week in any one of them without attracting remark or recognition. No visitor who walks along Broadway, or any other great thoroughfare of the metropolis, can fail to feel impressed, if not oppressed, by his own relative insignificance to the mass, in a far more intense degree than he is ever conscious of when elsewhere. An entire change in the moral atmosphere,—a subtle sense of greater strangeness, and remoteness, and "unhumanity" in the active life around him,—must be perceptible to any one who comes here after visiting a smaller city. This metropolitan characteristic of indifference and impersonality is appreciatively shown by a certain accomplished Bostonian, when he describes, as a part of his "midsummer day's dream of 97° in the shade," the business-like and effective, but entirely unsympathetic, way in which the wants of a victim of sun-stroke were attended to in a Broadway drug-store:

"Did you see how the people looked, one after another, so indifferently at that couple, and evidently forgot them the next instant? It was dreadful. I should n't like to have *you* sunstruck in New York." "That 's very considerate of you; but, place for place, if any accident must happen to me among strangers, I think I should prefer to have it in New York. The biggest place is always the kindest as well as the cruelest place. Amongst the thousands of spectators the Good Samaritan as well as the Levite would be sure to be. As for a sun-stroke, it requires peculiar gifts. But if you compel me to a choice in the matter, then I say, give me the busiest part of Broadway for a sun-stroke. There is such experience of calamity there that

you could hardly fall the first victim of any misfortune. Probably the gentleman at the apothecary's was merely exhausted by the heat, and ran in there for revival. The apothecary has a case of the kind on his hands every blazing afternoon, and knows just what to do. The crowd may be a little *ennuyé* of sun-strokes, and to that degree indifferent, but they most likely know that they can only do harm by an expression of sympathy, and so they delegate their pity as they have delegated their helpfulness to the proper authority, and go about their business. If a man was overcome in the middle of a village street, the blundering country druggist would n't know what to do, and the tender-hearted people would crowd about so that no breath of air could reach the victim."—"Their Wedding Journey," by W. D. Howells, 1871, pp. 53, 54.

Now, in just the same unique degree that New York is distinguished above all other American cities for the lightness of its "social pressure," so is the particular Building which I have in mind to describe distinguished above all other abodes in New York. It offers the nearest approximation to a home of perfect individual liberty that has ever been heard of outside of a wilderness. I have said that nothing comparable to it is contained in London,—which is the only European city where the existence of its counterpart could be conceived of as possible,—and I insist upon again designating it as the freest place to be found anywhere—not simply in free America but on the whole habitable globe. So singular a structure could not well survive the storms of fifty years without attracting the notice of the story-tellers; and one of them made it serve effectively as the scene of a society novel. I quote his descriptions, written a quarter of a century ago, as showing with almost literal truthfulness the facts of to-day:

"There's not such another Rubbish Palace in America," said he, as we left the Chuzzlewit [New York Hotel] by the side door on Mannering [Waverley] Place and descended from Broadway as far as Ailanthus Square. On the corner, fronting that mean, shabby enclosure, Stillfleet pointed out a huge granite or rough marble building.

"There I live," said he. "It 's not a jail, as you might suppose from its grimmish aspect. Not an Asylum. Not a Retreat. No lunatics, that I know of, kept there, nor anything mysterious, guilty, or out of the way."

"Chrysalis College, is it not?"

"You have not forgotten its monastic phiz?"

"No; I remember the sham convent, sham castle, modern-antique affair. But how do you happen to be quartered there? Is the college defunct?"

"Not defunct; only without vitality. The Trustees fancied that, if they built roomy, their college would be populous; if they built marble, it would be permanent; if they built Gothic, it would be scholastic and mediæval in its influences; if they had narrow, mullioned windows, not too much disorganizing modern thought would penetrate."

"Well, and what was the result?"

"The result is that the old nickname of Chrysalis sticks to it, and whatever real name it may have is forgotten. There it stands, big, battlemented, buttressed, marble, with windows like crenelles; and inside they keep up the traditional methods of education."

"But pupils don't beleaguer it?"

"That is the blunt fact. It stays an ineffectual high-low school. The halls and lecture-rooms would stand vacant, so they let them to lodgers."

"You are not very grateful to your landlords."

"I pay my rent and have a right to criticise."

"Who live there besides you?"

"Several artists, a brace of young doctors, one or two quiet men-about-town, Churm, and myself. But here we are, Byng, at the grand portal of the grand front."

"I see the front and the door. Where is the grandeur?"

"Don't put on airs, stranger. We call this imposing, magnifique, in short, pretty good.

Up goes your nose! You have lived too long in Florence. Brunelleschi and Giotto have spoilt you. Well, I will show you something better inside. Follow me!"

We entered the edifice, half college, half lodging-house, through a large doorway, under a pointed arch. The interior was singularly ill-contrived. A lobby opened at the door, communicating with a dim corridor running through the middle of the building, parallel to the front. A fan-tracery vaulting of plaster, peeled and crumbling, ceiled the lobby. A marble stairway, with iron hand-rails, went squarely and clumsily up from the door, nearly filling the lobby. Stillfleet led the way upstairs. He pointed to the fan-tracery. "This of course reminds you of King's College Chapel," said he.

"Entirely," replied I. "Pity it is deciduous!" and I brushed off from my coat several flakes of its whitewash.

The stairs landed us on the main floor of the building. Another dimly lighted corridor, answering to the one below, but loftier, ran from end to end of the building. This also was paved with marble tiles. Large Gothicish doors opened along on either side. The middle room on the rear of the corridor was two stories high, and served as chapel and lecture-room. On either side of this a narrow staircase climbed to the upper floors.

By the half-light from the great window over the doorway where we had entered, and from a single mullioned window at the northern end of the corridor, there was a bastard mediævalism of effect in Chrysalis, rather welcome after the bald red-brick houses without.

"How do you like it?" asked Stillfleet. "It's not old enough to be romantic. But then it does not smell of new paint, as the rest of America does."

We turned up the echoing corridor toward the north window. We passed a side staircase and a heavily padlocked door on the right. On the left was a class-room. The door was open. We could see a swarm of collegians buzzing for such drops of the honey of learning as they could get from a lank plant of a professor. We stopped at the farther door on the right, adjoining the one so carefully padlocked. It bore my friend's plate. Stillfleet drew a great key, aimed at the keyhole and snapped the bolt, all with a mysterious and theatrical air.

"Shut your eyes now, and enter into Rubbish Palace!" exclaimed he, leading me several steps forward before he commanded "Open sesame!"

"Where am I?" I cried, staring about in surprise. "This is magic, phantasmagoria, Harry. Outside was the nineteenth century; here is the fifteenth. When I shut my eyes, I was in a seedy building in a busy modern town. I open them, and here I am in the Palazzo Sforza of an old Italian city, in the great chamber where there was love and hate, passion and despair, revelry and poison, long before Columbus cracked the egg."

"It is a rather rum old place," said Stillfleet, twisting his third mustache, and enjoying my surprise.

"You call it thirty feet square and seventeen high? Built for some grand college purpose, I suppose?"

"As a hall, I believe, for the dons to receive lions in on great occasions. But lions and great occasions never came. So I have inherited. It is the old story. *Sic vos non vobis ædificatis ædes.* How do you like it? Not too somber, eh? with only those two narrow windows opening north?"

"Certainly not too somber. I don't want the remorseless day staring in upon my studies. How do I like it? Enormously. The place is a romance. It is Dantesque, Byronic, Victor Hugoish. I shall be sure of rich old morbid fancies under this ceiling, with its frescoed arabesques, faded and crumbling. But what use has Densdeth for the dark room with the padlocked door, next to yours?—here, too, in this public privacy of Chrysalis?"

"The publicity makes privacy. Densdeth says it is his store-room for books and furniture."

"Well, why not? You speak incredulously."

"Because there's a faint suspicion that he lies. The last janitor, an ex-servant of Densdeth's, is dead. None now is allowed to enter there except the owner's own man, a horrid black creature. He opens the door cautiously, and a curtain appears. He closes the door before he lifts it. Densdeth may pestle poisons, grind stillettos, sweat eagles, revel by gas-light there. What do I know?"

"You are not inquisitive, then, in Chrysalis?"

"No. We have no *concierge* by the street-door to spy ourselves or our visitors. We can live here in completer privacy than anywhere in Christendom. Daggeroni, De Bogus, or Mademoiselle des Mollets might rendezvous with my neighbor, and I never be the wiser."—"Cecil Dreeme," by Theodore Winthrop, 1861, pp. 32-42 (N. Y.: H. Holt, 1876, pp. 360).

That final paragraph is the most significant one of the entire quoted description, for it can be applied with similar truthfulness to no other habitation on the planet; but, before attempting any commentary on the words of the novelist, I wish to compare with them the words which other well-informed writers have printed, beginning with those of the present editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. They appeared a half-decade later than the novel, in a series of sketches which he prepared concerning the young artists of New York for a youths' magazine. He was then not quite thirty years old. An ill-drawn northwest view of the University accompanied one of his articles, and a well-drawn picture of an artist's chamber therein embellished the other:

Trades of a feather, like the birds, are fond of flocking together, and have a habit of lighting on particular spots without any particular reason for so doing. Our friends, the artists, possess the same social tendencies, and, in the selection of their studios, often display the same eccentricity. We shall never be able to understand why eight or ten of these pleasant fellows have located themselves in the New York University. There isn't a more gloomy structure outside of one of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances; and we hold that few men could pass a week in those lugubrious chambers without adding a morbid streak to their natures,—the present genial inmates to the contrary notwithstanding. There is something human in the changes which come over houses. Many of them keep up their respectability for a long period, and ripen gradually into a cheery, dignified old-age; even if they become dilapidated and threadbare, you see at once that they are gentlemen, in spite of their shabby coats. Other buildings appear to suffer disappointments in life, and grow saturnine, and, if they happen to be the scene of some tragedy, they seem never to forget it. Something about them tells you,

"As plain as whisper in the ear, the place is haunted."

The University is one of those buildings that have lost their enthusiasm. It is dingy and despondent, and does n't care. It lifts its machicolated turrets above the tree tops of Washington Square with an air of forlorn indifference. Summer or winter, fog, snow, or sunshine,—they are all one to this dreary old pile. It *ought* to be a cheerful place, just as some morose people ought to be light-hearted, having everything to render them so. The edifice faces a beautiful park, full of fine old trees, and enlivened by one coffee-colored squirrel, who generously makes himself visible for nearly half an hour once every summer. As we write, his advent is anxiously expected, the fountain is singing a silvery prelude, and the blossoms are flaunting themselves under the very nose, if we may say it, of the University. But it refuses to be merry, looming up there stiff and repellant, with the soft spring gales fanning its weather-beaten turrets,—an architectural example of ingratitude. Mr. Longfellow says that

"All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses."

In one of those same turrets, many years ago, a young artist grew very weary of this life. Perhaps his melancholy spirit still pervades the dusty chambers, goes wearily up and down the badly-lighted staircases, as he used to do in the flesh. If so, that is what chills us, as we pass through the long uncarpeted halls, leading to the little nookery tenanted by Mr. Winslow Homer. The University is not monopolized by artists, however. The ground floor is used for a variety of purposes. We have an ill-defined idea that there is a classical school located somewhere on the premises, for we have now and then met files of spectral little boys, with tattered Latin grammars under their arms, gliding stealthily out of the somber doorway, and disappearing in the sunshine. Several theological and scientific societies have their meetings here, and a literary club sometimes holds forth upstairs in a spacious lecture-room. Excepting the studios there is little to interest us, unless it be the locked apartment in which a whimsical *virtuoso* has stored a great quantity of curiosities, which he brought from Europe, years ago, and has since left to the mercy of the rats and moths. This mysterious room is turned to very good dramatic account by

the late Theodore Winthrop, in his romance of "Cecil Dreeme." (A friend informs us that this "antiquary's collection" has been removed within a year or two.)—"Among the Studios," by T. B. Aldrich (*Our Young Folks*, Boston, July, 1866, pp. 394-395).

In the September issue of the magazine (p. 573) the same writer added: "A little boy—we know he must be a spectral little boy, and are sure he has a tattered Latin grammar under his arm—has written us a dispiriting missive, in which he finds fault with us because we called the University a gloomy building, and wondered how people could live in it and not grow morbid. Now the tone of our sinister little friend's letter is an evidence of the deteriorating effect which the cheerless architecture of the University exercises on the youthful mind. Figuratively speaking, he has thrown down the tattered Latin grammar, taken off his little jacket, and dared us to meet him in mortal combat on the threshold of the haunted castle. For our part, we shall avoid that spectral little boy." Mr. Aldrich also tells a story (p. 397) concerning a negro bootblack called Bones, who, after having been persuaded with great difficulty to enter one of the studios, in order to serve as a model ("at the foot of each stairway he evinced a desire to run away"), was so alarmed when the artist locked the door upon him that he shrieked aloud and bounced furiously around the room until permitted to escape: "The cause of this singular conduct on the part of Mr. Bones was afterwards accounted for. It appears the simple fellow had somehow conceived the idea that the artist was 'a medicine man' (*i. e.*, an army surgeon), and that he had lured him, Mr. Bones, into his den, for the purpose of relieving said Mr. Bones of a limb or two, by way of practice. This is one solution of our friend's terror. My own impression is, however, that the profound gloom of the University turned his brain."

A much more recent article concerning "The Young Artists of New York" (By W. H. Bishop, in *Scribner's Monthly*, January, 1880, p. 362), accompanied by a good wood-cut of one of the chambers alluded to, said: "If something odd in the way of a studio be demanded, it may be found in the old-fashioned Tudor pile known as the University building, more singular now than when Winthrop found it an appropriate place for the location of his romance of 'Cecil Dreeme.' The chapel has been divided by a floor at half its height, and this again by a few partitions. In the spacious upper chambers thus formed, which command picturesque views of Washington Square, the Hudson River and the New Jersey hills beyond, the ribs and pendentives of the vaulted roof still show, with a most ancient and baronial effect." With this may be compared the remarks, of the same date, in "Appletons' Dictionary of New York" (p. 221): "The University building was formerly a place in which the best known members of the artistic and literary world had their chambers, which were used both as studios and lodgings. Some of them still remain as tenants of their old apartments, but the prevalence of lodging and apartment houses of late years has drawn the majority of them away. Theodore Winthrop's clever novel of 'Cecil Dreeme' gives a capital idea of the buildings as they were in the ante-war period, and among his characters will be recognized a well-known *littérateur* and editor, who is still a tenant of the University, and whose elegantly decorated apartments and fine collection of bric-a-brac form one of the attractions there."

A metropolitan correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, who said he himself had once occupied the historic little room, in the southwest turret of the Building ("historic" because there Professors Draper and Morse, in 1839, made the first American experiments in photography, simultaneously with Daguerre's discovery of it in France), offered the following testimony in that paper of June 6, 1880: "The most interesting feature of this locality is a ponderous pile at the eastern end of the Square, built of gray stone, and frowning, like a gloomy ancient castle, upon the trees and greensward of the park. There is no building in the city that resembles it in any particular. Its architecture is of a Gothic type, its windows, walls, massive doors and all, being in keeping. Along the edge of its roof are heavy battlements, and battlemented turrets rise at the four corners. A venerable air of age hangs over it. It is one of the few buildings in the metropolis that awaken curiosity in a stranger, and give his fancy an opportunity to roam. The structure has an evil repute with the servant-girls of the neighborhood. At night they pass it on the other side of the street, and they whisper about it with dilated eyes. They have a notion that deep in sub-cellars lie corpses, skeletons and other dread-

ful things; for they believe that among the many institutions and persons quartered in the building is a medical school, frequented by a large number of heartless young doctors."

The square itself, covering eight acres of ground, is the largest one in the city, — excepting Central Park, whose area is just a hundred times greater, and whose lower boundary is two and a half miles to the northward. The deed of the transfer of the eight acres in 1797, when the city purchased them from the Smith estate to form a Potter's Field, called for "ninety lots on Sandy Hill lane." Thirty years later, when the place was converted into Washington Parade Ground, burials there had been for a long time unknown. The novelist whom I have first quoted called it (1860) "a mean, shabby enclosure. Ailanthus Square was indeed a wretched place, stiffly laid out, shabbily kept, planted with mean twigless trees; and in the middle stood the basin of an extinct fountain, filled with foul snow, through which the dead cats and dogs were beginning to sprout, at the solicitation of the winter sunshine. A dreary place, and drearily surrounded by red brick houses, with marble steps monstrous white, and blinds monstrous green,—all destined to be boarding-houses in a decade." The prophecy was not fulfilled, however, for a recent chronicler has truthfully said: "The whole neighborhood was formerly one of the most quiet and fashionable in the city, and along the north front of the park it is so still." A view of this "north front," and of the northwest turret of the University, is impressed upon the cover of Henry James's novel called "Washington Square" (N Y.: Harpers, 1881, pp. 223), into which he inserts a "topographical parenthesis" as follows (p. 23):

The ideal of quiet and of genteel retirement, in 1835, was found in Washington Square, where the Doctor built himself a handsome, modern, wide-fronted house, with a big balcony before the drawing-room windows, and a flight of white-marble steps ascending to a portal which was also faced with white marble. This structure, and many of its neighbors, which it exactly resembled, were supposed, forty years ago, to embody the last results of architectural science, and they remain to this day very solid and honorable dwellings. In front of them was the square, containing a considerable quantity of inexpensive vegetation, enclosed by a wooden paling, which increased its rural and accessible appearance; and round the corner was the more august precinct of the Fifth Avenue, taking its origin at this point with a spacious and confident air which already marked it for high destinies. I know not whether it is owing to the tenderness of early associations, but this portion of New York appears to many persons the most delectable. It has a kind of established repose which is not of frequent occurrence in other quarters of the large, shrill city; it has a riper, richer, more honorable look, than any of the upper ramifications of the great longitudinal thoroughfare—the look of having had something of a social history. It was here, as you might have been informed on good authority, that you had come into a world which appeared to offer a variety of sources of interest; it was here that your grandmother lived, in venerable solitude, and dispensed a hospitality which commended itself alike to the infant imagination and the infant palate; it was here that you took your first walks abroad, following the nursery maid with unequal step, and sniffing up the strange odor of the ailanthus trees which at that time formed the principal umbrage of the Square, and diffused an aroma which you were not yet critical enough to dislike as it deserved.

Elsewhere the novelist says of his heroine: "She preferred the house in Washington Square to any other habitation whatever, and * * * the middle of August found her still in the heated solitude of Washington

Square." When the palings were taken down, and the park otherwise "improved," more than a decade ago, the mistake was made of cutting it in two by a roadway,—under the pretense of a necessity for giving a direct outlet to the traffic of Fifth Avenue into the two streets obliquely opposite. Since then, two more-serious assaults on the integrity of the park have been made and decisively baffled. One plan contemplated using it as an approach to the Hudson River Tunnel, and the other sought to erect upon it a regimental armory. From a journalistic protest against the latter desecration, I extract this sympathetic and accurate account of the Square as it appears to-day:

The park is one of the oldest and prettiest in the city. With the picturesque University buildings on the east side, and to the north the old-fashioned, substantial dwelling-houses—not a wooden row of "four-story, high-stoop, brown-stone fronts," but a quiet row of well-built houses, suggesting a life within of a different sort from that led by the McGillicuddys and the Potiphars—removed from the roar and bustle of Broadway, it seems, what in fact it is, a quarter of an older and pleasanter town which luckily has escaped the ravages of contractors and street-openers, and survives to remind us that city life is not necessarily ugly and repulsive. Washington Square, too, is one of the few public parks in the older parts of the city in which rich and poor meet on common ground. The south side of the square and the streets near it are inhabited by people of the poorer class who have looked upon the park for years as their children's play ground, and on Sundays and public holidays in the spring and early summer it is pleasant to notice that the shade of the fine old trees and the cool breezes are not monopolized by the rich at the expense of the poor, nor by the poor to the exclusion of the rich, but are really democratically shared by both classes. For a democratic city it is singular how little this is the case in most of the old parks. They generally fall prey to some distinct class, as with Tompkins Square, or else become mere thoroughfares, like Madison and Union Squares. But Washington Square has preserved this characteristic of a bygone time, and with its fountain, and its broad walks and shady seats, filled with merry children, nurses with their white caps, and here and there a group of enterprising householders spending the morning *al fresco* with their neighbors, it suggests faintly the pictures of life in New York handed down to us by our grandmothers, when the Bowling Green was in all its glory, and the Von Twillers and Stuyvesants used to take their afternoon stroll upon the Battery.—*The Nation*, March 7, 1878, p. 169.

I have taken pains to present this great variety of citations, as a preliminary to my own story, in order that their united testimony, concerning the phenomenal amount of "character" concentrated upon this particular point in the metropolis, may convince the reader that the tale is worth the telling. The legal style and title of the institution is "The University of the City of New York." Its corner-stone was laid in July, 1833, and its rooms were first occupied for purposes of instruction in 1835. Meantime its erection had been the cause of a "stone-cutters' riot," arising from the fact that the material used to form its walls had been chiseled and worked by convicts of the State at Sing Sing; and one of its walls had to be rebuilt, at great expense, because, as originally misplaced, it intruded upon ground belonging to the city. These initial mischances seem almost like portents of the executive misfortunes which have ever since connected themselves with the problem of management. The great and irremediable misfortune, as I understand it, was the business panic or revulsion of 1837, which financially crippled the men of wealth upon whose generosity, public-spirit and local-

pride the trustees had confidently counted for the proper endowment of professorships. Neither Harvard nor Yale possessed at that period a single building which could claim any architectural attribute beyond what attaches to a rectangular pile of red bricks (or of white stone—for Harvard had one such structure); and though Princeton could point with pride to the brown sandstone front of Nassau Hall, against which Washington fired his cannon, —and which was, when erected in 1756, "the finest building between New York and Philadelphia"—the first really massive and imposing collegiate pile put up on this continent was that of the New York University. It was one of the very largest, if not the largest, of all the big buildings then to be found within the limits of America's biggest city; and marvelous as has been the growth of that city within the intermediate half-century, there are not many of its monster buildings of to-day which cover a greater superficial area or make a greater impression upon the memory of the casual passer-by.[1]

The dream of the founders doubtless was to endow their professorships on a proportionately magnificent scale,—to make the emoluments of service in this great "university" as much superior to those of the poorly-paid in-

[1] A picture of Washington Square, surmounting similar ones of Union and Madison squares, may be found on the 554th page of the second volume of "Picturesque America" (N. Y.: Appletons, 1872), accompanied by this remark: "The castellated-looking building on its eastern border is the University, a Gothic pile of considerable age and quaint aspect, suggestive of the mediæval structures that lie scattered through the European countries." The sketch gives the Building a squatty appearance, however, quite different from its actual loftiness; and no proper conception of this is afforded by the little wood-cut in "Duyckinck's Cyclopædia" (ii., 733). The picture which I have had printed on the fly-leaf of subscribers' copies of this book, though equally small, is fairly satisfactory, and is taken from the southwest. That also is the frontage shown by the larger and better cut in Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's "History of the City of New York" (ii., 719), which says: "It was a Gothic structure of white freestone, modeled after King's College, England, and was esteemed a masterpiece of pointed architecture, with its octagonal turrets rising at each of the four corners. It was a fine edifice, 180 feet long by 100 feet wide, on Washington Square, which was then (the corner stone was laid in 1833) quite a long distance from the city, whose population was about 200,000. It was opened in 1835, and publicly dedicated May 20, 1837. The rooms of the upper story adjacent to the chapel on the north side were occupied by Professor S. F. B. Morse and his pupils; and in the following September, having completed the first crude telegraph recording apparatus, he exhibited to a select assembly at the University the operation of the new system, showing his ability to communicate between points five miles apart (p. 742). In the 'stone-cutters' rebellion' the men paraded the streets with incendiary placards and even went so far as to attack several houses. The troops were called out and, after dispersing the malcontents, lay under arms in Washington Square four days and four nights." Biographical details concerning the professors and other people interested in the enterprise cover more than two pages in "Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature" (1850), already alluded to, but the only remarks that seem worth my quoting are these: "The erection of the building, and the period of commercial depression which followed its commencement, weighed heavily on the fortunes of the young institution. It was the first introduction, on any considerable scale, of the English collegiate style of architecture." The "Supplement of 1866" to the work just quoted offered this additional fact about the University: "Its debt of $70,250 was paid June 14, 1854. Immediately afterwards the council proceeded to carry out the great aim of the institution by measures for organizing the School of Art, the School of Civil Engineering, and the School of Analytical and Practical Chemistry."

structors in mere "colleges" like Harvard and Yale, as this pretentious academic palace of the metropolis was superior to the mean rectangular barracks which sheltered their students in the little provincial cities of Cambridge and New Haven. No "dormitory system" was to be tolerated here; no undergraduates whatever were to be lodged in this latest temple of learning; all of its apartments were to be devoted to purposes of instruction and government; and professors and students alike were to make their homes where they pleased, throughout the city, as is the custom of university life in Germany. The Chancellor and the Vice Chancellor, however (so common a title as "President" naturally seemed inadequate for the executive chief of so grand an institution!), were to occupy the two houses which are attached to the flanks of the main edifice, on parallel streets, and which justify the occasional designation of it in the plural. The second part of the founders' dream—or perhaps I may better say the second original feature in their scheme—concerned the attraction of endowments by the device of so constituting its governing board as to "represent no single religious denomination," though at the same time "keeping the University under distinct religious and evangelical influence." All the earlier colleges had been started by sectarians avowedly as feeders for some particular church denomination; and I believe the University of Virginia (which had been got into operation hardly half-a-dozen years before, just as its famous founder, Thomas Jefferson, drew his latest breath) was the first important academic experiment ever attempted in America without the aid and control of the clergy.

The theory, therefore, seemed then sufficiently plausible, that, as the clerical influence of a single religious order had been able to attract enough funds for founding and endowing many a fairly prosperous college, such influence in several powerful denominations combined might suffice for creating and maintaining a colossal university, of a scope and dignity commensurate with the wealth and splendor of the metropolis. The practical difficulties in the way of making a combination of that sort really effective to-day are generally recognized as insuperable; and I am probably not alone in believing that they were insuperable in 1830. I do not think that, at the best, the trustees could have collected money enough to make their professorial chairs the "softest" seats of the sort attainable in America,—money enough to have finally formed a Faculty outranking in fame and influence the educational staff of every other college. But except for the business disaster of 1837, they might very likely have secured sufficient endowments to have given the institution a prosperous start and allowed it to make a fair test of whatever distinctive merits really attached to the plans of its organizers. I have called that initial misfortune an irremediable one, because, although the rich men of America often give their money in support of educational enterprises with a lavishness that seems incomprehensible to a foreigner, they almost always prefer to act as "founders," even when they do not insist on attaching their family names to their gifts. The common human desire to create, to originate, to figure

among the first, controls the course of their generosity. The argument which demonstrates that all money added to the endowment of an old college does ten times as much good as the same amount spent in founding a new one, has never been seriously disputed; but the new schemes, nevertheless, are the ones to which the wealth of the wealthy may be most easily attracted. Fifty years ago, furthermore, the sense of locality was as strong here as it now is in the lesser American cities, so that the pride of citizenship could be successfully appealed to for stirring a man's generosity in behalf of any project calculated to ennoble the name and fame of his native town. But to-day this feeling is so completely obliterated that, to the minds of most of the two millions of people here congregated, the name "New York City" means just what the name "London" did to the mind of Dr. Johnson;—it means simply "the world." One's personal pride in the present planet—as distinguished from the sun or the moon, or any less familiar member of the universe—may be very sincere and hearty, but it is too vague a sentiment to prompt the loosening of one's purse-strings; it cannot be traded upon as can the Western man's fierce desire to see Chicago exalted above St. Louis. The existence of "the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York" (a body having a sort of visitorial power in respect to the institutions of higher education chartered by the State, but authorized also to itself confer academic degrees), and of "the College of the City of New York" (which was formerly called "the Free Academy," and which is carried on by the city government as a sort of crown to the free public school system, being the only American college maintained by municipal taxes), are two facts which serve to impair still further the local significance of the title of the institution which I am describing; because its identity is often confused with those others in the popular mind. The friends of Columbia College also insist that the efforts of that wealthy corporation, in enlarging the number and scope of its courses and departments, have won for it the position of the real university of the metropolis.

All these things prove the hopelessness of ever attracting an endowment adequate to the plans of the founders. A conviction of this truth has so disheartened such sanguine souls as have in recent years made zealous attempts in that direction, that some of them have been driven to the other extreme and have urged that, in lack of funds for its full development, the undergraduate department ought to be suspended or abolished. The indignant negative which checked a serious attempt of this sort in 1881, following the lesser attempts of three and four years earlier, demonstrated the perpetuity of the University. Its entire suppression is just as impossible as its magnificent enlargement. No man or body of men will ever give money enough to effect the latter, but hundreds of its graduates will always contribute a sufficiency of their dollars to prevent the former, when the pinch really comes. There is a very creditable trait in the American character which ensures an enormous amount of latent vitality to even the poorest one of our colleges

that has managed in some way to outlive its infancy. Almost every alumnus takes pride enough in his bachelor's degree to be willing to help away from the verge of bankruptcy the institution which conferred it. He may not be generous enough to help it achieve success, but he will rally to its rescue when he sees it approaching actual dissolution. Such a prospect makes a very strong appeal to his self-love, for no man likes to confess that "the college where he graduated" is really defunct. The admission seems a sort of personal stigma upon his early life. It may be too poor an affair to boast about, or to send his sons to, or to help push into prosperity; but he is not quite willing to see it die.

The New York University, however, is very far from being the poorest one among our four hundred American colleges. On the contrary, as soon as a dozen or twenty of the oldest and richest of them have been passed by, it can easily stand comparison to almost any one of the others. The contemptuous tone with which its educational advantages are belittled by the novelist whom I have quoted, and by others, is not based upon justice,—however much it may add to the literary effect of their remarks. The half-century catalogue of instructors and alumni exhibits as large a proportion of noteworthy names as any similar collection which is known to me. The professors who have distinguished themselves in science and literature; the graduates who have won fame and recognition as leaders in the various walks of active life, are as numerous as those whom any other college of its size can boast of. The circumstance which obscures this truth is the overshadowing immensity of the city itself, which seems to dwarf whatever comes into comparison with it. *Stat magni nominis umbra.* Situated elsewhere, the University might easily overshadow its surroundings, and give tone and distinction to some quiet village which would otherwise remain obscure. Many a lesser school has done this, and thereby ensured for itself the respect and deference of casual writers, who carelessly sneer at the University as if it were of smaller consequence. It is its fate to be misjudged and condemned in popular repute, not for lack of merits of its own, but because it has the misfortune to take the name of the great city in vain. Even Columbia College, ranking fourth in age and almost first in wealth among such foundations in America, is hardly recognized as a factor in the active life of the metropolis. This was well shown by the remark which its most authoritative newspaper made, a few years ago, in commenting on the great gains that had resulted to Harvard from the policy of absolute publicity with respect to the college finances: "Our own Columbia treats its affairs as if they were the affairs of a private business partnership,—that is, keeps the details of its management more secret than the law allows any banking corporation to keep theirs. * * Columbia is suffering, and must always suffer, from this mistaken policy. There is about as much known, and as much interest felt, about her by the ordinary New Yorker as about Trinity Church or the Sailors' Snug Harbor." —*The Nation*, July 7, 1881, p. 2.

I believe that the Medical School of the University has always been conducted at a distance of a mile or more from the Square; and the School of Pharmacy has also, in recent years, been removed from the University Building; but the Law School still flourishes there, as well as the Department of Science and Arts, with its four undergraduate classes of Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen. It happens, therefore, that, for five days of the week, between ten in the morning and two in the afternoon, something like two hundred people frequent the corridors in the lower part of the Building, and the lecture-rooms which open out from them. Several societies likewise have their halls and offices there, and the chapel in the center is usually rented to some religious organization which holds service in it on Sundays, and occasionally on the evenings of other days. The janitor and his family, and the servants in his employ, live upon the ground floor. His office or reception-room is not adjacent, however, to either one of the five entrances of the Building; and as these entrances face upon three different streets, and are left unlocked from daybreak until ten o'clock at night, whoever pleases may visit the Building without attracting any one's observation, either outside or inside. Tenants may of course gain admission by their latch-keys at any hour of the night, and they also know how to arouse the janitor by rapping on a certain secluded window; but that worthy is freed from the attacks of the general public, after his hour of locking-up, for no bell-pull or other device exists by which any casual visitor may interrupt the nightly quiet of the University. He might kick and pound for an hour upon its ponderous portals without being heard inside, and without arousing any one's protest except, perchance, that of a passing policeman. There is no other house in the world where the conditions of management combine so completely to protect each individual inhabitant from casual observation or deliberate espionage. The identity of the forty or fifty people who live there is merged in the mass of two hundred or more who daily visit there; and the attempt to watch the incomings and outgoings of any particular one of them would be extremely difficult, even if all passed through a single doorway. But as all may in fact choose between five doorways,—opening on three separate streets, to the north, west and south,—no effective watch can be kept except by the establishment of a spy system so elaborate as to defeat its own object by attracting notice to itself.

This peculiarity of the place was put into prominence by the novelist whom I have quoted, because the plausibility of his story of "Cecil Dreeme" depended entirely upon the degree of his success in convincing his readers of the singular fact. He caused the heroine of the tale to live for a long time, disguised as a man, in a solitary chamber of the University, to which she had taken flight in order to escape marriage with the villain of the tale (who also had a room there, though he resided elsewhere), to whom she had been pledged by her wealthy but mercenary father. This father believed she had committed suicide, and he buried with due solemnity the body of another un-

fortunate young woman, which was found floating in the river, and was identified as his daughter's. The daughter, living in disguise as "Cecil Dreeme, artist," never ventured into the open air except by night, and thus escaped recognition by her kindred and fashionable friends whose mansions were in the immediate neighborhood. Now, there is no other habitation in the city where such singular conduct could fail to attract suspicious observation to the person who practiced it; and such observation would necessarily mean discovery when the person to whom it attached was a woman in disguise. But no conduct of dwellers in the University is accounted singular, or suspicious or noticeable. No one of them pretends to know or care about any other one,—whether he be in or out, ill or well, rich or poor, alive or dead! I may have troops of friends call upon me daily, or I may seclude myself for months without letting a creature cross my threshold, and no outsider need be aware of either circumstance; not even the janitor need know whether I am enjoying a sociable or a solitary life. The novelist told the simple truth in saying: "*We can live here in completer privacy than anywhere in Christendom. Daggeroni, De Bogus, or Madamoiselle De Mollets might rendezvous with my neighbor, and I never be the wiser.*"[1]

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[1] The main incident of the story turns upon the disguise of a woman as a man, and we are bound to say that we remember no instance of a like success,—perfectly pure, modest and spirited,—short of Viola and Rosalind. * * * He has invested this building with a mysterious, romantic interest far beyond anything hitherto attained by our local writers. We must protest against some of the charges of shabbiness, decay and flimsiness he has brought against an edifice of very fair architectural pretensions. The marble staircase would be a very respectable flight of steps in any college edifice of the old world, and you can ascend without any fear of flakes of whitewash. Mr. Winthrop should have known that the boys did not mob their professors and that such men as * * * are not mullein stalks. An occasional injustice must, however, be pardoned to the satirist. His hits are in the main as well deserved as they are sharp.—Sketch of Winthrop, in "Supplement to Duyckinck's History of American Literature" (1866; p. 151).

"The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop" edited by his sister, with portrait (N. Y.: H. Holt & Co., 1884, pp. 313), is a book which I hoped might supply much quotable material, but it really contains no allusion whatever to the fact of his living in the University, and it accredits the writing of "Cecil Dreeme" to the year 1860 only by implication. That sketch shows such intimate knowledge and sympathetic appreciation of the Building's queerness, however, as to force the conviction that the author must have resided in it during some part of the thirteen years which he lived after graduating at Yale. If not, he must have been on intimate terms with some of the residents, and made frequent visitations at their chambers. Winthrop was born at New Haven, September 22, 1828, and was killed at Great Bethel, Virginia, June 10, 1861, in the earliest skirmish of the civil war. "He fell nearer to the enemy's works than any other man went during the fight." If fame is worth dying for (which I doubt), he was singularly fortunate in his death. It made him the representative man of an era. It gave a strange stir and intensity to the patriotic passion for Union. It proclaimed that the very best youth of the North were bound to do battle in its defense. As his biographer truly says, "his memory was idealized and worshiped by the young men of that day." Even the youngest of us gave him reverent recognition as the typical hero of a troublous time. Thus, the books which appeared soon after his death (for he had won no wide literary reputation while living) assumed a factitious importance, and were ensured a remarkably wide circulation. I say nothing against their fully deserving this as pieces of literature. I merely record the fact that their great vogue was due to

Why, then, is this not an ideal haunt for the assassin, the counterfeiter and the adventuress? What has prevented its becoming a very Alsatia of disreputable refugees and enemies of society? What protection exists for the tenant's property or life, if unobserved access may be had by every one to these solitary corridors until ten o'clock at night, and no police supervision whatever is maintained? The answer to the latter question easily is, that, as robbers and murderers seek those places which are most promising of spoils, they avoid the University because of a belief that it contains nothing worth the trouble of stealing. Its appearance is altogether too prison-like for attracting any escaped jail-birds who may chance to be fluttering beneath the trees of the Square. To the minds of the ignorant, the word "college" or "university" is often synonymous with or suggestive of "medical-school"; and, as the chief function of such schools is believed to be the dissection of a vast quantity of human bodies, the walls which conceal this uncanny work are looked upon with a good deal of superstitious dread and abhorrence. The casual sneak-thief has a healthy fear of prowling for plunder in the dark and dingy halls of the University, lest "the medical students," who are presumably secreted there with their carving-knives, should seize upon and devour him. The story already quoted concerning the terror shown by the negro boot-black in the artist's studio, illustrates this same tradition, as to the dangers of entering the Building, which has wide currency in all the region round about it. Another theory in reference to its occupants was disclosed to me as I sat in the Square, one Monday evening, near the bench where two washerwomen were resting with their bundles. The subject of their conversation was the then newly-built apartment-house called "The Benedick," whose red-brick front is on a line with the University's, and not many rods to the south of it, and whose chambers were designed and advertised for the occupancy of men only. "It 's all the same as the big stone buildin' where they keeps the old bachelors," said one of the women, gravely. "You see the popilation has growed since the city built it for 'em, long ago, and so they got too crowded like. That 's why the new brick house was built to put some of 'em in." This conception of an infirmary or retreat for "the old bachelors," as a sort of class apart, under municipal protection and authority, doubtless has less vogue than the notion of a vast dissecting-room or chamber-of-horrors; but I think it probable that most of such evil-disposed frequenters of the locality as may know that there are other lodgers in the University besides "the medical students," believe those others to be bachelors. They believe them to be impecunious ones also, for they cannot conceive of a man's living in so funereal a pile except under

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the "blood and iron" behind them. We felt that the pen which traced them had been dipped in gunpowder; that the pages smelled of the cannon smoke. We had a fierce longing to share somewhat in the personality of this fine gentleman and scholar who had been fated first to fall. We were proud to read an author of whom we could rightly say, in sad and wrathful defiance:

"A better or a braver man never rode in battle's van."

pressure of poverty. Furthermore, even if an adventurous thief managed to break into a half-dozen apartments without detection, he might not find anything better than empty recitation-benches, or dusty laboratory apparatus, or full-length "portraits of the chancellors," or ponderous law tomes,—for most of the doors of the public rooms bear no labels, and they look exactly like those of the adjoining private rooms, which also, in many cases, make no showing of the tenants' names. But if a thief had the luck to avoid the collegiate chambers, and penetrate a private room in the owner's absence, the chance for plunder would still be much poorer than in a private house. It may fairly be assumed, of men who live alone, that the personal possessions with which they surround themselves—even when they have the ability to indulge in a good degree of splendor and luxury—are not of that compact and portable sort dear to the heart of the housebreaker. A bachelor, if he likes to have good furniture about him, may buy a costly sideboard to gratify that liking; but his ideal of lavishness in fitting it up will be more apt to take the shape of potables than of silver-plate. Hence the intelligent burglar's chief interest centers upon family life; for well he knows that, where the wife is, there shall the solid silver-ware be found also. I am not forgetful of the wide advertisement that the newspapers gave in 1883 to the public auction of pictures and bric-a-brac which netted $50,000 to a departing tenant of the University (though some of the choicest of the treasures accumulated in his chambers, rumor said, were reserved from the sale); but I do not think the prevalent belief as to the unwealthy character of the other tenants was thereby diminished at all. If the thieves read about the auction, they must also have read that the owner of the collections which brought such "big money" was the chief editor of a prominent daily newspaper, and that he kept a body-servant continually guarding his door. They must have rated him as an entire exception to the ordinary inhabitants of such a prison, whose possessions offer, ostensibly as well as actually, no real temptation to a robber. It would be hard to name another lodging-house in the city where the very nature of things makes the danger of sneak-thievery so slight.

Some of the same considerations which deter the lower order of criminals from attempting to prey upon the tenants of the Building deter also the higher order of criminals from becoming tenants there, as a means of more secretly concocting their schemes for preying upon society in general. Such birds-of-a-feather, however much they may like to hide themselves from the observation of the police, are very generally inclined to flock together; and they are undoubtedly wise in believing that such procedure offers them the best chance of individual concealment. A man of evil-conscience looks upon solitude as a supreme terror; he cannot endure continued isolation; "the profound gloom of the University would turn his brain." It is about the last place in the world, therefore, where a bad woman would consent to seclude herself; though the entire truthfulness (so far as practicability goes) of the story of "Cecil Dreeme's" concealment there shows that no other place ex-

ists in the world where such seclusion could be made so complete. This peculiar possibility often gives rise to considerable verbal banter, representing each bachelor tenant as the proprietor of a sort of harem; and a disreputable daily newspaper once went so far as to publish silly stories of this kind, with the serious "business" purpose of impairing the influence of a rival sheet in local politics. As a matter of fact, however, there is probably no other public house in the city where the conditions of existence offer so few temptations to indulgence in that particular sort of "immorality." Such women as are encountered here exhibit in a pre-eminent degree the supreme virtue of minding their own business. They give no occasion or pretext for any gossip or tittle-tattle or scandal, like that which is continually cropping out in every hotel or boarding-house. If, therefore, a bachelor resident of the University is disposed "to sport with Amaryllis in the shade," the chosen scene of such indulgence seems more likely to be the hotel or boarding-house than his own mysterious home. Since, not being at hand, she must definitely be sought, it is manifestly more easy as well as more prudent thus to meet her on neutral ground, or even in her personal and private haunts, than to escort or summon her to his own grim chambers. No difficulty exists, in any city where a million of the human race are herded, to prevent a man and woman from living together, though unmarried, with entire privacy and concealment; and no city of that size can maintain a hotel—whether large or small, magnificent or humble, fashionable or exclusive—in the possession of machinery powerful enough to exclude such unwedded pairs. "The nature of things," on the other hand, seems sufficient to exclude them from the University; for I can conceive of no place where the mutual wearisomeness which always ends that sort of relationship would be more quickly developed.

Nevertheless, though a most unsuitable place for the keeping of a mistress, the Castle might conceivably supply an acceptable home for the shelter of a wife, provided her tastes were unconventional enough to be in sympathy with such solitary surroundings. Many a lonely dweller here has doubtless dreamed wistfully of these as a charming background for some new Paul-and-Virginia business, wherein he himself might play a most delighted and devoted part,—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Indeed, the dream may have been realized, for aught that I know to the contrary. I possess a vague impression that one or two married pairs have at times had a place among my contemporaries in the Building; but, if this were so, they must have tired of it quickly, for I think that all the long-term stayers are single men. I recall, too, the fact that an acquaintance of mine, who came back to live here in his bachelor chambers, during the summer months while his wife took an outing in Europe, spoke regretfully of the hopeless gap between the two kinds of existence. He was happy in his married life, and was too generous to wish to deprive his wife of such happiness as she found in "society"; but, he thought, "if madame might really be inspired to throw it all overboard, in order to share a free life with me in this peaceful solitude,—ah!

that *would* be fine!" His notion was that such existence might continuously supply the same sort of zest which a man briefly secures by dragging his wife off to some remote mountain or wilderness or mining-camp, "where there are no other women around, to keep her neck tightly chained beneath the yoke of conformity." The fun and freedom of the mining-camp experience are somewhat impaired, however, by the wife's consciousness of eccentricity: she attracts too much attention, and is gazed at too curiously, as the only present specimen of her sex. But in the solitude of the University she would attract no notice at all, for a great many other women are to be seen there, silently going their own separate ways. "They never speak as they pass by." The tomb-like atmosphere of the corridors does not encourage loitering or sociability. People hasten through them as speedily as possible and disappear into their several chambers. No one wastes time in looking at any one else, or curiosity in speculating about any one else. No decently-dressed visitor, whether man or woman, who goes directly along, as if on business bent, is ever questioned by the janitor.

That worthy, however, makes vigorous warfare on all evident intruders; and it is unusual for beggars, tramps, pedlars or other pests to get beyond his office. His wife and family dwell with him upon the ground floor, as well as two or three female servants. Washerwomen regularly call for clothes in all parts of the Building. In the artists' studios at the top, women and girls often pose as models. A charitable society has an office, presided over by a woman, which is frequently visited by the lady managers. Another apartment has been honored, I believe, in times past, by fashionable maidens attending their music lessons. More women than men are attracted to the public religious services which are held in the chapel on Sundays, and on the evenings of certain other days. A physician's office, long established here, doubtless has its due proportion of feminine patients. The storage of household effects in the basement is sometimes superintended by the women who own them. The professors' wives and daughters presumably make the University an occasional rendezvous. Serious argument has been offered in favor of opening its lecture and recitation-rooms to lady students, or of having the professors instruct them in private classes; while, on the other hand, "the annual reception of the graduating class" draws hither the sisters and cousins and other girl friends thereof, to make the grim corridors gay for a few hours with music and dancing. Thus, for one reason or another, a great variety of womankind have proper business within the walls of the University; and the going or coming of any individual woman is no more noticed nor thought of than the going or coming of a man. The peculiarity of the place is that its atmosphere forces every one to stick strictly to business; to maintain a personal isolation and reserve; to be solitary, exclusive, unobservant and self-absorbed. In the same way that, as Winthrop said, "its publicity makes privacy," so does its unique capacity for the complete concealment of a woman keep it singularly free from scandal. A bachelor resident has a

serene consciousness that the inquisitive eyes which would watch his movements in any lodging-house or hotel, and the idle tongues which would there set afloat silly stories of his "undue attentions" to any women of the place towards whom he showed a chance kindness or civility, cannot exist in the University. A married resident knows likewise that here his wife is protected not only from all such invidious gossip, but from all contact with or suggestion of the sort of social evil which that gossip represents.

I have quoted the published testimony of many witnesses to show that the outward appearance of the Building is apt to suggest the notion of a castle to the mind of a stranger; but I do not consider this circumstance of any great importance except as a coincidence. "Walls do not a prison make"; and it is not because of its stone turrets and battlements that I account my home a castle. *Domus sua cuique est tutissimum refugium.* "Every man's house," as Lord Chatham said, "is called his castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No. It may be a straw-built hut; the wind may whistle around it, the rain may enter it,—but the king cannot." Personal freedom, in other words, is what is distinctively predicated by the "castle" simile; and the place where the largest amount of this is attainable by any one is inside his own doorway. The largest amount which he actually obtains there is apt to be small, however; for, though it is the general habit of people to speak of individual liberty as a thing supremely desirable, they are not generally willing to pay the price which it costs. They may occasionally make sacrifices for a brief taste of it, but, as a regular diet, there are other things which better suit their digestion. The ordinary ambition of people is to complicate rather than to simplify the machinery of their lives, and the ordinary result of success is that they become slaves to the machine. They welcome to the control of the castle a tyrant more relentless than any law-defying king could ever have been, and they pay him most liberally for robbing them of the last shred and atom of privacy and independence. "Custom" is the admired Juggernaut under whose wheels they long to be rolled until they become as flat and undistinguishable as a row of postage stamps. Instead of the old, heroic, "*Ave! Cæsar, Imperator! Morituri te salutant!*" these self-immolating moderns seem to cry:

> "Hurrah for the Brother of the Sun! Hurrah for the Father of the Moon!
> In all the world there's none like Quashiboo.
> Buffalo of buffaloes! Bull of bulls! He sits on a throne of his subjects' skulls.
> And if he needs more to play at foot-ball, ours all for him—all! all!
> Huggabajee! Huggabajoo! Hail, Lord and Emperor of Bugaboo!"

The perfection of creature-comfort—the highest imaginable ideal of purely physical well-being and material ease—may be found in the great country houses and the London mansions of the wealthy men of England. "No set of tellurians at least can affect to despise them. The descendants of Adam, the world over, can show nothing better." As machines for the dispensing of hospitality, nothing so complete exists elsewhere on this planet.

The visitor is charmed and delighted with the admirably effective devices by which his personal ease and tranquillity are at all times ensured. Yet the chief feeling left upon my mind, by a contemplation of these wonderfully fine establishments, has always been one of pity for the mental serfdom which the elaborateness of their management necessarily entails upon the proud proprietors. The "castle" ideal is completely obliterated. The ostensible owners have no right of initiative,—no power to gratify any personal freak or whim. The real rulers are the so-called servants, who lord it over the master and mistress with a rod of iron. The movements of the latter must be as unvarying as the movements of automatons, or the smoothness and harmony of the play will be spoiled. If the chief actors attempt to vary the monotony by interpolations in the traditional text, the people behind the scenes ring down the curtain, and the show is stopped. The lives of the wealthy seem generally like a sort of clock-work, run for the benefit of a vast body of vassals and retainers, whose comfort depends upon the regularity of that running. No matter, therefore, how pronounced an individuality a man may have been given by nature, he is powerless to assert it in the presence of this pervasive and uncompromising opposition. The mere dead-weight of numbers is against him. The combined interest which all his hirelings have, in keeping him moving inside the conventional groove, finally conquers any impulse of his own to move out of it. Their opposition—though silent, and passive, and respectful and decorous—is irresistible because of its supreme stolidity. Having no heat nor passion, it never flags nor tires; and, after the master's collisions with it have been numerous enough to produce intellectual weariness, he always abandons the game as not worth the candle, and submits to the inevitable necessity of living in strict accordance with the ideal which his servants have marked out for him as correct. The certainty of such ultimate submission is shown by the old story of the coachman who, when asked to bring his master a pitcher of water, respectfully urged that such service was the proper function of the butler. "Being a reasonable man, the master admitted the conventional justice of this, and ordered him to harness the horses and transport the pitcher-bearing butler to the well which was a few rods distant." If people laugh at the coachman's punishment, it is because they lack the philosophy to see that the master was the worse punished. The mental wear of thus asserting himself was far more annoying to him than the slight physical labor was to his coachman; and it is to be presumed that he either changed his policy or ended his life in an asylum.

The highly-organized social system of England, with its strictly-defined grades and "classes," produces various creditable results; but one of its most obtrusively characteristic results is the prominent development given to that unlovely trait in human nature which causes a man to fawn on those of his race who are classed above him, and to spurn those who are classed below. This is why the English are so stilted and strait-laced in their manners and personal behavior. "Self-suppression is the lesson which the system

constantly inculcates, by precept and by very strong example." If a man expects to "get on," he must adapt his notions and conduct as closely as possible to those of "the class just above"; and he is under the constant pressure of temptation to so conduct himself as to deceive others into thinking that he *has* "got on," in advance of the fact. No scheme could be better devised for producing artificiality and uniformity, and for concealing every trace of "nature"; and if any Englishman, from the highest to the lowest, professes that he is not in some degree affected by this fundamental fact of his environment, he declares that he is more than human. In every civilized country the struggle to "keep up appearances" absorbs most of the energy of the human race; but the conditions of existence in England cause the struggle to rage there with phenomenal intensity and obtrusiveness. The inevitable compulsion under which each class imitates "its betters," results, of course, in the transfer of the same ideal from the richest to the poorest. As the chief ambition of the wealthy is to own an establishment so vast that the machinery for managing it obliterates the owner's personality, the chief vanity of the very poor is to boast the ability to hire some one still poorer, for a "slavey," and to put their necks under the yoke of her caprice and inefficiency. No Englishman feels that he is quite respectable unless he makes his life in some way dependent upon a social inferior whom he can nominally command,—unless he occasionally postures, in one guise or another, as "an employer."[1] The universal prevalence of this habit-of-mind is illustrated by the story (otherwise pointless) of a certain "literary discussion" in which the first speaker indignantly asks: "Do you suppose there 's any truth in the rumor that Lord Suchaplace didn't really write his recently published book of poems?" and the second speaker says, with languid surprise: "Write 'em? Why should he? I never heard that he was such a stingy man. Of course he employed a servant to make the book for him." The joke implied in this matter-of-fact stripping off of the last shred of responsibility, in a case essentially personal, is relished by everybody, because

[1] There is no nation in the world that has so acute a sense of the value, almost the necessity, of wealth for human intercourse as the English nation. They silently accept the maxim, "A large income is a necessary of life"; and they class each other according to the scale of their establishments, looking up with unfeigned reverence to those who have many servants, many horses, and gigantic houses where a great hospitality is dispensed. An ordinary Englishman thinks he has failed in life, and his friends are of the same opinion, if he does not arrive at the ability to imitate this style and state, at least in a minor degree. I think it deeply to be deplored that an expenditure far beyond what can be met by the physical or intellectual labor of ordinary workers should be thought necessary, in order that people may meet and talk in comfort. The big English house is a machine, which runs with unrivaled smoothness; but it masters its master, it possesses its nominal possessor. George Borrow had the deepest sense of the Englishman's slavery to his big, well-ordered dwelling, and saw in it the cause of unnumbered anxieties, often ending in heart-disease, paralysis, bankruptcy, and in minor cases sacrificing all chance of leisure and quiet happiness. Many a land-owner has crippled himself by erecting a great house on his estate,—one of those huge, tasteless buildings that express nothing but pompous pride.—"Human Intercourse," by P. G. Hamerton, p. 145 (Boston: Roberts Bros., 1884, pp. 430).

each one is secretly conscious of the many cases where he himself feels constrained, for appearance's sake, "to employ a servant," in doing what might be more pleasantly and decently done by his own hands. I believe it was President Lincoln who remarked, in reference to the expressed amazement of some titled foreigner, over a newspaper statement that the President sometimes expedited matters by blacking his own boots: "Well, I've always noticed that the folks who are ashamed of doing any such proper act for themselves never have any scruples about blacking other people's boots!" Perhaps the unpleasant necessity of continually "truckling to the class above" needs the counter irritant of rigid adherence to the custom of "employing some one below," as a means of preserving to the Briton his self-respect. At all events, he is apt to look with contempt upon all fellow-beings who habitually perform certain personal offices without paid assistance. Poverty or penuriousness is the only explanation which he can assign for such conduct,—or for the use of water as a beverage. The drinking of "something better" seems, in its way, to the minds of "the lower classes," a token of affluence and "respectability." That belief, therefore, helps intensify their resentment of legal restrictions upon such indulgence, and to give political potency to their cry:

"Damn your eyes, if ever you tries to rob a poor man of his beer!"

The "globe-trotting" proclivities of the well-to-do English, which have won for them the title of "a nation of travelers," seem to me perfectly explained by the necessity they labor under of seeking abroad an antidote for their continuous self-suppression at home. "The great distinction which rank and money obtain in England must at times grow unspeakably irksome to those who spend their lives in the midst of its society." Unless they had the outer world to wreak themselves upon—unless they could occasionally break away from the self-imposed and ever-present thralldom of living in subjection to their servants—they would simply die from the cumulative pressure of their own eminent respectability! When last I sojourned in the shadow of this, a decade ago, I had for a companion an excellent little book (newly published then, by a Yale graduate of '64) from which I've already adapted a phrase or two, and from which I will now extract a longer paragraph, as well representing my own observations on the spot. I have italicized the sentence which seems to best formulate the reason for the personal colorlessness of "society people," in all climes and countries:

I found everywhere an excessive respect of the individual for the sentiment of the mass—I mean in regard to behavior. In matters of opinion there is greater latitude than with us. Nowadays a man in England may believe anything he chooses; the reason being, I suppose, that beliefs have not much root or practical importance. Authority seems to have left the domain of thought and literature, and to have invaded that of manners. Of the two sorts of tyranny, I think I should prefer the first. I should rather be compelled to write my poetry in pentameters, and to speak with respect of the Church and the Government, than to be forever made to behave as other people dictate. I know Englishmen do not accept this as true of themselves. One of

them, to whom I had hinted something of the sort, said, "Oh, I don't know; we do about as we please." Precisely; but they have lived so constantly in the eyes of other people, have got so used to conforming, that they never think of wanting to do what society would disapprove of. *They have been so in the habit of subduing whatever native individuality they possess, that they have at last got rid of it.* Of course, it would be impossible to make them believe this. They mistake their inattention, the hostile front they present to the world, and their indifference to the strictures of foreigners when they are abroad, for real independence and a self-reliant adherence to nature. But there seems to me to be something conventional even about the rude and lounging manners of which they are so proud. It is like the "stand-at-ease" of soldiers. It would be highly improper and contrary to orders to do anything else. Englishmen appeared to me to be criticising themselves away; but the age everywhere partakes of the tendency. It has come to attach great importance to proper externals, to seemliness, to a dignified and harmonious behavior. We all devote an exceedingly particular and microscopic care to our outward walk and conversation. This is true of Americans, and it is true of all educated English people; but the disease reaches its extremest form among Englishmen of fashion and quality.—"Impressions of London Social Life," by E. S. Nadal, pp. 10–12 (New York: Scribners, 1875).

The final words of the same book (pp. 217–223) seem also worth quoting here, as a correct showing of the social conditions which exist in the American metropolis. How such conditions are affected by aristocracy and by democracy seems to me excellently shown by thus contrasting the two greatest cities of the English-speaking race:

There is no society in New York which corresponds to that of London or Paris, and any writer who attempts to make the idea that there is the key-note of his work will be likely to produce a silly, vulgar book. Whether or no there should be such societies, or whether, where they exist, they do good or harm, I do not say. I only say that there is no such society among us, and that novelists should not write as if there were. There are yet some unreasonable discriminations concerning employments among us, but it is certain that the movement of public sentiment has been strongly and rapidly towards democracy. There was, during the early years of our existence, an approach to a national aristocratic society. A governor or a senator, a judge, a commodore, or a general, was an aristocrat. Anybody who reflected or represented the dignity of the government was an aristocrat. This feeling continued till near the middle of the century, or until the second generation of statesmen had disappeared. It has now gone "where the woodbine twineth" to use the significant expression of the significant Jim Fisk. The extreme weakness of the aristocratic element among us at present is in part—in very small part—to be explained by the want of respect in our people. A plain man in this country cares nothing for the man who is above him; is rather proud, and believes it to be a virtue, that he does not care. Nor does it appear a thing to be regretted that such a state of mind exists in the humbler citizen towards the greater one. It is well to have A admire B, if he is a person of superior rectitude, energy and intelligence. But what advantage will it be to society to have A admire B because B lives in a better house and may have a better dinner than A? There is no need to put the cart before the horse. The value of veneration among the masses of men is obvious where they have anything to venerate. And there can be no want of the capacity for respect among our people. It is absurd to call this "a country in which superiorities are neither coveted nor respected." The contrary is the fact; the few real superiorities that we have are, perhaps, respected too much. The bulk of our reading public know enough to recognize what is excellent, but have not the critical self-confidence which is the property of educated men. They therefore fail to insist that the greatest men have their limitations and cannot include everything; but, in a kind of dazed reverie, accept whatever is told them.

The national aristocratic society has disappeared with the disappearance of respect for the politician. What is called "position" is in this country now altogether local. This is necessarily true. A is known among his neighbors as a rich and decent person; his wife and daugh-

ters are "nice" (the American for "noble"), either absolutely or relatively to the people around them. A has position therefore in his own town; if he moves elsewhere he does not inevitably take it with him. Now, in very little and very simple communities, these ideas of position and precedent are most important. In a very great place, on the other hand, few men are large enough to be seen over the whole town. As a consequence, we see that New York is perhaps the most democratic town in the country. It has become so during the years in which it has been shooting into a position of such national and cosmopolitan importance. It is now quite as democratic a place as the inevitable varieties of accident and talent among men will permit it to be. The artifice of exclusiveness, which is sure to succeed in a smaller place, will not do here. People greatly desire to do what they find difficult to do. They do not care at all to do what they know they may do. Accordingly, in a town or city of moderate size, the people who wish to be thought better than their neighbors, and who have some little advantage to start with, are wise to keep to themselves. They thus prevent their neighbors from finding out that the excluded and the exclusives are just alike. They have for their ally that profound want of confidence of ordinary people in their own perceptions. But this is a device which will not do in a city of the size and wide-reaching importance of New York. What will the mover of commerce or politics over the face of the country care for the opinion of the gentlewoman around the corner, who thinks him vulgar? Thus we see it to be impossible that any dominant society may exist in this country. The recognition of this fact should teach quiet to people inclined to be restless. It need not be unwelcome to the friend of man, for he will remember that democracy does not mean the triumph of utility over dignity and refinement, but that it means dignity and refinement for the many. Writers of fiction may regret the want of diversity and picturesqueness which the fact involves, but it is always well to know the truth; if they desire to avoid vulgarity and the waste of such opportunities as they have, they must heed it. To make men and women interesting as members of society is denied them; but should these writers have the wit to paint men and women as they are, the field is wide enough. There are on all sides people who are charming to contemplate, and whom it should be a pleasure to describe.

The social life of America is ruled by the servants, just as relentlessly as that of England, but the tyranny takes a somewhat different shape, on account of the changed environment. They rule here by their insolence and worthlessness (the result of a happy-go-lucky consciousness of ability to earn a livelihood, and "perhaps better their chances," whenever discharged by an employer), and not, as in England, by the mechanical perfection of their deportment. An Englishman's servants are so proper and punctilious that they constrain him to perform his appointed function in the social machine with similar correctness and solemnity; but an American's are so pert and untrustworthy—so likely to desert him as soon as he has drilled them to a fair degree of efficiency, or stands in special need of their services—that they prevent the construction of any elaborate social machine whatever. I am aware, of course, that the non-existence of such a thing in the Western World is due, in a broad sense, to the sweep of democracy. There is simply no place for it in our free system of living, as is well shown by the writer whom I have just quoted. But as the impossibility of procuring a permanent retinue of personal servitors—a set of well-trained menials who can always be depended upon to operate a complicated system of housekeeping, without jar or friction—is itself a direct result of the one-man-'s-as-good-as-another axiom, I think it right to make a point of asserting this one immediately practical part of the argument, in preference to the whole general

truth. I know that, among the wealthy, there may be occasionally found a family whose womankind are gifted with such an unusual amount of executive tact, combined with kindness of heart, that they compel "the servant question" to assume much the same settled phase which it has in the home of a well-to-do Englishman. I know that, among the multitude of luxuriously-appointed houses in this rich city, a few may be found whose smoothness of "movement" seems permanently assured, in spite of the democratic restlessness which pervades the very atmosphere. Nevertheless, I believe it may be safely assumed that, wherever two American matrons meet together under conditions favorable to an unreserved conversation, a prominent place in it will almost always be given to the trials and tribulations experienced at the hands of their "help." Like "politics" in the case of a pair of men similarly situated, this is one of the stock subjects to talk about,—a topic which may be presumed to challenge the interest and sympathetic attention of every housekeeper,—a "burning question" which in some degree embitters every such woman's life. If hotels and boarding-houses here attract a larger proportion of families than in England, it is not because the privacy and comforts of a home are prized less here than there. It is simply because our womankind break down under the strain and serfdom resulting from the effort to get any efficient service out of the only class available for household hire: the ignorant and ill-trained domestics of an alien race. Whether the scale of the *ménage* implies the presence of only one servant, or of a full dozen, the result is the same: the mistress of it is subjected to constant annoyance and anxiety, until at last she "gives it up," and takes her husband and children to a hotel.[1]

Hotel-life, in its turn, produces a sort of constraint analogous to that which crushes an English householder in the presence of his servants, but without the compensation which he enjoys in dignity and privacy and repose. Whoever inhabits a house to which another family besides his own may have access is always exposed to the danger of contact with people whose presence is disagreeable, whose acquaintanceship is undesirable, whose evil tongues produce gossip and backbiting, and whose evil acts result in

[1] A few days after this paragraph was put in type, I came across a confirmation of it in a letter concerning "South-Coast Living in England." It was written in Devonshire, August 8; and, as New Yorkers will generally recognize the writer as an entirely competent witness, on account of his extensive international experiences, I am glad to quote the paragraph which concerns my argument: "In America we are very fond of boasting of our superior comfort, but this consists in our having houses provided with every convenience and structural facility for comfort, in which, except for large incomes, real comfort is out of the question, for want of good service. In our own homes the miserable dependence on wretched servants makes life only diluted woe. In exceptional cases, and at great cost, people in America can enjoy comfort in their own houses; but when we go away for the summer the comfort of the poorest watering-place in England is not to be had for love or money. It is a great mistake to suppose that we have the maximum of domestic comfort in America; say what we will, that is reserved for England."—W. J. Stillman, in the *Nation*, Aug. 27, 1885, p. 169.

public scandal. These and its other evident disadvantages render hotel-life necessarily restless and transitory. It is a make-shift; a temporary device for "getting along" until the arrival of some happier day when a better and more permanent mode of living can be sought elsewhere. A methodically-minded person, whose sense of locality is so strongly developed that he takes pleasure in thinking of his home as a fixture and finality, and hates to consider the possibility of "changing his spots like the leopard," sees in advance that every hotel continually threatens to utter the command, "Move on!" This edict may come not only in the form of an outbreak of any one of the evils specified as latent in the situation, but in the form of increased rent, or of a transfer of the building to other owners or uses. These transfers in New York are so continuous,—the ebb and flow of particular classes of the population is so erratic,—that even if a man purchase a mansion, instead of merely hiring apartments, "in a genteel neighborhood," the fact of proprietorship gives no pledge of an extended stay there. A band of railway robbers may suddenly despoil him of his repose, or other invincible invaders may obliterate every trace of "gentility" from his surroundings.

An additional social danger (which threatens the pride of permanent tenancy, if not the fact itself) results from the great length of the residence streets, which stretch across the island in unbroken east-and-west parallels, from river to river,—a distance of two full miles. I have already explained, in describing the topography of the city (p. 65), that there are more than fifty such streets (numbered successively northward from 7th st. to 59th st.) between Washington Square and Central Park, a distance of two and a half miles, but that distinctive residential "character" attaches chiefly to the longitudinal thoroughfares of the island, which are called "avenues," and which are also parallel (in a north-and-south direction, at distances varying from a fifth to a tenth of a mile), and which therefore intersect the "streets" at right angles. Fifth Avenue, the center or backbone of the system, has none but wealthy people for residents, while the houses of Twelfth Avenue, its westernmost parallel, and of Avenue D, its easternmost, on the opposite water-fronts, shelter none but very poor people. Each of the fifteen other parallel avenues between these extremes has a more-or-less generally recognized "character" of its own; though there are, of course, great contrasts between specific sections of the same avenue, that lie four or five miles apart. Nevertheless, the numbered east-and-west streets of the metropolitan "gridiron" are the ones that contain the vast bulk of our well-to-do people; while, as the "character lines" are drawn across them at right angles by the "avenues" (of greatly varying reputations), no single "street" can hope to have a uniform "character" for its whole two miles,—such as is accredited to Fifth Avenue's straight stretch of thrice that distance, from Washington Square to the Harlem. Hence results the social peril alluded to in the opening words of my paragraph: that the numerous people quite the reverse of "nice," who must of necessity occupy numerous houses at the river ends of

each of these streets, will so conduct themselves as to give its distinctive numeral "a bad name." New Yorkers themselves may know, in such a case, that the central section of the street (to which the bisecting line of Fifth Avenue gives character and dignity) has a longer row of handsome houses, than are usually comprised in the whole of a fashionable street in London; and that none but the most eminently respectable of residents are to be accredited to those houses. New Yorkers may know that proximity of a doorway to Fifth Avenue is denoted by the lowness of its number (1, 2, 3 and the like), and proximity to the water-side by a high number, like 600 or 700. But outsiders do not know these things, nor make any discrimination when they read the newspapers' appetizing stories of metropolitan vice and crime. A given street sometimes gets a sudden shove into national notoriety in this manner; and though fashionable folks may not feel forced to change their abodes on account of the evil deeds done in another neighborhood, many blocks away, the fact that such things are proclaimed as happening in "our street" must prove a bar to the development of much affection or enthusiasm for the particular numeral which represents it. "Thirtieth Street," for example, is rather endeared to me personally because of a certain fine house there whose elegant hospitality has for twenty years been extended to me with unvarying kindness. The owner had built and occupied it, ten years or more before I knew him, at a time when the site seemed very far "up town." At first, indeed, I believe the house stood almost isolated between the Avenue and Broadway, though its individuality was soon swallowed up in the undistinguishable mass of "solid front" which has long connected the two. No doubt, the other houses in this front may be filled with treasures just as fine, and possibly some of the owners may have lived there nearly as long, in spite of the temptation to follow the wave of fashion that through all these years has been ever receding northward. But though "Thirtieth Street" thus privately appeals to me as a shining example of the truth that the possession of wealth does not inevitably debar a New Yorker from having a permanent home of his own, "Thirtieth Street," as projected on the mind of a casual reader of the newspapers, carries a definite suggestion of crime and ill-repute. In the western section of that street stands the "police station-house of the 29th precinct," and the captain in command thereof is more talked about, for whatever reason, than any similar officer of the entire force. This exceptional notoriety he is said to attribute to the exceptional difficulties inherent in his position,—as a result of the fact that within the limits of the region under his sway are included a majority of the great hotels and theaters, and (as their inevitable accompaniment) a large number of those resorts where the people who have been attracted to the hotels and theaters, from all parts of America, like to go "in search of whom they may be devoured by." Thus it happens that, as a vast floating population, of the sort which practitioners of "the profitable vices" best like to prey upon, always demand police attention, either for control or defense, within the boundaries of "the 29th,"

the name of the street containing its station-house suffers somewhat by falling under the shadow of their wickedness. But the name of the great central artery of the street system stands superior to all its offshoots, and the fact that it alone is held so high above reproach tempts me to quote the following description, recently written by Joseph H. Howard, jr.:

Whenever a house is for sale or rent in Fifth Avenue its residents feel a profound interest in the character of the inmates that are to be. They dread lest the mansion may be converted to unworthy uses; lest they may be hourly shocked by a plebeian neighbor who is what they themselves were twenty years, or five years, or perhaps a few months before. Their vigilance is sleepless in this regard; still they have often been compelled to buy out common tradesmen and ambitious courtesans, and enterprising blacklegs, who had purchased an abiding place in the socially sacred vicinage. It is the habit of New Yorkers to style Fifth Avenue the first street in America. So far as wealth and extent and uniformity of buildings go, it probably is. Beginning at Washington Square, it extends above Harlem; and as far as Fifty-ninth Street, it is almost an unbroken line of brownstone palaces, while from that point up its magnificence is marvelous. The architecture is not only impressive, it is oppressive. Its great defect is in its monotony, which soon grows tiresome. A variation, a contrast—something much less ornate or elaborate—would be a relief. Its lack of enclosures, of ground, of grass-plats, of gardens, is a visual vice. Block after block, mile upon mile, of the same lofty brownstone, high stoop, broad-stained fronts wearies the eye. It is like the perpetual red brick, with white steps and white door and window facings for which Philadelphia has become proverbial. One longs in the avenue for more marble, more brick, more iron, more wood even—some change in the style and aspects of the somber-seeming houses, whose occupants, one fancies from the exterior, look, think, dress and act alike. One might go, it appears, into any drawing-room between Central Park and the old Washington Parade Ground, and he would be greeted with the same forms, see the same gestures, hear the same speeches. The stately mansions give the impression that they have all dreamed the same dream of beauty the same night, and in the morning have found it realized; so they frown sternly upon one another, for each has what the other wished, and should have had alone. The slavish spirit of imitation with poverty of invention has spoiled the broad thoroughfare, where we should have had the Moorish and Gothic, Ionic and Doric order, Egyptian weight and Italian lightness, Tudor strength and Elizabeth picturesqueness. It is a grievous pity that where there is so much money there is so little taste. The sum of Fifth Avenue wealth is unquestionably far beyond that of any street in the country. The dwellings cost more; the furniture and works of art are more expensive; the incomes of the inmates are larger and more prodigally spent than they are anywhere else on the continent. The interior of the houses is often gorgeous. Nothing within money's purchase, but much that perfect taste would have suggested, seems omitted. There are few of the mansions that do not reveal something like tawdriness in the excess of display. The outward eye is too much addressed. The profusion is a trifle barbaric. The subtle suggestions of complete elegance are not there. Still, to those who have suffered from the absence of material comfort, or to those whose temperaments are voluptuous and indolent, as most poetic ones are, a feeling akin to happiness must be born of the splendid surroundings that belong to the homes of the Fifth Avenue rich. What soft velvet carpets are theirs; what handsome pictures; what rich curtains; what charming frescoes; what marbles of grace. The people who live side by side in the pretentious avenue know each other not. Knickerbocker and parvenu, the inheritor of wealth and the architect of his own fortune, the genuine gentleman and the vulgar snob, reside in the same block. One house is visited by the best and most distinguished; the house adjoining by men who talk loud in suicidal syntax, and women who wear hollyhocks in their hair, and yellow dresses with pink trimmings. Here dwells an author whose works give him a large income; over the way, a fellow who has a genius for money-getting, but who cannot solve the mysteries of spelling. Some of the most spacious and expensive mansions on the avenue

always have a deserted look. Only the occupants and servants appear on the high, carved stoop; only the carriages the master of the establishment owns stop before the door. That family purchased a house in the avenue, but society has not accepted its members. They have nothing but a new fortune to recommend them. They must bide their time. The first generation of the unrecognized fares hard. The second is educated and the third claims lineage—prates of "gentility," and frowns upon what its grandparents were. To get into the avenue and into its society are different things. They who struggle to enter certain circles are not wanted. Those who are indifferent to mere fashion are in request; for not to seek, socially, is usually to be sought. Fifth Avenue is, indeed, one of the phenomena, and its growth one of the extraordinary developments of this peculiar age.—N. Y. cor. of the *Philadelphia Press*, May 14, 1885.

Thus, through this famous Avenue, my pen at last comes back to the curious Castle which stands at the head of it, and which I wish to celebrate for the contrast which the freedom attainable within its walls offers to the "servitude to servants" that generally prevails elsewhere. Though there may be some who actually enjoy personal contact with that sort of people, it can be fairly assumed that the majority would prefer to employ any practicable mechanical appliance to effect the same results. The majority recognize that the employment of the human machine is an evil, but they resort to it as an inevitable necessity,—because no substitute is obtainable for properly performing the drudgery of civilized life. When their servitude to this "necessary evil" grows absolutely unendurable from long continuance, they "make a break for the woods," and adopt a savage life for a while,—camping out and "doing their own work,"—or else they resort to travel, which, though it implies a great deal of dependence upon menials, at least frees the relationship from the personal element: no single one of them wields supreme power. A variety of gains, of course, results both from "the visiting of many cities" and from "roughing it in the wilds"; but the chief gain possible from either experience is the relief offered from wearing the yoke of conformity. It is only while freed from the routine tyranny of his own house that a man can afford to be his simple self, to live naturally, to do just what he likes, to speak his own mind.

When I assert, therefore, that a tenant of the University may there secure for himself continuously either the absolute isolation of a savage in the wilderness, or the relative isolation of a traveler through the cities,—that he may there approximate the ideal of intellectual independence exactly according to the degree of his willingness to sacrifice creature comforts and conventional luxuries,—I assert what can be truly said of no other house in the world. This statement of its distinctive quality shows, of course, why the Building makes so strong an appeal to those who can sympathize with the cry of Shelley: "I will submit to any other species of torture than that of being bored to death by idle ladies and gentlemen." The conventional escape which is allowed an active young New Yorker of wealth and fashion from this sort of conventional torture, is "the running of a cattle ranch out in Montana." His frivolous friends do not resent as a personal affront such scurrying away for "the plains," and he may even print a book like "Hunt-

ing Trips of a Ranchman" without rousing their languid consciousness to the fact that its existence is a significant tribute to their own utter uninterestingness. They will be apt to act differently, however, if, instead of hiding from them amid the mountains of Washington Territory, "where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashings," he ventures to pitch his lonely camp upon the castled crag that frowns o'er the wide acres of Washington Square. There, his seclusion seems rendered more profound by the muffled roar of a mighty city's traffic which ceaselessly rolls its human tide along the great thoroughfares beyond; and there, without the expense, and waste, and discomfort demanded by a sojourn in the Far West, he may "rough it" to his heart's content. But there, also, such unsocial conduct will be stigmatized as "crankiness" by the fine ladies and gentlemen who may chance to hear of it;—for the notion of his permanently "camping out" in the midst of a great city, and leading the free and unsophisticated life of a gentle savage, in preference to taking part in their own "chromo civilization" which surrounds him, is a notion of such direct and unequivocal contempt for their authority that the sting of it has power to penetrate even the dense vanity and stolid self-complacency of such "social leaders."

I entertain a theory as to a certain little room in the University, which is of about the size and shape of a hunter's hut, that the bachelor owner thereof never lets another human being enter it; that he has no carpet, nor easy chairs, nor bed nor bed-clothing; and that, when he spends a night in the den, he throws himself into a hammock, pulls a bear-skin or buffalo-pelt over his usual attire, for the sake of warmth, and, with a pistol-holster under his head for a pillow, gazes at the stars above the tree-tops until his closed eyes bring dreams of "old times among the Rockies." I imagine that he has a few grimy paintings and dusty war-relics for ornaments, and a few well-worn books for companions; and that he takes pride in the cobwebs and dirt and disorder which characterize his abode,—rejoicing daily at the tangible testimony which they give of the uninterruptedness of his occupancy, and of the powerlessness of any menial intruder to "arrange" his possessions according to some cast-iron system of propriety. I *know* nothing at all of the life led by this man, or by any other one of my co-partners in the Castle. I only say that the sort of existence which I have attributed to him would be entirely practicable here, and would attract no notice or comment. If a "society man" never really indulges in it, it is merely because he does not esteem such indulgence worth the sacrifice of all his fashionable affiliations;—because he deems it cheaper to get the same kind of thing by "roughing it" under the conventional conditions which do not arouse the resentment of the stay-at-homes of Fifth Avenue. He knows that "on the plains of the Far West" he can "run his own ranch" without seeming to them ridiculous or "cranky"; but he hardly has nerve enough to attempt the same experiment in their immediate presence, on the plains of Washington Square.

Most men, however, even among those who hate conformity, do not care

to make the sacrifice implied in securing complete independence from the employment of household servitors. They are satisfied if they can hold the latter at arm's length, in an impersonal relationship, such as results from the constant changes implied in traveling. The resources of modern science allow a resident of the University to do this with a near approach to completeness. If he is willing, at the outset, to expend as much upon the fittings and permanent machinery of his apartments as would suffice to purchase a good-sized house in the country, he may enjoy a fair degree of comfort or even luxury, without the loss of liberty which such enjoyment usually implies. If he is willing to put in water-works, telephones, electric-lights, fireplaces, chimneys, elevators, floorings, doors, windows and walls (all these, without any written lease, and without any assurance, save the mere *vis inertiæ* of the place, that his "improvements" will not be made a pretext for an increase in his rent, or the transfer of his chambers to some one else), he may fairly supply the more obtrusive physical deficiencies of a house that has been standing for a half-century, that was built chiefly with a view to securing impressiveness of outward aspect, and that was not designed to be lived in at all. A man may readily arrange that a washer-woman shall bring and take his clothes without entering his door, or even setting eyes on him personally. He may adopt a similar scheme in reference to the waiters whom he summons by telephone from a restaurant to bring him food or drink. He may likewise keep a valet "on call," who never sees his face, or oppresses him with attentions that are not desired. The police, the fire alarm and the messenger service may be brought to his immediate command by the touching of a knob. In other words, if a man of wealth thinks it worth while, it is entirely practicable for him to arrange here a scheme by which he may employ a great many people to help him carry on quite an elegant and elaborate system of living, but in a quite impersonal way,—I mean without the friction and annoyance of direct contact and acquaintanceship. Perhaps no such man ever does in fact lead such a life here. All I insist upon is that the conditions exist here for leading it, as they exist nowhere else, and that the fact of leading it would excite no observation or comment.

Pungent fumes from the chemical experiments in the laboratories may sometimes ascend the stairways, but nothing so suggestive of ordinary human life as the odor of food will often be encountered there or in the connecting corridors. No cooking goes on in the Building, except that of the janitor's small *ménage*, in the subterranean regions; and it is only on great occasions that this is rank enough to smell to heaven. Hotels, restaurants, and boarding-houses, of all styles and prices, may be found within a half-mile radius, and in these the tenants of the Castle may be presumed to take most of their solitary repasts. Breakfasts are regularly brought in to the chambers of some of them, however; and such as possess telephone connection no doubt use it to summon in the more extensive meals of the day, whenever bad weather or indolence disposes them to avoid the trouble of going out. The janitor, in

addition to his regular salary for general services, is paid a certain small percentage on the rents, as a device for stimulating his activity and promptness in making the quarterly collections thereof; but the power of this stimulus is more than offset by a stimulus of the opposite sort,—an incentive to dilatoriness,—which attaches to the fact that the janitor's income is much more largely affected by his success in persuading tenants to employ his servants. He generally succeeds in impressing each new-comer that it is an unwritten law of the place that they should be thus employed; and, as it is easier for the new-comer to submit to the existing scheme than to devise a substitute for it, I suppose that most of the lodgers' rooms are cared for in this way: that is, the janitor is paid a fixed monthly stipend for the services of his servants, and is held responsible for their efficiency and honesty. At a certain hour of the day they have access to the tenant's rooms and "put things in order" there; but he exercises no personal authority over them, and, if their routine work is not satisfactory, his complaint is not made to them personally but to their employer. The wages which the janitor agrees to pay his servants being necessarily a fixed quantity, whether they have many or few rooms to care for, it is evidently for his interest that the number should be many rather than few. Thus it comes about that the janitor's percentage on the promptly-paid rent of a tenant who renders no tribute to him for servants, is of much less account than his profits in leasing these servants to a tenant who promptly pays the monthly stipend agreed upon, but who indefinitely postpones the payment of the rent due to the trustees of the University.

I entertain a dreadful suspicion that, when the natural effects of this enlightened system are unpleasantly obtruded upon the minds of the latter, they are apt to decide that the exaction of increased rents, against those permanent tenants who can be depended on to pay, is an easier device for "bringing up the average receipts" than the pursuit of hopelessly delinquent "transients." Perhaps I am wrong in this suspicion, as well as in the one on which it is based (that the janitor's zeal in enforcing the law against such delinquents is apt to be somewhat modified by the natural human desire "not to take the bread out of his own mouth"); but, in any case, I must accredit the janitor with a great gift, akin to genius, for persuading people of the appalling dangers which overhang the existence of a tenant who declines to employ the regular servants of the University. Even the traditional Philadelphia lawyer never rendered himself a more perfect master of the trick, which Demosthenes used to tell us about, as the characteristic one of the legal fraternity in his time, of "making the worse appear the better reason." If a prospective tenant finally forces out the unwelcome truth that private servants are not positively prohibited from entering these walls, the admission is coupled with such significant shruggings of shoulders, such dark hints of past misdeeds, and such dreadful suggestions of future peril, as to make a man feel that the employment of them here would be a sort of impious defiance of Providence,—a fool-hardy exposure of his life, his fortune and his

sacred honor. He is somehow given to understand, without any exact verbal formulation or assertion of the idea, that the pervasive gloom of the University has a subtle power to develop a morbidly thievish—not to say murderous—tendency in the minds of such servitors as he might elsewhere rely upon as trustworthy and kind; and that no comfort or safety can, therefore, be expected, unless he entrusts his chambers to the care of those competent domestics who are under the responsible rule of the janitor, and who have been trained by this, and by habit and custom and experience, to resist the evils which are inherent in so peculiar an atmosphere. There is enough truth on the surface of this theory to make it plain that a majority of the tenants act wisely in refraining from the introduction of a troop of special servants into the Castle, to prey upon themselves and their neighbors. I should regret the general adoption of any such system and should deprecate its dangers. The present plan ensures as good service as the average man is willing to pay for; and I would not recommend any new-comer to depart therefrom. It will certainly be wise for him, at the outset, to "make himself solid with the janitor," even though he may not share that worthy's conviction that the robberies, suicides and sudden deaths, sometimes noted in the newspapers as happening at the Building, are, in some occult way, ultimately due to the non-exclusion from its walls of all valets, body-servants and "private sweeps" except those controlled by himself.

"The mighty concierge" is classed *hostis humani generis*, by the writers of all highly-civilized countries, just as universally as the subscription-book agent, or the patent-medicine pedlar; and the extract given below from the testimony of a recent witness (who prints more than a solid column to show "why the Parisian press sneer and mock at the candidacy of M. Aube, because he is a concierge") would be fairly applicable to the janitors of the fashionable apartment-houses in New York.[1] It would be quite unjust, how-

[1] Do not mistake this for a pleasantry. The concierge rules as autocratically over his kingdom as ever did any Russian Czar over his empire before the emancipation of the serfs and the invention of Nihilism. A great change has been made from the olden time when Cerberus inhabited a hole in the wall, as it were; mended old boots and pieced ancient garments, while his spouse did odd jobs for tenants, and his olive-branches went of errands. While all the rest of Paris tends toward democratization, the concierge goes in for "aristocratization." Like all functionaries, he has a supreme contempt for the public. He considers the tenants of the dwelling which he "manages" as his subordinates, and you need no more expect civility from him than you can from a hotel clerk, or the conductor of an omnibus, or a railway official, or an employé at the Paris Post Office. Nothing can convince him that he is not the absolute master of every lodger. I represent, he says, the landlord, and as such have full authority to let the premises, to raise the rent, and to give warning. It is he who elaborates the "rules of the house," and it is he who has invented the interdiction of dogs, children, and canary birds, an interdiction which is only revocable at his good pleasure. And try to be on good terms with him, for he has at his disposal ways and means by which, if your *entente* be not *cordiale*, your life will become a burden. He will keep the door unopened for you on a rainy day, he will invariably tell your friends that you are not at home, he will shake his carpet over your head as you descend the staircase, and inflict upon you a thousand petty annoyances against which you have no redress,

ever, to confound with them the janitor of the University Building; and my quotation concerning the insolence and tyranny which must be submitted to at the hands of the others is chiefly designed to point by contrast his own relative politeness—and powerlessness. Though I have hinted on a previous page that he may not always rise entirely superior to the distinguishing trait of his class, I am bound to add that he seems to be about as unique a phenomenon among janitors as the Building is among buildings. At all events, he is the only one I ever heard of, in any part of the world, in whom the usual strictly sordid and mercenary motives are sometimes supplanted by sentimental considerations as a basis for conduct. The janitor takes a personal pride in the place, not merely because he has for fifteen years personally helped maintain it "in the front rank of American universities" (with his name in the annual catalogue), but because he is vaguely conscious that its queerness as a lodging-house reflects a sort of personal distinction upon himself. He feels that no other janitor lives in so scholarly and mysterious and historic an atmosphere, or comes in such close contact with so many curious and remarkable characters. According to the familiar principle, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, he learns to reverence those who will not submit to him. He points with a kind of hushed and awe-struck pride at those tenants who have asserted complete independence of his authority, as if he would say, "What other janitor in New York can exhibit such fine specimens of crankiness and eccentricity?" He exalts no one to this pantheon, however, until the last conceivable device for holding him down to the level of ordinary mortals has been tried in vain. Reversing the maxim of Richelieu, his policy might perhaps thus be fairly formulated:

"First, employ all means to crush!" "Failing these?" "All methods to conciliate!"

The janitor is quite loyal to the undergraduates; and when each departing class of them (after having been for four years summoned to their daily recitations by his hourly beatings of the gong; and after having, for that period, tormented him by the tricks and skylarking customary with such youth) present him or his wife with a gift of silver-ware or jewelry, as a final

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for to your complaint he will reply that it was "purely an accident independent of his will." True, you can retaliate, but I am not sure that you will come off first best. And it is not the concierge's ability to cause petty annoyances which constitutes his importance. In his hands he holds your credit, your reputation, your fortune, and your honor. Should you undertake any business enterprise it is of the concierge that is asked information of your standing; should you have any difficulty with Dame Justice, he is the first authority appealed to for proofs of your honorableness; should you change your tailor, it is your concierge to whom will be put the question of your solvency. Everything depends upon your relations with this autocrat, who will give a certificate for the Prix Montyon to the blackest of scoundrels, or ruin the standing of an honest man, according to the degree of generosity of the individual. Last week, a concierge was sentenced to a heavy fine and sixteen days in jail for defamation of character, but few persons are brave enough to risk the scandal which that suit caused, when the plaintiff's character was torn to shreds by the defendant's counsel; and so people go on and let themselves be bled and blackmailed.—Paris correspondence (Sept. 25) of the *New York Times*, Oct. 12, 1884, p. 5.

testimonial of good-will, he is always equal to the occasion. I mean that he makes it an excuse for "treating" the class to a "reception" whose expensiveness must considerably exceed the mere money value of their gift, and whose chief feature is a "speech of acceptance," glorifying this latest class as superior to all its distinguished predecessors. The janitor rather prides himself, indeed, on his oratorical powers, and as these have given him a sort of reputation among the local political managers, he not unfrequently figures at their autumn "campaign rallies" in the thickly-settled region below the Square. I believe this is the only vanity he ever indulges in outside the Building; and except during these brief seasons of shouting the praises of his party (which is the "G. O. P.," opposed to "R. R. R."), he may always be found there at evening time, ready to bar its doors against the outside world, promptly on the stroke of 10. Portraits of his admired political leaders form a prominent feature in the adornment of the walls of his office, but he is not an "offensive partisan" to any such extent as the Parisian concierge, who suppresses all political circulars and newspapers which he does not wish his tenants to read, and who takes care to keep them fully supplied with the literature of his own party. Dwellers in the University, on the other hand, need not allow any of their mail-matter to be submitted to the janitor's inspection, for the government postmen are instructed to make direct deliveries at the separate chambers of all who express a wish to that effect. In this way also it is distinguished from an ordinary apartment-house or hotel, for there the postal deliveries are all made at the main office.

In enumerating the physical shortcomings of the place, which the tenant must remedy at his own expense if he wishes to live with much comfort or elegance, I have noted by implication the general absence of what are called "modern improvements." The absence of any general means for heating or "elevating" serves the good purpose, however, of lessening the dangers of fire. These are already so considerable that the underwriters attach a high rate of insurance to the Building; and if it were to be "improved" by steam pipes and an elevator shaft, its dry wooden floors and staircases would doubtless soon disappear before the flames. Such a disaster would not be likely to imperil the life of a tenant in the main structure,—for, in the improbable case of both its stairways burning simultaneously at the bottom, with such suddenness as to forbid descent, he could still ascend to the roof, and thence easily jump down to the roofs of the houses which adjoin each wing. If, however, a fire should start at the foot of the narrow stairway of either of these wings, it would be apt to leap almost instantly to the top of the tower (induced by the draft which a window kept constantly open there would ensure), and thus shut off all chance of the tenants' escape, unless they were able to lower themselves from the outer windows to the street below. In other words, these wings are distinctively death-traps, though they were originally designed to serve as elegant abodes for the Chancellor and Vice Chancellor of the University, and were the only parts of it thought fit to live in.

I myself would not sleep in one of them for a single night without a fire-escape by my bedside (I keep one, in fact, even in my own much safer chambers); and the general hopelessness of saving any property from destruction, in case a fire should once get fairly started in any part of the Castle, may well serve as a barrier to prevent a cautious man from risking his treasures in it. A lazy one will likewise do well to think twice before he pitches his camp where access can only be gained by the ascent of nearly one hundred steps; for the best apartments—like so many other best things in life—are those at the top.

In direct contrast to the practice of other American colleges and universities (the latter word has been so generally misused here that it is now synonymous with the former in ordinary usage), where the president is expected to be the chief motive power in the management, and to bring great things to pass by that personal capacity to properly grasp and combine details which is called executive ability—the Chancellor of the University is excused from all attention to its finances. The present incumbent of the office is the pastor of one of the largest congregations in the city, and his immediate predecessor held a similar position. Hence, as the duties directly pressing upon every such man must always be beyond his power of fulfilment, even when he devotes every atom of energy to the work of his church alone, the business management of the University is of necessity abdicated to others. The trustees, of course, are the legal managers, in whom all ultimate authority rests; but, as active men of the world, absorbed in their own affairs, they like to avoid the irksomeness of attending to petty details, by putting as much as possible of responsibility for them upon the shoulders of the two senior professors. These in turn, being already overburdened with their own proper duties as instructors, are inclined, when such matters cannot easily be referred back to the trustees, to leave them to the janitor; who thus becomes, in effect, the executive chief of the institution. A chronic want of funds for its proper maintenance adds to the interestingness of this curious situation, so far as casual tenants are concerned. If one of these objects to a leaky roof or broken window, an overcharge of rent or inefficient service, and gets tired of talking to the janitor on the subject, perhaps he may nerve himself up to the point of bringing his grievance before one of the professors, who may very likely refer him to one of the trustees. The trustee does n't want to be bored with the case, and refers him back to another professor, who perhaps refers him to the janitor as final authority. A great many days having been wasted in getting the matter as far along as this, a great many more go by before anything is done,—even assuming that the tenant's prayer is granted. After the average man has been badgered for a while in this way,—bandied back and forth between the representatives of a divided and practically unapproachable authority,—he of course goes off in despair to seek some house where less chaotic conditions prevail; and a new tenant follows in his footsteps and in due time undergoes the same exasperations. If the

new tenant chances to have more philosophy than "the average man," he will learn to accept these exasperations as natural concomitants of an exceptional situation; he will quietly pay for such "repairs and improvements" as he wants; he will see that if the whole establishment were to be "modernized and run on business principles," the peculiar charm of it would disappear.

This charm attaches to one's individual ability to run his own part of the Castle in his own way; and "his part" is practically "the whole," for all the rest of the tenants are in effect his vassals and servitors: their presence is essential to his own safety and happiness, though they ensure this without personal contact. Like the retinue of an old feudal castle, they give a human attractiveness to the few chambers which the lord thereof really uses as his own. Like the lord thereof, on the other hand, each resident of this Castle may always feel reflected upon himself the dignity of its entire ownership. The fact of such residence makes his life a mystery to every outsider. It conveys no notion of whether he is rich or poor; whether he occupies one room or many; whether he lives in entire isolation with the simplicity of a savage, or with body-servants at his nod and beck to supply him with all the luxuries of an epicurean. There is no general *camaraderie* among the residents; no cohesiveness between the independent atoms; no visits exchanged between rooms unless the occupants have known each other elsewhere. It is tacitly understood by all that the object of a man's making his home in such a place is not to form new acquaintances, but to escape from those already formed,—to simplify the machinery of life rather than to complicate it. The inspiring fiction of "sole ownership by each" would be sadly impaired if the presence and partnership of the others were formally recognized. For my own part, I feel the utmost friendliness and good-will towards my co-proprietors of the Castle; but I believe that the most acceptable manifestation I can make of the sentiment is the negative one of letting them entirely alone while within its walls. Were I to be met in a remote part of the world by some man who had lived long in the University, his mention of that fact would be the best possible passport to my favor. I should feel in advance that he would make an interesting companion, because no one without great resources in himself could long survive a stay here. The capacity to endure solitude with cheerfulness is a crucial test of character, so far as concerns showing that it is above the commonplace; and though a man *may* lead here a very social life of the strictly conventional sort, it is fairly to be presumed that, unless he were fully competent to enjoy a lonely one in his own wigwam, he would not long submit to the limitations which residence here imposes. Their lack of *camaraderie* ensures a sort of placid feeling in the janitor's mind that the tenants will not conspire to accomplish his overthrow, as is often done in other places where individual resentments of slight injuries and shortcomings are combined, by conversation and interchange of experiences, into a general hostile sentiment which has power to remove the object of it. On the other hand, there is a fair offset to this in the uncertainty that the janitor neces-

sarily has concerning the possible "influence" of any given tenant with some unknown member of the board of trustees. This fact that he is employed by a mysterious body of far-extending and undiscoverable connections, instead of by a single owner whose friends could be easily identified, is evidently a fact that tends to secure good treatment for the tenants. There is always a dreadful possibility that each one of these may have a "friend at court," with power to work the guillotine remorselessly, if things go wrong!

In explaining how "its publicity makes privacy," I have said that the habitual passing of many men and women through the corridors renders the presence there of any additional man or woman quite unnoticeable; yet I think that a chance visitor, late in the day, after the departure of the students and their instructors, would be apt to get the idea that the Building was quite uninhabited. It is certainly exceptional when the long halls re-echo any other tread than my own, on my passage through them. During the seven years while the apartments adjoining mine were held by two college acquaintances, with whom I exchanged many calls, I am sure that I never met them on the stairways a dozen times. During an equally long interval while the editor-in-chief of the daily newspaper which employed me had apartments here which I used to pass two or three times each day, and which I knew that he emerged from each day, I never saw him seven times, except inside his chambers or the editorial rooms. Reflecting upon these curious reversals of probability, one might almost be pardoned for a superstitious belief in the existence of some subtle influence which impels each owner of the Castle to enter or leave it only at times when he is least likely to be confronted by any living reminder of the truth that he is not really the sole proprietor of its magnificent solitude. As the chances of casual contact between tenants who are acquainted is so slight, it follows that a man may live here for years before the faces of non-acquaintances become familiar enough to impress themselves upon him as belonging to residents rather than to the ever-changing mass of visitors. Of the latter, as of tenants who stay but a year or two, it may be said: "Come they and go, we heed them not, though others hail their advent." Names of residents become fixed in mind sooner than faces, for they are seen accredited to the Building in newspapers and directories, or noticed at the janitor's post-office, or reported through mutual acquaintances. Indeed, there formerly existed a lonesome-looking bulletin-board where a new-comer sometimes nailed up his "card," as a guide to those who might wish to discover the exact number of his room; but no old-resident ever encouraged a device so inharmonious with the spirit of the place, and this miscalled "directory" has been wisely obliterated. Unless a visitor "gets his bearings," and exact information, at the janitor's office, he may now wander about, as in a labyrinth, for an indefinite period, without finding the person whom he is in search of, or without being confronted by any obtrusive sign whatever. The corridors, I may add, are lighter at night than at any other time; for gas jets burn there continuously until dawn.

Though a master of the Castle soon grows familiar, in these several ways, with certain names as belonging to its retinue, and, ultimately, with certain faces, he may be a still longer time in connecting the faces with the names. Thus, the existence of the Nestor of the place never happened to be revealed to me until, in preparing for print "a directory of Yale men living in New York and its environs" (1879), I had occasion to unearth his name. Were it not for the conventional ban which rests upon each resident, against impairing the freedom of the place by forming any acquaintanceships there, I should be tempted to intrude upon the privacy of this venerable man, and beg him to tell me about some of the interesting people who have been hidden here with him behind these walls, at one time or another, during the half-century (for the tradition is that he began as a tenant, among the very first, as soon as his undergraduate days were over). I recall a rumor that Sam Colt was a resident during the years while he was perfecting the idea of the "revolver" which gave him fame and fortune; and I know that quite a long catalogue might be made of men who have attained distinction as painters, or lawyers, or politicians, or authors, as a sequel to obscurity here in earlier days. That obscurity seems to me to have had in it more likelihood of happiness, however, than the celebrity of later date. "As a man thinketh, so is he." I know nothing of the thoughts of the man who has lived here longest; but in the fact of his long residence here I account him outwardly fortunate. When he went up to New Haven as a Freshman in 1833 he joined a class of young fellows from whom have since been elected a President of the United States, a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court (the officer of greatest dignity in America), a United States Senator of New York, a Minister to England, a member of two Presidential Cabinets, a Governor, a General, a College President, and a long line of professors, clergymen, lawyers, and other dignitaries whose names have attained wide repute in their several States, if not in the nation at large. Yet this veteran, who has kept secluded in Washington Square, during all these years, not even reporting to the class secretary the fact of his existence, appears to me to have been happier in his "environment" than any of those more distinguished classmates who have flaunted themselves in the fierce light that beats about the great dome in Washington City. Not a single one of these eminent people possesses my personal admiration; for even the Chief Justice has forbidden me to hold him in high honor since that lamentable day when he decided that neither the Constitution nor the Supreme Court should any longer serve the citizen as a barrier against the confiscating powers of Congress.

Indeed, I am free to say that, of all the men who have made any public stir in the world during the years in which I have been breathing its air, I can recall only two who have done anything which I myself should have taken supreme pleasure in doing: pleasure enough, I mean, to compensate for the loss of personal freedom implied in the notoriety necessarily accompanying such public acts. One was an English playwright; the other an American naval

officer. When the former paused from his routine work in London and listened to the mirthful echoes coming back from every city and town and hamlet in the world that spoke his mother-tongue, assuring him that the praises of "Pinafore" were being simultaneously chanted in a continuous chorus which encircled the planet,—when he reflected that no mortal's pen had ever before been given power thus to enliven the broad countenance of the whole mighty English-speaking race with such a burst of "vast and inextinguishable laughter,"—I think the sensation must have been worth having. Likewise, when the other man laid his right hand on the Obelisk at Alexandria and with his left set it up again in New York,—when, having quietly accomplished, by means of his own invention, a unique enterprise which all well-informed persons had ridiculed as "impossible," he saw the mighty monolith swinging majestically into position on its pedestal in Central Park,—I think that he, too, on that icy midday of midwinter, must have felt entirely "good."[1] It is the private, subjective sensation, in each of these cases, which appeals to me as exceptionably admirable,—not the public, objective celebrity attaching thereto. Indeed, I do not suppose that either man has won any permanent fame, since that is usually reserved for those who are appointed to do something of universal human interest,—such as successfully superintending the slaughter of a vast multitude of the human race, as Lincoln and Grant were appointed in our day. Finer far than that, however, seems to me the sensation of having secretly commanded Castle Solitude during all this troublous half-century; though whether any resident has really lived here as its commander, or only as one of its retinue, can of course be known to his own heart alone. It is an intangible essence whose quality depends upon the intellectual bent of the individual,—upon his willingness to accept exclusively one half or the other of this double-definition:

> Name and fame? "To fly sublime through the courts, the camps, the schools!"
> "'Tis to be the ball of Time, bandied in the hands of fools!"

Aside from the artists, for whom this has always been a recognized haunt, I think that a majority of the tenants have always been college-bred men, and that Yale has always had more graduates here than any other one college. This has certainly been the fact during the last decade; and Yale has also been continuously represented in the Faculty by eminent and influential professors. There existed at New Haven in my time, twenty years ago (manifesting itself most tangibly in the region of "the fence," on lazy summer evenings), a sort of halo of sympathetic respect for the memory of the unknown genius to whom tradition had accredited the apothegm: "Yale College would be the ideal place for an education, if the Faculty would only dispense with the literary and religious exercises!" Perhaps the influence of that ancient but ever-appetizing jest accounts in part for the preponderance of

[1] I feel proud to record that, after erecting the Obelisk (Jan. 22, 1881), Lieutenant Commander Henry H. Gorringe lived for two or three years in the University Building. He died before completing his 45th year (July 6, 1885), in a house that fronts upon Washington Square.

the college in respect to the number of graduates who have sought to realize on Washington Square this delightful dream of an academic Utopia, by enrolling themselves as honorary members in this real University of Cockagne.[1] To me, at all events, a special zest is given to life here by a consciousness of the "literary and religious exercises" which are raging on all sides of me, and which others are compelled to take part in while I myself escape such thralldom. The dim strains from the chapel organ add to my tranquillity by reminding me that no Faculty any longer have power to haul me from bed, by that signal, to an unwilling and unbreakfasted participation in the formality called "morning prayers." Even the howlings and fights and rushes and miscellaneous horse-play with which the younger classes of collegians sometimes render the halls uproarious, serve an excellent moral purpose. Like the constant demands which a troop of active children make upon their father, the turmoil and tomfoolery of these academic children help prevent the resident bachelor from becoming entirely self-absorbed. Their antics help keep him in accord with the fun and freshness of the new generation, by the force of the reminiscence which they awaken of his own more frolicsome days. "When I was imbibing classic culture," he reflects; "when I used to 'sock with Socrates, rip with Euripides, and mark with Marcus Aurelius,' this same sort of nonsense pleased me too. As the dear, departed Calverley hath it,

> 'When within my veins the blood ran, and the curls were on my brow,
> I did, O ye undergraduates, much as ye are doing now!'"

"Anything for a quiet life" is a rendering I like to make of Algernon Sidney's famous phrase, "*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*," which winds its Latin length around the historic Indian on the coat-of-arms of Massachusetts; or, as I sometimes expand the idea, when I gaze upon the full-sized figure of that noble savage, frescoed upon the ceiling of my hallway, "He 'll fight to the last gasp, if need be, but he *will* have peace." The unique advantage of Castle Solitude seems to me to be this: that peace may here be had for the least possible amount of fighting,—that a quiet life may here be led without the sacrifice of an "anything" which is of supreme value. I do not extol the place as a hermitage, but rather because it allows those

[1] Such a tendency has even gained recognition in current fiction, as shown by this extract from a Yale professor's tale, contrasting the expectations of certain imaginary classmates, on graduation night, with the stories of their actual lives, as reported twenty years later: "Armstrong and you have changed places in one respect, I should think," said I. "He is keeping a boarding-house somewhere in Connecticut. And instead of leading a Tulkinghorny existence in the New York University Building, as he firmly intended, he has married and produced a numerous offspring, I hear."—"Split Zephyr: an Attenuated Yarn Spun by the Fates," by Henry A. Beers, p. 79 (Scribners' Stories by American Authors, Vol. viii., 1884, pp. 206). The allusion, of course, is to one of the characters who plays so prominent a part in "Bleak House," and who is described in the index to Charles Dickens's works, as follows: "Mr. Tulkinghorn, an old-fashioned old gentleman, legal adviser of the Dedlocks; 'an oyster of the old school, whom nobody can open.'"

things which cannot elsewhere be had except amid the discomforts of a hermitage. As "the happiness of sympathetic human intercourse seems to me incomparably greater than any other pleasure,"—as the companionship of my friends seems by far the finest enjoyment that existence has to offer,—so do I value this curious Castle where I can assert my own nature without cutting myself off from the presence of the people whom I like, and can lead my own life without arousing the resentment of the people whom I regard with indifference. "The condition in which a man does not pay formal calls, and is not invited to state dinners and dances, may be very lamentable and deserving of polite contempt, but it need not be absolute solitude, as society people assume. Such is not the condition of any one in a civilized country who is out of a prison cell." In a large city, the social instinct can be gratified by chance acquaintanceships, which are continually changing, like those formed on a journey. All sorts and patterns of "the human various" can be studied off-hand, and without need of introduction. Plenty of people worth talking to are always obtainable at every nook and corner. What fashionable folks really mean when they stigmatize a city man as "solitary" is not that he really leads the lonely life of a hermit, but that he refrains from those social relationships of a formal and permanent sort which would subject him to the inflexible conventions of "good society." In other words, the solitude of the Castle results not from its standing "out of the world" (for it is in the very center of a densely-peopled and most interesting world), but only "out of the fashion." Its situation seems to combine many of the advantages of both the places described in the opening words of the extract which I now give from a favorite author, who has already supplied me with a phrase or two, and whose remarks about solitude and independence show so well the value and the cost of each that I should like to quote even more extensively:

The solitude which is really injurious is the severance from all who are capable of understanding us. The most favorable life would have its times of open and equal intercourse with the best minds, and also its periods of retreat. My ideal would be a house in London, not far from one or two houses which are so full of light and warmth that it is a liberal education to have entered them, and a solitary tower on some island of the Hebrides, with no companions but the sea-gulls and the thundering surges of the Atlantic. One such island I know well, and it is before my mind's eye, clear as a picture, whilst I am writing. It was a dream of my youth to build a tower there, with three or four little rooms in it, and walls as strong as a lighthouse. There have been more foolish dreams, and there have been less competent teachers than the tempests that would have roused me and the calms that would have brought me peace.

It is a traditional habit of mankind to see only the disadvantages of solitude, without considering its compensations; but there are great compensations, some of the greatest being negative. The lonely man is lord of his own hours and of his own purse; his days are long and unbroken; he escapes from every form of ostentation, and may live quite simply and sincerely in great calm breadths of leisure. I knew one who passed his summers in the heart of a vast forest, in a common thatched cottage with furniture of common deal, and for this retreat he quitted very gladly a rich fine house in the city. He wore nothing but old clothes, read only a few old books, without the least regard to the opinions of the learned, and did not take in a newspaper. Though he cherished a few tried friendships and was grateful to those who loved him and could enter into his humor, he had acquired a horror of towns and crowds. This was not from

nervousness, but because he felt imprisoned and impeded in his thinking, which needed the depths of the forest, the venerable trees, the communication with primæval nature, from which he drew a mysterious but necessary nourishment for the peculiar activity of his mind. His temper was grave and earnest, but unfailingly cheerful and entirely free from any tendency to bitterness. On the walls of his habitation he inscribed with a piece of charcoal a quotation from De Sènancour : " In the world a man lives in his own age ; in solitude, in all the ages."

He who has lived for some great space of existence apart from the tumult of the world, has discovered the vanity of those things for which he has no natural aptitude or gift—their *relative* vanity, I mean, their uselessness to himself, personally; and at the same time he has learned what is truly precious and good for him. Surely this is knowledge of inestimable value to a man : surely it is a great thing for any one, in the bewildering confusion of distracting toils and pleasures, to have found out the labor that he is most fit for, and the pleasures that satisfy him best. Society so encourages us in affectations that it scarcely leaves us a chance of knowing our own minds; but in solitude this knowledge comes of itself, and delivers us from innumerable vanities. The man of the world does not consult his own intellectual needs, but considers the eyes of his visitors; the solitary student takes his literature as a lonely traveler takes food when he is hungry, without reference to the ordered courses of public hospitality.

The life of the perfect hermit, and that of those persons who feel themselves nothing individually, and have no existence but what they receive from others, are alike imperfect lives. The perfect life is like that of a ship of war, which has its own place in the fleet and can share in its strength and discipline, but can also go forth alone in the solitude of the infinite sea. We ought to belong to society, to have our place in it, and yet to be capable of a complete individual existence outside of it. I value society for the abundance of ideas which it brings before us, like carriages in a frequented street ; but I value solitude for sincerity and peace, and for the better understanding of the thoughts that are truly ours. We need society and we need solitude also, as we need summer and winter, day and night, exercise and rest. Society is necessary to give us our share and place in the collective life of humanity; but solitude is necessary for the maintenance of the individual life.—" The Intellectual Life," by P. G. Hamerton, pp. 332–333, 324–327 (Boston : Roberts Bros., 1873, pp. 455).

Shelley was a lover of solitude ; which means that he liked full and adequate human intercourse so much that the insufficient imitation of it was intolerable to him. It is in this as in other pleasures, the better we appreciate the real thing, the less we are disposed to accept the spurious copy as a substitute. By far the greater part of what passes for human intercourse is not intercourse at all, but only acting, of which the highest object and most considerable merit is to conceal the weariness that accompanies its hollow observances. Steady workers do not need much company. To be occupied with a task that is difficult and arduous but that we know to be within our powers, and to awake early every morning with the delightful feeling that the whole day can be given to it without fear of interruption, is the perfection of happiness for one who has the gift of throwing himself heartily into his work. This is the best independence,—to have something to do and something that can be done, and done most perfectly, in solitude. Many of us would rather live in solitude and on small means at Como than on a great income in Manchester. As there is no pleasure in military life for a soldier who fears death, so there is no independence in civil existence for the man who has an overpowering dread of solitude. What the railway is to physical motion, settled conventions are to the movements of the mind. There are men whose whole art of living consists in passing from one conventionalism to another, as a traveler changes his train. They take their religion, their politics, their education, their social and literary opinions, all as provided by the brains of others. For those who are satisfied with easy, conventional ways, the desire for intellectual independence is unintelligible. What is the need of it? Why go, mentally, on a bicycle or in a canoe, by your own toilsome exertions, when you may sit so very comfortably in the train, a rug round your lazy legs, and your softly capped head in a corner? Independence and originality are so little esteemed in what is called " good society " in France, that the adjectives " *indépendant* " and " *original* " are constantly used in a bad sense. The French ideal of " good form " is to be one of the small crowd of rich and fash-

ionable people, undistinguishable from the others. Bohemianism and Philistinism are the terms by which, for want of better, we designate two opposite ways of estimating wealth and culture. The Bohemian is the man who with small means desires and contrives to obtain the intellectual advantages of wealth, which he considers to be leisure to think and read, travel, and intelligent conversation. The Philistine is the man who, whether his means are small or large, devotes himself wholly to the attainment of the material advantages of wealth,—a large house, good food and wine, clothes, horses and servants. The Bohemian makes the *best* advantages his first aim, being contented with such a small measure of riches as, when ingeniously and skilfully employed, may secure them; and the art and craft of Bohemianism is to get for that small amount of money such an amount of leisure, reading, travel and good conversation as may suffice to make life interesting. Its asceticism, on the physical side, is not a severe religious asceticism, but a disposition, like that of a thorough soldier or traveler, to do without luxury and comfort, and take the absence of them gayly when they are not to be had. Indeed, there may be some connection between Bohemianism and the life of the red Indian who roams in his woods and contents himself with a low standard of physical well being. I sometimes wonder, as regards a certain loved and respected Philistine friend of mine, if it ever occurred to him to reflect, in the tedious hours of too tranquil age, how much of what is best in the world had been simply *missed* by him; how he had missed all the variety and interest of travel, the charm of intellectual society, the influences of genius, and even the physical excitements of healthy out-door amusements. A true Bohemian knows the value of mere shelter, of food enough to satisfy hunger, of plain clothes that will keep him sufficiently warm; and in the things of the mind he values the liberty to use his own faculties as a kind of happiness in itself. His philosophy leads him to take an interest in talking with human beings of all sorts and conditions, and in different countries. He does not despise the poor, for, whether rich or poor in his own person, he understands simplicity of life; and, if the poor man lives in a small cottage, he too has probably been lodged less spaciously still, in some small hut or tent. He has lived often, in rough travel, as the poor live every day. I maintain that such tastes and experiences are valuable both in prosperity and in adversity.—"Human Intercourse," by P. G. Hamerton, pp. 47, 27, 31, 15, 298, 314, with sentences re-arranged (Boston: Roberts Bros., 1884, pp. 430).

As more than four hundred British subjects have subscribed for this book, there may be some truly loyal souls among them who will be proud to know that a remote suggestion of royalty, as well as an odor of sanctity, attaches to the scene of its composition. I think it quite improbable that any other American book has ever been written in a room that has known the presence of the future King of England; but it is a fact that the apartments inhabited by me were constructed in 1875 in a part of the space that formed the chapel of the University at the time when the royal Oxford collegian, Albert Edward, was forced to do penance there, a quarter-century ago. The following report of the ceremonial was published soon afterwards in the students' *Quarterly Magazine*, and was reprinted as a curiosity in its issue of October, 1878, from which I now quote it. The story has an independent interest to home readers, as throwing a strong side-light on the simplicity of social manners and customs in that remote era "before the war." Except the cemetery at Greenwood, and the prisons on Blackwell's Island, it seems that the chapel of the University was the only show-place the city then had for the entertainment of distinguished visitors whom it was desirable to impress with an idea of the grandeur and superiority of things metropolitan:

When the royal visitor arrived in New York he was immediately besieged with numberless invitations to visit our public institutions. But few of these, of course, could be honored with a

second thought, owing to want of time; but that of Chancellor Ferris was promptly accepted, and the honor of his first visit in this city was awarded to our University. As soon as the Prince had signified his acceptance, a plan of reception was adopted, and Professor Wedgwood, then at the head of the Law Faculty, appointed to carry it into effect, assisted by the students in the collegiate department. The visit was to take place on Friday, October 12, 1860, at half-past ten A. M., and the Prince was to be received in the large chapel. This chapel, rising through three stories of the building, had a capacity for comfortably seating twelve hundred persons, and its rich ornamentation and beautiful windows gave it a very venerable appearance, quite in contrast to the small chapel in which we now worship every morning. Invitations were issued to the wives and daughters of the professors and members of the council, and to the mothers, sisters and "lady friends" of the students, and a stage was erected sufficiently large to accommodate the Prince and his suite, the officers of the University, and other invited guests.

On the morning of the appointed day, long before the arrival of the Prince, the chapel was densely filled with as brilliant and fascinating an audience as ever assembled within its walls. The council, professors, and judges of the courts assembled in the Chancellor's room; while the students, arrayed in their college gowns, and wearing the insignia of their various societies, were arranged in double columns from the sidewalk along the various halls through which the Prince was to pass in his visit to the several departments of the University. The Prince and his suite left the Fifth Avenue Hotel at half-past ten o'clock and drove rapidly down Fifth Avenue to Washington Square, where a fine view of the University Building at the head of the Square was presented to them. Alighting at the main entrance on University Place, the Prince was met by Prof. Wedgwood, and conducted up the marble stairway to the main hall, where he was received by Chancellor Ferris in his official robes. Arm in arm the Chancellor and the English student proceeded to the large chapel, followed by Lord Lyons, the Duke of Newcastle, Earl St. Germains, General Bruce, the British Consul Archibald, and other members of the Prince's suite, with the officers of the University and the judges of the several courts. As the procession passed along through the lines of students to the chapel, the Prince was greeted with the utmost respect and deference. As he entered the chapel, the band struck up England's national anthem, and the whole audience rose to receive the Prince, and greeted him with the waving of handkerchiefs and half-suppressed words of welcome. The procession, led by the venerable Chancellor and the young Prince, ascended the platform and passed to the places assigned to them. The Prince, with his suite, took a position on one side of the platform, and the council, professors and invited guests occupied the other side. A short consultation was then held, at the termination of which a signal was given, the music ceased, and the audience was hushed to profound silence, while the Chancellor pronounced an address of welcome. The Prince, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons had each expressed a wish to meet on the occasion of their visit three of the professors, who were personally known to them, and who had attained a European celebrity—Prof. Valentine Mott, at that time acknowledged to be the first surgeon in America; Prof. John W. Draper, who first applied photography to the taking of portraits from life, and in his room in the University Building made the first picture of the human face by the light of the sun; and Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, who invented the electro-magnetic telegraph, and performed his first successful experiment within the walls of N. Y. U. Accordingly they were now specially introduced, and Prof. Morse expressed his most hearty thanks for the kind attentions shown him by the Duke of Newcastle on his first visit to London with his infant telegraph.

A neatly engrossed copy of the Chancellor's address, with the resolutions previously adopted by the council, was then presented to the Prince, who received the same and made an appropriate reply. The Chancellor then presented to the Prince the members of the council, the professors of the several Faculties, the judges of the courts, and the ladies. The Prince mingled freely with the gentlemen upon the platform for some time, and then, taking the arm of the Chancellor, he left the chapel and passed into the law library and lecture-room. Here he noticed a large number of valuable books presented to the University by King William IV. and Her Majesty Queen Victoria, among which are the entire publications of the Record Commissioners. Mr. John Taylor Johnston's gift, a complete modern law library, seemed to attract

especial attention. From the law library the Prince was conducted to the council chamber, and thence to the marble stairway, where the Chancellor took leave of his royal guest. As the Prince and his suite entered their carriages, the students formed in front, and, joined by thousands of spectators there assembled, gave three times three hearty cheers for the Oxford student.

Five days later, when the train which carried the Prince from Albany to Boston passed through Springfield, and that much-admired youth, standing on the rear platform thereof, lifted his little beaver hat, in acknowledgment of the acclamations of the populace, I recollect that the heavy hand of a hackman swept me and my school-fellows from the places of vantage we had gained on the wheels of his vehicle,—so that we saw nothing but the princely hat. The next afternoon, however, enthroned safely upon a stool in the window of Little & Brown's bookstore, on Washington street, I gazed squarely upon the red-coated scion of royalty, as his carriage rolled along in the great procession which the Bostonians arranged in his honor. I mention these facts for the sake of saying that though I was an "ordinary, human boy enough" to take a keen interest in any sort of a show that commanded universal popular attention, I recall my personal feeling towards the central figure in it as one of pity rather than envy. It seemed to me that such a boy could have no fun. I felt that I was more fortunate in the possession of a frolicsome bull-dog, and in the liberty to play with him to my heart's content, after school hours were over, than this resplendent British boy could ever hope to be. Long years afterwards, in '76, a similar sentiment possessed me, when I gazed upon the Prince's mother, as she made a royal "progress" through London, to signalize the opening of some charitable institution at the East End. Looking into the face of this most distinguished woman in the world, the uppermost thought in my mind was one of speculative curiosity as to what real pleasure there could conceivably be to her in the magnificent boredom of all such pomp and pageantry. It seemed to me as if she were owned absolutely, as a sort of toy, by the mighty mob that surged in loyal waves around her. I wondered, too, if she ever, in changing about from one castle or palace to another, felt any longing for that unattainable sort of castle, whose impossible solitude and privacy would make it truly her own.

After all, however, the founders of the University, a half-century ago, builded better than they knew; and their successors of a quarter-century ago acted wiser than they knew when they dragged in the Prince to admire it. The founders failed in their ostensible object, because the stars in their courses fought against it as impracticable; but their very failure was a part and parcel of a unique achievement, which, while I live, shall at least in one heart keep their memory green. All unwittingly, they were the instruments for accomplishing what no one else has ever done,—what no mortal men could conceivably by design and premeditation ever have power to do. If "the noblest study of mankind is man," this temple of learning which they built offers unexampled advantages for studying him most nobly. From its towers, whoever possesses "the vision and the faculty divine" may clearly overlook the

universe. Like as a London cabman looketh with critical and impersonal interest upon the tendered coin which represents no more than his legal fare, so here the philosophic observer may hold at arm's length, as if it were no possible concern of his, that mysterious gift called Life. If America is indeed distinctively a land of liberty, that place in it where the quality reaches its highest development ought specially to interest the foreign visitor. Thus, though the "Chancellor" of twenty-five years ago had no possible conception of it, there was a certain poetic appropriateness in forcing the future King of England to do his earliest homage in America at what seems to me the most sacred shrine in the habitable globe because it is the chosen abode of Freedom. My pen may not have had power to paint all its peculiarities with a graphic touch; but I am sure that they deserve such painting. I am sure that I rightly use the superlative when I characterize it on my letter-heads by adapting these lines from Calverley:

> "'*Nulla non donanda lauru*' is that Building: you could not—
> Placing New York's map before you—light on half so queer a spot."

I am sure, too, that the seemingly strange act of giving to such a subject the longest chapter in a long book on bicycling, will not go unsupported by the sympathy of my three thousand subscribers. Understanding as they do the supremely exhilarating sense of independence which the whirling wheel imparts to the motion of the body, they will appreciate the appropriateness of my describing to them the machinery of a unique habitation whose "simple shelter" allows a like liberty to the movement of the mind. They will readily recognize, I doubt not, the subtle analogy which exists between the Building and the bicycle, and will clearly comprehend why the two must needs be coupled in my admiration. Yet, as the great majority of them are much younger than myself, they will perhaps be thankful for the reminder that, while I admire the two, my book recommends to them only the one; while I account freedom a very fine thing, I do not urge their general pursuit of it, to the exclusion of the other fine things which this world contains. My own experience is that Renan was right in deprecating the common talk which ridicules the generous "illusions of youth," and in declaring rather that its only real illusion is a disbelief in the brevity of life. When a sense of this finally comes upon a man, I may name to him not only the bicycle for balm but the Castle for consolation; but for his earlier and brighter days my preferable pointer must always be this famous old poem of Robert Herrick's:

> "Gather the roses while ye may! Old Time is still a-flying;
> And this same flower that smiles to-day, to-morrow will be dying.
> The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, the higher he 's a-getting,
> The sooner will his course be run, the nearer he 's to setting.
> That age is best which is the first, when youth and blood are warmer;
> But, being spent, the worse and worst times shall succeed the former.
> So, be not coy, but use your time, and while ye may, go marry,
> Lest, having lost but once your prime, you may forever tarry."

XXX.

LONG-DISTANCE ROUTES AND RIDERS.

CONFIRMATION has already been given—in the shape of foot-notes to my touring reports, showing the swifter average advance made by other riders on the same routes—of the fact insisted upon in the Preface, that such reports instructively exhibit what anybody of ordinary physique can easily do. I have said that this book would seem much less likely to gain acceptance, as a valuable contribution to human knowledge, if it recorded the exploits of an athletic or exceptionally strong and vigorous traveler, rather than the commonplace experiences of a man-of-no-account, who regulates the speed and the distance of his riding by the simple rule of getting the most possible pleasure from it. As cumulative evidence in the same line of argument, I offer the present chapter to prove that my capacity to take pleasure thus, in laying down a long bicycle-trail, is by no means exceptional. There are plenty of other men who enjoy this particular form of "conquering the earth" just as heartily as I do; and several of them have indulged in such amusement much more extensively than myself. Those whose stories I here group together are fairly representative cases; and though the first one is likely to forever stand unique in history, the number of less-notable long-distance tourists will surely increase with each advancing year. Some parts of my introduction to Chapter XXXI. might serve also as a suitable preface to the reports now given.

Thomas Stevens (b. Dec. 24, 1854) rightly holds the place of honor on this record. He has already made a straightaway bicycle trail of 8000 m.,—an incomparably longer and more difficult one than any previously in existence,—and he will extend it during 1886, until it completely encircles the globe, unless he gets killed on the way. Leaving the Pacific ocean at San Francisco, April 22, 1884, he pushed the bicycle 3700 m. before reaching the Atlantic at Boston, August 4; and resuming his trail, on the other side, at Liverpool, May 2, 1885, he extended it 4300 m. to Teheran, the capital of Persia, September 30, where he halted again for the winter, to prepare himself for the third and most desperate stage of his dangerous round-the-world adventure. A native of Great Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, England, he emigrated to America at the age of 18, and went immediately to join a brother who had settled w. of the Mississippi. From that time (1871) he never recrossed the river until the bicycle brought him to it, 13 years later. Much of this period was given to farming and ranching in Missouri and Wyoming (his parents still carry on a farm near Kansas City); but for two years he was employed in the rolling mills of the Union Pacific r. r., at Laramie City, and he also engaged somewhat in out-door "railroading," kept a small store for a while, and turned his hand to a variety of things such as offer a livelihood to an enterprising emigrant in a new country. Having a desire to vary this sort of life by "seeing more of the world," the notion occurred to him that the saddle of a bicycle might be made to offer a practicable outlook. Hence his decision to attempt the ride from ocean to ocean, in the belief that the incidents of so novel a journey might be formulated into an attractive book, whose publisher would supply funds for continuing the trail across Europe to Con-

stantinople, and perhaps ultimately across Asia also. He had never even mounted a wheel, at the time of conceiving this idea; but a two hours' trial (Nov., '83) made him a rider, and, in the early spring, he went to San Francisco, for a few weeks' practice on the roads before starting out. He bought a Standard Columbia (painted, 50 in.), and quietly pushed it across the continent, in 105 days, asking favors of no one. Col. Pope then presented him with a nickeled Expert, in exchange for the old machine, but made no further motion to encourage a continuance of the enterprise; and a certain New York sporting publisher, who had been vaguely kept in mind as a possible patron of it, was found not to be the man whom such a scheme could depend upon for trustworthy support. So Stevens set about making his first serious effort with the pen; and, in the course of six or seven weeks, produced a narrative of some 38,000 words, which, by my advice, he sold to *Outing*, in whose columns it finally appeared (April, May, June and July, 1885, pp. 42-52, 164-177, 290-302, 410-422), with 16 illustrations by W. A. Rogers. Encouraged by advance payment for this, he worked steadily on, from October to March, preparing a more elaborate sketch (about 140,000 words) of his cross-continent adventures; and then began to look around for some book-publishers who might buy the manuscript. Just at this time, Col. Pope, a chief stockholder in the magazine, having been impressed by the value of his *Outing* articles, and the genuineness of his ambition to really push a bicycle round the world, invited him up to Boston, and commissioned him as a regular correspondent to complete the journey. Like all such correspondents, he is presumably allowed his expenses and a certain sum for each printed production. The exact details of the arrangement are unknown to me, but it embraces a plan of ultimately republishing his sketches in book form. Those which have appeared in the successive issues of *Outing*, as I write these words, are designated as follows: "From America to the German Frontier" (Oct., pp. 35-50), "Germany, Austria and Hungary" (Nov., pp. 183-198), "Through Slavonia and Servia" (Dec., pp. 286-302), "Roumelia, and into Turkey" (Jan., pp. 379-395). "Through European Turkey" is announced for Feb., and the story of his Asiatic experiences, from Constantinople to Teheran (1576 m.), will begin in March and run through five or six numbers. If he survives the perils which beset the last section of his proposed pathway, through China, he will sail thence home to San Francisco, and then re-write his entire experiences to form a large volume ("Around the World on a Bicycle," illustrated by all the pictures in the *Outing* series and many new ones), for publication at the close of 1887. I believe that he left in London the manuscript of his "Across America," and I presume it would be printed there, in case he should get killed. Otherwise, he will incorporate it with the larger book, and never issue it separately.

In contrast to my own "guide-book ideal" of supplying minute facts about roads and distances, for the special benefit of cyclers who may wish to traverse the paths I have explored, he addresses himself to the task of pleasing the stay-at-home public in general, by exhibiting to them simply the salient points of his experience, without reference to its routine drudgery and common-place details. I think he must succeed in this, for his gifts as a descriptive writer are considerable, and he evidently has the knack of telling a story in a way to make it interesting without much waste of words. Considering that such school days as he enjoyed were ended at 18, and that his only previous efforts with the pen were desultory paragraphs in a Laramie newspaper, the mere literary shortcomings of his magazine pieces are surprisingly few and unimportant. Indeed, I believe that a simple reprint of this *Outing* series, "From San Francisco to Teheran," would make a more readable book than any existing specimen of cycling literature; and I predict for "Around the World on a Bicycle," if he completes it, a very extended sale. As he has little liking for statistics, he prints few facts about himself or his equipment, except incidentally; and most of the information which I now give as to these points is derived less from *Outing* than from notes of conversations which I had with him during his eight months' stay in N. Y. On the first forenoon of his arrival here (Aug. 15, '84) he accepted an invitation to visit my chambers and submit to a rigorous cross-questioning; and the last thing I urged upon him when I said good-bye, on the deck of the "City of Chicago," just about starting to carry him to Liverpool (April 9, '85), was the "policy of putting some interesting statistics into his reports." A fairly-good full-length portrait of Stevens, in riding costume, standing

beside his bicycle, occupied a quarter-page of *Harper's Weekly* (Aug. 30, '84, "from a photograph by Flaglor"), and was accompanied by 22 lines of biography. A rather better picture, also full length, was the lithograph which the *Wheel World* (London, June, '85) included in its "gallery of cycling celebrities," with a two-page descriptive sketch. A fac-simile of his autograph was appended to this, and also to *Outing's* vignette (Oct., '85, p. 34, from an English photograph), which is the most truthful likeness of the three.

The distance by rail from San Francisco to Boston is shown in the official guide as 3416 m. Stevens carried no cyclometer, and he took so little interest in the statistics of distance that he never even reckoned up the total from the tables in the guide. When I asked as to this total, he simply said that he "guessed his bicycle trail from ocean to ocean was at least 200 m. longer than the r. r. track, and that he had heard this called 3500 m. long." Consulting the guide, however, I find that the distance from Boston to Omaha, by way of Chicago and Rock Island, is 1550 m. (Boston to Buffalo, 510 m.; thence to Chicago, 540 m.), and that the three sections of the Pacific r. r., near which his route generally lay as far as the Missouri river, have their mileage given in the official guide thus: San Francisco to Ogden, 834; O. to Cheyenne, 515; C. to Omaha, 517. Of the first section, he was forced to walk from ½ to ¾ the way, and the proportion of riding for the next two sections was but little better. As to this rough and desolate stretch of continent, where his own trail must have considerably exceeded 1900 m., he told me that, if he were to push a wheel across it again, he would rather have the same belong to a barrow than a bicycle. Such propulsion would require more time, but would involve less hardship, for enough food and blankets to make the tourist comfortable could easily be trundled along in the wheelbarrow. Weighing 158 lbs. at the start (his height being about the same as my own, 5 ft. 5 in.), he lost 25 lbs. on the way to Cheyenne, but gradually regained it before the end of his journey. One who saw him in the city just named wrote: "In appearance, he was anything but a holiday wheelman. Brown as a nut, and mud-bespattered, all surplus fat had been worn off by his severe and protracted work. His blue flannel shirt was a deal too large for him and much weather-stained. His knickerbockers had given way to a pair of blue overalls, gathered at the knees within a pair of duck hunting leggings, once brown, but now completely disguised as to texture and color by heavy alkali mud." (These overalls were worn only 500 m., Rawlins to Kearney Junction, where he was overtaken by the breeches which he had ordered at Ogden, and which, I think, served to the end.) He carried an extra riding-shirt, and a long cloak of thin waterproof, which he used as a protection against the drippings from the icicles and melting snow during his 40 m. tramp through the r. r. snow-sheds; but he had no coat at all, from ocean to ocean. "Coats are not in style among the Wyoming cow-boys," he told me. From Ft. Sidney, 100 m. e. of Cheyenne, "by the courtesy of the commanding officer, he was enabled to journey eastward under the grateful shade of a military summer helmet, in lieu of the semi-sombrero slouch that had lasted through from San Francisco"; and he wore this same head-gear on the day when I welcomed him to "No. 56." He used up four pairs of stockings and three pairs of canvas shoes. As for the bicycle itself, he certified to its makers that it stood the strain without break or any excessive wear, though he "took uncounted headers." I now offer his story, in the first person and present tense, as if I were quoting an abstract which he had prepared for me from his *Outing* narrative. In truth, however, many of the words and facts never appeared in this, but are derived from talks I had with him; and all the bracketed numerals (indicating miles from San Francisco on the r. r.) are interpolated by me from the official guide, as approximately showing the distances on his actual route. It should be understood that most of these names to which numerals are attached represent merely section-houses, in charge of a section-boss and five or six Chinese laborers; and that the difficulty of getting any sort of food at such places, or blankets to sleep on, was often extreme.

"The rainiest winter known to California since '57 preceded my start from Oakland pier (Tuesday, April 22, '84, at 8.28 A.-M.), but level and good riding brought me to San Pablo, 16 m., in 1¼ h. Beyond comes a succession of short hills, with many mud-holes and washouts, and then the low tule swamps, through which I find myself trudging at 6 o'clock, though I am afterwards able to ride, by the light of the burning rushes, and so spend the first night at Suisun,

32 m. beyond S. P. The second night is at Elmira, after 13 m. progress in the rain, and the third at Sacramento, 30 m., whereof 6 m. had to be walked, 'bump, bump, bump,' on the ties of the r. r. trestle, because of the river's overflow. This weary task takes 4 h., and when a train comes along, I squat on the end of a projecting cross-beam, and let the bicycle hang over. Another high trestle-bridge has to be crossed 3½ m. e. of S. (whence a fine view of the snow-capped Sierras), and then I enjoy a 10 m. ride through a park-like sheep-ranch of 60,000 acres, but have to pay for it by tramping across-lots through numberless gates and small ranches to reach the main road again. Rocklin (113) is fairly in the foot-hill country, many of whose roads are of an excellent hard and stony surface, proof against the winter rains. Newcastle (122) is a station near the old-time mining camps of Ophir and Gold-hill; then come Auburn (127), Clipper Gap (133), Colfax (145), Gold Run (155), Dutch Flat (157), and Blue Cañon (169), where I entered the gloomy but friendly shelter of the great protecting sheds, which extend with but few breaks for nearly 40 m. Winding around the mountain-sides, their roofs are built so slanting that the mighty avalanche of rock and snow that comes thundering down from above glides harmlessly over into the chasm beyond. The stations, section-houses and water-tanks are all under these huge sheds; and, when I emerge at the other end I shall be over the summit and well down the eastern slope of the mountains, within a few m. of Truckee (210). As I enter the sheds, gaunt winter rules supreme, and the only vegetation is the hardy pine, half-buried in the snow; though but four days have gone since I was in the semi-tropical Sacramento valley—which is ridable in dry weather for 150 m. Beyond Rocklin, I had 'footed it' for 4 m. of excellent surface, owing to a header which temporarily disabled the bicycle; but from Newcastle onwards no riding was possible in the wagon roads, on account of the stickiness of the red clay, and I kept to the railway track, where I occasionally found ridable side-paths. I sleep one night at Summit (196), in the snow-sheds, 7017 ft. above the sea level, and the next at Verdi (234), in Nevada, 4 m. out of California. The two States have neither scenery nor climate in common.

"'Over the Deserts of Nevada' is the title of my second *Outing* article. After leaving the sheds, I had followed the rapid Truckee river down the slope of the Sierras, through its cañon, without finding much good road till I crossed into the 'Sage-brush State' and approached Verdi; and good road continued when I started thence, on May Day morning, still following the Truckee, so that I roll into Reno (245) at 10.30 o'clock. I am told that, in '82, F. T. Merrill and a companion had pushed their bicycles to this point,—following the wagon road over the mountains, as their tour was made in summer when progress is possible outside the snow-sheds. The mountains containing the Comstock lodes are in plain sight of Reno, which is the point from which those famous mining camps used to be reached, and my route leads through a strip of good agricultural land, until the meadows gradually contract, and I am again following the Truckee down a narrow space between mountains. I sleep that night on the floor of a ranchman's shanty, about 20 m. beyond R., having wheeled ⅔ the distance, by short stretches; and, the next forenoon, at Wadsworth (289), I bid adieu to the Truckee, which I have followed nearly 100 m., and start across the Forty Mile Desert which separates it from the Humboldt river. Not a blade of grass nor drop of water can be found in the whole distance, and though much of the trail is quite unfit for cycling, there are occasional alkali flats, which I wheel swiftly across, while the blazing sun casts my shadow on the white surface with startling vividness. From the desert, my road leads up the valley of the Humboldt. I halt during Sunday, May 4, at Lovelocks; then by turns ride on smooth alkali and trundle through deep sand, past Rye Patch (373), Humboldt (385), Mill City (396), to Winnemucca (424), the county seat, having 1200 inhabitants. I climb the mountains 20 m. e. of here, and from the summit even the sluggish Humboldt looks beautiful. Some splendid riding on the alkali is had before reaching Stone House (454), where I secure a supper but am denied a lodging; and as the intense cold ends my slumbers at midnight on the planks of an open shanty, I ride and walk by moonlight till daybreak at Battle Mountain (474). The valley broadens into a plain of some size 25 m. beyond here, and as the trail ends at a place where the river is less than 100 ft. wide, I swim it,—using some fence-posts as a float on which to carry my clothes and the bicycle. Before this, in traversing the low alkali bottom through which flow dozens of small streams to the Humboldt, I had

often jumped them, by using the machine for a vaulting-bar, or else waded across, carrying it on my shoulder. Beyond Beowawe (507), I follow the river through Humboldt cañon, in preference to a circuitous route over the mountains, reach Palisade (525), at 4 P. M. and Carlin (534) late in the evening. Little riding is possible through all this section, and in order to do the daily 40 m. that I have imposed upon myself, I often start at daybreak. Taking dinner next day at Elko (557), I am cheered by a local Solon, who gives this bright summary of the trifling geographical obstacles ahead of me: 'There is only a small rise at Sherman, and another still smaller at the Alleghanies; all the balance is down hill to the Atlantic. Of course you'll have to boat it across the Frog pond. Then there's Europe—mostly level; so's Asia, except the Himalayas—and you can soon cross 'em. Then you're all hunky, for there's no mountains to speak of in China.' Passing Halleck (582), near the fort of that name, I gradually approach the source of the Humboldt, which has flooded the valley hereabouts, and at Wells (615), I take leave of it for good. My last night in Nevada is at Tecoma (677), close upon the border.

"'Through Utah, over the Rockies and on the Great Plains' is the title of my third *Outing* article. The route now leads along the n. boundary of the Great American Desert, where riding is occasionally possible to a man who is disgusted with walking, and the dry saline air arouses an almost unquenchable thirst. At 3 P. M. I roll into the small Mormon settlement of Terrace (711), and spend the night at Matlin (721), where an extensive view may be had of the desert,—a plain of white alkali, stretching beyond the limit of human vision, like a motionless sea,—and where the section-house foreman assures me that a cycler could skim like a bird, for many miles, on the smooth, hard, salt flats. A few m. e. of M., the road leads over a spur of the Red Dome range, whence I had my first view of the Great Salt Lake, in whose cold waters I am soon taking a bath. After dinner at Kelton (742), I follow the lake shore to the salt-works near Monument, at 6 P. M., and continue along it next day till my road leads over the n. spur of the Promontory mountains, where I find some hard gravel that offers a few m. of the best riding I have had in Utah. In the pass of another spur of the same range, 10 m. on, I have a view of 30 m. of mud-flats stretching e. to the Mormon settlements, which dot the strip of fertile land between Bear river and the base of the mighty Wahsatch mountains. The flats are bordered on the s. by the marshy shores of the lake, and on the n. by the Blue Creek mountains; and they swarm with gnats and mosquitoes. On leaving Promontory (781), I expect to reach Corinne (809) for the night, but at 7 o'clock I accept the foreman's invitation to stop at the section-house of Quarry, and so it is 10 next day when I cross Bear river at C., and find myself on the somewhat superior road which takes me to Ogden (834) at supper time. The contrast between the dreary deserts I have been traversing, and this verdant region of prosperous Mormon farms, with orchards in full bloom, seems magical. Ogden, with 8000 inhabitants, is the only large town I have met since leaving Reno (which has about ⅓ as many, and ranks second in Nevada), and I halt there during the whole of Sunday, May 18. Then, riding and walking alternately, 12 m. e., I enter Weber cañon, through which the river, the r. r., and an uncertain wagon-trail make their way through the Wahsatch mountains to the table-lands of Wyoming Territory. As the river is flooded, I have to do much slow trundling on the r. r. track, but I reach Echo (874) for the night. My last memory of the cañon and of Utah is the magnificent Castle Rock (890).

"I entered Wyoming at Evanston (909), late in the afternoon of May 21, and followed the trail down Yellow creek to Hilliard (923) after dark. At Piedmont (938), I decide to go around by way of Ft. Bridger and strike the direct trail again at Carter (963); and the next noon finds me there in bed, after experiencing the toughest 24 h. of my entire tour. During that time I had nothing to eat; I forded no less than nine streams of ice-cold water; I spent the night in an abandoned freight-wagon, on a rain-soaked adobe plain; and I then had to carry the bicycle across 6 m. of deep, sticky clay, where trundling was quite impossible. On the 24th, however, I am able to push 27 m. through the Bad Lands, amid buttes of mingled clay and rock, for dinner at Granger (990); and next day I pass the castellated rocks at Green River (1020), and reach Rock Springs (1036) for the night. Splendid alkali flats abound e. of here and I bowl across them at a lively pace, until my route turns up Bitter Creek (1081), where the surface is just the reverse. Crossing the Red Desert (1104), so called from its surface of fire-red clay, on which

nothing will grow, I stand on the morning of the 28th, at 10 o'clock, on the 'continental divide' (1129), where, as I face n., all waters on my r. flow e. to the Atlantic, and all on my l. flow w. to the Pacific. The spot is a broad, low pass through the Rockies, more plain than mountain, from which a commanding view of many mountain chains may be had. Down-grade is then the rule to Rawlins (1157), where I spend two nights and a day. Hardly half of this descent is ridable; but on the morning of the 30th I wheel along a very good road 16 m. to breakfast at Ft. Steele (1172), on the w. bank of the North Platte river. Just before getting to it, I ride through the first prairie-dog town on my route, though I meet plenty of others during the next 300 m. Elk mountain, a famous landmark, now looms up, 10 m. s., and, as I penetrate the Laramie plains, the persistent sage-brush, which has hovered about my trail for nearly 1000 m. grows beautifully less, and the short, nutritious buffalo grass is creeping everywhere. I stay over night at Carbon (1211) and, after passing through the valley of Medicine Bow (1220), find some good riding on the hard gravel surface of the high-and-dry plains. These are divided into shallow basins by rocky ridges, and from the brow of one of them I have an extensive view of many mountain ranges,—the eastern one being the Black Hills, the last chain of the Rockies, and the only barrier that separates me from the broad prairies rolling towards the Missouri. After dinner at Rock Creek (1242), I get caught in a storm of rain and hail, but I spend the night at Lookout (1260), and by taking an early start reach Laramie (1294) for dinner. I stop there for the rest of Sunday and also Monday, with my acquaintances, who comprise the first wheelmen I have seen since my tour began; and on June 3 I scale the final range and descend to Cheyenne (1351),—the last 12 m. having such a smooth granite surface that my use of the brake heats the spoon and scorches the red rubber tire to blackness. The night of the 4th is spent at Pine Bluffs (1394), which is within a few miles of the Nebraska border; and long before reaching it the Rockies have receded from sight and left me alone on the boundless prairie. In fording Pole creek, holding bicycle and clothes above my head, I tumble in the water and wet everything; but I continue along the creek next day, and pass the night of the 5th at Potter (1434). The road improves as I approach Sidney (1453), and I sweep into town at a good pace,—taking a spin to the neighboring fort while I wait for dinner. I am now approaching the western border of the farming country, and spend the night at Lodge Pole (1471); but to-morrow I shall sleep beside the waters of the Platte.

"'From the Plains to the Atlantic' is a title which shows the wide sweep of my fourth *Outing* article, for it covers much more than half of the tour. Trundling through the muddy bottoms of the South Platte, I pass Ogallala (1525), and, after a night in a homesteader's dug-out, take dinner at North Platte (1576), cross a substantial wagon-bridge just below where the n. and s. branches join and proceed eastward as 'the Platte" simply, and so I reach Brady Island (1599) for the night. Stretches of sand alternate with ridable roads all down the Platte, and I remember Willow Island (1617) as the place where a rattlesnake fastened his deadly fangs harmlessly in my thick canvas leggings. I consider it a lucky day that does not add to my long and eventful list of headers; but I am surprised when a squall blows me and the bicycle clear over,—though Nebraska is a very windy country, where a calm day seems quite the exception. More ridable roads are met e. of Plum Creek (1636), but they are still nothing more than trails across the prairie, until at Kearney Junction (1672) they become excellent. I pass Grand Island (1713) and Central City (1735), and on June 15 ride from Duncan (1768) to North Bend (1805). The Platte turns s. at Fremont (1820), to join the Missouri at Plattsmouth, and I leave it, to follow the 'old military road'—a continuous mud-hole—through the Elkhorn valley to Omaha (1866). Resting here a day, I obtain a permit to trundle my wheel along the r. r. bridge to Council Bluffs; and nine days after thus crossing the Missouri into Iowa, I wheel along the splendid government bridge from Davenport to Rock Island (2185), and thus cross the Mississippi into Illinois, rejoicing that ⅞ of my tour is completed. I celebrate the Fourth of July by rolling into Chicago (2348), for a week's rest; and my fortnight's route thither may be thus shown,—the last town mentioned with each date being my stopping-place for the night; and the numerals signifying the distances by rail from Omaha: June 19, Council Bluffs to Carson hilly; 20th, good to Griswold; 21st, very good and level to Casey, 90; 22d, similar to Stuart,

101, and Earlham, 112; 23d, fair to Des Moines, 142, and Altoona, 153; 24th, variable to Colfax, 165, Newton, 177, and Kellogg, 186; 25th, variable to Grinnell, 197, Brooklyn, 212, and Victor, 220; 26th, sandy to S. Amana, 238, Homestead, 243, and Tiffin, 255; 27th, fair to Iowa City, 263, sandy to Moscow, 288, very good for last 20 m. to Davenport, 317, Rock Island, 319; 29th, some macadam, some sand, fair average, Moline, 321, Geneseo, 341, Atkinson, 348; 30th, level and improving, Sheffield, 363, Wyanet, 371, Princeton, 378, Lamoille; July 1, sections of splendid gravel, Mendota, 389, Bartville, Sandwich, 416, Plano, 420, Yorkville; 2d, fair, Oswego, Naperville, 453; 3d, Lyons, 472; 4th, rather poor and worn macadam to Chicago, 482. 'Variable' is the word to describe the Iowa roads, whose surface greatly depends upon the weather. When wet, the farmers' heavy teams wear it into ruts, which remain rough until ground down by traffic. The soil is a black loam or clay, very sticky after rain. Autumn is hence a better riding season than spring; and I may say the same for Nebraska and Wyoming, where I encountered the dampest May on record. The last 25 m. to Omaha, through the Elk river bottom, is somewhat rolling, and offered a fairly good surface, in spite of the muddy 'military road.' For 75 m. e. of O., the prairie rolls like a heavy Atlantic swell, and during a day's journey I passed through a dozen alternate stretches of muddy and dusty road; for, like a huge watering-pot do the rain-clouds pass to and fro over this great garden of the West, which is practically one continuous fertile farm from the Missouri to the Mississippi. My route after crossing this led for some m. up the river bottom, whose roads offer much sand; but this disappears near Rock river, where an excellent surface is found beneath the oak groves lining that beautiful stream, and their shade is specially grateful since the thermometer shows 100° in the sun. In Bureau county, the gravel roads are very fine.

"Good riding for 15 m. from Chicago, and then tough trundling through deep sand for 3 m., land me in Indiana, which, for the first 35 m. around the s. shore of Lake Michigan, is simply sand. This is packed firmer on the water's edge, and, as the roads can hardly be traversed at all, I try trundling there for 20 m., and then shoulder the bicycle, and scale the sand-dunes which border the lake, and after wandering 1 h. through a wilderness of swamps, sand-hills and hickory thickets, reach Miller's Station for the night. At Chesterton, 5 m. on, the surface improves, but there is sand enough to break the force of headers, which I still manage frequently to take, in spite of my long experience. At Laporte, 18 m. from C., the riding is good for some distance, but I traverse several m. of corduroy road, through huckleberry swamps, before reaching breakfast at Crum's Point (after sleeping under a wheat-shock), whence splendid gravel roads lead to South Bend (27 m. from L.), and on through Mishawaka (5 m.), alternating with sandy stretches, to Goshen (21 m.), a pretty town on the Elkhart river. It is 10 A. M. of July 17, when I bowl across the boundary line into Ohio, whose first town is Edgarton (59 m. from G.), whence I follow the course of the Merchants' & Bankers' telegraph, through deep dust caused by drought, to Napoleon, and then go up the Maumee river,—first trying the canal tow-path, and then exchanging it for the very fair wagon road. At Perrysburg (where I can see the smoke of Toledo) I strike the well-known 'Maumee pike,'—40 m. of stone road, almost a dead level. The w. part of it is kept in rather poor repair, but the 16 m. from Fremont to Bellevue is splendid. Patches of sand are found after leaving this e. end of the pike, but there are numerous good side-paths as far as Cleveland (67 m. from B.), where I spin down the famous Euclid av., to the village of that name (10 m.), and continue by good or fair roads to Ashtabula (54 m. from E.), and by rather hilly and sandy ones to Conneaut (14 m.), just beyond which I enter Pennsylvania at West Springfield. As you have ridden w. from Boston to Ashtabula (see p. 205), over roads mostly coincident with my own, I will only add that beyond Syracuse I tried the Erie tow-path and the highway by turns; but rode between the r. r. tracks from Schenectady to Albany, and thence to the State line of Massachusetts, and also from Palmer to Worcester, without trouble except at culverts. My sleeping-places from Chicago, were: July 12, Miller's Station; 13, Laporte; 14, Goshen; 15, Kendalville; 16, Ridgeville; 17, near Perrysburg; 18, Bellevue; 19, Elyria; 20, Madison; 21, Girard; 22, Angola; 23, Buffalo; 24, Leroy; 25, Canandaigua; 26, Marcellus; 27, De Witt; 28, near Utica; 29, Indian Castle; 30, Crane's Village; 31, near Nassau; Aug. 1, Otis; 2, Palmer; 3, Worcester; 4, Boston.

It was 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon when I greeted the Atlantic, just 15 weeks from San Francisco. I made no all-day halts e. of Chicago, and my average for the 24 days thence to Boston (estimating the distance at 1024 m.; it is 1050 by r. r.) was 42½ m. The 14 days when I made no advance at all were April 27, at Clipper Gap; May 4, Lovelocks; 11, Deeth; 18, Ogden; 29, Rawlins; June 2, Laramie; 18, Omaha; and July 5 to 11 inclusive, at Chicago. My shorter halts for a half-day or more would increase the total to at least 21 complete days, so that my actual time in traveling may be called 12 weeks. East of the Mississippi, I had average good weather, though it was hot and showery nearly all the way through Iowa and Illinois. In Wyoming, it was the wettest season on record, and rain fell almost every day. The adobe clay of that Territory, when thus soaked, makes the most terrible mud imaginable. Next to the 8 m. of this which I waded through, May 22-23, before getting to Carter station, the worst surface I encountered was on the day I left Chicago, and plunged into the swamps and sands of Indiana. Yet some of the gravel roads of that State and Illinois gave better riding than I usually found in N. Y. or Mass.; though I nowhere met a single long stretch comparable to the 'ridge road' that ends near Buffalo. On this, I took my longest day's ride, Girard to Angola (82 m. by r. r.); and the ride ranking second was in Nebraska ending at Kearney Junction, from a point near Plum Creek, about 65 m. away. Of the whole distance traversed, from ocean to ocean, I suppose at least ½ was done on foot. The chief discomfort of the experience was hunger, as my appetite was all the while ravenous, and a sufficiency of even the coarsest food was often unattainable." (Dividing 3416, the total r. r. mileage from San Francisco to Boston, by 84, as representing the full days of touring, gives a daily average of 40⅔ m., which seems a very high one. The actual distance was much greater, probably approaching nearly to the "rough guess" of 3700 m.)

Stevens left Liverpool on Saturday, May 2, 1885, at 4 P. M., and was escorted by local riders, through several showers, to Warrington; he stopped at Stone for the night of the 3d, and rode on the 4th through Birmingham to Coventry (60 m.), in spite of continuous rain; reached Berkhamsted, his native place, on the 5th, and London on the 6th; whence (after a three days' halt, to attend the annual tricycling parade) he fared to Croydon, on the 9th, and through Brighton to Newhaven, on the 10th,—finishing thus "the first 300 m. he ever wheeled without a header." Disembarking at Dieppe, next morning, his course lay through the Arques valley to Rouen and Elbeuf; thence, on the 12th, to Mantes, on the Seine; and on the 13th to Paris, at 2 P. M., where he rested the next two days. On the 16th, he went through Fontenoy and Provins to Sezanne, where "a heavy rain during the night rather improved the gravel surface," so that on the 17th, starting at 8.30 A. M. and stopping 1 h. for dinner at Vitry le François (65 kil.), he "reached Bar le Duc at 5 P. M., a distance of 160 kilometers (about 100 m.), without any undue exertion. The forenoon's road was one of the most enjoyable stretches imaginable, most of the surface being as perfect as an asphalt boulevard, and the contour of the country somewhat resembling the swelling prairies of Iowa." A storm of rain and hail enforced a halt during the 18th, at the village of Trouville, but on the 19th, in spite of bad weather, he reached Nancy, and on the 20th crossed into Germany (Lorraine), and spent the night at Pfalzburg. His French mileage was about 400, representing only six full riding days; for he "found the Normandy roads superior even to the English; those e. of Paris not quite so good, but better than the roads around Boston. Through the Arques valley, there is not a loose stone or rut or depression anywhere; and at every cross-roads stands an iron post, giving distances in kilometers and yards to several of the nearest towns; while small stone posts along the roadside mark every 100 yards. The German roads possess the single merit of hardness, but generally make no pretense to smoothness; the idea, apparently, being to keep spreading plenty of loose flint-stones on the surface,—so that the wheelman must either follow the wheel-marks or pick his way along the edges. This is especially true of Bavaria. I was agreeably surprised to find the roads through Servia rank next to the French and English, though, as they are mostly unmacadamized, my experience of them might not have been as enjoyable if wet weather had prevailed. The camel-paths across the level plains of Persia, being of hard gravel, are simply perfect for wheeling, as is shown by the fact that I covered the last 200 m. to Teheran, the capital, in three days; but that was incomparably the best stretch e. of Constantinople, and I had

rather wheel from C. to London and back again, than from Ismidt to the Persian frontier. In Asia Minor and Koordistan, I found little else but mountains, and they were the steepest ones I ever climbed. The mule-paths and camel-trails which I followed there for nearly 1000 m., over a succession of mountain ranges and spurs, were immeasurably more difficult than anything experienced in the Rockies. Nevertheless, all through Angora (which poverty-stricken province boasts 450 m. of artificial wagon-road, thanks to the energy of the present mayor of its capital, Souleiman Efendi), I would prefer the bicycle to a horse."

Constantinople was his first appointed stopping place, on account of the heat (July 2 to Aug. 12), and he estimated his two months' mileage thither from Liverpool as about 2750,—his longest halt having been at Vienna, for the first three days of summer. His itinerary from the Rhine was as follows: "May 20, good but hilly roads, through the rain, to Saverne; slippery descent into the Rhine valley at Marlenheim; cross the river at Strasburg; level and less muddy to Oberkirch; 21st, up the Rench valley, by well-nigh perfect road to Petersthal; then miles of steep trundling through the Black Forest, till I cross the line from Baden into Würtemburg, at the summit, and have a smooth and gentle descent to Freudenstadt; 22d, rather hilly and stony, to Rothenburg; 23d, rain and mud, through Tübingen to Blaubeuren; 24th, down the Danube to Ulm, where I cross into Bavaria, and reach Augsburg at early evening, having covered 120 kil. since 10 o'clock, spite of abundant loose stones; 25th, Munich, where I halt for the afternoon and next day; 27th, starting after a night's rain, through a waste of loose flints and mud-filled ruts, I take my first European header; find better roads along the Inn river to Alt Oetting; 28th, at Simpach, cross the Inn and enter Austria, whose upland roads thence to the valley of the Danube have less loose flints but are aggravatingly hilly; 29th, Strenburg; 30th, Neu Longbach; 31st, at noon, Vienna. June 4, have an Austrian escort to Pressburg, where cross into Hungary at noon, and find a fair proportion of side-paths to Altenburg,—dry weather having made the highway as unridable as a plowed field; 5th, down the Danube, through the level wheat-fields to Nezmely; 6th, through broiling hot weather, by rather smoother but hillier roads, to Budapest, where I am welcomed by the C. T. C. consul, L. D. Kostovitz, who introduced the first bicycle here, on his return from England, in the autumn of '79, though there are now 100 riders; 8th, to Duna Pentele, 75 m.; hot and dusty, but superior roads, fringed with mulberry trees, instead of the poplars, which were the crowning glory of the French landscape, and the abundant apple and pear trees which shaded the way in Germany; 9th, Szeksard; 10th, Duna Szekeso,—where I halt half a day, as it is the home of Svetozar Egali, who is my companion from Budapest to Belgrade, and who wheeled in '84 from Montpellier, in France, through Italy, Styria and Croatia, to Budapest; 11th, Eszek, the capital of Slavonia, where rain stops us for a day, and causes much slow trundling through the mud, on the 13th, to Sarengrad; 14th, Peterwardein, on the border of Hungary, opposite Neusatz; 15th, over the Fruskagora mountains to Batainitz; 16th, early in the forenoon to Belgrade, the capital of Servia, where a bicycle club of 30 forms the last cycling outpost towards the Orient; 18th, Grotzka, 25 k., from 4 to 7.30 P. M.; 19th, Jagodina, 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.,—145 k., in spite of the great heat, and much poor surface during the first 45 k. to Semendria, where I left the Danube which I had been following in a general way for a fortnight, and turned due S. up the smaller Morava valley; 20th, Nisch, 5.30 A. M., to 6 P. M.,—120 k. of even better average riding than the day before; 21st, over the Balkans and through the Nissiva valley to Bela Palanka, 50 k., where rain holds me over Sunday, while my companion from Belgrade (Douchan Popovitz, 'the best rider in Servia') hires a team to drag him back through the mud to N.; 23d, through the border towns of Pirot and Zaribrod, unto Bulgaria,—a country of mountains and plateaus,—to Sofia, its capital, 5 A. M. to 4.30 P. M., 110 k., in spite of mud, hill climbing and rutty roads; 24th, helped by the wind, the same as yesterday, I manage to ride, along the worst road yet experienced in Europe, to Ichtiman, in Roumelia, at 3 o'clock; 25th, through mud and rain, over the Kodja Balkans, then down the Maritza valley by decent macadam to a *mehana* beyond Tartar Bazardjik; 26th, a ride of 2 h., on good surface, for breakfast at Philippopolis, the capital; then through showers and mud to Cauheme; 27th, fairly smooth but hilly roads to Hermouli, the last town of Roumelia, at 11 A. M.; then against a head-wind to

Mustapha Pasha, the first town in Turkey proper, and through the rain towards Adrianople, until at 10 P. M., I reach a dry spot and crawl under some prune bushes for the night; 28th, breakfast in A., on roast lamb, the first well-cooked bit of meat I 've had since leaving Nisch; rain has fallen during every one of these 8 days, but I suppose I should be glad of it, for unsufferable heat is the only other alternative in the Orient at this season; my road turns from the Maritza valley at A., and leads across the dreary undulations of the Adrianople plains—treeless and hilly grazing lands, traversed by small sloughs—to Eski Baba, where rain holds me during Sunday, 29th, and where my fourth *Outing* chapter is finished. My course for these last two days has led along an ancient and abandoned macadam, which gives occasional ridable stretches, where the traffic has worn down the weeds and thistles, and which offers a refuge from the mud-sloughs of the adjacent dirt road, though nearly every bridge and culvert has been destroyed; and during the next two days of rain and mud I complete the European section of my tour, and roll into Constantinople on the morning of July 2, for a six weeks' halt. 'We fancy the rider looks a little fatigued,' says the *Stamboul Journal*, 'but his horse is in good condition.'

"Crossing the Bosporus into Asia Minor, at Ismidt, Aug. 12, I reach Angora (220 m. by cyclom.) at 6 P. M. of the 16th, though the post service over the same route takes 9 days, and the first half of it is simply mule-paths over mountains,—the worst I ever traversed; and I stop at the house of Mr. Henry Binns, an Englishman engaged in the mohair trade, as my only chance of getting a day's quiet, against the tremendous mobs of curious natives who besiege every *khan* where I put up, from the moment of my arrival until I leave the town, importuning me to *bin ! bin !* ('mount! mount!'), and offering to give me everything conceivable, except what I most need—rest. Here at Angora, it is promised that if the crowds will give me a day's peace for letter writing, I will ride before them on the forenoon of departure, along a straight macadamized stretch of 600 yards, outside the town; and at 10.30 on the 18th, I find more than 2000 people awaiting there to see 'the crazy Englishman on the Devil's carriage.' The body-guard of the governor, Sirri Pacha (who is present, with most of the government officials and the *élite* of the city), whip back the throngs to clear the course for me, and I wheel up and down this thrice, before starting on for Sivas (283 m.), a city of 50,000, where I halt a day and have an interview with the pasha, Halif Rifat, and with the American missionary, Rev. A. W. Hubbard. Between Aug. 27 and Sept. 3, I traverse the next 308 m. to Erzeroum, a daily average of 40 m., in spite of bridgeless streams and precipitous mountain-trails, for in the valleys I often find stretches of road that would be creditable to a European country. Leaving E. on the 7th, I pass into Persia at a point beyond Khoi, and reach Tabreez (389 m.) on the 18th, doing the last 40 m. on macadam in half a day. This is a part of the great caravan route, and though there are no wheeled vehicles at all in Persia, the country is less mountainous than Asia Minor, and the camel-trails allow more riding than I expected. Tabreez is the site of ancient Tarsus, and on the way hither I pass close to the foot of Mt. Ararat, whose top is covered with snow. I halt in T. two days, as there are several English-speaking residents with whom I can talk; and I find Europeans in charge of two telegraph stations which I encounter on the way to Teheran (376 m.), where I finish my touring for 1885 at noon of Sept. 30. It seems a pity to be resting in October, the best month of the twelve for traveling in Central Asia, but as I could get no farther e. than Herat this season, and might be overtaken by bad weather on the way, it is wisest to spend the winter here at the capital, where I can learn something of the roads and customs and languages of the dangerous countries to be traversed in '86 (for, though I am well past the half-way stage of my round-the-world route, the real difficulties of it are still ahead), and write my *Outing* articles in comfort. Between Bei Bazaar, where my cyclometer-pin broke, and Sivas, where I had it repaired again, the measurement of 300 m. is by Turkish post-hours; all the rest of the way it is by cyclometer, and the total from Constantinople to Teheran is 1576 m. As I made no advance at all on 7 days of the 50, this shows an average daily progress through Asia of almost 37 m.,—without allowing for the shorter halts. During the two months which I spent in crossing Europe, I carried no cyclometer, but I compute the distance as 2750 m.; and as my all-day halts amounted to a fortnight, the 48 days when I did some riding show an average advance of 57½ m. There were thus 91 riding days in the five months' journey from Liver-

pool to Teheran (4326 m.), showing an average of more than 47½ m. a day. The bicycle, like myself, has had several narrow escapes, but is without a serious flaw to tell the story of what it has undergone, except that the rear tire is worn quite down to the rim. I have n't had occasion to so much as tighten a spoke; and as I have n't had time to polish the nickel plate, it naturally presents a slightly travel-stained appearance. This 50 in. wheel, it is safe to say, has created more genuine interest, from Constantinople to Teheran, than anything that ever went over the same route. Within a week after my arrival, even the Shah himself invited me to gratify his curiosity by displaying to him the capacities of the mechanism; and on the 8th Oct. (as detailed in Jan. *Outing*) I wheeled in the presence of that monarch, along the 7½ m. of macadam which connects the city with the royal palace and gardens at Doshan Tepe. My earlier experiences in Koordistan and Persia have been strange and varied almost beyond belief, and my descriptions of them cannot fail to be far more novel and entertaining than anything I ever wrote about the tours across America and Europe." (Illustrated articles about Teheran, by S. G. W Benjamin, late U. S. Minister to Persia, appear in the current *Century* and *Harper's*, Jan., '86.)

The foregoing summary of Stevens's story has been compiled by me, from several sources, at a cost of eight days' steady work (56 h.); and I have gladly given to it this great amount of time and space—just when both are very precious to me—not only because I think his adventure the most remarkable and interesting exploit ever accomplished by a bicycle, or ever likely to be accomplished, but because it appeals to me personally, as having a sort of kinship with my own desperate struggle to push this book around the world. Stevens was born the day before Christmas, the same as myself, though eight years later; he learned bicycling at the close of '83, as the first step in his scheme, just when I was formulating the first prospectus of mine; he made the "impossible" passage from the Pacific to the Mississippi during the same early months of '84 while I was capturing the "impossible" 1000 subscribers that I called for as a preliminary guarantee of good-faith,—both of us thereby simultaneously winning from the cycling world that sort of recognition which is always given to men whose acts show they mean what they say; he completed the second stage of his journey, by entering Constantinople, at the middle of '85 (which few people seriously expected him to do), on almost the identical day when I registered my long-fought-for 3000th subscription (which all well-informed observers had insisted was unattainable); he reached his winter's resting place, at the capital of Persia, just when I was compelled to give my overworked right arm a similar long rest, by learning to push the pen with my left; and now, at the opening of '86, he realizes, as clearly as I do, that this third and decisive year is to be the most difficult of any, and that the obstacles overcome are almost insignificant in comparison to the barriers still separating us from our respective goals of success. Indeed, it would hardly be an abuse of words to carry the comparison even further, and say that I have remotely and imperceptibly and unwillingly done something similar to that which he has done directly and openly and boldly: staked life itself on the ability to "get there."

To a man like me, who has always accounted among the necessities of existence a fair amount of out-door exercise, and the companionship of his friends, a long continued stretch of "solitary confinement at hard labor" bears a suggestion of deadliness about it, even when self-imposed; and, though I claim no credit for thus obeying that apparently inevitable law of the universe, which decrees that nothing important shall be accomplished here except by one who is willing to "sail as closely as possible to the wind" of his probable strength and vitality, —in other words, to push himself as near the brink of actual suicide as he believes can be done without tumbling over it,—I hope the comparison, which I point by alluding to that law, may at least help to clear Stevens, in the minds of some, from any appearance of being either reckless or foolhardy. He is as much of a man-of-business as I am, and he has the same motive and inspiration that I have for accomplishing the same result, though his "environment" enforces the use of methods which are much more spectacular and interesting—because more dangerous —than my own. We both believe that the most amusing place to enjoy a view of "life" is from the top of a bicycle, and we are both willing to make the needed sacrifices to earn enough money for indulging in that amusement. It is proper that he should have his pay ensured him in advance, because of the vastly greater peril that he undergoes; but I insist that such insur-

ance does not make his motive a whit more "mercenary" than my own. If any supercilious persons are inclined to sneer at Stevens because his round-the-world bicycling is "an advertisement," I hope to be complimented by having them extend the sneer to cover me and my round-the-world book. This was designed simply as "an advertisement,"—a more elaborate and painstaking advertisement of the power and permanence of cycling than any man's pen had previously attempted,—and if (instead of wearily drumming up "3000 subscribers") I could have persuaded a single generous patron of the sport to have ensured my whole payment in advance, I should have thought myself much luckier than now, when the question of my receiving an adequate reward for two years' work actually rendered is a question of my still finding 30,000 individual patrons disposed to contribute their mites towards that result.

The insularity and littleness of the average British business-man's mind were never more perfectly shown than in the inability of "the trade" of England to grasp the idea that the success of the Stevens scheme would be "an advertisement" for each and every one of them. Instead, therefore, of "booming" it to the utmost, through the press, for their own business advantage, and getting some share of the credit as its ostensible supporters, they held aloof from it, and as far as possible ignored it, as if it were a dangerous Yankee trick for discrediting the manufactures of England. I was glad to find, at our first interview, that Stevens himself had none of this narrowness of vision, but heartily accepted my own theory as to the essential "solidarity" (in distinction from rivalry) of our two schemes for the manufacture and sale of cycling literature. "The success of one must help rather than hinder the success of the other," I said to him then and still believe; and my strong sympathy for the man himself may perhaps render the story of his Oriental adventures more interesting to me than to those who never met him, or who have less enthusiasm than I for seeing the world a-wheelback; but I do not think I am controlled by any selfish or personal considerations when I urge every one of my readers to read his *Outing* sketches, and in due time to buy the book which is to be built from them. Such slight hints as have already been printed about the "wild times" he has had in penetrating Asia, are enough to stir the blood of the most sluggish with a keen desire to learn the full details of them; and if any cyclers exist who regard his story with indifference, I can only say, as one of my earliest subscribers said of those who might fail to pledge me their support on the instant of reading the first prospectus of this book: "Their bicycles ought to be taken right away from them!"

Second only to Stevens, in respect to the length of American roadway explored in a single season, stands Hugh J. High (b. April 26, 1858), who in '85 wheeled from Pottstown, Pa., May 4, continuously to Middleton, Ia., June 5; and then, after a three months' stay in Nebraska, wheeled home again, by a different route, Aug. 27 to Oct. 10. The length of his westward trail was 1001 m., whereof 174 m. had to be walked, and his riding time was 193½ h.; eastward trail, 1664 m., 227 m. walked, riding time 304 h. Combining the two, the corresponding figures are 2665, 401, 497½; and as he toured 343 m. to different points in Nebraska, his total mileage for the five months was 3008. By occupation he is a "teacher of brass and reed bands and orchestras, and leader of the orchestra at Pottstown Opera House," where he has lived since '82, when he finished 2½ years of service as musician in the U. S. Cavalry Band at Ft. Jefferson, Mo. He considers this army training "as good a school as we have in this country for the learning of such music,"—his previous acquisitions of that sort having been gained under difficulties, during the leisure left from working 10 h. a day in the nail-mill at Birdshaw, 9 m. w. of P.,—for the death of his father forced him to leave school at the age of 14 and earn his own support. Proximity to the bicycles of his nephew and brother led him to become a rider, at the opening of '83, and he took short rides of 8 to 12 m., almost daily during that season, spite of abundant tumbles. The Pottstown B. C., of 12 members, was formed Aug. 1, '84, and elected him captain. On the 25th, he sold his Standard Columbia and bought the Expert which has served him since. With it he got a McDonnell cyclometer, which during the next 9 weeks registered 533 m. Then, Nov. 8 to 25, in company with A. M. Sheffey and J. G. High, he took a 450 m. tour to Washington and back; and his enjoyment of this led him to

plan a longer one for the spring of '85. Meanwhile he added 288 m. to his record, and decided to make Seward, Neb., his objective point, as he "wished to visit a friend there, and also see the intermediate country,—especially the mountains of Western Pennsylvania. My outfit comprised corduroy breeches, having the seat and front faced with deer-skin, sewed with string in double seams, and they were in good condition at the end of the trip, though my shoes were full of holes then. These were low-cut, and I started with rubber soles, but soon tore them off. My stockings lasted as far as St. Louis (1669 m.), where I bought a second pair. Garnet was the color of both, and also of my shirt; and I wore a light colored jockey cap. Besides my touring bag, I used a luggage-carrier for my gossamer waterproof, and I stuck a 38 in. bulldog revolver in my buckskin belt; also a hand piccolo, by the playing of which I amused myself on the way,—sometimes in company with local bands. My weight at end of outward trip was 138 lbs., or just a pound less than at the start; it increased to 144 lbs. while in Nebraska; diminished 11 lbs. within four days after starting to return and so continued to the end; but rose again within two months to 142½ lbs. I had a very good appetite, all the time, and my general health was first-class. My return home, on the evening of Oct. 10, was celebrated by the band, bicycle club and citizens generally, escorting me through the principal streets of the town; and my bicycle was afterwards put on exhibition at the Boston office of the Pope Mfg. Co., to convince people how well it had stood the strain.

"The numerals of the following itinerary show first the day's mileage, and second its riding hours (miles done on foot being given in parenthesis); the asterisk shows where rain put a stop to riding; and the first halt in each State is the only one where mention of its name seems needful: May 4, Lebanon, Pa., 44, 6; 5, Carlisle, 44, 7; 6, McConnellsburg, 54, 10; 7, *Ray's Hill, 15 (7), 3½; 8, Schellsburg, 34 (8), 6; 9, *Stoyestown, 19 (10), 5; 10, Youngstown, 28 (10), 7; 11, Pittsburg, 43 (12), 10; 12, Steubenville, O., 39 (15), 10 (stopped here 5 days to visit friends); 18, Hendrysburg, 49 (9), 8½; 19, *New Concord, 32 (8), 4½; 20, Reynoldsburg, 62 (8), 9; 21, Springfield, 58, 7; 22, *Vandalia, 21, 2½; 23, Lewisville, Ind., 64, 9; 24, Indianapolis, 43, 6; 25, Greencastle, 41, 7; 26, Paris, Ill., 58 (10), 12½; 27, Chesterville, 42 (8), 9; 28, *at a farm-house, 28 (3), 6½; 29, Decatur, 14 (5), 3; 30, Mount Pulaski, 23 (10), 6; 31, Havana, 49 (20), 13½; June 1, *Lewistown, 8 (8), 3½; 2, *Bushnell, 36 (5), 8; 3, *Disco, 30 (2), 6; 4, *Burlington, Ia., 13 (11), 4½; 5, Middleton, 9 (6), 3. I was thus hindered by rain on 9 of my 28 riding days, and there were only 8 days when I did no walking, but my average daily advance was 35⅝ m. for the 1001 m. An engagement at Seward on June 5 then forced me to take train, and that was the only section of my tour not done by wheel. My return record was as follows: Aug. 27, DeWitt, Neb., 47, 9; 28, Marysville, Kan., 51, 9; 29, *Waterville, 21 (6), 4; 30, Clay Center, 43 (3), 8½; Sept. 2, Belone, 61 (5), 10; 3, Medina, 53 (1), 8½; 4, Perryville, 1 (1), ½; 6, *Lawrence, 20 (18), 5½; 8, Edwardsville, 27 (24), 8½; 9, Independence, Mo., 27 (12), 5½; 10, Strasburg, 37 (18), 9; 11, La Monte, 50 (5), 9; 13, *Otterville, 24 (9), 6½; 14, Centertown, 36 (15), 8½; 15, Linn, 38 (22), 10; 16, at a farm-house, 34 (15), 9; 17, Gray's Summit, 35 (15), 8½; 18, St. Louis, 38 (2), 5½; 19, New Baden, Ill., 30, 5; 20, Rome, 60, 9½; 21, Albion, 53, 9; 22, Oakland, Ind., 43 (2), 8; 23, Boston, 46 (6), 9; 24, Bernville, 39 (12), 8; 25, Simpsonville, Ky., 40, 5½; 26, Winchester, 75, 10; 27, Farmers' Crossing, 41 (1), 6; 28, Grayson, 44 (3), 9. (Itinerary for next 12 days may be found at foot of p. 351.) Rain stopped me entirely on 5 days of this return trip, and hindered me on 7 of the other 39 when I did some riding (it was all riding on 9 days only), so that my average daily mileage for the 1664 m. was 42⅝. I printed tables of these distances in *Spr. Wh. Gas.* (Nov.) and *Phil. Cyc. Rec.* (Nov. 14, 28), and supplied for the latter the following remarks about the roads: *Pennsylvania.*—Pike to Chambersburg; hilly to Ft. London, incl. 9 m. over Cone mtn.; three mtn. ridges to Shellsburg; 19 m., stony and sandy, over Alleghanies; 10 m., fair pike to Jannertown, where cross Laurel hill, steep and stony for 9 m.; fair road through Ligonier valley; stony and bad through Chestnut Ridge valley, 9 m. to Youngstown; thence to Pittsburg by pike, fair but hilly, for 34 m., and then by riv. rd. through Braddock, better in dry weather. *Ohio.*—Steubenville, by road of same name, can only be ridden in dry weather. To Hendrysburg, by Ohio riv. rd. to Bridgeport, 23 m., with 5 m. bad bluff; on r. r., gravel ballast. At Bridgeport took National pike; hilly, good;

Jacktown, 73 m., pike, hilly. *Indiana.*—Indianapolis, 206 m., pike, level, good; Greencastle, 41 m., pike, 20 m. good; 5 m. dirt to Greencastle; pike 11 m.; crossed several streams not bridged. *Illinois.*—Paris; dirt to Brazil, bad; better to Terre Haute; cross Wabash riv.; Springfield rd. 5 m.; then stony, sandy and bluff rd. 4 m.; then level. Decatur, 84 m., black muck, unridable when wet; as it was rainy, used r. r. bed, between tracks, whole distance. Lincoln, 33 m.; on track of P. D. & E. r. r., dirt ballast. Havana, sand hill 11 m.; not ridable; balance on r. r., dirt ballast. Lewistown, 8 m., no riding; trundled on ties of narrow-gauge r r. Bushnel, 36 m., by C. B. & Q. r. r., dirt ballast, then by Rock Island r. r., gravel ballast, mostly ridable. Disco, 30 m., by Wabash r. r., dirt ballast. *Iowa.*—Burlington, 13 m. on road-bed of W. and C. B. & Q. r. r., last 5 m. dangerous trundling on trestles. Middletown, 9 m. by road-bed of C. B. & Q. r. r., 5 m. dirt and gravel, then stone ballast, latter not ridable. A black muck road, mostly level, follows r. r. and is fine when dry, unridable when wet. *Nebraska.*—Roads throughout s. e. of State are ridable in the dry season. Three days after a hard rain a bicycler can venture on any of the mostly-traveled ones, but great care must be taken in going down-grade across ravines. Most roads are worn down on each side by double teams, leaving them high in the middle, making a good path for the bicycle in either wagon-track. The soil is more sandy at the n., near the Platte. My return trip began at Seward. *Kansas.*—Clay Center, 162 m., due s. on section roads; some parallel roads across open prairie. Bellevue, 61 m., clay and sand mixed. Perryville, 54 m., black clay, good when dry. There is a main road on the n. side of the Kansas riv. to Kansas City—72 m.; good when dry. The r. r. on the n. side has dirt and stone ballast; some riding on side paths; r. r. on s. side has stone ballast, and is unridable. I followed it 24 m. from Lawrence, then returned to the other side. From Perryville followed r. r. to Kansas City, Mo., as dirt roads were unridable from rain. *Missouri.*—Lee's Summit, 27 m. by Missouri Pacific r. r., mostly ridable to Independence, 13 m.; balance mostly unridable. An old stage road runs from Kansas City to St. Louis, following the r. r. to Jefferson City. To Otterville, 111 m., by stage road; prairie, good in dry weather. Union, 209 m.; miserable, bluffs, stones, sand and unbridged creeks. Gray's Summit. 14 m.; stone and dirt road alongside of each other, former mostly unridable. St. Louis, 38 m., same as last for 8 m., then fine gravel pike, 30 m. N. side of Missouri riv. is said to be mostly prairie road, and I advise cyclers to take it. *Illinois.*—Mt. Carmel, 162 m.; mostly prairie road, clay and sand mixed; some hills near Wabash riv. *Indiana.*—New Albany, 123 m.; about 50 m. good, ridable road; balance bluffs, stony and sandy. *Kentucky.*—Louisville to Farmers' Crossing, 142 m.; fine pike. Catlettsburg, 70 m.; sandy, stony, and several mountain ridges to cross. *West Virginia.*—Gauley Bridge, 100 m.; valley road, sandy; 4 m. bad near G. B. *Virginia.*—Staunton, 161 m. A worn-out stage road leads to Covington. Between these two points there are the Gauley, Dogwood, Big Sewell (8 m. to Summit), Little Sewell, and Mud Creek mtns., and several mountain ridges. The Alleghanies lie between Lewisburg, W. Va., and Covington, Va., and are mostly ridable. From Covington to Goshen, 38 m., there is scarcely any road, the railroad side-path being best for the bicycle. There are several rivers to ford. In this way I crossed the Cow-Pasture riv. three times, and the Jackson riv. once. Goshen to Buffalo Gap, 5 m.; bad branch road before reaching latter, where I struck a stage road, in fair condition, leading to the famous Shenandoah valley pike at Mt. Sidney (see p. 352) only 10 m. n. of Staunton. *Maryland.*—Hagerstown to Royerville, 15 m., pike, where cross South mtn., 6 m., pike over mountain and 8 m. dirt road to Gettysburg, Pa. New Oxford, 10 m.; worn-out pike; summer road alongside. York, 18 m.; Columbia, 11 m.; Lancaster, 9 m.; New Holland, 15 m., all pike. Pottstown, 28 m., stone and dirt mixed."

Dr. H. Jarvis (b. May 4, 1854) reports from Oxford, Md.: "I have lived in this place for ten years, but I was born at St. Paul. I started thence on my bicycle July 10, '83, and was about 26 days on the way to Baltimore,—say 23 days of actual all-day wheeling. I carried no cyclometer, but I estimate that more than 1500 m. were traversed. My longest day's ride was not less than 85 m.(I think it was nearer 95), and my shortest was 35 m., on the occasion of being stopped by a rain-storm, in the mountains near Deer Park, Md. On several nights, I rode as late as 10 or 11 o'clock, and for two weeks I slept comfortably in a portable tent of my own in-

vention. As I perspire very freely, and had some warm days to contend with, I lost weight at first, but soon regained my normal condition. I drink abundantly on the road, no matter what some riders say about 'one glass of milk being enough.' My only fall on the entire trip was near Piedmont, caused by striking a loose stone while coasting a short hill. This bent the crank into the spokes, but did no harm to myself, as I slid off sidewise on to terrà firma. I also broke out three spokes by catching my heel in them on three separate occasions, but had no other accidents. I resorted to trains from Chicago to Ft. Wayne, and from Massillon, O., to Oakland, Md., whence I wheeled to Hagerstown and Baltimore, and so home. My other wheeling, therefore, was from St. Paul to Chicago, and from Ft. Wayne to Massillon. The river roads from St. Paul to Hastings, through the w. side, and thence to Winona are fair and good, with very fine views of the Mississippi. Entering here into Wisconsin, I found the roads across that State to Milwaukee almost all ridable, with but few hills. Thence to Chicago the riding is quite fair, and I may say the same of it to Ft. Wayne. From there through to Wheeling, W. Va., it is more or less hilly and rough; thence to Frederick quite hilly (some very sharp hills); but between F. and Baltimore there is good coasting. My wheel was a 52-in. Extraordinary; and between June, '80, and Oct., '83, I rode it in the following fifteen states: Mass., N. Y., N. J., Penn., Del., Md., Va., W. Va., O., Ind., Ill., Mich., Wis., Minn., Ia., and Dakota Territory. I 'm inclined to think that my next purchase will be the same style of machine of smaller size; since, after actual test of under-size and over-size wheels, I will take the under-size at all times for all kinds of work on the road. I 've taken interest in wheeling since '76, when I saw the first bicycle on exhibition at Philadelphia; but it was not until the fall of '79 that I procured my 'Columbia, No. 244,' which style of machine I think has never had an equal for rough wear and tear. Mine stood many miles of very rough running, without costing anything for repairs, except a handle-bar and crank-shaft, both broken by falls on wet and greasy cobble-stones. If I am alive in the summer and autumn of '86, I intend to make a continuous trail with the tire of my bicycle from Winnipeg, in Manitoba, to New York City."

The youngest tourist among those who have made very long straightaway trails seems to be Geo. W. Baker (b. Nov. 3, 1864), of the St. Louis Ramblers, who pushed a 48 in. Victor thence to Boston, July 1–28, '85, without serious accident, as recorded in the *Wheel* and *Bi. World* of Aug. 7, and *Sptr. Wk. Gaz.* of Sept., from which sources I condense the following: "Columbus, 454 m., was reached on the morning of the 9th, a daily average of 50 m., though I made the 80 m. from Terre Haute to Indianapolis (half of it on poor roads) in 8 h., thereby breaking the record between those places. My longest ride was from Erie to Buffalo, 90 m. in 12 h., whence through Albany to Boston I found the poorest average riding of all. I several times rode as much as 60 or 70 m. in a day. My only run after dark was from Batavia to Leroy, 10 m. My one day's illness apparently resulted from a change in the drinking water, early in the trip; but I wheeled 20 m. that day. Rain did not deter me, and I never caught cold. I found my best riding hours were from 4 A. M. to 12, and I rested considerably in the afternoons. Estimating my rests as 8½ days, my complete riding-days as 19 and my distance as 1354 m., would show an average daily mileage of almost 71 m.; while dividing the distance by the full 28 days of the tour would still show an average of nearly 48½ m. I took six headers while trying to ride down a single hill at Ashtabula, but had very few falls on level ground. My baggage was strapped behind the saddle in a little valise. My height is 5 ft. 6 in., weight, 135 lbs., and I lost hardly 3 lbs. on the way. I was forced to do considerable walking on the Ohio roads. Those of Illinois were the best." He has sent no reply to repeated letters of mine, asking if these statements rest upon his authority, and requesting him to supply a table of daily distances and halting-places; and similar enquiries which I have addressed to subscribers in St. Louis, and to the editors of the cycling papers there, for fuller details of this remarkable trip, have likewise brought no response. The mileage from St. L. to Boston, by r. r. guide, is 1228, divided thus: through Terre Haute to Indianapolis, 264; Cleveland, 283; Buffalo, 183; Albany, 398. [After the above was in type, I received from Mr. B. a tabulated report (Jan. 14, '86), and I with difficulty make room for these extracts from it: "My cyclom. broke before I 'd gone 150 m., and I took distances on the authority of people, met on the road, who were supposed to know. I 'm sorry now

I did n't keep a record of a great many things. The last two days of the trip gave a longer mileage (163) than any other two, though I spoiled the continuity of it by taking train 6 m. through Hoosac tunnel, rather than walk 9 m. over the mtn. I was from 4 A. M. to 7.30 P. M., in wheeling 83 m. from New Lebanon, N. Y., to Athol, besides the tunnel ride, and I reached Boston, 80 m., next day at 6.30 P. M. I give the miles of each day's ride, with the place and hour where it ended ('P. M.' being understood unless 'A. M.' is expressed), as follows: July 1, 39, Trenton, 4.30; 2d, 50, Eggerstown, 6; 3d, 34, Effingham, 4; 4th, 70, Terre Haute, 5.30; 5th, 10, in T. H.; 6th, 80, Indianapolis, 2.30; 7th, 70, Richmond, 6.30; 8th, 58, Springfield, 5; 9th, 44, Columbus, 9.30 A. M.; 10th, 65, Bucyrus, 5; 11th, 20, Plymouth, 3; 12th, 65, Elyria, 6; 13th, 20, Cleveland, 8.30 A. M.; 14th, 50, Geneva, (2 to) 6.30; 15th, 50, Erie, 5; 16th, 90, Buffalo, 5; 17th, Niagara and back by train; 18th, 57, Leroy, 8; 19th, 35, Canandaigua, 5; 20th, 22, farm-house, 4; 21st, 55, Syracuse, 3; 22d, 15, Chittenango, (6.30 to) 8; 23d, 35, Utica, 11 A. M.; 24th, 45, Fort Plain, 6; 25th, 65, Albany 3; 26th, 40, New Lebanon, 5; 27th, 83, Athol, 7.30; 28th, 80, Boston, 6.30. This makes a total of 1347 m. I was ill on the night of 10th and slept only a little; rode 20 m. on the 11th, though feeling very weak, and on 12th completed a three days' run of 140 m., by taking a bad header. I still carry scars from the falls I had at Ashtabula on the 15th. Several days were very hot, the 22d showing 96° in the shade."]

One of the earliest long tours made in this country also terminated at Boston (Oct. 11, '80), having been begun 54 days previously at Lima, which is 71 m. s. of Toledo, 130 m. n. of Cincinnati, and about 30 m. e. of the Indiana border. The *Bi. World* of Dec. 3 gave two columns to a report of it, from a talk with R. W. Parmenter, and this I thus condense: "My companion, Charles E. Campbell, of Lima, rode a 52 in., while I rode a 54 in., both being Standard Columbias, recently procured, for neither of us had ridden 100 m. all told. My weight increased from 133 to 145 lbs. during the trip. We started Aug. 19, at 5 P. M., and rode 11½ m. to Cranberry; 20th, Finley, 25 m.; 21st, Tiffin, 28 m.; 22d, Monroeville; 23d, Norwalk, 4 m.; 24th, bad clay roads for 20 m.,—my companion breaking down and going to Cleveland by train; 25th, Cleveland; 27th, Geneva; 28th, Girard; 30th, Westfield. Two days later, my companion rejoined me at Lake Chautauqua, and our tour continued: Sept. 1, Mayville to Silver Creek; 2d, Buffalo; 3d, Niagara; 4th, Albion; 5th, Rochester; 6th, Clyde; 7th, Syracuse; 9th, Utica; 10th, Little Falls; 11th, Schenectady; 12th, Albany. The road was bad for this last 15 m., and for most of the way we took the r. r. track; as also from Utica to Little Falls, on account of rain; while from Clyde to Syracuse we mostly tried the tow-path, as the road was sandy and stony. On the 13th, we wheeled 30 m. down the river to Hudson, whence on 16th, Mr. Campbell started for Boston, while I visited New York and the Catskills till Oct. 6, when I wheeled 37 m. from Hudson to Mt. Oray, by good road, with only one large hill; on the 7th, by sandy, stony and mountainous roads to Westfield; 8th, to Springfield; 9th, to Worcester; where I halted a day and then rode to Boston on Monday, the 11th." (By referring to p. 201, it will be seen that I left Utica, going w., on the morning of Sept. 9, '80, while these tourists, coming e., arrived there that same night; but I failed to meet them or to hear of them.) Though the *Bi. World* shows that Mr. P. rode on 31 of the 54 days, it exaggerates the distance covered to "about 1000 m.," and says it was "accomplished in about 20 riding days, or an average of 50 m. a day." Similar vague and uncertain phrases were used in the papers to characterize the tour which Gale Sherman, of the same town, took to Boston, the next spring. I exchanged a few words with him there at the time of the League meet in May, but have forgotten what he said as to the proportion of his journey which was done by train; and the letter of enquiry which I addressed to Lima (Dec. 19, '85) brought no response, from either him or Mr. Parmenter. The same fate befell my letter of same date to another tourist, whom I met on the same occasion: W. H. Craigin, of Boston, who wheeled from Chicago to Wheeling, in the autumn following; then sold his machine and took train to Washington, where I met him again at the close of my own autumn ride "along the Potomac" (Oct. 28, '81, see p. 242). I remember he told me that touring had such a fascination for him that he had decided to abandon the wheel entirely for several years, as the only security against letting his love for it get the better of his desire to "succeed in business." He felt that, if he trusted himself in the saddle at all, he could hardly resist the temptation to

"continually go a-touring." A report of his journey, with the title, "Chicago to Boston," was continued through several numbers of the *Bi. World*, over the signature, "Crookshanks."

"Western adventures of a bicycle tourist: being a truthful narration of a trip from Danville, Ill., to Cheyenne, Wy., written by the very 'idjit' who did the deed," was the title of about 12,000 words which Will Rose printed in a half-dozen issues of his weekly paper, the *Toothpick* (July 13 to Aug. 17, '83), at Ashmore, Ill., concerning his tour of the previous season, which also supplied him with materials for a public lecture. In the first place, he advertised in the *Bi. World* to send the story in pamphlet form for 20 c.; but those who, like myself, forwarded the amount, heard nothing from it for several months, until the *Toothpick* series arrived, with an apologetic remark as to the hopelessness of issuing the projected book. The literary quality of the report corresponds very well with its chosen title, but such few facts, dates and exact statistics as may be found in it I present as follows: "Started the middle of August, '82; was six weeks on the road; traveled about 1400 m., of which between 300 m. and 400 m. was by train (on short jumps, when roads were unusually bad, because of mud, hills and sand); cost of trip, $140, including the r. r. ticket home; used a 52 in. Standard Columbia, and had had only three weeks' practice; route lay through the mud to Mattoon, and Lincoln, then by dryer roads to Peoria, Bureau, and Tishwilka; final 7½ m. to Princeton took 3 h., through mud, and while I waited there five days for it to dry, I found some good wheeling in and around Hennepin, on e. bank of Illinois riv. Friday, Sept. 6, I rode 45 m., from P. to Geneseo, the first 12 m. being very good, the rest exceedingly rough and bumpy, with several bad swamps; 7th, sandy and difficult for about 30 m. to Rock Island, at 5 P. M.; 9th, after a detour to Moline, 5 m. e., I cross the Mississippi to Davenport, and have good roads for 35 m., but get tired of the hills, and so take train to Iowa City; take train several times before getting to Grinnell, on the 11th; between there and Des Moines the hills are many and big; but beyond the roads are quite good; and after spending several days in Council Bluffs I cross the Missouri to Omaha, on the 18th, and find good roads to Elkhorn and Central City (135 m.), whence I wheel for dinner 26 m. to Grand Island, and 20 m. more to Wells River at 5 P. M.; and next day cover 62 m. to Plum Creek, though thrice thrown into ruts by the winds, which blow in Nebraska as nowhere else; one of these falls takes the tire half off my big wheel, and the other lames me in the knee,—the only hurt of my trip; next day I get to North Platte, partly by train; thence wheel to Ogallala; and my last night on the road is at Sidney, which I reach late and leave early. The final day is the chilliest of all, but as the gravel roads are quite smooth and hard, I try to keep warm and be satisfied, in spite of the terrible lonesomeness caused by the graveyard silence of that dreary and desolate region of prairies; but when darkness overtakes me at a section-house some miles from Cheyenne, I board a freight train which carries me to that city late at night. The Nebraska air was very exhilarating, and though my trail through the beautiful Platte valley was up-grade, it was nearly always in sight of the r. r., and there were no hills to climb. Sometimes the surface was excellent; sometimes only moderately good, but hardly ever positively bad, except where patches of sand were found. Much riding had to be done in the wagon-track, as the prairie roads generally consist of a big ridge in the middle, with a rut on each side. I expressed a valise ahead, from place to place, as I think it a nuisance to have a m. i. p. bag or other bulky object strapped to the bicycle. I also recommend a tourist on a long trip to ride a wheel from two to four inches under size." No reply came to my enquiry for further details (Dec. '85), though the writer subscribed for my book, early in '84.

A fortnight's tour of 686 m. (July 15-29, '84), taken by H. C. Finkler, Captain of the San Francisco B. C., and a stenographer by profession, comprised the exploration of more than 350 m. of Californian roadway; and the report which he sent to me covered ten columns in the *Wheel* (Nov. 21, 28; Dec. 5, '84), from which I condense the following: "My wheel was a 52 in. light roadster (34 lbs.) and carried 25 lbs. of luggage, and for the first three days I was accompanied by A. M. Wapple. The roads were in fine condition, but we made several halts and detours and cross-cuts over rough country, so that our mileage, as shown each night by odometer, stood as follows: 15th, San Jose, 56¾; 16th, San Felipe, 41; 17th, Hollister, 24½. On the 18th, when 2 m. from H., I forded the San Benito riv., which has a muddy and quicksandy

bottom, and took breakfast at San Juan, 7 m. on, before walking up and down the rough and steep mountain 17½ m. to Salinas, in the midst of adobe roads, whence, after lunch, I started towards the sea-coast, and after fording the Salinas and several smaller streams, reached the El Monte Hotel in Monterey, with a day's record of 55½ m. of pleasant riding and walking through beautiful scenery. My road as far as San Jose had been level and superbly smooth, and the region of Monterey boasts 50 m. or more of sandpapered and polished driveways; but as soon as I left that great sea-side resort, monotonous billows of sand had to be tramped across, and rough farm-roads of hard adobe, so that my record of the 18th, at Castroville, was but 21¾ m., of which much had been ridden in M. before starting. The mosquitoes caused great trouble from C. to Watsonville, where I met the Gibson brothers, who had wheeled from S. F., and who induced me to abandon the plan of continuing up the coast to Santa Cruz, as they said the sand on the roads would make progress too laborious. So I struck across, through the Chitman and Gray ranches, to the Santa Clara valley, and with the wind's help soon reached Gilroy, whence I doubled on my track of four days before to Madrone, 48½ m. for the day. Thence, on the 21st, by my former perfect road for 18 m. to San Jose, where at 10 I began a climb of 25½ m. to the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, at 5.30 P. M. This is an altitude of 4440 ft., and the rise of the last 7 m. is 2270 ft. From what is called the summit (10 m. from S. J.; 1700 ft elevation), I descended to Hill's Valley and Smith's Creek, 8¾ m., and then climbed up a winding grade, of about 6 ft to 100, for the final 6¾ m. to the Observatory. In returning, through a heavy fog, I took a cross-cut trail to the brick-yard, 1 m., and reached Smith's Creek 2 h. after leaving the top, with a day's record of 55½ m. On the 22d, I took a swift spin to Alum rock and back, before breakfasting at the Junction House, whence I returned to San Jose for a short stop at church, and then continued through Melpetas (6½ m.), Washington Corners (8¾ m.), San Lorenzo (16¼ m.), Oakland pier (16 ¼ m.), and so across to the starting-point of my tour at 5 P. M.,—making 83 m. for the day, which was cooled by gentle showers, and 380¾ m. for the 8 days, during which I traveled in the counties of San Francisco, San Mateo, Santa Clara, San Benito and Alameda. The proposed run of the second week through Marin county from San Rafael had to be abandoned, because the rain, which continued during the 23d, made the roads too muddy; but I took boat to Petaluma instead, and at 6 A. M. of June 24, started thence, against a strong n. wind, for breakfast at Santa Rosa, 16½ m. For the next 16 m. to Healdsburg, the wind rapidly improved the roads, which are of gravelly surface, so that two days later they would stand a fair comparison to the finest in the State. Numerous but gentle grades offered good chances for coasting during the next 18 m. to Cloverdale, where I spent the night (50¾ m. for the day; 434¼ m. for the tour), except those near the 'Swiss-Italian colony,' whose constant wood-hauling had made things rough and rutty. As far as Hoptown, 16¼ m., I also found a bumpy adobe surface and steep hills, on the 25th, and I had to ford the Russian riv. before reaching Ukiah, 18 m., but the roads were then good, though very dusty, to Cleveland's Mill, 8 m. On the 26th, after riding 12 m., I came in sight of the Blue lakes, and sped smoothly along a toll-road, exhilarated by the mountain air and the grandeur of the scenery, until at last I coasted down a gentle slope to the hotel on the shore. After a brief halt here, I proceeded by fair roads 14 m. down-grade to Lake Port, on Lake Clear, a superb piece of water 11 m. wide and 27 m. long, where I halted several hours for a sail and swim; and then went through Kelseyville, 8½ m., to Glenbrook, 11 m., for the night. This day's surroundings were indescribably attractive: mountainous roads winding amid steep bluffs and deep cañons, with enchanting views of the lake at every turn; but pleasanter than all was the fact of my overtaking three fellow-wheelmen at G., who had left Petaluma two days in advance of myself, and been delayed by bad weather and a broken bicycle. The trio were George Rideout, Ernest Rideout and A. H. Cowen, the first of whom took train home next day to S. F., while the other two wheeled with me to Napa, 56 m. We spent the forenoon in walking over the St. Helena mtn. to Calistoga, 28 m., where we were fairly in the beautiful Napa valley, and we covered the next 9 m. to St. Helena in ¾ h., for the road is the best in this n. part of the State, and it continues fair to Napa, with occasional bumpy patches. We took an early start on the 28th, and finished 61 m., through the Sacramento valley, at Davisville, at 6 P. M., after much tramp-

ing, coupled with frightful heat and numerous tormenting insects,—the intermediate points being Cordelia, 15½ m.; Fairfield, 8 m. (at 11 o'clock); Elmira, 14 m.; and Dixon, 12½ m. On the 29th, we made an excursion to Woodland and back (25 m.), and then took cars home for S. F.,—though I stopped over at Sacramento long enough to do 20 m. of wheeling between there and Riverside. My six days' mileage thus amounted to 303½, and included six counties: Sonoma, Mendocino, Lake Napa, Solano, Yolo and Sacramento; and I gained 5½ lbs. during the fortnight's tour of 686½ m. through eleven counties."

Another notable fortnight's tour in California (April 12-25, '85; 369 m.; reported in *Sfr. Wk. Gaz.*, Aug. '85, pp. 63-64) was taken by Ernest Rideout (b. July 22, 1865) with his brother Walter (b. July 11, 1867), to the Yosemite Valley,—their first day's route covering nearly the same ground as the last day's of the tour just given, but in an opposite direction: "As the road from S. F. to South Vallejo is in very poor condition in April, we went thither by steamer, and found fairly good riding through North Vallejo to the Four Mile House, 6 m., whence we walked most of the 11 m. to Cordelia, or Bridgeport, for dinner at 12.30. We speeded thence to Suisun, 6 m. in ¾ h.; to Elmira, 12 m. of fair road, at 4, and to Dixon, by poorer ones at 7, when we stopped at the Arcade House. The main road along here is a pleasant one, but there are so many side-tracks that the tourist is apt very frequently to bring up against a farm gate, which compels him to turn back and begin again. After passing Davisville at 9 A. M. of the 13th, we obeyed the advice of a bad boy, who directed us across the fields to the 'top road,' which, when reached after many difficult miles, proved scarcely walkable on account of deep mud, and led across three bridgeless streams, where we had to strip and wade, with our clothes and wheels above our heads. We reached Sacramento at 3 P. M., completely used up, with a day's record of 26 m.; but were fresh for a new start on the 14th, and reached Elk Grove, 18½ m., in 4½ h., just before noon, in spite of straying into by-paths, and meeting deep ruts which forced us to walk. Walter's headers, to this point of the tour, numbered just eight; and his new President bicycle suffered in handles and pedals, while an injury to one crank forced the shortening up of both. Halting 2 h. for dinner, we rode 12½ m. to Galt, in 1½ h.; reached Woodbridge, 7½ m., at 4.20, and Stockton, 15 m., at 6.35. We stopped a day at S., which is the real point of departure for the Yosemite run (our preliminary visit to Sacramento being chiefly for the sake of seeing friends on the way), and on the 16th reached Farmington, 17½ m., by good road, at 10.15, Knight's Ferry, 20½ m., at 3, and Cloudman's, or John Curtain's, at 6.30. On the 17th, up hill by rough roads to Chinese Camp, 8 m. (7.10 to 10.20); then a still tougher ascent for 13 m. to Priest's (including one hill which had to be walked up for 3 m.); then 3 m. to Groveland, during which we twice waded the Tuolumne riv., besides crossing it by ferry (25 c.) at Jacksonville. We each had to pay 50 c. toll on the road, for this is exacted of every one, whether walking or riding. On the 18th, to Crocker's, 23½ m. (6.30 A. M. to 3.40 P. M.), with grand scenery all the way, but no houses. Here we got the best meals we had had since leaving Stockton; and, as we were now well up in the mountains, the falling snow caused a delay in our start, on the morning of the 19th, and afterwards drove us to the shelter of a deserted log-cabin. The cold stopped the working of my cyclometer; but the distance from Crocker's to Crane's Flat is 8 m., and the summit is 1 m. beyond, followed by a descent of 14 m. into the valley. We couldn't ride much, on account of the snow and the cold; and at one time we were almost frozen. Ice formed all over our bicycles and prevented the wheels from revolving, until we picked it away with our knives. After a stretch of this sort of traveling, the roads became clearer, and allowed us to ride, until, at a certain bend in the road, we suddenly saw the famous valley smiling at our feet, in all its loveliness, though 4 m. of steep descents remained before we really reached it, and put up at the Barnard House. The backbone of Walter's machine broke on the way down, and we took turns in trundling it until we reached a blacksmith, who clumsily welded it together, at a charge of $5. Our mileage for the seven days was 251½, of which 118½ represented the distance from Stockton. Having visited Bridal Veil falls and Mirror lake, we gave the rest of the day to scaling Glacier point (covered with snow), whence we could see the Vernal and Nevada falls, and almost everything else in this indescribably splendid valley; and at 7 A. M. of April 21 resumed our bicycles for the return. We reached Crocker's at 3.30 P. M.,—the cyclom-

eter, which had thawed out while in the valley, giving the distance as 23 m.,—and spent the second night at Groveton, in order to fix the tire of Walter's little wheel, which stripped off when 6 m. from there. Next morning he bent his handle-bar by a fall and then broke it, in trying to pull it straight; and my own r. handle-bar snapped off on the 25th, while coasting a hill, in less than 2 m. after starting from Knight's Ferry at 6 A. M., and within half a mile after my pushing off a pedal. Rigging up a wooden handle, to correspond with Walter's, I rode 5 m. further with one pedal, and then fitted in a carriage-bolt which served in place of the other as far as Farmington, where I took one of Walter's, and reached Stockton at 2 P. M.,—he going thither by train (as the welded backbone was nearly ready to fall apart again), and both of us thence home together. The bicycle used on this tour was my old Expert, which had been through many a campaign; and its brake-spoon was half worn away when the tour ended."

The earliest all-day ride in California seems to have been the one described in the *Morning Call* as taken on Sunday, June 15, '79, from San Francisco (Twentieth and Mission sts.), at 7 A. M., to San Jose, at 1.30 P. M., with halts amounting to 1 h. 50 min. The first stretch, to Cooma, was roughest, and required much walking; the last, from Santa Clara, was smoothest and swiftest. The people all along the route were as kind and hospitable as they were curious and admiring; and the "time" was sent back by telegraph. Great surprise was expressed at the fact of wheeling so silently through a flock of 200 sheep, which were resting in the road, that only one of them got up to move away. This was the first long ride ever taken by Fred T. Merrill (b. 1858), who is now of the firm of Hollister & Merrill, proprietors of the North-west stencil and rubber-stamp works, at Portland, Or., and whose personal report to me (Sept. 27, '84) is as follows: "I have kept no record of my out-door riding; in fact, have not indulged in a great deal of it. I once took a round-trip from S. F., with F. W. Caples, of that city, to Santa Cruz, Monterey, Watsonville, Gilroy, San Jose and home; and once with A. A. Bennett, of S. F., climbed over the Sierra Nevadas to Reno, 300 m. in 6 days (see p. 470; also *Wheel*, Feb. 6, '85). Most of the Oregon roads are inferior to those of California, though I 've not yet tried 150 m. of them. I learned to ride the bone-shaker in Boston, 14 years ago, and have practiced on it or the bicycle pretty steadily ever since. I 've appeared in public for about 10 years, and during that time have ridden 80 weeks at Woodward's Gardens, in S. F., carrying my two brothers on my shoulders, one above the other. While there, also, I gave a special performance before the King of the Sandwich Islands, 6 years ago. In these ways I have earned the title of 'professional champion trick-bicycler of the Pacific coast.' I have taught 180 men and 12 women how to ride the bicycle, and I intend to open another school at the Mechanics' Pavilion, next winter. In last winter's race here, I covered 256 m. in 21 h., on a 50 in. Expert (46 lbs.). I 've just now returned from 'doing the county fairs,' and I expect to continue riding for many years to come."

A notable run of 100 m. in 12¼ h. was made by H. C. Finkler, July 3, '84, "to see how much he could easily do without straining, while invigorated by his fortnight's tour," already described; and the record is as follows,—the first numeral showing the hour, the second the mileage: "Start 7.35, Mission and Twenty-sixth sts., 0; 9, Fourteen Mile House, 11¼; 9.15, D. O. Mills's Villa, at Millbrae, 13½; 10, Belmont Hotel, 22; 10.45, Redwood City, 25⅞; 11.15, Menlo Park, 29⅞; 11.25, Palo Alto, 31½; 11.45, Mayfield, 34½; 12, Mountain View, 39⅜; 1.05 P. M., Santa Clara, 47⅞; 1.20, San Jose, 51½; 3, Coyote, 63⅜; 3.30, Madrone, 69⅜; 5.15, Gilroy, 81½; 6.55, San Felipe, 91⅜; 8, Hollister, 100⅜. At the outset of the route, which was a continuation of Mission st., a slow pace was enforced by the wind. From Millbrae to San Jose, the road is shaded on both sides by large trees, and it was on this smooth stretch that I took a terrific header while going down a gentle grade. My second mishap was within 1½ m. of Hollister: a collision with a farm-wagon, which refused to turn out. Allowing for 15 stops, my average gait was about 10 m. per h., and the ride brought my total vacation mileage up to 787." This is the longest straightaway run yet reported in California; though greater number of m. in 12 h. have since been traversed upon the same roads. Thus, the *Bi. World* (Apr. 24, '85) printed a report of 150 m. ride taken by Wm. J. Bowman, of Oakland B. C., to Gilroy and back, starting Sunday, March 22, at 7.30 A. M., and finishing Monday at 1 A. M., with rests that reduced his time in the saddle to 15 h. 25 min. "His first dismount was made at the public

square, in front of St. James Hotel, in San Jose (45 m.), at 11.15,—the times at previous points being: San Lorenzo, 8.30; Mt. Eden, 8.45; Alvarado, 9.05; Centerville, 9.30; Washington Corners, 9.55. He reached Gilroy (30 m.) at 3 P. M., having pushed against a heavy wind for last 18 m., and made one stop of ½ h. and one of 5 min., besides the ½ h. at San Jose. He made three stops of 5 min. each on the return thither, 3.30 to 6.10 P. M.; and his record then stood at 105 m. for 9 h. 20 min. of actual riding. He rode slowly for the final 45 m. (6.20 P. M. to 1 A. M., with three rests of ¼ h. each), to his home at Ninth and Grove sts., Oakland, 17½ h. from the start, as the clouds obscured the moon." The same paper later said of the same man (July 10, '85): "He claims to have made two bicycle runs, between midnight of May 30 and 6.47 A. M. of June 2, which gave a total of 347 m. for the 54 h. 47 min. included. After doing 167 m., he had a half night's sleep, and then rode the final 200 m.,—about ¼ of which was against a head-wind. During the hours of darkness, he used a small hub-lamp and made slow progress." According to the *Wheel* (Aug. 28, '85), "J. E. Gibson, Capt. of Garden City B. C., San Francisco, made an attempt to beat the 24 h. road-record of 207½ m. which was won in May by F. R. Cook. Starting at 8.05 A. M., July 29, he completed 211 m. at 8 A. M. of the 30th, though we judge by the reports that he rode more than twice over the same stretch of roadway,—a reprehensible practice which the League racing board should legislate against." The *Bi. World*, said: "We do not learn that J. E. Gibson, of San Jose, took any method to verify his route and distances of July 29." My letters to both riders, requesting details, have brought no response.

A larger share of attention was given in the press to the ride of Fred Russ Cook (b. Nov. 9, 1861), which was more carefully managed, and about which he authorized his friend, S. F. Booth, jr., to furnish me the following particulars: "He learned to ride March 15, '84, on a 54 in. Harvard, and won his first medal May 30 by doing ½ m. in 1.29½, on a soft clay track. His height is 5 ft. 9 in., weight about 170 lbs., and his portrait was printed in *Spr. Wh. Gaz.* (Jan., '85). He now rides a 54 in. Victor, the same which served him in making the long record. Leaving Folsom and Twenty-first sts. at 1.30 P. M. (May 2, '85), he went without stop to San Jose at 5.23,—a route which had never before been done without dismount or in so short a time (51 m. in 3 h. 53 sec.), and he did not leave the saddle again for the 30 m. to Gilroy, at 8.30. His paper was signed at the start by C. A. Kellogg; at Belmont (23 m. at 3.15) by A. Waltermire, while he circled slowly around; at San Jose by A. M. Bogardus, and at Gilroy by W. H. Smith. The first 14 m. is rather rough and hilly, and has one hill which few riders can conquer; the next 9 m. is rolling and a little sandy; but the next 28 m., B. to S. J., is the finest stretch of country road we have, and he covered it at very nearly the rate of 14 m. per h. The other route, leading down the e. side of the bay (Oakland to S. J.) offers fewer hills but poorer riding. Thence to Gilroy he had 10 m. of fine surface and 20 m. of poor patches. Waiting at G. till 9, for the moon to rise, a fog came instead and then a wind sprang up against him, so that he was 5 h. on his way back to S. J. (paper signed by M. Coselino at 2 A. M.), and, passing again through Belmont, reached Millbrae, 34½ m., at 6.14 A. M. (signed by J. J. Callahan), being met on the way by W. M. Meeker, who, after breakfast, accompanied him back to S. J. (signed at 10.30 by G. R. Bailey), where dinner was taken, and the final return made to Belmont, 27½ m., at 1.28 P. M. (signed by A. Waltermire), making a total of 207½ m., in 19 h. 38 min. of actual riding. His signers all resided near the R. R. stations, where the time is kept accurately, and corresponded in each case with his own watch, which did not vary a minute. He had probably done 1200 m. of road-riding, this year, before the long ride, and so was feeling pretty well; and he attended to business as usual, the day after it, without showing any signs of weariness."

With this may be compared the straightaway record made on the same road by Joseph L. Bley (b. Oct. 25, 1873), whose exploit seems to place him well ahead of all other long-distance tourists who are not yet a dozen years old! The following story is condensed from his letter to me of Oct. 4, '85: "My bicycle is of the cheap iron kind called 'Ideal,' 38 in. and 38 lbs., and I first began riding it in Aug., '84. I myself weigh 62 lbs. and am 4 ft. 4½ in. high. I often ride after school, and on Sundays make longer trips into the country,—always accompanied by some larger person. In February I took a silver medal for second place in a 1 m. race for boys under 16, and was only ½ sec. behind the winner, Geo. Dixon, aged 15, who rode a 52 in. wheel,

and whose time was 4.23¾. Encouraged by this, I coaxed my parents to let me attempt a bicycle tour of 150 m., to my aunt's, at Salinas. I left home (Ellis st. and Van Ness av.) July 21, at 11 o'clock, with my cousin, Mr. Gambitz, and we got to San Jose at 5 P. M. (52 m.), though we stopped a minute or two at almost every station, for the weather was hot and the roads were dry. I wore a flannel suit, with canvas shoes and a straw hat, and took extra underclothing in a luggage-carrier. We left S. J. at 6 A. M. of the 22d, but returned again, to have a blacksmith fix my cousin's bicycle, whose backbone broke at the head; and we spent 1 h. in clambering to the top of the San Juan mtn., about 2 m., with a gale of ice-cold wind in our faces. I coasted down at a terrible rate, going so fast that I seemed to be standing still. My eyes became so bloodshot I could hardly see, when I got to the bottom, and stretched myself out to take the cramp from my neck and fingers. After that, everything was favorable for a fast ride, and we did ride fast, until finally, at a bend in the mountains, the dome of the court house in Salinas came into view. Those last 2 m. seemed the longest of all, but we finished at 6.05 P. M.,—making 98 m. for the 12 h. I did not keep count of the distances between stations, nor of the time spent in rests. I was not at all used up by the ride, and I started a few days later for Monterey, but found such poor roads that I took the train there. I used to wheel the 10 m. drive before breakfast. If I get a ball-bearing bicycle, next year; I mean to do some fast riding."

Philadelphia has a Washington Square and it resembles its more famous namesake of New York in the fact of being bounded on one side by Seventh st.,—"Walnut, Locust and Sixth sts. form its other three borders. It is now well kept, with grass-plots and pretty flowers. Its big trees are historic. The pavement is of flagstones, which are pretty even, though the corners are somewhat sharp. Bicycling within its limits is against the law, but, as my home is hardly a stone's-throw away (281 S. 4th), I often ride there at night after 10 o'clock, and no one ever tries to stop me. About 5 laps make 1 m, and the swiftest hour's ride I ever anywhere took (15 m.) was on the Square, between 9 and 10, P. M., Jan. 2, '85." Such was the answer sent to my enquiry by a rider whose total record (7500 m.) represents incomparably more touring than has been accomplished by any other American not yet 20 years old. This is W. B. Page (b. Feb. 23, 1866), a student in the class of '87 at the Univ. of Penn., whose recent athletic exploits are matters of record in the "*Clipper* Almanac." Chief of these was the "running high jump of 6 ft. ½ in. (5½ in. higher than his own head), which ranks as the third best in the world." His bent for out-door life seems hereditary, as his father, S. Davis Page, was an enthusiastic rowing man at Yale, and executive chief of the boat club during the year of his graduation ('59), when the first crew was trained that ever defeated Harvard. The son is methodically minded, and (as becomes a dweller near Washington Square, whose wheeling ideal is like my own, "a continuous straightaway trail through unexplored country") has kept accurate memoranda of his travels. No other contributor to this book has prepared so systematic and complete a story concerning so many miles of roadway, and I regret the need of omitting from it a number of interesting details: "It was in '79 that I bought a little bone-shaker, and taught myself how to ride, in Washington Square. I took it with me to the Shenandoah Valley, where I spent the next two summers, and rode it 400 m. there in '80 and 370 m. in '81. My best record was 12 m. in 1 h., Winchester to Millwood, racing with a horse which I kept ahead of until the last 400 yds., when he drew past. In May, '82, I bought a 52 in. Standard Columbia (No. 5730), and it now leans against the wall where I write, looking not much the worse for wear, though I 've pushed it 6681 m., in 7 different States. It is a painted machine, whose bright parts I always keep clean and free from rust, and I hope to make it see me through many more summer tours. I think its present tire, which has a two years' record of 3897 m., will last another season. The first tire I discarded at the end of '83, when its record was 2784 m. Outside of the long vacation tours in summer, my mileage does not amount to much, as I do no racing and cannot often leave my university studies to get out for a long run. I train for jumping, during such leisure as I have in the spring; but I think my success at this is in no small degree due to my indirect training on the wheel. My touring costume consists of gray shirt and breeches (without underclothes), dark stockings, stout shoes, and a white helmet with a streamer that extends 8 or 10 in. back of my head. In my bag, I carry a complete cycling suit of dark blue, white flannel

shirt, polo cap, pair of pumps, underclothing and toilet articles,—the whole weighing 15 lbs. or more. The bag is of my own construction,—18 in. long by 6 in. deep, and tapering in breadth from 10 in. at the top to 6 at the bottom, with the tool-case slung below. In order to clear all this, I have to vault into the saddle, but I account that the quickest and therefore the best way of mounting while on a tour, no matter what the surface of the road may be. As I enjoy fine scenery, I plan my routes to include as much of it as possible; and as I am of sociable disposition, I also endeavor to visit a goodly number of summer resorts. The outfit in my bag allows me to make a presentable appearance in a hotel-parlor or dancing-hall, and at the same time get my riding clothes washed for the next day. My lamp is a large size 'King of the Road.'

"I spent the summer of '82 at Winchester, the same as the two previous ones; and while there wheeled to Lexington and back (three days each way, with a week's visit to friends between), a round trip of 290 m., which was not bad for a boy of 16. My other riding amounted to 750 m., making the year's mileage 1040. The first day of my tour ended at Newmarket, 50 m. in 12 h. (8 h. of riding), and the second at Staunton, 44. m. The 36 m. thence to Lexington is a rough and hilly stretch which had never before been traversed by bicycle; but the last 18 m., from Midway, is partly mac., and I got over it easily in 3 h. My remark to that effect was twisted by some one into a declaration that I rode from S. itself in 3 h.; and a trio of Washington riders who came over the ground a month later denounced me in their report in the *Wheelman* for making so preposterous a claim (see p. 349 for quoted allusion to 'a cycling Ananias'). As they also expressed surprise that such a prodigious tourist should 'have to be carried to the Natural Bridge in a wagon,' I may as well mention the fact that I walked to it from L. and back again in a single day (a round trip of 30 m.), not taking my wheel on account of the mud; and that I covered the last 6 m. in 1 h. 10 min., which rate of speed I hardly think any of the trio would have improved upon, as they preferred to take train from the Bridge back to Staunton. I might well have returned by train also, for I had a wretched day's tug back from L to S., through the rain-soaked clay, walking all but 2 m. near Fairfield. In 1883, my touring was somewhat longer,—the outward trip to Capon Springs, 242 m., beginning July 6, and the homeward trip of 172½ m. beginning at Winchester, Sept 7. Between times, I rode 302 m. in Virginia (90 m. by lamp); and my home wheeling was 879 m for the first ½ and 152½ m. for the last ½ of the year; so that my total mileage for '83 was 1748. The first day, July 6, I wheeled 40 m. to Coatesville; and on the 7th, though rain fell all day, I might have got to Lancaster by keeping to the pike, but I tried the muddy Valley road, and had to stop at the Gap, 12 m. On the 8th, I went 17½ m. for breakfast at L.; 24 m. for a late dinner at York at 6 P. M., and then 18½ m. to New Oxford,—the final half by lamp. On the 9th, I was 2 h. in doing 10 m. of poor road to Gettysburg; then from 4 to 6 P. M. on the next 10 m to the foot of the Blue Ridge, which I wheeled up for 3½ m. with less trouble than I descended to Fayetteville,—though I made no dismount for that final 10 m. of perfectly strange road except to light my lamp on the summit. On the 10th, by 6 m. of limestone pike to Chambersburg (p. 344) and 11 m. of mud road to Greencastle. On the 11th, in 1½ h. to Williamsport, 14 m., with only one dismount; the next 14 m. to Martinsburg in 1¾ h.; and Winchester, 22 m., at 6 P. M., though I took the wrong road for 4 m. out of M. A few days after this, I wheeled to Capon Springs and back, a round trip of 58 m., of which the first 12 m. on the Romney pike was good, and the last 11 m., beyond Rock Erin Springs, was very bad. I was the first man to push a bicycle through to either place. Lighting my lamp at Winchester at 3 A. M. of Sept. 7, I passed Martinsburg at 5.15, and halted 50 min. for breakfast at Williamsport (36 m.) at 7.50; then through Hagerstown (6 m.), Greencastle (12 m., partly bad clay) and Marion to Chambersburg (11 m.) for dinner at 1.30; then a tough pull over the mountains for 26 m. to Gettysburg, 3 to 7.45 P. M., for supper; finally, by lamp, 7.45 to 9.20, across a wretched road, to New Oxford (Eagle Hotel)—with a total straightaway mileage of 101, to represent 14 h. of riding. During next two days, I wheeled 42½ m. to Lancaster, and then 29 m. from Coatesville to Bryn Mawr,—the constant downpour forcing me to take cars for the intermediate distances.

"In 1884, my outward trip, July 2-22, led to Pittsburg (the first one ever taken from end to end of Pennsylvania) and thence to Winchester, 553 m.; my homeward trip, Sept. 9-13,

was 231½ m.; and between the two I rode 665 m. in Virginia,—making 1399½ for the vacation. As I rode 546 m. for the first ½ of the year and 176½ m. for the last ½, my total mileage for '84 was 2122. The dates and lodging-places of my Pittsburg tour, with hours of actual travel, were as follows: July 2, 6.15 A. M. to 5.50 P. M., Paradise, 57½ m., 8½ h.; 3d, 4.35 A. M. to 7.25 P. M., Duncannon, 65¾ m., 10½ h.; 4th, 5.20 A. M. to 4 P M., canal lock near Lewiston Narrows, 40 m., 7½ h.; 5th, 5.20 to 7.50 A. M., Lewiston, 9 m.; 6th, 3 to 6.45 P. M., Allenville, 22 m.; 7th, 4 A. M. to 3.10 P. M., Altoona, 50 m., 9 h. (I then took train 15 m. to Cresson Springs, in order to enjoy from the car-windows the fine scenery of the Horse Shoe Curve, which I should have missed if I had wheeled along the Portage road, though this is easily ridable); 8th, 1 to 6.20 P. M., Johnstown, 29 m., 4½ h.; 9th, 12.30 to 6.35 P M., Blairsville, 28¼ m., 5 h.; 10th, 4.55 A. M. to 1.45 P. M., Pittsburg (Monongahela House), 38 m., 8 h. This total of 339¼ m. in crossing the State really represents but 6 days of riding. I resumed my journey July 12, 2.15 to 7 P. M., Washington, 34 m.; 13th, 2.50 to 7.20 P. M., Brownsville, 24 m. (by Old National Pike, still well kept and having huge iron m. posts, 6 ft. high, at 3 m. intervals); 14th, 5.30 A. M. to 1 P. M., Connellsville, 25¾ m. (where, as the road which I 'd been told was 'good for 22 m.,' was in fact closed, I took train to Somerset, though I might easily have wheeled there by the other route from Uniontown); 15th, 9.30 A. M. to 6.50 P. M., Bedford, 40 m., 7 h.; 16th, Bedford Springs, 2m., ½ h.; 17th, 9.45 A M. to 6.30 P. M., Werefordsburg, 40 m., 7 h.; 18th, 8.50 A. M. to 12.45 P M., Berkeley Springs, 10 m , 1 h. (last 6 m., from the Potomac, opp. Hancock, fine riding; see p. 239); 21st, 1 to 8.30 P. M., farm-house 5 m. beyond Pughtown, 34 m., 6 h.; 22d, Winchester, 4 m. in ½ h. at 6.45 A. M. This made 553 m. from Phila., and represented between 10 and 11 full riding days, about which I now add a few details. On July 3, fine riding without dismount, Lancaster to Mountjoy, 12 m.; rough and mountainous to Middletown, 15 m.; good surface and scenery along the river to Harrisburg, 9 m., and Dauphin, 9 m., where I t. r. over the mountains, crossed the river at Clark's Ferry, 8 m., and then went down it to Duncannon. Good, but mountainous road led on 4th to Newport, 16 m., where I crossed the Juniata, and rode up it on fine surface for 5 m.; took tow-path, 15 m. beyond, to get through the Lewiston Narrows, but found it in wretched condition, on account of overflows; was forced by rain storm to spend the night in a lock-house, and took 3 headers into the canal, next morning, after which I walked 8 m. to L., and waited during the day for my clothes to be washed. I also bent a pedal-pin by a fall. Mountain-climbing, through fine scenery, was the rule on the 7th, when I walked 2 m. up Bald Eagle mtn., the steepest grade of the tour, and then down again; and my route on the 8th was mostly traversed on foot, with mistaken detour, and nothing to eat. Walking was again needed on the 9th, though there were some ridable stretches of cinders along the r. r., and 4½ m. of fair tow-path; but the fine scenery of the Pack Saddle on the Conemaugh, where the rushing river makes the mountains resound with a perpetual roar, well repaid the long tramp on rough ballast. The grandest scenery of the tour was at the summit of the Alleghanies, where I spent 2 h. at midday on the 15th, and afterwards, in descending, was hindered somewhat by showers. On the 17th, from Bedford to Everett, 8 m., and Clearville, 9 m., I found good surface (last stretch mountainous), but broke a pedal-pin, which I at once replaced by a new one; and afterwards cracked my handle-bar and knocked my rear wheel out of true, —these mishaps being caused by the working loose of my bag, which gave me two bad headers. Noble views are to be had from the tower on the mountain-top at Berkeley Springs, and also from various points on the trail which I followed thence through the mountains, on the 21st, to Pughtown,—riding through many small creeks, and one deep one, some 40 yds. wide, without a fall. After the first 8 m. of ridable clay, much of this road led through heavy forests and uninhabited fields, and where its middle was not overgrown with grass the big stones were abundant. My bed that night consisted of six chairs in a farmer's kitchen." (See p. 244 for account of W. W. Darnell's 1000 m. tour of '83, whose route coincided in parts with this one.)

"The longest day's rides included in the 665 m. recorded during my stay at W. were round-trips to Harper's Ferry, 52 m.; Martinsburg, 44 m.; Upperville (twice over the Blue Ridge), 50 m., Rock Enon Springs, 36 m., and Capon Springs, which latter I will describe in detail. Starting at 7.45 A. M., I found the Romney pike good mac. for 5 m. to Round hill, where it

changes to red slate, also fine, and I coasted down the w. slope of Little North mtn. through fine scenery. The creek which I forded 6 times in the 12 m. from W. to the cross-roads (1 h.) was not stony, and gave slight trouble, but I had to ford it later, on foot, at 8 different places. At the cross-roads I t. l., and found fine surface for 4 m. and then rather sandy to the fork, 1¼ m., where I t. r., by direction of guide-board, and found 2 m. more of good riding, and afterwards a direct road, along steep and stony ridges, where the scenery compensated for the walking and the forests supplied pleasant shade, to Capon Springs, at noon. If I had t. l. at the fork and gone ¾ m. over the ridge, I should have reached Rock Enon Springs; and I returned in 1½ h. from that fork to Winchester, 17½ m., whereof the last 12 m. was done without dismount, though mostly up-grade. On Sept. 9, I left W. at 2.10 A. M. and reached the National Hotel in Washington at 5 P. M., 76 m. in 11¾ h. of the hottest day in the year. I had nearly a full moon, but my lamp helped where trees made deep shade. At 4 m. I forded the Opequon on foot; passed Berryville (6 m.) at 3.30, and at 4 got to Candleman's Ferry, 4½ m., where I had 20 min. delay in being poled across the Shenandoah (see p. 383); then climbed the steep Blue Ridge, and at 6.25 got to Round Hill p. o., whence the road was good for 12 m. through Purcellville and Hamilton to Leesburg at 8.30, where stopped 1 h. for breakfast; crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, at 10.30, and had dirt road thence for 17 m. to Great Falls of the Potomac (dinner 1.30 to 2.30); then went by Cabin John's Bridge and Georgetown to the finish at 5. Two days later, I wheeled to the Soldiers' Home, Brightwood, Colesville and Ashton, 22 m. (3.15 to 6.30 P. M.), and was well cared for over night at Mr. Stabler's (p. 376). Starting at 7 A. M. on the 12th, in a light rain, I walked on a muddy and up-hill road most of the way to Clarksville, reached Ellicott City, 15 m. on, at 9.50, and Baltimore, 9 m., at 12.20, and by a wretched and mostly unridable road to a private house in Abington, at 6.10 P. M., with a day's record of 50 m. On the 13th, I found a good clay road through Aberdeen to Havre de Grace, 13 m. in 1¾ h.; crossed the river by train, and then had to walk through 16 m. of heavy sand to Elkton; whence I rode 20½ m. to Wilmington, 2.30 to 5.50 P. M., and took the cars for home.

"In 1885, my touring from July 22 to Sept. 14 amounted to 1166½ m. I only rode 150 m. afterwards, and my mileage for the first ½ of the year (458½ m.) was without mishap, except the occasional breaking of a pedal-pin; but it included 67 m. ridden on snow, and the earliest 15 m. of all (Jan. 2, in Washington Square, 9 to 10 P. M.) was the longest distance I ever covered in 1 h. The record for the year was thus 1775 m., raising my total mileage to 7451, exclusive of what little I wheeled in '79. My tour of '85 led first to the Catskills, thus: July 22, 5 A. M. to 8.15 P. M., Centerville, 69 m., 11¾ h.; 23d, 6 A. M. to 7.15 P. M., Guymard Springs, 60½ m., 7¾ h.; 24th, 4 A. M. to 7.20 P. M., Hyde Park, 58¾ m., 8¾ h.; 25th, 8 A. M. to 8.15 P. M., Catskill Mtns., 43¼ m., 8 h.; 27th, 6.40 A. M. to 7 P. M., 35¾ m., 6¼ h.; 31st, 12 to 6.45 P. M., Delhi, 33 m., 5½ h.; Aug. 1, 5.45 A. M. to 7 P. M., West Coventry, 48 m., 9 h.; 2d, 4 to 8.15 P. M., Lisle, 22 m., 3¾ h.; 3d, 6.10 A. M. to 2 P. M., Ithaca, 33 m., 6 h.; 12th, at Williamsport, 5 m.; 13th, 8.40 A. M. to 7.15 P. M., Berwick, 46½ m., 6¾ h.; 14th, 8.20 A. M. to 4 P. M., Drifton, 24 m., 3¾ h.; 15th to 23d, detours, 28 m.; 24th, 4 to 8 P. M., Tamaqua, 22 m., 2½ h.; 25th, 4 A. M. to 5.30 P. M., Shellsburg, 60 m., 9¼ h.; 26th, 5 A. M. to 5.40 P. M., Chambersburg, 66 m., 9½ h.; 27th, 8.45 A. M. to 4.30 P. M., Martinsburg, 40½ m., 6 h.; 28th, 12.30 A. M. to 11.15 P. M., to Staunton and back to Harrisonburg, 141 m., 18 h.; 29th, 12.30 to 11 P. M., Winchester, 68¼ m., 8 h.; 31st, near W., 39 m.; Sept. 11, 3.20 to 7.30 P. M., Williamsport 37 m., 3¾ h.; 12th, 8.20 A. M. to 7.45 P. M., York, 69¼ m., 9¼ h.; 13th, 2.45 to 7.20 P. M., Paradise, 34 m., 4 h.; 14th, Philadelphia, 57 m., 8 h. (12 h. on the road). Considering the obstacles encountered on my 3¾ days' ride of 231 m. to the Catskills, I think the daily average of 60 m. a good one. At the start, after doing 10 m. to Willow Grove, I went without dismount 12 m. to my first breakfast; and from Pipersville, 10 m., to Bucksville, 7½ m., had a good clay road, well shaded; from Kintnersville, 4 m., had good tow-path to Uhlersville, 6½ m.; beyond Easton, 5 m., the scenery atones for the hilly and sandy river-road. The riding continued generally poor through the Water Gap to Bushkill; whence it was of course fine to Port Jervis; and from there I went on excellent shale 5 m. n., and then t. r. over the valley and up the mountains 1½ m. to Guymard Springs, for my second night. On the 24th, I had a beautiful morning ride for 4 m. down the

mtn., and then 8 m. to Middletown, at 5.40; but, about 6 m. beyond (when I suddenly caught my machine, after making a quick dismount) the backbone, heavily weighted with baggage, swung around against the head with such force as to bend the r. fork half-way through, forcing me to go cautiously to Newburg, 18½ m., where I waited for repairs from 10.30 to 3.45; then crossed the Hudson, and kept along its e. bank to Hyde Park, doing the last 6½ m. from Poughkeepsie in 1 h. without dismount (p. 196). At Rhinebeck, on the 25th, I t. l. for the fine and shady river road which brought me to Germantown, where I was taken across the river in a sail boat, getting caught in a thunderstorm, which made the clay so muddy that I walked the 8 m. to Palenville; whence at sunset I ascended the Kaaterskill Clove (see p. 188), and afterwards viewed the mountains by moonlight (Laurel House). On the 27th, I traversed 36 m. more of mountain roads, through Tannersville and Phœnicia, ending at the Grand Hotel, 2500 ft. above tide-water. About 12 m. before this, a sand rut threw me into a fence and badly bent my wheel, so that I spent 4 h. in taking out and replacing the spokes, to get it into ridable shape; and I waited then till the 31st for the machine to take a trip to Phila. for repairs. I found the last 8 m. to Delhi very good, but, on Aug. 1, walked thence 6 m. up the mtn., and followed the direct road to Franklin, whence good riding was the rule to Unadilla, 10 m., and Bainbridge, 11 m., followed by 9 m. hilly and sandy to West Coventry. On the 2d, obeying my usual Sunday rule, to ride but a few h., towards night,—I went down-grade to Greene, 7 m., and the Triangle, 6 m., whence I t. r. up the creek, out of my course, for the sake of the good road to Lisle. On the 3d, in spite of rains which spoiled the roads, I traversed 31 m. to Ithaca, and was 1 m. beyond it at 5 P. M., on the way to Watkins, when the backbone snapped off close up to the head.

"This was the first serious break my bicycle ever had (record, 5752 m.); so I again shipped it to Philadelphia for repairs. At Williamsport, where I rejoined it on the 12th, the wheels interfered and caused a halt, after 5 m.; and when this was remedied, on the 13th, the fork which was fixed at Newburg gave way, and another repairer made a bad job of it; nevertheless I made 46 m., mostly on hilly and sandy roads. On the 14th, I crossed the Susquehanna; had a steep climb of 4½ m. up the Nescopeck mtn. on the way to Conyngham, and another of 1½ m. up the Bucks mtn.; and found the best riding on the 4 m. stretch of slag and cinders, ending at Drifton; whence, on the 24th a good road took me to Hazleton, in a drizzle of rain, and then, amid fine mountain scenery to Tamaqua. My route from there (see p. 342 for another and longer route from T. to Harrisburg), on 25th, was to Hecla, 8 m.; Orwigsburg, 6 m.; Schuylkill Haven, 4½ m.; whence to Pine Grove, 14 m., I wheeled in 1 h.,—the fastest run of the tour,—along a beautiful valley whose almost level clay road was slightly improved by the morning's rain, while the surface of the next 5 m. to Mifflin was finer yet. I made a mistake in crossing the river here, for I found a very sandy road; and a terrible thunderstorm overtook me at Union Forge, in the gap of Blue mtn., and made such mud that I couldn't ride the down-grade that finished my 60 m. run at Shellsburg. Mud was also a hindrance in getting thence to Harrisburg, 14½ m., for breakfast, on the 26th, but I rode from there to Chambersburg, 51½ m., between 9.30 A. M. and 5.40 P. M. Leaving Martinsburg ½ h. after midnight on the 28th, I reached Fisher's hill, 42 m., at sunrise, though much loose mac. had been spread along the latter half of the distance,—the longest moonlight run of my experience. I breakfasted at Woodstock, 11 m. (7 to 8.30 o'clock), and left my luggage-bag there; then had fine road to Newmarket, 19 m. in 1½ h., and covered the last 14 m. without stop. Harrisonburg, 18½ m., was my dining-place; and I pushed the wheel 25½ m. thence to Staunton, 2.30 to 6 P. M., though new stone had been laid all the way except the first 3 m., and much walking was enforced." [This finished the longest 4 days' straightaway ride yet taken in America (282 m. from Tamaqua), the one ranking next to it being H. J. High's 254 m., from near Staunton to Pottsville, see p. 352. It also finished the longest 3 days' straightaway (222 m. from Chambersburg), the best previous one being H. S. Wood's 215 m., S. to Columbia; see pp. 317,388.] "Resting 10 min., after thus completing 116 m., I turned about and had traversed 8 m. more at 7.15, when I found that the fork, which had been twice badly mended, had again broken loose, from bumping down the stony hills. I wasted ½ h. in the vain effort to make it rigid with wires, and also halted ½ h. for supper at 9. Afterwards, I tried the saddle by short stretches in the moonlight, and stopped for good at

Harrisonburg, at 11.15 P. M. Except for the giving out of my machine, I should have added 20 m. to the 141 traversed, in spite of the loose stones on the pike. At the several hotels where I stopped, I took pains to register my name, with the time of arrival and departure. I devoted the next forenoon to getting my fork mended, and then wheeled 68½ m. to Winchester, at 11 P. M., completing thus 397 m. from Drifton, which I left only 5 days and 7 h. before. My homeward tour from W., Sept. 11-14, was through Gettysburg and Columbia, and should really be called a 3 days' ride. The only mishap of the 197 m. was a broken pedal-pin, which forced me to do 10 m. of one-legged riding, the first afternoon. Previous to '85 I never used a cyclometer, and my experience from its use has disgusted me with them. Mine, I admit, was a bad make (Spalding), but even the fine ones get out of order, and fail to always give good results. On my whole trip of 1166 m. my cyclom. registered only 140 m. You might now ask, how I estimate my distances? I reply, by taking a large map and with a small scale of ¼ m. in a pair of spring dividers measuring the distance before I start on a tour. On the trip, where there are m. posts, I follow their readings; at least I do this on old stage routes, where they can be relied upon. If there are no m. posts and I cannot get the distance any other way, I follow the measurements I found on the map, for I found where I compared the distance by m. posts and the distance by measurements that in 100 m. there was a variation only of ⅛ to ¼ m., and of course the distance by measurements is, if anything, shorter than the actual distance. This is obvious from the fact that the measurements on a map do not allow for the hills. At all events, I think this method is more exact than the cyclom.; for when coasting at a high rate of speed it does not always act but sometimes skips. Of course when I arrive home I always verify the results on the map. My expenses for repairs have so far been about $25; and my average expenses of a summer tour about $75; which is cheap for 1000 m."

As a suitable contrast to this interesting story of what pleasant travels an undergraduate of 19 has been able to take during his summer vacations, I note the case of a fellow-townsman of his, three times as old, the President of the Phila. Local Telegraph Co., Henry Bentley, who in '82 sought relief from business cares by pushing a bicycle home from Saratoga. I believe he has taken numerous shorter tours, and I remember his telling me—at Boston, where he called at my hotel, to wish me success on the Nova Scotia trip—that, in order to avoid the annoyance of "getting into the papers" while thus enjoying his wheel, he was accustomed to register at the hotels by some such name as J. Smith or T. Brown. Another elderly tourist is the Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, who told me—at Chicago, in '82—of some interesting long-distance business which he had been doing in Europe, with his boy, the year before, at the rate of 40 m. a day; but who has not heeded my entreaties that he formulate these and other experiences for insertion in this book. Mr. Bentley has been similarly obdurate in reference to my appeal for statistics, though he "used to write for Greeley's *Tribune*, in his younger days." A tour whose chief object seemed to be "getting into the papers," since the progress of it while it lasted was daily telegraphed back to the *Herald*, was the so-called "New York to Chicago" trip (summer of '79) of Wentworth Rollins, who opened the earliest riding-school in the city, and who seems to have pushed a bicycle up the Hudson a considerable part of the way to Saratoga, where he exhibited it. *Puck* afterwards pounded him with its rhetorical sledge-hammer, for palming off upon the editors a plagiarized poem; and I have a vague recollection that this was in praise of wheeling. Another advertising scheme in the shape of a tour was that of the professional racers, W. M. Woodside and W. J. Morgan, who mounted their wheels, with much pomp and circumstance, in front of the New York City Hall, on May Day, 1884, at 1 P. M., with the avowed intention of pushing them to San Francisco. They spent that night in New Brunswick, and got to Phila., 94 m., at 8.35 P. M. of the 2d. Canton, 72 m., was reached on the 5th and Washington on the 9th, when the idea was abandoned, as having "no money in it,"—the plan of raising funds by hall exhibitions proving an entire failure. I myself soon afterwards took a 5 days' ride, N. Y. to W., and, in a talk there with the first-named tourist, learned that in May, '82, he rode straightaway in Ireland, 90 m. in 8 h., Port Rush to Belfast, with only two stops,—the final stretch being 58 m. without dismount. He also said he had stayed in the saddle for 162 m., in a race at Chicago.

At about the close of '84, a news-note was widely circulated saying: "George P. Bastian, of Brentwood, Cal., intends to drive his bicycle to N. Y., and then home by way of Texas and Mexico;" but he has not yet made the attempt, nor replied to my enquiry as to whether he intended to attempt it. I have been similarly unable to extort any details from the trio who were thus mentioned in the *Bi. World*, Sept. 25, '85: "Myers, Fleming and Matthews, of the Penn City Wheelmen, have just returned from a tour which begun July 1. They covered nearly 2000 m., and went through Penn., Md., W. Va., Va., O., Can., N. Y., Mass., R. I., Conn. and N. J." (see p. 245). Another unauthenticated paragraph, afloat in the papers (Nov., '85) concerned a "business tour in southern Ohio, which will probably amount to 2000 m.," taken by W. A. App, of the Cleveland Post Office. Some 700 m. of autumn touring in Kansas was minutely described by "Adol Escens" in the *L. A. W. Bulletin* (Nov. 20, '85, and following weeks), showing the enjoyment which the bicycle incidentally brought to Frank S. Ray, while traveling to take orders for the business house in Kansas City which employs him. A spring tour of the New Orleans B. C., "straightaway to Boston, to attend the League meet of '86," with A. M. Hill and S. M. Patton as chief promoters, is announced in January as likely to attract a half-dozen riders. This was perhaps inspired by the reports of an '85 journey taken by three other Southerners, J. H. Polhill, of Macon, Ga., Wm. Maxwell, of Charlotte, N. C., and Frank Steffner, of Asheville, N. C. The latter kept a diary of the tour, but declined to supply therefrom the details of Southern roads, which I requested for publication, unless I would pay him with a copy of this book. I therefore present the following, from the *Wheel* of Aug. 28, which gave a column report of an interview with the trio, who seem to have reached N. Y. on the 24th, and to have rested there a week before wheeling to the Springfield tournament, the objective point of their trip: "P. left Macon July 5; was joined next day by M., and the two met S. at Nashville, Aug. 1. Much of their route led through a country where people had never before seen a bicycle; and in the Kentucky mountains they were suspected of being government detectives, on the search for illicit whisky-stills. They took an easy pace at morning and evening, and rested under the trees at midday; but on one occasion they covered 95 m. in 9 h." They probably struck the Shenandoah pike near Staunton, for a Philadelphia paper alluded to them as "the first bicyclers who have crossed the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge,"—though my book records that several other riders had previously done this.

New Hampshire's representative tourist seems to be Moses Sheriff (b. Sept. 17, '57), Capt. of the Manchester B. C., who is employed at the Print Works there, and who rode thence to Three Rivers and back, 698 m. (July 6 to Aug. 9, '84), his longest day being 67 m. and his shortest 45 m. His mileage, as recorded by Butcher cyclom., on a 54 in. Rudge roadster, from the first of '83 to Aug. 29, '85 (when I took notes of a talk with him), was 3795; and he thought it probable that the 50 in. Standard Columbia, used in '81 and '82, had served for about 1500 m. each year. His route followed the Concord r. r., along the Merrimac river to White River Junction, about 75 m., sandy and hilly; fair riding then to Montpelier and Milton, followed by 6 m. of sand; level along the shore of Lake Champlain, with many smooth stretches, to St. Albans and St. Armand, where he entered the Province of Quebec. Through St. Johns and Sharington, he reached the St. Lawrence and found good riding along it for 10 m. to St. Lambert (opp. Montreal), and to Three Rivers, where he crossed over and returned to M. on the n. w. shore without any trouble. Retracing his outward course as far as W. R. Junction, he went thence homeward through Newport and North Weare, and found much better roads than along the Merrimac. Previous to this, his longest tour had been from Manchester to Boston and back (110 m.), Sunday, July 19, '82, 3 A. M. to 8 P. M., during which his rests amounted to only 1¼ h. The poorest part of the road is from M. to Nashua, 19 m., and it improves thence to Lowell, 14 m. and all the way to B. The road from M. to Portsmouth is poor for 20 m. and then good for 30 m. He wheeled 61 m. through Nashua and Fitchburg to West Gardner, Aug. 23, '85, and found last 40 m. fair riding; thence, on 24th, 39 m., rather rough and hilly, to Greenfield, where he took train through the tunnel, and on the 26th, wheeled from North Adams, through Pittsfield to Chatham, 48½ m. of good surface; 27th, down the Hudson to Cold Spring, 78 m.; and 28th, to N. Y., 55 m.,—a total of 281 for five days. He intended to complete a circuit of 500 m.

The tourist who has best combined business with pleasure, by wheeling over the longest stretches of American roadway while in the discharge of his appointed duties, is Edward R. Drew (b. 1851), who became a rider in Nov., '79, and has been employed pretty steadily since then by the Pope Mfg. Co., to establish hundreds of agencies for the sale of their machines, and, incidentally, to paint the monster signs which proclaim "Columbia Bicycles" to the train-passengers near large cities. His first road-ride was in March, '80, on a 48 in. wheel, from Albany to Buffalo; then Niagara to Cleveland; Toledo to Ann Arbor; Jackson; Lansing; Chicago; Indianapolis; Milwaukee to Oconomowoc and the lakes; Chicago to Joliet, Bloomington, Peoria, Springfield, Alton and St. Louis (Aug. and Sept.); train to Indianapolis; thence by wheel to Lima, Bellefontaine, Springfield, Dayton, Hamilton and Cincinnati; afterwards to Xenia and Urbana; total, 2800 m. In '81, he rode 3600; '82, 4000; '83, 5960,—making his mileage for the four years 16,260. New Orleans and Chattanooga were visited in '82; and his route of '83 began at N. Y., May 30, and extended during 3 months through 8 States as follows: "Morristown, Port Jervis, Del. Water Gap, Scranton (thence by gravity r. r. to Honesdale), Binghamton, Elmira, Corning, Batavia, Rochester, Lockport, Niagara, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Oberlin, Medina, Akron, Cleveland, Akron, Massillon, Canton, Columbus, Springfield, Urbana, Bellefontaine, Sidney, Springfield, Columbus (also S. to C. by train), Springfield, Cincinnati, Mt. Vernon, Louisville, Lexington, Maysville, Xenia, Newark, Wheeling (train to N. Y., about Sept. 1), New Haven, Hartford and Springfield." I extorted these statistics from him on a hot May afternoon in '84, while we rested by the road-side, a few miles out of Washington, before spinning back again towards the great white dome. I think a threatened shower was what induced me to postpone my enquiries as to his routes of '81 and '82; and perhaps the rain and heat combined to destroy his recollection of the agreement about copying from his log-books, for my benefit, the exact details of his four years' riding. At all events, no such record has ever reached me; and, in lack of it, I am forced to offer this entirely inadequate account of a man, who has the materials for telling a very long and interesting story about the roads he has got acquainted with in wheeling 20,000 m. on a bicycle. I hope he may have the story ready for insertion in "My Second Ten Thousand"! Meanwhile, I present his testimony that the roads of Ohio—which he has perhaps tried more thoroughly than any one else—are of more than average excellence; also the testimony of his friends that he has a more than average faculty for forcing the bicycle to serve as baggage-carrier. Loading it down with a photographer's camera, paint-pots and other bulky trappings, he will drive it along as unconcernedly as an ordinary man will drive an unencumbered machine. I believe his only serious accident (an injury to the wrist, early in '85) resulted from slipping on the ice while thus laden. In the routes given, a semi-colon signifies a brief resort to the cars; otherwise, his wheeling was continuous.

Will P. Cramer (b. Apr. 13, 1863), League consul at Albia, Ia., engaged in a good deal of long-distance bicycling in '85, starting out for the West, June 28, with a goods-wagon, which he employed another young man to drive, while he himself generally went ahead on the bi., and took advance orders for the goods. In case of bad roads or weather, the wagon supplied him with transportation. I omit, for lack of space, the story of his earlier travels, and give only the conclusion of them, when his 56 in. Columbia made a long straightaway trail, at a very rapid rate, thus: McCook, Neb., Aug. 12 at 9 A. M., to Denver, Col., Aug. 14 at 10.45 A. M., the r. r. distance being 255 m., and the route actually traversed being somewhat shorter, though he carried no cyclom. His report to me, Jan. 6, '85, says: "From Culbertson, 12 m. out, I found good roads for 22 m. to Stratton (dinner); and between 12.45 and 6.35 P. M., I wheeled from S. through Benkleman, 19 m., Haigler, 21 m., and Laird, 9 m., to Wray, 7 m.,—making 89 m. for the day. I had to go through some cañons, but did n't strike any but what I could ride up, by taking a good run. In fact, all the going was good. On the 13th, I finished breakfast in time to start at 6.30; passed through Eckley, 15 m., and at 11.30 stopped 1 h. for dinner at Akron, 19 m.; then went through Pinneo, 13 m., Brush, 11 m., Ft. Morgan, 10 m., to Roggen, 32 m., at about 5.30, making 119 m. for the day. On the 14th, I started at 6 and rode to Hudson, 17 m. in 1½ h., for breakfast; then went through Barr, 8 m., and reached Denver at 10.45. On the 18th, I started out, along the Union Pacific r. r. up the Platte (a very fine road), and took it easily to Buffalo, 40 m."

XXXI.

STATISTICS FROM THE VETERANS.

BASHFULNESS has been defined as "vanity turned wrong-side-out," or a sort of mental awkwardness resulting from the belief that one's little errors and defects of behavior are closely observed by others. In fact, however, not much philosophy is needed to convince a man that the self-absorption of those others prevents them from noticing his faults, just as inevitably as it prevents them from recognizing his merits. They have no energy to waste in keeping a careful watch upon any one who is not of extraordinary consequence. To assume their disapproval, therefore, is hardly more modest than to assume their approval; for the basis of each assumption must needs be the notion that one's presence is of that exceptional importance which has power to stir them from their usual unobservant attitude of profound indifference. My object in mentioning these things is to make clear what I mean by the theory that the admitted difficulty of procuring personal statistics is probably due to the fact that most men are either boastful or bashful. The former hate to lay aside the long-bow for the pen, and to reduce their glittering generalities to exact statements, with dates and details, which may be investigated. The bashful men, on the other hand, hate to publish the simplest facts about themselves, out of dread lest the act be taken for boastfulness. They are afraid that the whole world will halt from its customary business, in order to point the finger of scorn at them for presuming to put on record such personal details as might, in the case of a very famous man, attract the whole world's interest. It is hard to disabuse them of this silly notion, and to make them realize that the interest of statistics is a purely scientific and impersonal one. It is *because* they are of no possible account, as individual atoms, to the world at large, that their stories, when grouped together, make an interesting aggregate which is of value to the world. However little we may care for the doings of "an average man," as such, "*the* average man" is a personage who claims some share of the sympathy of all of us; and it is the function of personal statistics to help define and materialize him. When I ask John Smith, and Tom Brown, and all the rest, to let me print their birthdays alongside their wheeling records, it is not from a belief that these dates have any personal interest outside the small circle of each man's acquaintance; but because of their statistical value, when aggregated, in helping determine the average age at which a man is most active on the wheel.

It would not be strictly true for me to say that I have spent more time and energy in persuading thirty cyclers to prepare for this book brief and un-

obtrusive statements-of-fact about themselves, than in persuading thirty hundred of them to subscribe for the book; neither will I declare that a general invitation for wheelmen to call at my chambers, in order to have their front teeth knocked out for my amusement, would have brought more responses than my general appeals for the aforesaid statements-of-fact; but these exaggerated comparisons will give a not inaccurate idea of the difficulties I have encountered in securing such autobiographies as the book contains. I plainly announce, therefore, that none of my contributors belong to the boastful class; and I also regretfully add (to save the space that would be required for printing all their self-deprecatory remarks) that many of them belong to the bashful class. Hence, it would be an act of wanton injustice for the reader to censure any of these men as "thrusting themselves forward"; since most of them have in fact consented to be dragged forward only because they saw no other way of putting an end to my persistent clamor for their "lives." Let him understand, too, that I assume direct responsibility for any faults of expression which may appear in these narratives, while I freely accredit to each apparent narrator any literary merits which his story may be thought to possess. Wherever I could easily save space by changing or condensing the language, I have done so; and if I have thus put into any man's mouth words which he would prefer not to be accredited with, his disclaimer of having written them should be accepted without question, in spite of the evidence of the printed page. I give most of these reports in the first person, for the sake of brevity, and I interpolate no ideas of my own, but I do not pretend to adhere inflexibly to the original text. I hope each contributor may find I have quoted his thought with essential correctness, even when I make my widest departures from literal accuracy.

Charles E. Pratt (b. March 13, 1845) deserves earliest mention, as the chief organizer of American cycling, as the first authoritative writer about it, and as the uniformly dignified defender of its rights and its respectability against the encroachments of the ignorant and the ridicule of the light-minded. He graduated at Haverford College in '70, and is now, as for some years past, at the head of the law and patent department of the Pope Mfg. Co., as attorney and counselor. A fairly good portrait of him appeared in the *Wheel* (Dec. 21, '81) accompanied by brief biography. He first mounted the bi. in Jan., '78, at the riding-school of Cunningham, Heath & Co.; took his first road-ride March 1, and covered 1000 m. that year; in '79 his mileage was 1500, and in the six years since then it has been represented by smaller figures as follows: 900, 1300, 600, 500, 200, and 30,—a total of 6080. His successive machines have been Tension 46, Harvard 48, Carver 50, Special Columbia 50, Standard Columbia 48 and Expert 50, and he has also ridden Excelsior, Royal Salvo and Columbia tricycles. He has ridden in all the N. E. States except Vt.; also in N. Y., Pa. and D. C.; and has probably covered 2000 m. of different roads; longest day's ride, 60 m. "The first American bicycle tour" (Boston to Portland; four days in Aug., '79) was taken by him in company with E. W. Pope and W. S. Slocum; and when the report which he printed of it, with that title, in the *Bi. World* (March 11, '81, p. 275), was challenged by W. E. Gilman, in behalf of himself and a friend, who had taken their bicycles through the White Mtns. at an earlier date, the fact was pointed out that they were the retinue of a touring party in carriages rather than bicycle explorers pure and simple. Much earlier than this, however (May, '78), Mr. P. took a two days' tour of 60 m., in exploring the roads of Mass. He planned and commanded the "Wheel Around the Hub,"

Sept. 11-12, '79 (see p. 26), and his description of it, handsomely illustrated, in *Scribner's* (Feb., '80), was the first specimen of cycling literature which attracted much attention from the general public. It was reproduced in the *Wheelman* afterwards. From his letter to me (Jan. 9, '86; hastily written in response to my threat that I should destroy him with dynamite unless he forthwith contributed something for this chapter), I extract the following: "My help to the cause of cycling has been given in these ways: (1) As a member of the Boston city government, I was able to do, and did do, more than any one else, to save the rights of wheelmen in that city, and throughout the State of Mass.; and also, by instituting the '4th of July bi. races' under city auspices, to give racing a hold on the support of the substantial classes in the community. (2) As author of 'The American Bicycler' I gave a ready source of information to writers in the public press, who not only resorted to it for facts but also took from it their tone of writing seriously about the subject. The book, furthermore, was the direct means of making many professional and elderly men adopt the bicycle. I began it in the autumn of '78 and finished in the spring of '79, though I can't tell how many solid hours I spent upon it. Houghton, Osgood & Co. issued the first edition (2000 copies at $1) and I netted $97.50 from the sale of these; while from the 2d ed. (3000 copies at 50 c.) I received $100. Both issues were cloth-bound and are now out of print. (3) I proposed and promoted the League of American Wheelmen; drew its constitution; served as its first president for nearly two years; and have done active work for it ever since. I am still an active member and officer of it, but not of any club; though I was for four years president of the Boston B. C., and am now an honorary member of the Mass. B. C., the N. Y. B. C., and the Montreal B. C. (4) I founded the *Bicycling World* and labored with it, till the end of my editorship, in Feb., '81, as no other editor has done since. I was midwife for the *Wheelman*, in Sept., '82, and one of its staff until the change was made into *Outing*, which I then served as editor for about a year. For these and other mediums, I have probably written as much in relation to bicycling as any one. (5) My legal opinions on the rights of wheelmen—the chief of which was printed in the *Bi. World* (May 6, '81, p. 409) and condensed thence for the L. A. W. circular—have been in constant requisition and use; have never been controverted, but always sustained; and have thus been helpful to the cause. As for the diminution in my wheeling for the last three years, it is accounted for by increased absorption in work, and by the fact that my place of habitation is not favorable to the use of the wheel between it and my office. Ill-health in '85, and a resort to yachting during such leisure as I had, reduced my record for that year to 30 m., but I expect to ride much more in '86."

A veteran wheelman in a double sense is Joseph G. Dalton (b. Feb. 8, 1828), who prepared at my request the following story (*Wheel*, Aug. 15, '84): "I was one of the three who were the earliest in using the English modern bicycle, on its real advent in this country at Boston in the summer or fall of '77. Col. Pope at the same time was trying, with an English friend, a mostly wooden imitation. Several young mechanics in this city had for a year or two been using similar machines made of wood or iron, after the improved pattern, and there had been a few *sporadic* cases of true bicycle, on the race track and the stage, in New York and elsewhere. The Centennial exposition at Philadelphia contained a number of imported bicycles, exhibited by Lawford & Timms. Having learned the art of balance on that sort of two-wheeler which now bears only an opprobrious name, I borrowed one of the new kind, a Paragon, and on Sept. 19, '77, took my first ride at once upon the road. Though a 48-in. wheel, it had a seat as high as that of a 52-in. now, and was dangerously upright and top-heavy. After riding it 190 m. in about two months, I sold it for the owners (out of regard for my bones). In Dec. I got an Ariel, 46-in., from the same parties, and rode it to the end of the year, about 260 m. I used the same during the first ½ of '78, when I received 6 more machines from the firm under an arrangement to sell them also. These were among the first bicycles sold in this country. I also assisted in nursing the infant cult, by editorial and other writing in the city papers, and in F. W. Weston's eccentric but valuable *Bicycling Journal*; and was joined with him and a dozen others in launching the first club, a craft that still shows the rosy tint on her prow, but 'tis more the healthy hue of prosperity, than of vinous origin. For the rest of that year, and to the last of April, '79, I rode a 48-in. Ariel, that make having a bar and tension-rods inside the wheel, by

which the hub could be turned and all the spokes tightened at once. I then bought a light roadster, Club 50-in., which I rode until Oct., '82. Since then I have used an Xtraordinary, safety machine, 52-in., the first I have had which ran on anything better than roller or cone bearings. This kind I think is in most respects the best for such riders as myself, though it is not made light enough for men of less than 130 lbs.—in my case nearly 10 lbs. less. I have adopted this form for good and all; in the words of a rhymster:

'Let speed prevail, and records lower; but Safety be my choice of goer.'

"I object to these long-distance fellows who sweep over many lands, and measure off, in 4 or 5 years, leagues enough to girdle the globe. They seem to want the earth, as the saying is. To travel about the length of its diameter in 6 years is the more proper thing. After about 2200 m. on the old, heavy, and high-built machines, I rode the Club nearly 4500 m., and the Xtra, up to date, about 2000 m. It was more than a year before I could rightly mount or dismount, and my falls for two or three years were numerous and various, by the combined faults of machines and rider, but resulted in no hurt worse than a sprain. My riding has been wholly for exercise, to relieve occupations mainly sedentary; it has been done mostly near Boston, reaching only as far as Worcester in one direction, and Gloucester in another; making 45 to 50 m. a day two or three times, and longest tour 80 m.; have used a cyclometer but little, and reckoned my mileage by the known length of familiar routes, or often by estimating at the moderate rate of 5 to 5½ m. an hour for the time out, including stops. The yearly distances are: 1878, 1540; '79, 1515; '80, 1465; '81, 980; '82, 1135; '83, 1165. Add 450 m. for '77, and 445 m. for '84 to Aug. 1, and my total is 8695 m." He added 465 m. to this before the year ended (910); and his 919 m. of '85 was thus distributed: Jan., 19; Mar., 28; Apr., 116; May, 149; June, 45; July, 30; Aug., 154; Sept., 179; Oct., 110; Nov., 79; Dec., 10,—making the total for 9 years 10,079 m. His "Lyra Bicyclica: Forty Poets on the Wheel" (Oct., '80; ed. 500) was the earliest book of cycling verses issued in this country. The second edition appeared in March, '85, enlarged to 160 pp., with the amended title of "Sixty Poets." It is bound in cloth, and may be had by mailing a postal-note for 75 c. to the author, at the house of the Boston B. C., 87 Boylston st. His advertisement thus describes it: "A phenomenal series of high flights and carols in comic verse. To voice the cycling spirit in the best manner from many points of view, his Super-parodic method is applied at last to all available material from the whole range of poetry. There is also a pyrotechnic and kaleidoscopic variety of other song in many measures, mostly turning upon the Wheel, and in its own steely and tonic style, by the laureate bird of cycling, eagle, lark and chanticleer in one! Rare as it is to see anything really NEW in the field of poetry, occupied for ages by the finest wits of the world, it is found in this book, which is quite without a parallel in its plan and leading features. *Eripuit musæ ignem, carmenque canenti.*"

Hardly five years younger than the Boston poet is the Michigan journalist, L. J. Bates (b. Sept. 24, 1832), who assumed the editorship of the *Lansing Republican*, in Jan., '86, after about 20 years' connection with the *Post and Tribune* at Detroit. He is one of the few trained writers that have contributed to the cycling press,—his signature as "President Bates" being familiar to all, and his style being sufficiently marked to fix the authorship of even the shorter pieces which are signed "B." His report to me is as follows (Dec. 12, '85): "My birthplace was Hunter, a little village in the Catskill section of the Hudson Valley. I was married at Grand Rapids, Aug. 18, 1860, to Miss Jenny L. Tracy, and have two children, a daughter and a son. I am now 53, but can keep up with any kind of a procession on wheels, and have as much fun as any of the crowd. I was the earliest bicycler in Michigan; received my Columbia March 21, '79, and struggled with it in the back-alley for a week before learning to mount, as I 'd never watched any one else perform that act; but when I did at last mount and ride through the alley, I went around the entire block on the street; and I 've ridden about every fair day since. This was on March 29 [the self-same day that the author of this book learned to ride at Boston; see p. 25], and on Sept. 2, I organized the Detroit B. C., the first in the State, with 8 members, and was elected president. Each year since then I 've been unanimously re-elected, in spite of my protest, except in '84, when I positively refused to serve.

My wheeling amounted to over 2000 m. during 6 months of summer and autumn, the only year I ever kept a record. My annual total must be large,—never less than 2000 to 3000 m.—and in '84 I guess it was 3500. I ride about 10 m. a day,—going to and from my office thus on almost every possible day,—and there are not more than 6 to 12 weeks in the year when weather prevents my riding. My present 50 in. Expert has carried me over 11,000 m., at a cost of only 56 c. for repairs caused by breakages, and $2 for a new tire to rear wheel. Besides taking part in the three grand tours, of a fortnight each, managed by the Chicago men, I've been on 100 or more short tours, of 1 to 3 days' duration, and uncounted all-day runs. My only serious accident was in '84, after safely returning from the Canada tour, when I broke two ribs by a slight fall, which was produced by a block of wood-paving being thrown against my wheel where some street repairs were in progress. The only fall of any kind I've had since then was caused by the breaking under my wheel of a board in the sidewalk at Napanee, giving me a slight bruise. I wrote my first bicycle article in winter of '79-'80, and was astonished to find it going the rounds of the press. My imaginative sketch called 'A Midnight Ride' in Burbank's 'Wheelman's Annual for '82,' also had quite a run, in England as well as America, and I believe is still afloat, accredited as a veritable adventure. My pieces for the *Bi. World* of '81 included 'Our New Year's Call on Wheels' (Jan. 14) and 'The Bumps Serenade' (Nov. 11). In the magazine called the *Wheelman*, and then *Outing*, besides my reports of the Canada tours (April, May, '84; May, '85), I printed practical essays on the 'Ideal Tricycle' (March, '83), 'Our Highway Laws as Affected by Bicycling' (March, April, '83), 'Political Power of the L. A. W.' (May, '83), and the following sketches: 'True History of that Club Run' (Dec., '82), 'The Club Christening' (Jan., '83), 'The Bi. Club Attend a Sewing Circle' (Feb.), 'True History of Capt. Hardrider's Run' (May), 'Mr. Cuff and Miss Margery' (July), 'How O'Tulliver Bard was Assassinated' (Oct.), 'Mr. Condor and Miss Wealthy' (Jan., '84), 'The Twiddle Twins' (Feb.), 'My Wife's Tricycle' (July), 'The Perker Hunt' (Sept.), 'Ride' (poem, Nov.), 'How Mr. Podwinkle was Encouraged' (April, '85), 'How O'Tulliver Bard Coasted the Bridge' (July), 'On the Proper Economy of Truth' (Sept.). As for cyclometers, I have examined several, and think the perfect one has not yet appeared, though the improved Butcher is pretty good. The figures on the dial-plate should be ¼ in. long, black on white; and the best dial I've seen was that of the proposed Lamson cyc. The perfect meter should run by friction-wheels, not cogs, and should record 1 m. *exactly*, when measured. The trouble with meters that allow a fixed number of cogs to the m. is that they really measure a few ft. or in. more or less than 1 m., and the repetition of these slight errors finally causes a large one. In conclusion, let me add, as a notable fact about bicycling, that I've never seen an experienced wheelman *thoroughly tired* by any ride or run, no matter how long,—I mean not so tired but that, after resting a single h., he could frolic about as if fresh, or easily ride several m. more. The 24 Canada tourists of '83 wheeled a daily average of 50 m.: the 79 of '84, 47½ m., and the 107 of '85, 45½ m.,—not only without sickness or serious accident, but with actual gain of weight in the cases of all but 4 of the 210 individuals. This seems all the more remarkable in view of the fact that they were often wet by bad rainstorms, drank everything on the road, and went late to bed."

"Telzah," a signature which always secured close attention from regular readers of the *Bi. World* in its bright, earlier days, is a pseudographic reversal of one which now gives authenticity to many extremely interesting articles, of universal popularity, whenever officially used by C. A. Hazlett (b. July 21, 1847), cashier of the First National Bank at Portsmouth. I grow sad as I think of his present degeneracy, in thus signing bank-notes and government drafts during the long hours that he ought properly to spend in compiling "Summaries of Notable Runs and Excursions," such as he used to supply for the *Wheelman* (Feb., Mar., '84), when he was a simple bank-clerk and bachelor. With a carefully-kept cyclometer-record about twice as great as my own,—greater, in fact, than that of any other American,—he cherishes my own fondness for accurate statistics of wheeling; and as he is about the only writer save myself who has attempted any painstaking presentation of the same, on a large scale, I regret to see a big stack of paper-money absorbing nearly all the ink out of his pen. He still pushes it occasionally on a

magazine article called "Twenty Thousand Miles on New England Roads," embodying his experiences, but cannot say how soon this may be ready for publication. When I first persuaded him to attempt such a piece, in order that I might reprint a summary of it, "Fifteen" was the first word in its title; and, as the introductory numeral grew higher with advancing months, he gradually came to see that his easiest way of keeping faith was to prepare a summary for me directly, and trust to the future for finding leisure to expand it. His record is a most instructive one, as showing the value of the bicycle to a man whose business keeps him largely in-doors, and chained to a single locality; and it offers an interesting contrast to that of Mr. Drew (p. 501), whose similarly extensive mileage proves the value of the bicycle to a man whose business keeps him largely out-doors, and moving to many localities. As it seems likely that no other American—with the possible exception of myself—has taken so many careful readings from the cyclometer, a special importance attaches to what he says on that point (Dec. 9, '85): "I have used various other kinds, but for the most part have carried Ritchie's magnetic cyclometer. I still depend upon it, for it has never failed me, and regular tests convince me that it is accurate. I am occasionally obliged to put in a new washer, or otherwise take up the wear, but its inside construction and operation have been satisfactory. Other makes have the advantage over it in respect to a dial which can be read while riding; and if a change in size of wheel should force me to get a new cyc., I think I should give the Butcher a test.

"When my Columbia, No. 61, first reached me (Apr. 3, '79), a cyc. was attached to it, and I began revolving the same at the rate of 200 to 300 m. per month, so that at the end of the year it recorded 1660 m. My mileage in '80 was 2840; and, as I found I had missed riding only on a dozen winter days, I decided in '81 to make the first American out-door record for every day in the year. I accomplished this, though my rides through the snow, on a few stormy days, were short as well as uncomfortable,—the sum of the 365 rides being 3175. My '82 mileage was 3625; '83, 3675; '84, 3210; '85, 2830, a total of 21,015. My duties during the last year have been so pressing that I've hardly taken time to do the wheeling that I think necessary as health fuel for my work. The first 1010 m. of it were ridden before the close of July, showing 1820 m. for the last 5 months of the year. Beginning in '78 with a 46 in. wheel, I've had a larger size nearly every year and now comfortably ride a 54. I retain four of my old bicycles in my wheel-house,—the favorite veterans being John Bull (imported in '77 or '78; solid backbone), and Special Columbia, with its record of 6000 m. They still do me good service, on rainy days and winter months, when my nickeled wheels are laid aside. I received the John Bull in June, '78, but take no note of the few hundred m. I rode that year. My cyclom. record also excludes the m. I have covered on the road by tricycle and tandem, the many h. I have bicycled in our club rink, and the long distances I have pushed the marine bicycle, on rivers, lakes and ocean. I have not ridden at any time just to increase my record, but chiefly for enjoyment, and for the sake of counteracting the unhealthful tendencies of an occupation which confines me in-doors, under considerable mental strain. The daily rides my hobby gives me, between the house and bank, have kept me in perfect health; and though these are not the limits of my activity, it has been confined almost wholly to New England. The separate roadways I have explored would probably not amount to 500 m.; the longest of these being in Mass., the hardest being across the steep and sandy hills of Me., and the most varied being around home in N. H. My first all-day's straightaway ride was from Portsmouth to Boston, 66 m. (Aug., '79); and you can consult my articles in the *Wheelman* (Jan., '83; Feb., Mar., '84) for details of the 126 m. ride I took Oct. 29, '82, with wind and rain against me, and of the even 100 m. run in 10 h., Nov. 3, '83. I have no scars to show, and no serious accidents to relate of myself or wheels, my bills for repairs of which have been very slight. I have never been injured by reason of breakage or falls from crank bicycles, though I have tried all the various accomplishments the wheel affords,—including fancy riding, drilling and racing. As to headers, I could relate a long chapter of them, but more happened in the first 1000 m. than in all the distance traversed since. One piece of my good luck seems peculiar: during hundreds of miles ridden by night and on the ice, I never yet had a fall."

William V. Gilman (b. Nov. 25, 1856), treasurer of the Nashua Card and Glazed Paper Co., is another New Hampshire pioneer who wrote extensively for the wheeling press in its earlier

days, and who is now forced by the cares of business and married life to give less time to the wheel and the pen. His portrait and biography appeared in *Spr. Wk. Gaz.* (June, '84, p. 19). One of his earliest recollections is the departure of troops, for the South, from Albany, his birthplace, though his parents moved thence to Nashua, in war time, and he graduated at its high school in '75, and entered as Freshman at Dartmouth. College was soon abandoned in favor of a business school at Boston, whence he went into the employ of a paper mill at West Henniker, N. H. (Feb. 1, '77), and, after 3½ years there, assumed his present position in Nashua. He learned to ride in Oct., '78, but did not buy a bicycle till late in Nov., and hardly covered 13 m. that year. His mileage for '79 was about 1830, and '80 proved his best year (4780 m.); the annual record decreasing since then as follows: '81, 4100; '82, 2700; '83, 1509; '84, 1117; '85, 637; total, 12,685. "Though this decline, enforced by business demands, seems a great one" (he writes to me Dec. 10, '85), "my bicycles are nevertheless kept in constant use, the entire riding season. The difference is that I use them only in short spins, for healthful exercise, in jogging about town,—my longest day's ride in '85 being a round trip of 30 m. Though I have spent more than $100 on cyclometers, none are attached to the wheels I now use (a Rudge and an Expert), and, until a radical improvement can be made, I want none. The rough, sandy, and hilly roads of N. H (where most of my riding has been done, though I have wheeled considerably in Mass., and a little in N. Y. and N. J.,—as also at Chicago and Washington, while attending the League meets) shake them all to pieces. My wheeling record has therefore been made up from my knowledge of distances traversed, estimated to the best of my judgment. I do not pretend that it is absolutely correct, and I make no claim or boast for it. I've never half kept an account of mileage, except to add up the probable totals as I went along; but, as you insist upon it, I supply the best details I can. Though I have ridden a little in Jan. and Feb., my ordinary season has been restricted to the other ten months of each year. During '80-'81, for many days in succession I rode 40 m. or more, outside of business hours, thus: to Lowell and back without dismount (30 m.); then, after dinner, to Tyngsboro and back without dismount (14½ m.), in 1 h. 5 min. I used to indulge in many similar performances, of which I took no note,—riding persistently, 'night and day, up hill and down, over all creation.' I grew so fond of knickerbockers that I wore them almost continuously, for every sort of business or pleasure; and I tried all sorts of rigs and outfits,—broadcloth, white flannel, club uniforms, plain shirts with belts, and all the colors in all combinations possible. I have ridden some 250 m. on tricycles (Harvard, Victor and Columbia), though none is now owned by me, or by any one else in this part of N. H., where the sandy roads hardly warrant their use. Besides my two marine bicycles, I have owned and ridden the following: Newton Challenge, Velocity, 4 Columbias (2 Standards, 1 Special, 1 Expert), 3 Harvards, Shadow, Yale, Rudge light roadster, American Rudge, Royal Mail, Club, Special Club, Union, Matchless, American Star, British Challenge, Sanspareil, Kangaroo and Victor. I was appointed League consul, early in '81, and on Sept. 17, organized the Nashua Wheel Club (now defunct); was its first president, and in '82 was chosen captain. In May of that year, I was elected treasurer of the L. A. W., and was re-elected in '83. I am N. H. consul of the C. T. C., and a member of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, as well as of the Mass. B. C. and the Springfield B. C.,—a life member in the latter case."

"Ixion" was a familiar signature to early readers of the *Bi. World*, and it sometimes even now appears there, representing Llewellyn H. Johnson (b. March 17, 1859), a graduate of Swarthmore College in '78, and recently established as a dealer in cycles at East Orange (3 Arlington Pl.), who sent me this short story, Jan. 1, '86: "I took my first ride Jan. 7, '79, and have wheeled in N. J., N. Y., Mass., Vt., N. H., Va., Md., D. C., R. I., Prov. Que., Eng. and Wales. Mileage, 18,723, divided annually thus (the additional figures, after first 2 years, show bi. and tri. records respectively): '79, 1643; '80, 2030; '81, 3139—3068, 71; '82, 1387—1224½, 162½; '83, 2301—981½, 1319½; '84, 4048—1877, 2171; '85, 4175—2245, 1930. This gives a total of 13,069 for the bi. and 5654 for the tri. My experience with cyclometers covers these eight: Lakin, Excelsior, Underwood, Stanton (the two latter are English), Pope, McDonnell, Spalding and Butcher. The first three are accurate, the others are worthless. Let me emphatically denounce the Butcher as a fraud." A monthly analysis of his '84 road-record was given in *Bi.*

World (Jan. 23, '85) as follows: "Jan., 20½—8½, 12; Feb., 101—25, 76; Mar., 182—11, 171; Apr., 520—266, 254; May, 372—130, 242; June, 452—200, 252; July, 616—290, 326; Aug., 448—379, 69; Sept., 318—214, 104; Oct., 347—202, 145; Nov., 422—81, 341; Dec., 249½—70½, 179. The third numeral assigned to each month shows the records of tricycles, and they are designated by italics in this analysis of the year's mileage between the machines ridden: *Humber*, 1100; Rucker, 646; *Humber Tandem*, 613; Pony Star, 505½; Yale, 422½; Rucker, 347; Rucker Tandem, 127; Facile, 79; *Victor*, 68; Sanspareil, 45; *Traveler*, 26; Kangaroo, 26; *Cheylesmore Sociable*, 15; Rudge, 10; American Club, 10; Humber, 6; *Columbia*, 2." His ride of July 10, '84, on the roads around Orange, "lowering the American 24 h. tri. record," was fully described in the *Bi. World* of July 18, which said that he "carried a McDonnell cyclom. which had previously been tested over accurately-measured roads, and was accompanied by a veteran rider whose Excelsior cyclom. is known to be absolutely accurate." The same paper printed a biography (Jan. 11, 1881), accompanied by a full-length wood-cut portrait of him in racing costume; for his was the first well-known name upon the race-records of American amateurs, and I regret that the space he has consented to fill in this book is so slight.

I may say the same about the captain of his club, the Orange Wanderers, J. Warren Smith, whom I take to be the only American possessed of an accurate cyclometer-record that represents the wheeling of 59 successive months, and whose entire record for 66 months (one month only with no riding) is 20,027¼ m. These notable facts are shown in the following admirably-arranged table which he sent to me Jan. 5, '86, with this remark: "I began riding in Jan., '80, but I make no account in the table of my first 6 months, when I had no cyclometer. I have used only the very best procurable, testing each one on a carefully-measured track, and discarding it if not found correct." I assume that this valued contributor is a clerk in the Orange National bank, and that most of his riding has been done outside of office hours in the region right around there. My enquiries as to those points and many others, including the names of the good and bad cyclometers, have gone unanswered; but much can be pardoned a man who has the patience to tabulate a mileage record in this shape:

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total
1880							87	115¾	73	87	66¼	50¼	479¼
1881		12¾	65¼	134½	375½	523¼	626¾	548¼	409½	444½	365	235½	3700¾
1882	101½	107	456¾	528¾	471¾	456½	527½	401½	400¾	230½	284	66¾	4032¾
1883	12¼	4½	143½	164¾	284¼	369¾	338	305	187	196½	352½	197¾	2556¼
1884	10½	115	177½	601	711½	901¼	714	655½	572¾	603¼	517½	351¾	5931½
1885	139¼	22½	210½	250½	462	503½	324	226½	326¼	232	207	70½	3326½

Another rider who has made a large record in that same favored region is Robert D. Mead (b. May 19, 1851), of Newark, who has also done plenty of rough touring outside it, as shown by the report now given, in addition to that on p. 164. His letter to me says, Aug. 12, '85: "This morning's spin brings my total to 13,023¼ m., representing 626 days on which I have mounted the wheel, out of the 1035 days which have elapsed since the time of my first ride, Oct. 13, '82." He added about 2000 m. during the next 4 months, for his letter of Dec. 23 says: "My mileage is now 15,154. I wish you could have been with me on the ride I enjoyed this morning,—starting in the moonlight at 5.30 and reaching Hemlock Falls just as day was breaking. The place is 7 m. from Roseville station (by Park or Central av. to the valley road; t. r. up-hill at S. Orange av., and afterwards t. l.), in the s. e. cor. of Essex co., and the water has a fall of about 25 ft. in a narrow ravine, thickly shaded. The ice which covered the face of the falls, to-day, made a pretty winter picture. During my annual autumn vacation tour, stormy

weather interfered on 5 days of the 12 (as I show by the *), but my circuit covered 4 States and 582½ m., representing 121 h. in the saddle and 26½ h. of rests on the road, the average speed being a trifle over 6 m. per h. In the following list I give this speed for each day, expressed to tenths of 1 m., after the name of place where day's ride ended; the numeral before each name shows the day's distance, expressed to sixteenths of 1 m.: Oct. 5, 62.10, Canterbury, 6.42; 6th,* 39.3, Washington Hollow, 6.53; 7th,* 47.3, Cornwall Bridge, 4.60; 8th,* 37.14, Stockbridge, 6.31; 9th, 55.9, Hoosac Corners, 7.10; 10th, 56.7, Caldwell, 6.71; 12th, 70.12, Schodack, 7.38; 13th,* 27.4, Hudson, 5; 14th,* 3.02, Poughkeepsie, 6.02; 15th, 57.14, Monticello, 5.74; 16th, 48.9, Branchville, 6.08; 17th, 49.1, Newark, 5.83. (Cars were taken from Hudson to Tivoli, on the 13th,* and from Cochecton to Port Jervis on the 16th,—the m. thus ridden of course being disregarded in the record.) All my 15,154 m. have been done on a single bicycle, which I bought at second-hand, with an Excelsior cyclometer attached. I have tested the accuracy of this by counting the turns of the wheel for many m., and its invariableness by going over the same course many times, at different rates of speed. One course, more than 17 m. long, I have traversed at least 100 times,—varying my speed from 1 h. 29 min. to 3 h.,—and I am satisfied that the cyclom. is very accurate. Its leather washers need replacing after every 2000 or 3000 m., and once I have sent it for slight repairs, made necessary by long use, to the makers (E. B. Benton Mfg. Co., 291 W. 11th st., N. Y.). I have never met a wheelman, using any other make of cyclom., who could, with equal reason, give so good a report."

A Jerseyman also by residence since Aug., '85 (at Jersey City, 521 Bergen av.), though for the 5 previous years a practitioner at New Haven, is the present official handicapper of the League, Dr. N. P. Tyler (b. Oct. 11, '48, at Barrytown, N. Y.), who says of his 14,374 m. of riding, in 4 yrs. and 2 mos., that it was "of necessity confined mostly to Connecticut and a limited number of roads,—probably not more than 800 m. of separate roadway having been traversed by me, all told. I learned to ride, at the end of May, '82, for the sake of saving horse-flesh; and my own flesh increased 16 lbs. within 6 weeks. In '83, I gave up both horses, and used the bicycle entirely for professional calls, except in rainy and snowy weather. My first long ride was 40 m. to Hartford (Oct.); ten days after which (Nov. 2) I went over the same route and continued straight on to Springfield, 68 m., in 9 h. I made 2 other trips to Hartford, 4 to Bridgeport, and 2 to Meriden and back, that season (total, 428 m.), besides constantly riding about town. So I estimate my mileage of '82 as about 2200 m., though I once told you, at a guess, that 1500 m. might probably cover it. My Jan. record of '83 was compiled from knowledge of distances; and from that point on I simply added up the cyclom. readings until at end of Dec. the total was 4278 m. In '84, I kept a regular log, showing 5009 m. ridden in 287 days; and I supplied the *Bi. World* (Jan. 16, '85, p. 171) a table of months, which I now reproduce,—the first numeral showing mileage, the second the riding days, and the third the greatest mileage on any one calendar day: Jan., 107, 14, 20; Feb., 85, 14, 12; Mar., 34, 4, 6; Apr., 395, 26, 29; May, 399, 30, 35; June, 370, 27, 38; July, 582, 31, 47; Aug., 470, 29, 37; Sept., 574, 29, 46; Oct., 699, 31, 98; Nov., 813, 29, 68; Dec., 481, 23, 55. The Oct. ride of 98 m. was a part of my 130 m. straightaway run (see p. 128) whose 22½ h. were divided by midnight. My mileage for first 7 mos. of '85 was 2887, assigned to 203 days, as follows: Jan., 325, 28, 31; Feb., 303, 27, 21; Mar., 282, 31, 39; Apr., 403, 30, 26; May, 501, 29, 37; June, 610, 30, 49; July, 463, 28, 53. I began with a 50 in. wheel; rode a 52 in. Expert through '83, and a 52 in. Rudge (34 lbs.) in '84; but the bi. that has given the most out-and-out satisfaction for general road riding, is a 51 in. Rudge (29 lbs.), which I've used ever since (4588 m.) without repairs,—and without brake, bell or lantern. I have made a few trials on the racing path, but my professional engagements have thus far prevented any longer tour on the road than 24 h. Perhaps my most noteworthy exploit was staying in the saddle straightaway for 25 m. of difficult surface, as recorded on p. 138. Though I am accustomed to a fast pace on the road, and receive numerous falls, I have never been seriously hurt, or even laid up. Regarding cyclometers, I have used some make constantly, save the first few months of my riding—a 52 in. McDonnell having almost always been on my machine. My experience is, that, when this is driven around a correctly measured race track at a 3.30 or slower gait, it invariably registers correctly, but a higher rate of

speed causes it to stand still. *E. g.*, from New Haven *to* Branford it measured 7¾ m., but only 7½ m. coming back, when two long hills were coasted at a high rate of speed. On the first appearance of the Butcher, I obtained a hand-made specimen which registered 52 m. of a century run (Nov. 17, '83, see p. 149) and then stopped; but, as my McDonnell was still on, I kept the record all right. I sent the Butcher to be repaired, but it stopped again and again, until the makers replaced it by a machine-made one, which in turn played the same trick, until, after much trouble, they substituted for it their '85 movement. This stopped for repairs at 100 m., then ran to 1000 m. and stopped. As I had been riding a 51 in. bi., for some time (subtracting 1 m. for every 49 m. registered, to offset the excess of a 52 in. cyc.), I now procured a 51 in. cyc. of the Butcher Co., but it stopped at 210 m., and being repaired then, it has run to 1005 m. without accident. I have found the McDonnell simple and always in working order, but in comparison with the Butcher, on same wheel, it lost from 5 to 13 m. in every 100. The Butcher is accurate while it runs, and has the great advantage of being read from the saddle; but it gives out when you most need it, and the lantern attachment is constantly coming to pieces from the jar. I have tried the Excelsior also. It is absolutely true, but only registers 100 m. An absolute cyc. after the pattern of the Butcher, but containing *no springs*, would give universal satisfaction."

Henry W. Williams (b. June 6, 1847), solicitor of American and foreign patents at 258 Washington st., Boston, is one of the few riders in that city who is willing to set a good example to the careless and diffident, by keeping an accurate record of his mileage, and making annual publication of the same,—in spite of the *Bi. World*'s sneers. Though born at Taunton, the State capital has been his home since 1850, and I was therefore justified in alluding to him (p. 258) as the representative Bostonian of our touring party "in the Down East fogs." I have mentioned (p. 279) that his appearance on that occasion was excellently represented in Sandham's *Outing* picture, and have expressed my heart-felt joy (p. 276) at his getting a bad header while piloting a party of us down one of the steepest pitches of Mt. Desert,—for not otherwise could he have received in this world a punishment suitable for his depravity in choosing so rough a route! The case is thus alluded to in a letter of his which was printed (*Bi. World*, Apr. 24, '85) among the advertising "testimonials" of the Pope Mfg. Co.: "In these times of 'safety' wheels, small and great, it may be interesting to know that I traveled 7500 m., consecutively, on Columbia bicycles, without a single fall (save one); and that a bad hill, on the famous '22-m. drive' in Mt. Desert, was what prevented the record from reaching 7501. My freedom from accidents while a-wheel I attribute mainly to three things: the exercise of ordinary care, refraining from coasting, and the stanchness, rigidity, and good workmanship of Columbia wheels. I have ridden 13,500 m. on Columbia machines, of which over 9000 m. were on the Expert bicycle, in many States and over all sorts of roads. As I regard the Expert as by far the most satisfactory wheel made for every-day, take-em-as-you-find-em roads, I still ride it daily." His letter to me, of Apr. 10, '84, gives further details of the matter: "The only remarkable thing about my record seems the fact of my riding 7500 m. without a fall (or involuntary dismount of any kind), except in two instances, when I was run into,—once by a careless driver, and once by a very fresh bicycler. In both cases the men stupidly t. l., instead of r., and, as I was going at speed, I had no time for a backward spring, so that a collision ensued. My freedom from falls, in spite of a great deal of hard and sandy road-riding, I attribute mainly to a knack which I have of making a very quick dismouht, when emergency demands." His letter to me of Dec. 9, '85, combined with the previous one, gives the following facts: "I first bestrode the bicycle in June, '80, at the Popes' riding school; took my first out-door ride, at Washington, before the next month was a week old, and bought my first machine, a Columbia Special, July 15; afterwards, I used a Standard and then the Expert which I now have. My 1277 m. of tricycling (83, 601 m.; '84, 317 m.; '85, 359 m.) has been done on the National, the three-track Columbia, and the two-track C. Of cyclometers, I have thoroughly tried but three: Pope, McDonnell and Ritchie Magnetic, and the last is the only one I found to be accurate. Such small parts of my record as have not been kept by it, have been carefully verified by good road-maps. The total is 15,578 m., of which 14,201 m. was by bicycle. Outside the State limits, my wheeling has hardly amounted to 650 m., divided about as follows: D. C., 150; N. Y., 225; N. H., 150;

Me., 120; R. I., 50. In the following annual summaries (after '80, when I only rode 607 m.), the numerals stand for miles, riding-days, average miles per day, and longest monthly mileage: '81, 3060, 183, 16⅔, 456; '82, 3559, 183, 19½, 553; '83, 3453, 206, 16⅔, 477; '84, 2450, 145, 16½, 515; '85, 2449, 156, 15⅔, 439½. The number of day's rides exceeding 50 m. which I have taken in the last 5 years is 34, arranged as follows: 7, 12, 6, 5, 4. On each of 8 months in '82 I rode over 300 m.; and it was in '82 that I took my longest ride (118 m. inside of 18 h., as shown on p. 258). The similarity of these averages shows the fact that I 've used the wheel as a commonplace factor in daily life—riding hundreds of times between my law office in the city and my residence in the suburbs; hurrying for the doctor with it, more than once; going to church; and, on several occasions, taking a journey of 3 or 4 days, though no extended tour. *E. g.*, I had a pleasant day's run of 48 m. along the n. shore from Boston to Pigeon Cove, through Salem, 25 m., and Gloucester, 16 m., with one bad hill beyond G. Next day I took a 9 m. route through Annisquan to G. (fine scenery, and better roads); whence, after 2 m. of bad road, I had fine riding to Ipswich and Newburyport (dinner), and poor onwards to Hampton, 37 m. from G. Third day, by Little Boar's Head and Rye Beach to Hotel Wentworth and Portsmouth (beautiful views and tolerable riding), whence the return to Newburyport was by poor roads, which you are familiar with (p. 101). Early in '81, I joined the Mass. B. C., and have been an officer of it almost ever since; though my third term as president, now nearly ended, will be the last. I may say of the club that its present active membership (243, all riders) is larger than that of any other in the U. S.,—not excepting bicycle clubs like the Boston which allow associate membership,—and it will soon exceed 250."

Mr. W. has contributed a few road-reports and other practical pieces to the *Bi. World*, and also at least one argumentative article to the *Wheelman*, deprecatory of the conduct of cyclers whose coasting and carelessness make needless accidents that frighten away elderly men who would take to the wheel if they knew a right answer could be given to their question, "But is it safe?" The historian of his club, however, at least as concerns "The New House of the Mass. B. C." (*Outing*, Mar., '85, p. 429), is the Rev. S. H. Day (b. Mar. 11, 1850), who in '84 held the office of first lieutenant thereof, and whose white-capped head may be found facing that of Mr. W., in Sandham's picture of the "Down East party" (see pp. 279, 258), across the fork of the bicycle which forms a frame-work for the portraits. He was one of the four Mt. Desert martyrs who did n't tumble on the fated afternoon which made "6 bent handle-bars out of a possible 10"; his story of the ride was given in *Bi. World* (Nov. 23, '83, p. 28), to which he has otherwise contributed; and he also printed a piece deprecatory of "Fast Road Riding" (*Wheelman*, Dec., '83, p. 225). He was educated at Dickinson Coll. and Drew Theol. Sem., and is now in charge of a church at East Greenwich, R. I., whence he sends me this report (June 15 and Dec. 16, '85): "My annual mileage, '80 to '85, is 500, 2300½, 2763½, 2800 and 846,—total, 9210. The McDonnell cyclometers are not of equal merit, but mine is reliable. Such riding as I did in '81 and early in '82, before I got it, I have estimated carefully from known routes. The reason for the sudden shortening in my record is that I 've never had time to ride for recreation; the large road records I made the past three years, arose from the fact that from ½ to ⅔ was made in the course of my pastoral visiting. In my present pastorate, while my visiting list is from 3 to 4 times as large as at S. Abington, yet the town is so compact that I do not need my bicycle to save time as formerly. Whatever mention you may make of my riding, nothing would give me more satisfaction than to have you offer this—the correct—explanation of the distance I have covered on the wheel. Such statements show the folly of looking upon it as a mere exercise-machine. Since being in R. I., I have ridden to church in making an exchange: and not a word of objection was uttered against this act, though the bicycle is not as familiar here as in Mass. Some of the most delightful and exhilarating rides I 've ever enjoyed have been when the thermometer was below zero. To the bicycle I attribute the fact that 'blue Monday' is a thing unknown in my experience. My sometimes preaching without notes, 'loud and long' (contrary to the Methodist discipline), may perhaps be accredited to the same instrument. I bought a bi. in July, '81, because I had just sold my horse and carriage and needed a conveyance to attend to pastoral duties. A public man wants time. A preacher wants

all the time for study (as *apart* from sermon-preparation) he can get. My bicycle and phonography enable me to put more into each week than without them would be possible. As ease of propulsion increased, the practicability of runs and tours, apart from home duties, was seen and acted upon. The first season, '81, I toured to White mtns., partly by train, and I have since explored with system and care all of s. e. Mass. (Norfolk, Bristol and Plymouth counties) and some other sections of the State. I once went from Boston to S. Abington without dismount, 25 m. straightaway. I have ridden 50 in. Columbias (Standard and Expert), and am now using a 52 in. Rudge light roadster, as for two years past."

Thomas Midgley (b. Oct. 22, 1860), whom I have described as the "champion handle-bar straightener of the Down East party" (pp. 258, 277), sends me a story which I present with very few changes. I had to write so much, in persuading him thus to "write anything," that I can't spare any more time, in trying to "condense"! I believe he was born in England, but emigrated to America when quite young, and made his home at Worcester for a dozen years or so, until he removed to Pennsylvania, in Dec., '84. I remember he used a McDonnell cyclom. in the Maine tour, and had a good opinion of it (the college student and the clergyman just described also carried McDonnells, and the three agreed pretty well with one another and with my Pope cyclom., on the 22 m. test, at Mt. Desert, when these four wheels were the only ones that did n't fall, "out of a possible 10"); so I presume most of his '83 record was kept with it. As to his race at the Washington Athletic Park, Oct. 26, '83, Hazlett's "Summary" (*Wheelman*, Feb., '84, p. 369) speaks as follows: "His competitor was R. F. Foster, of Baltimore, who had been suffering a fortnight from fever and ague, but, in lack of other entries, determined to start anyhow. Midgley shot away, and led F. 100 yds. on the first lap (¼ m.). Both rode with excellent judgment under the circumstances. M. knew he was sure of first place unless he broke down; but the first lap convinced him that the wind was too strong, and the track too soft, from recent heavy rains, to admit of his beating L. H. Johnson's in-door, 3.9.45½, or even Place's out-door, 3.27.11¾ for 50 m. He had nothing to fear from F., who had never ridden over 30 m. in his life before, on track or road. So he settled down to about 14 m. per h. for all day. Foster, on the other hand, knew about 11 m. per h. was all he could stand; and, with an Auburndale in one pocket and a lap-scorer in the other, he regulated himself like a clock to that gait, and no challenges from Midgley, or urgings from pace-makers, could shake him. The high wind and soft track gradually told on the speed, and both men tapered off in pace considerably after going 30 or 40 m. When M. passed 50 m., F. was within a few yds. of 10 m. to the bad, and when he reached 100, F. had not scored 79, neither having made a dismount or slackened for an instant. As announced from the judges' stand before the start, the time limit was, as usual, 10 h., and a special prize was given to the rider covering the greatest number of m. in that time without leaving the saddle. M. was satisfied with his day's work of 100 m., and quit at once, with no further apparent inconvenience than a sprained heel. F. kept on, and, encouraged by the officials, succeeded in riding 102½ m. without a dismount,—a very fair performance for a sick man. The 100 m. were made by M. in 7.25.52½, and it took F. 9.45.48 to run his 102 m. (see score in Dec. *Wheelman*, p. 232). F. ran his last ½ in 58 sec., and would have gone on for the full 10 h.; but the officials were tired and hungry, and the 2 m. sufficed to give him first prize for not dismounting." The same article describes the 100 m. road race which M. won, over 9 competitors, though he does not allude to himself as winner in the following autobiography.

"I began on a Standard Columbia ('No. 10'), in the fall of '80, and I had the riding fever so bad that I kept on wheeling right up to Christmas of that year, regardless of the weather, until the breaking of a crank brought my season's sport to a halt, with a record of about 750 m. The next year I did no riding to speak of, except one trip to Boston and back in 12 h., which was considered good in those days. My total for '81 did not exceed 300 m. It was in '82 that I began to ride in earnest, though mostly over roads which are very familiar to you. Of course all my wheeling had to be done before and after the hours of work. It was in the fall of this year that I made the road record of 136 m. in company with Lincoln Holland. We rode from South Framingham to Ipswich (54 m.) and returned to Worcester (82

m.), inside of 22 h. A description of the road traversed was published in an Oct. number of the *Bi. World*. The laurels, if so they can be called, which were won on this ride were soon taken away by the Lawrence B. C., but I was determined not to be beaten, and so (Nov. 5) I started out to better their record of 160 m. This resulted in my riding 179 m. inside the limited time, and a report of it appeared in the next week's *Bi. World;* also in Hazlett's "Summary of Notable Runs," in the *Wheelman* (Jan., '83). This practically wound up my riding for '82, giving me a total of 3600 m. As I had resolved that I would try for a good record in '83, on the first day of that year (though the ground was covered with snow) I managed to reel off 10 m.; but the next few days I was not as fortunate, and my riding for the month did not exceed 56 m. In Feb. I covered about 40 m. and in March only 9½ m.—thus making a little over 100 before the riding season opened. On the 26th of April I left the shop and for the next 8 months did little else but ride the wheel. It was in May that I rode the 45 m. straightaway from Worcester to Boston without dismounting; and, as no report of this was ever published, I will give you a short account from memory. There had been considerable talk among the club boys regarding the length of time it would take to ride from W. to B., and also whether it were possible to ride the distance without dismounting. I determined to try the thing at least, and set upon the day of the Harvard spring races. Unfortunately, the night before had been quite stormy, but I had ridden the wheel long enough to know that a bicycler could not always have everything in his favor. I made the start at precisely 8.15 A. M. from the Union Depot. The rain, the night before, had made the roads quite muddy, and, added to this, a stiff little breeze began to blow right in my face; but, after a dozen m. had been ridden, the latter turned around in my favor. Shrewsbury hill was climbed and the town pump reached without any trouble, and I flew down the hills to Northboro in very quick order. From N. on, the roads began to rapidly improve, and by the time Southboro was reached they were all one could desire, or expect on that route. Before this, however, in leaving N., I made a mistake and took the road for Marlboro instead of the Southboro road. I had gone some distance before finding out my mistake, and, as I had to go on still further before I could find a place wide enough to turn round in without the liability of a dismount, it took me 3 min. to ride back again to the main road. So I lost by this mistake about 7 min. I also made another error in going from Southboro to Framingham, by taking a road leading over a long hill, very similar in size to the Shrewsbury hill, for I 've since learned that there was a much better road around it. From Framingham on, the surface was fine and it took me only 6 min. to skip from F. to South Framingham. Except one narrow escape from a header, nothing occurred between S. F. and the mill-dam, where my cyclom. registered just 45 m. from W., and my watch told me that I had been 3 h. 27 min. on the road. I must say I felt more tired and used up after this ride than any other I ever took, though the weariness only lasted a short time; and after dinner I felt as good as ever and attended the Harvard races on the Charles river in the afternoon,—not returning home until the next day. I consider this 45 m. ride by far the best performance I ever made on the wheel. My next month's trip down in Maine, you are as familiar with as myself; and all my riding of any note, after that, was done on the track and in road races. The 100 m. race of the Boston B. C., Oct. 6, was from South Natick to a little beyond Rowley and return to Boston B. C. house. I made this in 9 h. 47 min., including all stops; and I afterwards rode two or three 25 m. races, whose details I believe are of no interest to you. My next long ride was 100 m. without dismount, in Washington. This was on a track, however (your letter asks only for road records), and I mention it only because of its being the last thing I ever attempted in public on the wheel. Nevertheless, I rode out the year, making a total of 5000 m., of which 284 m. was in bi. races and 5 m. in a tri. race, so you see most of my '83 riding was done on the road, after all, and 1200 m. of it was tricycling. In '84 I rode very little, not over 500 m. in all; and in December I removed to Beaver Falls. I have done scarcely any riding here, however, as my business has demanded the closest attention. I think 250 m. is a fair figure to represent my record for '85. Thus, from the day I first took a header into some blackberry bushes, in the autumn of '80, up to this present one (Dec. 13, '85), my mileage may be called 10,400. This is really underestimated, except for '82-'83, in which years I kept a careful record and know it to

be about accurate. The latter year, you will see, covers just about half my total mileage for the five. Several times in it I took day's rides of 60 to 90 m., but, as I 've said, all of them were on well-known roads. As for my performance in Washington, the only notable thing was the simple fact of keeping the saddle 100 m. without dismount. I wish to explain, too, that there was a misunderstanding in the papers, at the time, in regard to this race, and a good deal of blame was unjustly attached to the Capital B. C.; whereas the truth was that its members did everything in their power to make my trip to the Capital a pleasant one; and they succeeded, too. The reception I had there will always remain one of the most pleasant recollections of my bicycling days. As to Beaver Falls, let me say it is quite a growing town which has sprung up during the last 14 years,—its manufacturing industry being confined to steel products chiefly, and its success (in a sense, its very existence) being due to its favorable location. It is situated on the banks of the Beaver river, 4 m. from the point where same empties into the Ohio. Its r. r. facilities cannot be excelled. It just abounds in natural gas, so that hardly anything else in the shape of fuel is used here. The two large ranges of hills between which the town lies are full of coal also, though little of it is now mined. Our club, the Beaver Valley Wheelmen, organized last spring, has a membership of 14, and I have the honor of being captain. Though the riding season is not as long as in the East, we have lots of fun and plenty of chances for trying our wheels. For one who loves scenery better than fast riding, Beaver Falls is a very good place, since our scenery is superb; whichever way you turn, you see long ranges of hills and abrupt bluffs mixed in with winding sheets of water. Our hills here, would in Mass. be called mountains, and really some of them are not unlike the hills we went over in our Mt. Desert ride. We have one road which I have called 'the Campobello,' owing to its similarity in scenery (only this is finer than the New Brunswick original), and another which I call 'Mt. Desert,' for a reason I have no need to explain. You can rest assured we don't ride over the latter very often."

That other member of the "unbent handle-bar four at Mt. Desert," whose intention to wheel homeward therefrom I noted on p. 279, was W. L. Perham (b. Jan. 1, 1865), who afterwards reported to me as follows: "My trip extended from Bar Harbor to Bangor, 59 m.; thence by way of Rockland to Portland, 165 m., where I stopped over the 4th of July celebration; thence home to Paris, 50 m.; thence by way of Conway to the Glen House (at the foot of Mt. Washington), 72 m., and back through Gorham to Paris, 48 m.; thence through Skowhegan, Dexter and Bangor to Orono, 155 m., making a total of 549 m., without any crossing or doubling of my track, excepting at Portland on the bridge." His letter of Jan. 24, '86, reads thus: "I got my first Standard Columbia July 29, '82, and when I ended my last ride on it, Aug. 1, '84, the record was 10,141 m. The old wheel was slightly shaky then, after two years of such usage, though you remember I 'm not subject to falls. My '83 mileage was 4850 (av. ride, 31 m.); last 5 mos. of '82, 2164 (av. ride, 24 m.); first 7 mos. of '84, 3124. My new wheel reached me at 5 P. M. of Aug. 1 (it is a 54 in. Standard, nickeled, though the first was painted), and at 6 A. M. of the 2d, I started off on it for a straightaway run for Bangor, 120 m., which I finished at 6.07 P. M. At Augusta, 45 m., I stopped 19 min., to drink a quart of milk; and, afterwards, in trying to get to B. inside the even 12 h., I rather strained myself, though I wheeled 53 m. next day. During the rest of '84, I rode 1584 m., making a total of 4711, with an average day's ride of 42 m. In '85 my mileage was only 1681, with an av. ride of 11 m. The reason is that my employment at drawing, in an architect's office at Paris, leaves only my early mornings and evenings for the wheel. Still, you see my mileage for less than 3½ years foots up to 13,406. I use a McDonnell cyclom., which I have tested thoroughly on standard trotting-tracks (we have no cinder paths in Maine) and I find it registers 47 m. for 48 m. on the track. This is all I would ask for as to accuracy, though I exchanged my cyclom. several times before getting a good one. My winter pastime is snow-shoeing, and I find it nearly as fascinating as wheeling."

Theodore Rothe (b. Nov. 11, 1857) was second by 57 min. in the 100 m. race which began at 6.30 A. M., of Oct. 6, '83 (and of whose winner the *Wheelman* said: "Midgley was perfectly fresh at the finish, and could, without doubt, have made much faster time if he had been pushed"), his record being 10 h. 45 min. The third man was L. A. Peabody, of Marblehead, in 11 h. 25 min.; and the fourth was J. F. McClure, of the *Wheelman*, at 12 h. 40 min. Mr. R.

has been for some years connected with the International Hotel, at Boston (623-625 Washington st.), and has put this book on file at its office, besides subscribing for a personal copy. He was one of the "six in the Down East party who took the noon boat homeward from the fogs at Lubec" (p. 269); and, by way of atoning for this desertion, he consented to prepare a few personal statistics for me, though his letter of Feb. 15, '84, which I now quote, said he had never before published any: "My riding began in June, '82, and I estimate it at 2300 for the year, though I made no registry of it until Sept. For '83 I 've kept a full record, and it shows 119 rides with a mileage of 3692, and consequently a remarkable average of 31 m. per ride. There were 6 rides of between 50 and 60 m., 3 of between 60 and 70 m., 1 of 73 m., 1 of 81 m., 1 of 103 m., and 1 of 116 m.; yet I remember of but two days when I kept the saddle unusually long. The first occasion was a round trip to Brockton; the out ride of 22 m. was made in 1 h. 55 min. without dismount; and then, after a 5 min. stop, I made the return of 24 m. by a circuitous route, in 2 h. 30 min., over the Blue hills, also without dismount. On this trip a peculiar adventure happened. While riding at my very best speed, over a perfect road, I suddenly noticed, within a few rods, two planks (covering what proved to be a full-sized fire hose) stretched across the road. Imagine my pleasure! Yet a quick glance showed that, at one end, there was a space of a few inches uncovered; luckily I managed to turn enough to take the lesser of the two evils, *i. e.*, obstructions, and I did make the hose in safety. I never had tried to cross a hose before, and would never undertake it again, as I believe my great speed at the time was all that carried me over safely. My second long-stay-in-saddle ride was Oct. 4, two days before our 100 m. road-race, and was to get an idea of the best speed we should be likely to attain during the race. Having ridden about 10 m., I mounted at Medford, and rode to Lynn, 10 m. in ⅔ h.; then without dismount returned to Medford, against the wind, in 52 min., and continued thence home, making 34 m. in all without dismount. In the 100 m. race, we covered about 60 m. of roadway, but I 've no idea of the amount of roadway covered by me in my year's riding, except that it would be very small, as there are but few roads leading from the city. Most of my riding was done afternoons, and as I almost always returned to business for 1 or 2 h. afterwards, it was a matter of repetition of 15 or 20 m. out and back, save when I took an excursion of a day or two. I 've ridden in all the N. E. States except Vt.,—my longest straightaway being on the return from the 'Down East trip' when, in company with Mr. Waterman, I rode from Portland to Boston, 123 m. in 2 days; the first one ending at Portsmouth. This I consider my hardest ride, owing to the unusually hot weather, and innumerable headers in the sands of the first day. I used a McDonnell cyclom. during the early part of the season, but, finding it incorrect, made the greater part of distances by map-measurement or by local sign boards." His riding during the next two years brought the total mileage up to 11,344, as shown by his letter to me of Dec. 9, '85, containing these further statistics. "During '84, I rode 3215 m. in 137 rides, average 23½ m. to a ride; 3 rides of more than 50 m., 1 of 62 m., 1 of 108 m., and the annual 100 m. race of Boston B. C. My after-dark mileage, without a lantern, was about 370 m. My '85 record to date is 2137 m., representing 108 rides. The fact of my marriage a year ago accounts for my not wheeling so much lately,—the average '85 ride, you see, being only about 10½ m. Nevertheless, I took 1 of 55, 1 of 60 and 1 of 68; doing our annual 100 m. race in the fine time of 8¼ h., even though the actual length of course be called 97 m. In contrast to your own habit of drinking frequently on the road, I have accustomed myself to drink as little as possible, so that thirst troubles me scarcely any. During the 100 m. race I rode 74 m. before I touched a drop of water, and I took some then only because it was handy,—not because I felt the need of it. The only other liquid I took was at about 55 m.—(some beef tea), when I made my only stop for a rub-down, halting perhaps 5 min. About 2000 m. of this year's riding was done on my Victor, the best wheel I have ever ridden. In '84 and part of '85 I rode a Yale and a Humber."

Albert Stevens Parsons (b. Nov. 16, 1841), treasurer of the Cambridgeport Diary Co., is one of those prominent pioneers of cycling who ought to have supplied a long story for this record; though I in truth had the utmost difficulty in forcing him to relax his vise-like grip on even a few personal details. His name was signed fourth on the League's original membership list, at Newport (May, '80), and he was an officer in it till '83,—serving first as its correspond-

ing secretary for two terms, and then one year as vice-president. He was one of the founders of the Mass. B. C., Feb., '79, and its president in '80, '81 and '82; began riding in Nov., '78, and took part in the "Wheel Around the Hub," Sept., '79; was then a resident of Cambridge, though born at Northfield, and now lives at Lexington, and rides from his house there to his office in Cambridgeport (105 Magazine st., where the "Standard diaries" are published). "This makes a round trip of 16 m., and I take it almost daily from May to December—that is, six days in almost every week. I 've had a daily record of 25 m., nearly every pleasant day, for months at a time. My bicycling has been continuous, both for business and pleasure, through 7 seasons, and the average must exceed 2000 m. a year. I 'm not able at this moment to lay hands on the annual record, but I may find it in time to send to you later. I used a McDonnell cyclom. for 3 years and found it very reliable; but, having lost it, the second one which I got has not proved so. Most of my riding has been confined to Mass., and my longest day's record is 75 m. I rode a Paragon the first year; then a bicycle built at Newton (by a man whose name just now escapes me) for a year; then a Standard Columbia, for 3 years; and since, an Expert,—the size of each being 56 in. In March, '86, I bought a Coventry Convertible tri., and am now riding that considerably more than the bicycle. I continue an enthusiastic believer in both bi. and tri., and in the usefulness and importance of the League of American Wheelmen." To this brief report of Dec. 10, '85, I add a remark made by "C. S. H." (*Wheel*, Jan. 22, '86): "A. S. Parsons hangs to the honor of riding a tricycle more than any other man in Boston. Last year he covered upwards of 2600 m." An article of his, descriptive of the League meet at Chicago, was published in the *Wheelman* (Nov., '82), and he also contributed many pieces to the earlier volumes of the *Bi. World*. One of the founders of the Boston B. C., Willis Farrington (whom I remember as representing that club in the escort of a party to a lunch at the Blue Bell, Milton, after the League meet of '81), sends an even briefer report, thus, Dec. 14, '85: "I bought my first bicycle in Sept., '78, and rode 438 m. that year; mileage for 7 seasons since has been 816, 1290, 1121, 1364, 2580, 1857, and 1452,—a total of 10,918. Mileage of machines ridden stands as follows: 50. in. Stanley, 560; 52 in. Stanley, 4142; 54 in. Humber, 327; 53 in. Invincible, 3864; 48 in. Royal Salvo sociable, 233; 48 in. tricycle (hired), 110; 48 in. Invincible tri., 1394; 48 in. Cripper tri., 288. This shows 2025 m. for tricycling, as compared with 8893 m. on the bicycle, though I 've not ridden the bi. at all in '85. All my riding in '83-'84 was in England, Isle of Wight and France,—the record on a sociable tri. being made with Paul Butler, Boston B. C., from London, to Bradford, in Yorkshire. I 've had a cyclom. on every machine. First I used Thompson's, which I judged to be correct, but, as it recorded revolutions only, I discarded it for a McDonnell. I tried several of these, and found them all defective. Then I used Butcher's. They went wrong at first, being their earlier productions. I have now one of the latest patterns, and am perfectly satisfied. It is a great comfort to be able to read it from the saddle. As to offices, I was League consul for Lowell, until I resigned, and am now C. T. C. consul for Lowell; I have been captain of the Lowell B. C., and am still a member of it, as well as a life-member of the Bostons." I judge from his letter-head, that Mr. F. is connected with the U. S. Bunting Co., at Lowell. The *Bi. World* of Dec. 25, '85, mentions a group photograph representing himself, his wife, his little girl and his little boy, all mounted on wheels,—together with the baby, in a four-wheeler, guarded by the family dog.

E. A. Hemmenway (b. Feb. 4, 1857), secretary of the Tremont B. C., at Dorchester, whose occupation is that of mechanical draughtsman, reports to me thus: "I first mounted at Cunningham's riding school, July 7, '79, and took my first road-ride July 18. All my riding has been done on two machines: the first a 50 in. Duplex Excelsior (6020 m.), the present, a 52 in. Expert Columbia, '84 pattern (5433½ m.). My earliest cyclometer was one of the first style made by the Popes, and it was very unsatisfactory. The principle of its operation being entirely defective, it would record on the average only about ⅞ the distance; so I placed no reliance on it. My second cyc. was of my own manufacture, remodeled from the first. It was perfectly accurate, and I used it for 3200 m. My present cyc. is a Butcher, which I have run about 5000 m. It is made on a correct principle and its durability depends merely upon the quality of the workmanship. In the first cyclometers made by the Butcher Co. the work was, unfortunately, very poor

and a good deal of trouble was caused thereby. I have spent considerable time in repairing mine, which is one of the same '84 lot that your own belonged to, but I understand these defects have since been fully remedied. I find it a great advantage to be able to read the cyc. from the saddle, and, so far as my knowledge of such things goes, I consider the Butcher the best. I have carried a small lantern on it for from 500 to 600 m.; but it is not as convenient as a 'King of the Road,' which I have since used (without the cyc., because a hub-lantern needs an adjustable friction device to prevent it from swinging to and fro). My mileage by years stands thus,—the new roadway explored each season being shown by parenthesis: 1058¾ (450), 904½ (75), 740½ (100), 1501¼ (160), 1203½ (80), 2752½ (60), 3292½ (165),—a total of 11,453¼ (1090). My monthly mileage for '84 and '85 may be compared as follows: Jan., 23½, 25¾; Feb., 21¾, 30; Mar., 58¾, 151¾; Apr., 207½, 294¼; May, 304¾, 307¼; June, 405¼, 334¼; July, 300¾, 403½; Aug., 361½, 441¾; Sept., 330¾, 461¾; Oct., 382½, 401¾; Nov., 249¾, 283½; Dec., 106½, 157½. The increase of mileage for the past two years is due to a change in my place of business, whereby I am enabled to use the wheel daily in going to and from my work (7 m. each way). I can thus put it to a most practical service and at the same time derive much benefit from the daily exercise. My two longest day's rides were Aug. 26, '82, Dorchester to Newburyport and back, 103¾ m. (see *Bi. World*, Sept. 8, p. 533), and Sept. 6, '82, in annual 100 m. race of the Boston B. C. (see Hazlett's 'Summary,' *Wheelman*, Jan., '83), when my individual score was 105¾ m."

The most widely-known tourist west of the Alleghanies is Burley B. Ayers (b. Oct. 8, 1858), though, like the trumpeter in the fable, he gets this repute more from his schemes for inspiring others to take the road than from his own personal achievements on the wheel. His connection with one of the large r. r. offices in Chicago has enabled him, as chairman of the League's transportation committee, to take the proper measures for convincing the railroad people in general that it is for their interest to encourage bicycle touring, and gain the good-will of wheelmen, by carrying passengers' wheels as personal baggage. On the other hand, his enthusiasm as a tourist has inspired him to plan and "personally conduct" the largest and most impressive displays of practical wheelmanship that have ever anywhere been witnessed. His three annual tours through Canada (alluded to on pp. 198, 215, 314, 320, 509) have proved so satisfactory and increasingly successful as to lead the League to invest him with the special office of "tourmaster," in order that the fourth tour ('86) may be directly under its auspices. Readers of the cycling press have for years been familiar with his name or initials as a signature of contributions which are pretty certain to be readable, though his "readiness" as a writer occasionally leads him to indulge in pleasing generalities that are somewhat at variance with the hard facts of the case. *E. g.*, the stupidly vexatious customs regulations of Canada—which, if strictly enforced, would prohibit United States citizens from attempting to penetrate that country with their bicycles—have been alluded to by him in a printed letter as if entirely satisfactory (see p. 311); while a glowing phrase of his, in the prospectus of the "clerical wheelmen's Canadian tour," declaring that "all the roads there are like boulevards," would have led to his being torn limb from limb,—if the deceived clergymen could have got bodily hold of him, when exasperated to the pitch of desperation by a 40 m. tramp across roads which at best are barely walkable! As he was in fact beyond their reach, the only solace left them was to remember him in their prayers,—and trust the non-clerical half of the party to do the cursing (see p. 324). His escape from destruction by their righteous wrath was a happy thing for the cause of cycling, since (speaking in all seriousness) there are not many Americans who have done more to advance that cause than himself. Much can easily be forgiven the man who has accomplished much; and my object in thus noting these little slips from accuracy, which can hardly be helped when an exuberant fancy expresses itself in the rapid manipulation of a type-writer, is rather to illustrate the rule that all men have their limitations, than to detract anything from the respect due for solid results actually brought to pass. As I wished, too, to give his story a sizable sort of paragraph in this book (for the drift of thought which finally led me to conceive the idea of writing it was, in a sense, set in motion by some hearty praise of his concerning my "234" reminiscences in the *Wheelman*), I was forced to "cover space" by providing a long introduction to it; because the longest autobiography I could extract from him was this: "I began

riding a 46 in. Ariel, Oct. 5, '79,—the same month the Chicago B. C. was organized,—and I wheeled 200 m. that year; rode a Standard Columbia in '80, a 54 in. D. H. F. Premier from '81 to '84, and a 54 in. Victor in '85; took a fortnight's tour, around Grand Rapids, Mich., the first month I learned to ride, and engaged in annual three days' runs of the Milwaukee B. C., in Waukesha Co., Wis., in '80, '81 and '82, besides, of course, the Canadian tours of '83, '84 and '85. My mileage is fully 12,100, and its distribution through the last six seasons was about as follows: 1300, 2400, 2100, 2200, 1800 and 2100. My birthplace was Lambeth, Ontario."

Though the Chicago B. C. proclaims itself very little in the papers, it is one of the permanent institutions of that wide-awake city, and has probably done more, in a quiet way, to get cycling well established and respected, in the great central section of the continent, than any similar agency west of the Atlantic slope. Its captain, Norton H. Van Sicklen (b. Feb. 9, 1860?), made the notable record of 5078½ m. in '84, which was tabulated thus by months (*Spr. Wh. Gaz.*, Feb., '85, p. 160): Jan., 95; Feb., 91½; Mar., 124; Apr., 385½; May, 458½; June, 553; July, 438½; Aug., 703; Sept., 447; Oct., 578; Nov., 886; Dec., 319. He confirmed the authenticity of this in a letter to me (Jan. 20, '86), saying that he estimated his total riding as 9000 m. additional, whereof '85 should be accredited with 4500, and '83 with 2500, though he did not keep a monthly record of mileage in either year. The letter adds: "I learned to ride the bi. in Dec., '79, and think my mileage was at least 2000, on rented and borrowed machines, before I bought a wheel of my own, at the close of '82. I 've used but two makes of cyclometers,—the McDonnell and the Butcher (petite),—and I account a good one of the former much better than a good one of the latter. My experience with this has been very unsatisfactory,—the cam being too flexible and the rubber coming off,—while one of my McDonnells has registered 3000 m. and is still correct. During '84 I used two of them,—one on a 56 in. Expert, which registered over 4200 m. in a year, and one on a 57 in. Yale, which I rode only a few hundred m. in '84. As for separate road, I 've wheeled about 1200 m. of it: Ill., Ind., O., N. Y., Minn. and Ont. My first road ride was in Oct., '80, I think,—a trip with the club to S. Chicago and back. My first race was Feb. 22, '83; and, if you care to mention my path performances, I suggest that Mr. Ayers might send a more impartial account of them than I can" (see p. 321).

During the previous year, another member of the same club, who was then its vice-president and a consul of the League, made an even higher record,—running up an annual mileage far in excess of any before accredited to an American. This was Frank E. Yates (b. May 18, 1843), well known as an oarsman at double sculls, with W. B. Curtis and C. E. Courtney as partners, and as the winner of some 75 single-scull races, which included the American amateur championship in '74 and '76. He began riding the bi. Oct. 17, '82, and probably accomplished 200 m., though he took no note of it. His '83 record, in addition to 333 m. of tricycling, was 5052 m., distributed through the months as follows: Jan., 110; Feb., 218½; Mar., 383; Apr., 617½; May, 228; June, 573; July, 402; Aug., 468; Sept., 568; Oct., 437; Nov., 698; Dec., 349. His letter which enclosed these scores to me (July 11, '84) said: "The large figures are accounted for by the fact that I am an enthusiast at bicycling, and my business is such as to enable me to ride 20½ h. out of the 24, should I feel disposed, since I am engaged only during Board of Trade hours (9.30 A. M. to 1 P. M.). My riding was done almost entirely on the streets and boulevards and in the parks of the city, save two trips to South Chicago and one to Riverdale, probably 100 m. all told. My wife having a tricycle, we frequently were out as late as 12 o'clock at night, and I presume she must have ridden nearly 2000 m. during the year, although I kept no record of it. My longest day's ride was 78 m. The cyclometer used was the McDonnell, though I tried about half a dozen before I got one that was correct. My wheel was a 54 in. Columbia Expert, during the last nine months, for until March 31 I rode a 52 in. Expert; and, except for two headers (one with each wheel, breaking two handle-bars and one crank), they never cost me a cent for repairs. My 54 in. is apparently as good as new; at any rate, I would not exchange it for any wheel in the world. During the first half of '84, I 've ridden only 1509 m., my afternoons being taken up with other affairs, and I 've kept no monthly record." A postscript of Dec. 10, '85, adds: "From Aug., '84, I was traveling through California, Oregon, Montana, Washington Territory and elsewhere, and did not return to Chicago till May 1. My

record was thus broken up, but I presume I may have wheeled 1500 m. this year. I should be glad to see your book make mention of Miss Annie Sylvester, who is to-day the finest bicycle rider in the world, *sure*." As Mr. Y. is now the business manager of this remarkable performer, his opinion of her merits may not be entirely impartial, but I will not on that account be so ungallant as to begrudge the space for a brief descriptive extract from his circular: "This peerless queen of the cyclists, the world's acknowledged champion lady trick and fancy rider, uses both the Columbia and Star bicycles in her marvelous exhibitions. She is the *only* lady who has ever ridden the Star, and the first and only lady to accomplish the difficult feat of riding a single wheel. She is universally conceded to be the most graceful rider living, and has never yet received an adverse criticism either from the press or her audiences."

Utah's oldest rider is probably Geo. J. Taylor (b. Jan. 31, 1834), one of the editors of the *Deseret Evening News*, and coroner of Salt Lake County, whose letter to me (Aug. 16, '84) said: "I yesterday raised my mileage record to 10,006,—being led thereto by pressure of business which kept me on the wheel, for I had not intended to finish until the 18th, so as to make exactly five years of it. I began Aug. 19, '79, with a 48 in. Columbia, and rode 1500 m. that year; gradually increasing afterwards until in '83 I made 2500 m. My second wheel was a 50 in. Harvard, all bright, and I now use a 50 in. Expert, nickeled, with cradle spring, though I could ride a 52 in. My longest straightaway tour was 56 m.; longest riding from 9 A. M. till dusk, 50 m.; swiftest ride, on a rather rough road, 17 m. in 1¼ h." "The best cyclom. is the Petite Butcher, which weighs only 2 oz., and never fails to register correctly," says his note of Dec. 15, '85, which encloses an extract from the *News*, descriptive of a patent which was granted him July 28, thus: "The improvement consists of a short lever attached to the usual pedal-pin extending several inches rearward, where it is hinged to a swinging fulcrum-rod, which rod is hinged to the upper part of the fork, thereby allowing the lever to follow the crank motion with almost absolute freedom from friction, while at the same time it acts as a fulcrum for the lever, which with the pedal projects forward of the crank far enough to give a considerable advantage in leverage over the ordinary crank. The added weight on the machine need not exceed 2 lbs., and the friction is so slight that when the wheel is suspended it will run 5 or 6 min. without stopping. Its advantages are that it gives the rider more power in driving his wheel, while at the same time it shortens the foot motion several in., giving a long, full downstroke, which passes the dead center, with a comparatively short upstroke. The crank-pin can also be used as a pedal, giving a still shorter motion for down hill and easy grades, thereby avoiding the monotony of the continuous long motion of the ordinary crank. It will also admit of a footrest on the rear of the lever. Another advantage is, that by simply lowering the fulcrum-rod, which can be done in two min., a small man can ride as large a wheel as he can climb upon. The increased power has been fully tested by means of weights and scales as well as by road-riding. The invention will be an even greater advantage on a tri. than on a bi." His postscript, Jan. 27, adds: "My mileage to date is 12,705, and I 've done the last 1500 m. of it on my patent treadles, without taking a header. I ride every day, winter or summer, rain or shine, over all sorts of roads. I 've used the Pope and McDonnell, but prefer the Petite Butcher cyclom. to either of them, or to any I 've yet seen."

Thomas B. Somers (b. July 6, 1840), is book-keeper for Whitall, Tatum & Co., large makers of glassware, at Millville, N. J., which is a manufacturing place with 8000 or 9000 inhabitants, of whom more than 100 are owners of the bi. or tri. "Quite a variety of English makes are represented," he writes, Sept. 9, '85, "for the Expert did not find much favor until I got my present one. I 've pushed this well to the front, by giving it plenty of just commendation, and now we have quite a number,—all of which prove to us that it was our mistake in not taking to that machine before. In April, '79, soon after learning to ride the bone-shaker, I ordered a Columbia, which reached me June 1 (see p. 24), and which I superseded July 10, '80, by a 50 in. Special Columbia, small tires, half nickel, which I sold in Feb., '84. Then for a while I used a Sanspareil, belonging to a friend whose health would not permit winter riding; but in April bought a British Challenge, which was too heavy (50 lbs.) and whose rear fork was too weak, so that in Sept. I traded it for the Expert which I have since ridden with entire satisfac-

tion, liking it better than any previous wheel. As I did a great deal of riding during the 3½ years I used the Special, I can safely say that I pushed it more than 15,000 m. It is still ridden here in town, in fair condition. My first Columbia is also running around here to-day, with the original tire upon its front wheel. During the 13 months that I used it I wore the front bearings out three times. I had them renewed twice, and then, when the wheel got so loose as to rub against the brake, I sold it to a machinist who put in ball-bearings and a new axle. Except during these times of repair, it has been in use nearly every ridable day for upwards of 7 years; and would thus make a good mate for your 'No. 234.'

"My riding has all been done in New Jersey, south of Camden, where we have a considerable mileage of good roads—the best straightaway run being 40 m., through Salem and Allowaystown to Woodstown. This round-trip of 80 m. represents my longest day's ride; and once while returning from it (Oct., '84), as I did not happen to meet any bad horses or worse drivers, I came along easily for 29 m. without a dismount, in 2¾ h. This is a sandy country, and, as our roads are made of gravel or clay, they do not long remain muddy. We have considerable fair riding through the winter, and during the last ½ of the year I make good use of ten moonlight nights each month, if the weather is clear. As I live ¾ m. from the office, I wheel back and forth and also on all business errands; and every pleasant afternoon, from 5.30 till dark, will find me in the saddle. This year, I am nearly always accompanied on these evening spins by my 10 year old son, Albertus (who is getting to be quite a rider, and makes short trips independently, both before and after school); and my '85 mileage is much less than usual, on this account, for my after-supper ride is now only 10 or 15 m., instead of 20 or 25 m. which it used to be when I rode alone. As I have a heavy set of books to keep, my touring is almost entirely confined to Sundays." His postscript of Jan. 1, '86, adds: "My riding for the last 10 mos. amounted to 4710 m., of which 1103½ was registered from March 5 to May 31, and 3606½ for the rest of the year, distributed thus: June, 625; July, 574½; Aug (vacation), 310; Sept., 646½; Oct., 564½; Nov., 468½; Dec., 417½. All through Dec., our roads have been excellent,—better than in summer,—and they are so still; for we 've had very little freezing weather and no snow. Up to March 5, I never used a cyclom., or attempted to keep a record. The Butcher which I then attached registered with perfect accuracy to Nov. 28, from which time it has lost from ½ to ¼ on nearly every m., as the bearings are getting badly worn. They require to be frequently tinkered, to keep them right, and I believe mine would wear out before running up to 10,000 m. I 've been obliged also to fasten the balance weight with rivets. The instrument must always be somewhat of a nuisance, with the bearings in their present shape."

An appropriate companion-piece to the foregoing is the report of James D. Dowling (b. Aug. 1, 1835), a resident of Camden, at 536 Broadway, though his place of business is in Phila., at 406 Penn st. He learned to ride the ordinary bicycle, by taking a dozen lessons in Oct., '81, but bought a 51 in. Star, at second hand, May 10, '82, and has used it ever since, though it shows signs of hard wear. His son Harry (b. Aug. 6, 1870) learned on a wooden bicycle, in Sept., '81, and in Dec. bought a 42 in. wheel which he has since ridden, in company with his father, who writes: "Our mileage record from May 10 to Dec. 31, '82, was 1871; in '83, 2501; and in '84, 1920,—representing excursions to different points in N. J., Pa., and Del., varying from 10 to 66 m. straightaway from home. When I say that my son was with me on almost all the day's rides whose record is from 30 to 80 m., the story seems quite a creditable one for him. In '85, he got rather out of the habit of riding with me,—partly from illness, which confined him early in the year; partly from outgrowing his wheel, and partly from a naturally increasing preference for comrades of his own age,—so that I 've had his younger brother Joe (b. Dec. 12, 1873) for a companion, on his 36 in. Otto, which he began riding in July, '82. He holds out well for short trips of 20 m., but I do not think it well to push him farther, as his wheel runs rather hard. My oldest son, æ. 27, is not a rider, and I cannot get my three daughters to try the tricycle, as their mother is opposed to it. In summer, my daughters stay a good deal at Moorestown, where I once resided, and it is my custom to spend many evenings there,—leaving Camden about 7 and returning about 11. I wheel the 10 m. in 65 to 70 min. and return in 55 to 60 min., as the grade is down to C. Another favorite evening ride of mine I call the triangle. The first side, from

C. to Mt. Ephraim, 5 m., is rolling but good. The base, from M. E. to Haddonfield, 3 m., has a foot-path all the way, the first ½ m. on s. side, the rest on n. The triangle's third side, from H. to the starting point at C., 6 m., is all level and slightly down-grade. I have often done the 14 m. without dismount in 1¼ h. The road from Gloucester to Woodbury, 4 m., and through W., 1 m., is always good, and has often been ridden in 20 min., either way, as it is level. My longest ride was taken Nov. 22, to Quakertown and back, 84 m. My record for '85, showing the mileage, the riding days, and the longest ride for each month, is as follows: Jan., 10, 1, 10; Feb., 42, 3, 20; Mar., 131, 8, 25; Apr., 146, 9, 22; May, 267, 10, 46; June, 297, 12, 40; July, 385, 14, 65; Aug., 355, 14, 65; Sept., 345, 12, 60; Oct., 199, 10, 40; Nov., 353, 11, 84; Dec., 58, 4, 20. This gives a total of 2588 for the year, and 8880 for the 4 years. In early spring as well as in fall, the gravel pikes which are the rule in N. J. are somewhat soft; but in summer they are good. The stone pikes are generally heavy after a long rain; also in the fall the road-menders have a bad habit of cleaning out the ditches on each side and throwing the dirt up on the middle, which makes tough riding, as it does not pack until frost comes, and then it often freezes very rutty. The gravel pikes in N. J. are scraped after each snow, and, if it is freezing weather, they are magnificent then—as smooth as a floor. As the young men around here who are from 20 to 30 years old are afraid of the cold, and I do not care to ride much alone, I do not do much winter riding. However, I have ridden several times both on the Delaware and Schuykill rivers when frozen and found it splendid sport,—the only drawback being the inability to turn, as the wheel slips from under you when attempting to do so. I give you the distances in m. by gravel pike, from my house in Camden to 16 towns, which I have made the mid-day turning-point of out-and-back day's rides as follows: Mt. Ephraim, 5; Haddonfield, 6; Williamstown, 20; Moorestown, 10; Mt. Holly, 20; Burlington, 25; Bordentown, 35; Woodbury, 9; Glassboro, 20; Woodstown, 25; Newfield, 35; Vineland, 38; Hammondton, 35; Trenton, 40; Hardington, 25; Beverly, 20. I have also ridden from Phila. to Wilmington and back, 60 m., and sometimes have gone 6 m. further, to Newcastle; and I 've ridden from P. to Reading, 66 m., and returned by train. Except in a few cases, when the start has been made as early as 5 A. M. and the return home as late as 8 P. M., my day's rides with my son have begun after breakfast and ended in season for supper. We 've never been caught in but two storms, but in one of these we had to ride 17 m. in a heavy wind and rain,—as we were too late for any Sunday trains. After a warm bath, change of clothes and good supper, neither of us felt any ill effects from the exposure. As regards the press, I 've printed pieces in the *Wheelman*, Feb., '83; *Bi. World*, Mar., '83; *Mechanic*, June, '83 (description of ride to Reading), and two in the *Phila. Cycling Record*, 1885."

Dr. Geo. F. Fiske (b. Jan. 26, 1860) has been described on p. 113 as one of the very earliest of the long-distance men; and his letter to me from Göttingen (Feb. 29, '84) reads thus: "My riding record is now 10,200 m., though this does not cover my total mileage, for no man can keep count of all his racing-practice and little spins. It was in the Hartz mtns., last Nov., that I reached the 10,000 m. limit. I have driven the bi. 3420 m. in 12 successive months, and I last summer covered 1085 m. in 30 successive days. This was in effect an almost continuous trail, though I broke it once by taking steamer, and once by taking train, besides crossing one bridge on the cars. I 've taken several tours of from 200 to 500 m. My longest stay in the saddle was 42 m. The other day, I went from G. to Hanover, 75 m., against a rather sharp wind, without having to walk a step, 5 A. M. to 3.20 P. M. My riding time was 7½ h., for I was in poor practice, and went to sleep 2 h. at Elze, besides giving 1 h. to breakfast; otherwise I could easily have got to H. at 1 o'clock. I found a few steep hills, but the roads in general are fine for long tours. The chief obstacle is the pavements in the small towns, but, at worst, these can be walked through in 10 min. I do not travel much with the wheelmen here, as they are inclined to patronize the highest-price hotels and take frequently to the trains. *E. g.*, a ten days' trip with them, along the Rhine to Heidelberg and back, cost $30; while a 16 days' tour, by myself, from Ostend to G., cost only $28, though I visited all the picture galleries and other objects of interest." His reply to my further enquiries (Halle, May 25, '85) adds: "Record is now 12,000 m. I first mounted the bi., Oct. 20, '78, at Boston, and took my first all-day ride Nov. 22, in that region. My first tour was in '79 (Aug. 4 to 14, I think), from New Haven,

through Poughkeepsie and Albany, to Saratoga and back to P., 300 m., without any resort to trains (see p. 142). F. L. Bigelow was my companion all the way; R. T. Low (a classmate of mine in Amherst '81) joined us at P.; and our half-day's ride of 55 m. thence up the Hudson (5 A. M. to 1 P. M.) we thought quite an exploit at that time. I am now just on the eve of a grand tour, for I 've nearly finished my studies here (eye specialties), and hope to cover at least 5000 m. this summer and see several countries. When I return home, next November, I expect to begin practice in Chicago, though my birthplace was Madison, Ct."

Elliott Mason (b. Feb. 11, 1852), manager of the N. Y. office of the Pope Mfg. Co., at 12 Warren st., is mentioned by the *Wheel*, Jan. 22, '86, as the only member of the Citizens B. C. who has yet made a "century run" (96 m., Cobourg to Kingston, Aug. 18, '85; see p. 323), and as the second man in the club in respect to mileage for '85,—his record being 3025, as compared with Philip Fontaine's 3205, T. C. Smith's 2805, W. H. McCormack's 2308 and W. B. Krug's 2169,—the latter representing a Facile. From notes of conversation with Mr. E., I present these facts about his earlier wheeling: Between Sept., '79, and Dec., '81, he rode 13,000 m., as measured by Pope cyclom.—his average being 28½ m. a day. During nearly 20 months of this period, he was a school teacher at Yonkers, and, except Sundays, he rode almost daily, spending about all his time in the saddle when not engaged in school duties. In the spring of '81, he went to Boston, to enter the employ of the Popes; removing to N. Y. a year later, to open their riding-school and salesroom on 34th st. He wheeled not less than 500 m. in '82,—nearly all of it in the city,—the longest day's record being 66½ m. In '83 he took 83 rides, amounting to 1408¾ m., and his '84 record was 1221 m.,—making a total mileage of 19,155. His longest stay in the saddle was a round trip of 26½ m. His rule of "no good offer refused" led him to sell several machines, after taking only a few rides upon them; but most of his first 13,000 m. was done on a 52 in. Standard Columbia, and he now rides a 54 in. Expert. Centaur and Club 50 in. have also been tried by him. Three backbones have been broken, during his usage, but without injury to himself. Ritchie's magnetic cyclom. he praises, as having been absolutely accurate in his own experience, and as the only variety which, as a dealer, he has not heard any complaint of. His wife is a rider of the tricycle. I believe the same can be truly recorded as to the wife of Will R. Pitman (b. April 12, 1849), who, in a talk had with me, Nov. 18, '84, said he 'd done about 1500 m. of tricycling, that year, and, if I rightly understood, had been not infrequently accompanied by the lady in question. He won the American 100 m. road-record, 11½ h., in the Boston B. C. race, Oct. 4, '84; but all his bicycling of the year hardly amounted to 10 m. In '83, he did a good deal of racing (Nov. 17, Ixion road-race, 153 m., was won in 20 h.; see *Wheelman*, Mar., '84, p. 457), and his probable mileage was 2000. As early as Sept. 4, '69, he took part in an exhibition race of bone-shakers, at Bangor, his native town; and he went thence in Jan., '78, to Boston, for his first experience with the modern bicycle, at the riding-school of the Cunninghams. His first road-ride, to Haverhill, March 30, created great excitement; and a later one, from Fitchburg to Boston, was also given liberal notice in the papers. During the time that he was employed by the Popes (Apr. to Oct.), he spent almost every h. of leisure in the saddle,—riding regularly from 4 to 7 A. M., and also nights, at the Chestnut Hill reservoir, and all-day trips on Sundays,—so that he thinks his average 400 m. a month, and his total for '78 fully 3000 m., or much greater than for any year since. In May, '78, he took a circuit by train through Providence, New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester,—giving exhibitions of road-riding in the streets of all those cities, in order to interest people in the bicycle as a practical vehicle, and pave the way for the establishment of agencies for its sale. In Jan., '79, he returned to the carpet trade, which he has since followed, and his mileage of that year, whose Sundays were mostly given to the wheel, was probably 1000. In '80, it was perhaps rather less than that, his longest trip being from 155th st. to Coney Island and back,—though he took part in the League's first parade at Newport. In '81, it did not amount to 500 m.; and in '82, which included some riding at Washington, Boston, and twice at Baltimore, it was less than 1500 m. Combining these annual approximations, which my cross-questionings extorted from the memory of a man who had never kept any record, shows a "guess-work total" of about 10,500 m., at the close of '84. The bi-

cycles used by him have been Duplex Excelsior, Columbia ('81-'82) and Humber ('83); and the Premier tricycle, which he exhibited in Boston, in autumn of '79, was the first one ever ridden there. He has been for some years captain of the Ixion B. C.; owns many medals won in the earlier races, and is known among his familiars as "the veteran."

Henry E. Ducker (b. June 27, 1848), who has done more than any one else to encourage bicycle racing in America, "never entered a race or competed in any athletic sport. My first year's wheeling (in '80, about 800 m.) was chiefly for pleasure and exercise; but since then I 've been too busy to use the bicycle except as a time-saver for my business. The 5326 m. which I 've thus wheeled for this strictly practical purpose ('81 to '85) represent a saving of 664 h., or 66 working days, equivalent in cash to $400, while my wheels have cost less than ½ that sum. This 'business mileage' of mine, arranged by years, stands thus: 808, 1183, 1218, 1030, and 1087; and it has in effect added an average of 12½ days to my life each year, without regard to its indirect advantage, in preserving my general health. I rode in the annual processions of the League, at New York, Washington and Buffalo; and the longest tour I ever took was 25 m. to Hartford (Oct. 12, '85), which I accomplished with only two dismounts. The round trip of 18 m. to Holyoke and back I have taken twice. These six cases comprise the whole of my wheeling outside the city, and the sum of them all is insignificant in comparison with my 'business mileage.' My earliest wheel was a 48 in. Harvard, which I rode from May 30, '80, to the close of '82; I had a 50 in. Sanspareil for the next two years, and in '85 have ridden a 50 in. Victor and a nickeled Expert, both of which I still retain. I used the Excelsior cyclom., '81 to '83, the Butcher in '84, and the Lakin in '85; and, as far as I can judge, the latter is the best. I organized the Springfield B. C., May 31, '81, and have been its president ever since. My residence in this city dates from April 27, '63; the previous ten years having been spent in Brooklyn, to which place I emigrated from England, as I was born in London, on Fleet st. I was married Nov. 4, 1868, and have nine children. My wife and two oldest girls are riders of the tricycle." An excellent portrait of Mr. D. may be found among the lithographic likenesses of cycling editors in the London "*Wheeling* Annual for '86" (p. 16), alongside that of its publisher, Harry Etherington. His editorial work upon the monthly *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, which was begun in May, '83, as a means for proclaiming the annual racing tournament of the club, is all done outside of office hours, so as not to conflict with his duties as superintendent of the Springfield Printing Co. He has held this position since '80; and in '85 was chosen chief consul of the Massachusetts Division of the League of American Wheelmen.

Springfield, the capital city of Illinois, has at least one persistent wheelman, I. J. Kusel (b. Apr. 28, 1865), a clothing dealer, who reports to me thus: "I began in '77, on a bone-shaker (110 lbs.), which I regularly rode, between the house and store, besides taking two trips of 15 m. and one of 20 m. So I probably covered 500 to 600 m. with it, before Feb., '78, when I bought a St. Nicholas bi., not much better, which I used for about 700 m. Between Mar., '79, and July, '80, I rode some 1500 m. on a 46 in. Columbia; then to July, '82, about 2500 m. on an English machine; then to end of '83, 2100 m., by cyclom., on a 52 in. nickeled Expert; to end of '84, 2300 m., on a 56 in. Expert, McDonnell cyclom.; to July, '85, 1500 m., by Butcher cyclom.; to Dec., 1200 m., on a 58 in. Victor, with Church cyclom. This shows a total of about 12,400 m. Longest ride, Chicago to Milwaukee and back, 180 m., in 26 h.; second best, S. to Joliet, 107 m., in 3 days of about 8 h. riding each, though roads were in poor condition. Both these trips were in the same week, and that was my longest riding week, 287 m. It was the second week in Sept., '83, and forms a part of my best month's record, 850 m. I 've ridden 250 m. in Wis., about 100 m. in Mo., and all the rest within a radius of 30 or 40 m. from home. We dare not venture out far on the roads of Central Illinois, except from June to Sept., for the black soil is left in bad condition for a week or more after every rain. Our park has 25 m. of beautiful pavement, however; and there is some talk of applying concrete to all the main roads of Sangamon co.,—which would make cycling possible, the year round, through a very large region. In the n. and s. sections of Ill., the roads are mostly gravel, instead of this black soil. Though our city ordinance against cycling has never been repealed, it is entirely a dead letter."

Another member of the old guard, Brandon Lewis (b. May 2, 1838), sends me an even shorter

story. "I am a dealer in shoes, at Lafayette, Ind., and though I first mounted the bi. in May, '76, and have been a rider ever since, I never kept a record of my wheeling experiences. I 've mainly used the wheel between home and business, and have taken no tours,—my longest day's ride being 26 m." With this may be compared the report sent Sept. 2, '85, by Arthur Young (b. Nov. 30, 1861), of whom Cola Stone wrote to me, a few months before, that "what he does n't know about the roads around St. Louis is n't worth knowing": "I began to ride Feb. 24, '80, on a 46 in. Columbia; changed in '82 to a 50 in.; in '83, used a 54 in. Expert; in '84, a 50 in. Expert, 48 in. Sanspareil and 48 in. Expert; in '85, a 48 in. Victor, and am now riding a Rudge tandem tri. I never kept a log, or used a cyclom., but I average 1800 m. a year. Outside this State, I 've ridden in Kan., Ill., Me., Mass., and N. H.,—including trips up Corey Hill and down Mt. Washington. The chief roads from St. Louis, through St. L. and Jeff. counties, are of limestone and gravel combined; very good after a rain and mighty mean when dusty. I name their mileage thus: Telegraph, 16; Natural Bridge, 16½; St. Charles Rock, 18; Bellefontaine, 19; Olivest., 28; Manchester, 32½; Gravois, 42; Lemay Ferry, 50. The grades of the latter are so steep that none but natives attempt to ride it, and the Gravois road is also a bad one for the tenderfoot."

The reference to Mt. W. suggests the insertion here of my report from E. H. Corson (b. Oct. 26, 1848), whom I have alluded to as "the Star man," on pp. 257, 269, 271, in describing my '83 riding with him in Maine; and who says, Jan. 19, '86: "I learned to ride in June, '82; and, on Sept. 18, after attending the meeting which organized the N. H. Div. of the League, wheeled home 25 m., this being my first straightaway trial on the road. Though I 've kept no complete record of it, I 've ridden a great deal, especially in '83. It was on Aug. 16 of that year that I rode down Mt. Washington,—a thing that was never done before, and has never been done since successfully. I 've written a full account of this for the new ed. of the 'Star Rider's Manual,' which I hope to issue in March. I conceived the idea of writing the 'Manual' while wheeling home from the Springfield tournament of '83. The first ed. was exhausted two months ago, and the orders for the new book show it is likely to have an even larger sale." The price of it is 50 c., the same as the annual subscription to the *Star Advocate*, a monthly paper which Mr. C. has published at East Rochester, N. H., since Mar., '85. The editor of the oldest of American cycling journals, Abbot Bassett (b. March 10, 1845), sends me the following, Jan. 19, '86: "I 'm not much of a veteran, for it was in '81 that I learned to ride a bicycle of John S. Prince. I did n't get beyond the lesson period, for my attention was diverted from the bi. to the tri. by the presence of a three-wheeler in the place where I did my riding. I saw at once that the tri. was the wheel for me, and I began to study it and get my friends interested in it. I entered into a long correspondence with Sturmey and Wilson, anent tricycles, and the result was that a number of us brought over English machines in '82. I never tried a bi. on the road. I have done no little missionary work for the three-wheeler, and to-day Boston has a very large number of tricyclers. A man who rides a tri. only has just been elected captain of the Boston B. C., and, when some one urged that this was not wise, a look around showed that every prominent member of the club was a tricycler. As to my record,—it has been impossible for me to keep one, for I ride all sorts of machines and over all distances. It is important for me, in a business way, to know all about machines, and so I ride the different ones as they come out. Do Stoddard, Lovering & Co. get out a new wheel, I take it and ride it a few weeks, and then take some other dealer's. In this way, I make myself an authority on machines, and can answer those who naturally call on me for advice about buying wheels. I never advise any particular make, though, but give the good points of each one. So you will see that as there is no good cyclom. that will fit every wheel, I can't keep a record. I have a cyclom. on my own wheel but I did n't ride that 1000 m. in '85. I 've kept no kind of memorandum of my riding, and I cannot form the slightest idea what my mileage is; therefore I think you had better not try to touch it. I became business manager of the *Bi. World* in Aug., '81; was joint editor in '83 and full editor in '84; was on the editorial staff of the *Manufacturer's Gazette*, Boston, in the earlier months of '81, and for 12 years before that was editor of the *Chelsea News*." His prede-

cessor and associate in the editorship of the *Bi. World*, J. S. Dean (now a lawyer at 28 State st.), tells me a similarly indefinite story: "I cannot give cyclom. records, as I never kept any, except in an intermittent sort of way. I think I began riding in Dec., '77 (perhaps Jan., '78), and I 've ridden, I 'm sure, more than 10,000 m.—of which at least 1800 m. was in England. During the last 2 or 3 years I 've confined my riding almost entirely to the tricycle, and in '85 the tricycle and tandem were my only mounts, except a little safety cycling. As for your request about my *noms de plume*, I 've had so many that I cannot name them. 'London W.' was my first and principal one. I also started the 'By the Way.'" Shorter still is the personal statement which I 've been able to extract from the publisher of the *Phila. Cyc. Record*, H. B. Hart, who sailed with me to Newport, for the League meet of '80: "Although one of the pioneer riders, I have never done any extended touring; have been kept too close to business. Cycling has been and will be benefited mainly by my inventions, and feeble attempts at literature. As concerns the former I feel somewhat proud of my record."

"To MR. C. D. KERSHAW—*Dear Sir*:—The advertisement of the Pope Mfg. Co. (*Outing*, Sept., '85) contains a letter dated at Cleveland, June 25, '85, and signed by your name, which reads as follows: '*The subscriber is adjuster for the White Sewing Machine Co., and in the discharge of his duties uses your 54 in. Expert Columbia. I have run the same something over 11,000 m., in 14 months, over all kinds of roads, and am glad to say not one cent have I spent for repairs, and my machine is in first-class condition.*' As this statement has been widely copied, and as no one else in America has professed to ride a bicycle so many miles in so short a time, it seems fair to expect that you should enable me to inform my 3000 subscribers concerning the details of such remarkable wheeling. I therefore ask: Between what dates were those 14 months included? In what States and regions did you traverse all kinds of roads? By what cyclometer were your 11,000 m. measured, and what was your monthly mileage? This is the third letter of enquiry which I have addressed to you on the subject. If the stamped and directed envelope which I enclose brings no reply, I shall print a copy of this letter in my book, as a proof to my subscribers that every chance has been given you for convincing them of the authenticity of your statement. Respectfully yours, KARL KRON."

No reply coming to the above letter, which was mailed Dec. 19, I addressed a note to Alfred Ely, secretary of the Cleveland B. C., and ex-editor of *Cycling*, whose answer of Dec. 31 reads thus: "I am slightly acquainted with C. D. Kershaw, who is a professional, and I remember asking him, last summer, to forward to you a statement of his mileage. I must confess that I have not taken much stock in the story, although I know he has ridden a great deal. I understand he has never used a cyclom., and his statement is based on an estimate as to the total distance he traveled. While this '11,000 m. in 14 mos.' (equal to 786 m. a month, or 26 m. a day) is not impossible, yet it seems to me to be improbable, considering our very changeable winter weather and rather poor roads. In regard to my own record, I have made it a point to keep track of my riding, and although its total is the small one of 5705 m. in 7 years, I give it to you for what it may be worth. I first mounted a wheel in Sept., '79, and my annual mileage figures are these: 412, 637, 721, 1343, 1074, 1062, 456." By way of contrast to this, I offer the report, dated Dec. 12, of a very active Boston dentist, W. G. Kendall (b. July 1, 1854): "First season's record, '84, was 2300 m. My record for '85 is 4163 m. on a bi. and 677 on a tri., a total of 4840. This was all done within 50 m. of B., in riding from my residence in the suburbs to my office; evening spins; trips of from 50 to 90 m. on every pleasant Sunday; and, in general, by spending every possible moment on my machine. I took no long straightaway tours, and all my bi. riding was done on a 55 in. Rudge light roadster, with a Butcher cyclom. This I consider the best, as it is the most legible; though the Lakin cyclom. seems to be giving great satisfaction in this neighborhood. The tricycles I have ridden were the Rudge, Victor, Royal Mail, Cripper and Traveller, and, of late, the first Crescent ever ridden either here or in England. Of this machine you will hear considerable next season. I hope to be able to add a few more miles to this record before Jan. 1. Next season I shall probably ride the tri. more than the bi., as I think that for well-kept roads it is the more practical machine. In the Boston B. C., there are now three tri.s to every bi.; and on a recent run, I was the only bicycler among 14 tricyclers."

The latest record that comes to me for insertion in this chapter is in the authentic form of an affidavit before John McCann, notary public at Louisville, subscribed and sworn to Jan. 26, '86, by J. D. Macaulay (b. Jan. 14, 1860, at New Orleans), to the effect that his bicycle mileage of '85 amounted to 6573, distributed through the 12 successive months as follows: 325, 383, 446, 563, 379, 305, 628, 663, 742, 1093, 526, 520. I append his reply to my enquiries: "I am a member of the firm of Piatt, Macaulay & Co., wholesale dealers in whiskies, and manufacturers of spices. Learned to ride at Liverpool, Eng., in '72; but my wheel was so heavy as to disgust me with the sport, and (except for a few mos. in '80) I did no more at it till '84, when I bought an Expert, and rode 1003 m. between Sept. 15 and Dec. 31. I then determined to ride each day in '85, with the result given. My 50 in. Expert, No. 5012, stood the strain far better than I could expect, costing not a cent for repairs,—though I paid $6 for an extra-long handle-bar, for ease in hill-climbing. I carried two McDonnell cyclometers; but I had none at all on the Singer, which I used 61 days in May and June, training for some races. This must have amounted to at least 350 m., in addition to what I recorded on my Expert during those months, for I never trained less than 3 m. a day on the track, or in the Exposition building. My longest stays in the saddle, straightaway, were from L. to Bardstown, 46 m. in 4 h. 9 min., and from L. to Shelbyville, 32 m. in 2 h. 24 min. In the Exposition building, I once rode without stop 62½ m. in 5 h. My longest day's ride was from L. to Lexington, 94 m. in 11 h. 23 min., which included a detour of 8 m. My longest week's ride was 423 m., Oct. 4 to 10, followed by 398 m., Oct. 11 to 17, making 821 m. for the fortnight. This was during my vacation in the Blue Grass Region. It is my intention to make at least 10,000 m. in '86, and I see no reason why I cannot go beyond that; for my January mileage thus far averages high enough, considering the weather, to carry me well above that figure." Mr. M. has just been chosen president of the Louisville Wheel Club.

The reasonableness of his intention thus expressed is shown by the actual record of 5000 m. made between May 21 and Nov. 14, '85, by Charles M. Goodnow (b. Apr. 28, 1867), a clerk in the Hampden national bank at Westfield, Mass., and captain of the wheelmen there. He thus reports to me, Jan. 9: "I learned to ride May 1, '83, but had no cyclom. and took no note of mileage before this season. The only month's record I kept in '85 was that ending June 21 (1250 m.), and during one week of this, ending June 15, I made 404 m. Longest day's ride, Oct. 11, 101 m. in 8¾ h. actual riding. Longest straightaway tour, to Holyoke, about 17 m. I've only had a half-day's vacation, this year, and all my wheeling has been done before and after bank-hours. I added 56 m. to the 5000 before the year closed. My machine is a 54 in. Royal Mail, and is in fine condition." The *Springfield Republican* said, Jan. 6: "All the summer and fall Goodnow was up at sunrise, and rode even into the night when moonlight permitted. For 3 weeks in the 6 mos. he did no riding, owing to the breaking of his machine." All this was in competition for the "gold-plated Standard cyclometer valued at $25," which J. A. Lakin & Co., of W., offered, at the beginning of the season, as a prize to whoever would make the largest record on a wheel carrying their cyclom. (The price of this, nickel plated, is $10; and its dial, marking 250 m., is designed to be read from the saddle, though riders have told me that the numerals are too small to be easily distinguished.) Competitors were required "to make affidavit as to their records, signed by two witnesses knowing to the facts," and to hand in their reports by Jan. 15. Only 6 days before that, Mr. L. wrote to me thus: "We have not yet received many long-distance records. The second in size is that of Harry A. Lakin (b. Jan. 12, 1867), who began riding in '84, and whose '85 mileage, on a 54 in. Victor, is 3991. His longest day's ride, 4 A. M. to 8 P. M., was 116 m. H. M. Farr (b. May 28, 1841), of Holyoke, has done 2800 m., on a 38 in. Rudge Safety; C. Irving, secretary of the Dorchester B. C., 2333½ m., between Aug. and Dec.; Gilbert J. Loomis (æ. about 14), of W., 1276 m., from Sept. 1 to Dec. 24, on a 52 in. Victor; J. W. Holland, of W., 1354 m., on a 50 in. Expert; Fred F. Shepard, of W., 1300 m." The *Republican* of Feb. 4 announced the award of the prize to Mr. G., and gave the mileage of the 11 competitors, all but 3 of whom are residents of Westfield. The records of the 4 not named to me in Mr. L.'s letter are: 2501 m. on a 52 in. Victor, by Robert Gowdy; 2476 m. on a 54 in. Expert, by R. L. Scott; 1402 m. on a 54 in. Expert, by F. H. Scott; and 1521 m. on a 49 in. Columbia light roadster, by Joshua Reynolds, of Stockport, N. Y. The same prize is to be

offered again in '86 for the best certified score made by the user of this instrument; and a second gold-plated cyclom. to the club whose 10 riders make the highest combined score in using it.

Mr. R. is one of my early subscribers, and from his testimonial about the Lakin cyclom., addressed to the maker thereof (Jan. 6, '86), I gladly copy the following: "I began riding in May, '80, and have kept a careful daily account. I've ridden 5 Columbia wheels (Standard 44 in. and 46 in., Expert 48 in. and 50 in., and my present 49 in. light roadster), and have had 12 cyclometers on them,—being thus able to judge the relative merits of the prominent makes. I've tested them also by special machinery at our Empire Loom Works. Furthermore, my brother made a graduated wheel of iron, 10 ft. in circumference, with mechanical index registering its revolutions while the rim indicated ft. and in. By repeated and careful measurements with this, I laid out an accurate ½ m. straightaway on a level road; and I also laid out around my flower-garden a 12-lap track on a level road of gravel, hard and smooth. I used the straight course in testing the revolutions of my bicycle wheels to the ½ m., when trundled as well as when ridden. As a result, I have found your cyclom. the most satisfactory as to accuracy, reliability, construction, convenience, neatness, and ease of reading from the saddle. My wife rides a Columbia two-track tri., with Butcher cyclom. attached; and though this has registered very closely with yours, I do not like the modes of attachment or actuation, nor the *slow* change of the dial figures. The Excelsior is a well-made and accurate cyclom., but very inconvenient to read. The McDonnells were difficult to read, and were unreliable, though some of them worked fairly well, and I had one which proved accurate, until it got wet once. I've used the Lakin cyclom. longer than any other (July 22 to Dec. 31, '85), 1521 m. over common roads, in a rough and hilly country, and through 3 heavy rain storms. The only improvement I suggest is the insertion of a set screw through the bearing, so that, on occasion, the cyc. may be held fast against the sleeve, and its registry stopped. It would have been a great convenience to me, when trundling through the mud, to have been able to hold the dial fast, by the simple turn of a thumb-screw; for then I could have pushed the bi. backwards, with the small wheel in the air, and saved mud-clogging in both forks,—the brake acting as scraper. I mean to try such a screw on my cyclom., anyhow. I rode 544 m. before July 22, so that my whole record for '85 is 2065 m., representing 191 days. My wife's tri. record is 665 m. in 107 days. I never have raced. My condensed and tabulated records occupy 18 pp. in a diary, and there are 5 pp. additional of tabulated distances I have measured. From this I have compiled a large mileage-card, to places within a radius of 35 m. of Stockport, and have tacked it up in the post office for general information."

"The religious editor of the *Post-Despatch* wheels 4679 m. in 27 weeks, and knocks all similar records into secondary place," is the somewhat sensational headline with which the *American Wheelman* (Jan. '86) introduces an interesting two-column account of the mileage made on a 54 in. Expert, between Apr. 23 and Dec. 1, '85, by Wm. E. Hicks, a reporter of local news for the daily journal in question, whose weight increased 16 lbs. during the period. "It was in the fall of '84 that he first had occasion to press a bicycle into service, his sole object then being to save time in reaching the outlying portions of the city, where his news assignments were, and scarcely any thought being given to the utility of the machine as a means of travel around the down-town districts. Such a convenient conveyance did it prove to be, however, that it was with regret that the fall of snow, which put an end to cycling, was witnessed by him. But, with the advent of the spring of '85, he soon found, after the pedal and vault mounts had been learned, that the bicycle was perfectly practicable for use in the short rides of a half a dozen blocks or so in the business portion of the city. It was in covering such short distances that his wheel has been chiefly employed during the summer; and it is no exaggeration to say that his feet have better known the motion of pedaling than the more natural but slower and more laborious one of walking. Out of the 221 days, there were only 30 when he failed to ride; and the 21 days when rain caused this failure were distributed thus: May, 4; Aug., 2; Sept., 5; Oct., 5; Nov., 5. His only long trip was 90 m. to Arcadia, though rides of 40 m., to Manchester and Baldwin, were sometimes made several times a week. The estimate of 4679 m. is gained from multiplying 191 riding days by 24½ m., since this was the average distance, as established by cyclom., as nearly as could be ascertained. It should be remembered that though fully ⅔ of this distance was traversed

on the granite streets, more or less wet and treacherous and without bell or lamp on the bicycle, the collisions with pedestrians were but three, and they occurred in daylight, while the collisions with vehicles were but two, and all 5 cases were without damage to any one. The mischief done by horses being frightened amounted to nothing, not even a piece of harness having been broken. Such a record ought to instruct those few misguided wheelmen who second the efforts of ignorant law-makers in regard to 'compulsory use of bells and lamps.' It seems remarkable that the delicate frame-work of so fragile a piece of machinery has stood the wear and tear of so many days' use; and the fact ought to silence forever the objection that the bicycle was made only for pleasure-riding in the country or on smooth boulevards. The streets of St. Louis are paved with square granite blocks, but, although the system has been well extended through the commercial parts of the city, it would be dallying with the truth to say that the surface is not rough. A few other people in the world may have ridden further in 7 mos.' time, but it is doubtful if they have done as much as Mr. Hicks in threading crowded streets, turning sharp corners, crossing slippery car-tracks, and getting out of the entanglements which nearly every day of city riding makes startlingly new and numerous." Two letters of mine, asking about cyclom. and other details, have brought no answer.

The distance of 146 m. without dismount was made in 14 h. 17 min., at Chicago, beginning at 10 P. M. Aug. 21, '85, by John W. Bell (b. Sept. 30, 1866), who rode 32 m. in the first 2 h., and whose additional mileage for the remaining 12 was as follows: 1, 14; 2, 14; 3, 10; 4, 10; 5, 10; 6, 8; 7, 7; 8, 6; 9, 9; 10, 8; 11, 7; 12 (17 min.), 11. I copy these figures from his letter to me of Jan. 8, '86, which says: "I started from Rosalie Villa, the club headquarters, and was accompanied all the while by one or more members of the Owl B. C. We rode s. to the Boulevard, w. on this to the park, n. on Drexel Boul. to 39th st., and returned by same route to starting point. The course was shown as 8 m. by several cyclom. (mine being a Butcher, which I consider absolutely correct), and I went over it, again and again, with the intention of doing at least 100 m. without dismount. Of the 4 stops which I made for refreshment, the longest lasted a minute, when I leaned against a lamp-post. My wheel was a 52 in. Columbia light-roadster, and my mileage was checked every hour. We were accompanied at the start by Ralph Friburg, who intended to lower the 24 h. professional record, but withdrew at the end of 50 m., because of cramps in the stomach. I learned to ride in '77, a 32 in. Otto; had a 44 in. Premier in '79, and a 48 in. Standard Columbia for a short time in '81; did no more riding till the spring of '85, when I got a 52 in. Expert, and covered over 2000 m. before the year ended. Longest straightaway tour, Chicago to Bloomington, 126 m.; longest straightaway stay in saddle, 12 m.; longest stay previous to the 146 m. ride, 48 m." Other notable road-riding in that city was promoted in '83 (by a club called the Hermes, which was among those lately absorbed into the Chicago B. C.) by the offer of a gold medal for the largest mileage made in ¼ year, and this was won by Edward F. Sharp, with a record of 2725; H. D. Higinbotham being second, with 2432. "The race began Sept. 29, with nearly every member of the club competing" (*Wheel*, Feb. 18, '84), "but most of them dropped out before the first month ended, and the record on Oct. 28 stood: H. M. Higinbotham, 480; H. D. Higinbotham, 460; E. F. Sharp, 450; M. D. Hull, 300. The second month's mileage of the same men, with their totals, Nov. 28, stood thus: 620 (1100); 950 (1410); 900 (1350); 780 (1080). During the month ending Dec. 28, Sharp made 1375, to H. D. Higinbotham's 1022, and there were no other competitors."

Frank P. Symonds, president of the b. c. at Salem, Mass., thus reports to me, Dec. 24, '85: "Regarding cyclometers, I have had one good McDonnell out of three. It was accurate; the others were not. My Butcher was accurate but faulty. First, I lost my weight. Next, the figured part of the cyclom. broke off. Third, the small screws came out and I lost the lower part from the upper. This was Oct. 1, when the registry for 168 days in '85 stood at 2295 m. Keeping account of trips after that, I reckon my whole year's mileage to exceed 3000. I rode a 52 in. Expert. McDonnell cyclom. accredited me with 2845 m. in '84; and I kept no record during the three previous seasons. Most of my riding has been about business." John V. Stephenson (b. May 15, 1852), a pharmacist at Greensburg, Pa., since June, '80, thus reports, Jan. 6, '86: "I learned to ride the old bone-shaker, and I first mounted the modern bi. at

Pittsburg in '79, or perhaps '78. Bought my first wheel, a 56 in. Expert, in July, '82, and sold it in '83 to buy a 58 in. I rode about 1000 m. in '82, 1500 m. in '83, 2315¾ in '84 and 2080¾ in '85. Longest straightaway trail, G. to Mauch Chunk, 294 m. in 4 days; expenses, $5.11. Longest continuous trail, G. to Clearfield, Altoona, Bedford, Johnstown and home, 329 m., in 5½ days ('84); expenses, $10.15." Charles Langley (b. May 31, 1856), a book-keeper at Toronto, "learned to ride Nov., '82. On Dec. 25, same year, had my first 'long' ride of 10 m., taking nearly 3 h. to accomplish the task. In spring of '83 went at riding in earnest, and before close of season had taken one straightaway tour, unaccompanied, of say 250 m., as well as several all-day trips, the total for season being not less than 1000 m. In '84, I was as enthusiastic as ever and covered fully 1500 m. including another tour of nearly 300 m. In '85, still more fascinated, and determined to eclipse previous season; completed 1800 m. including a tour of 325 m., whereof 300 was ridden in 5 days against a heavy September wind. On all tours I carried cyclom., which proved as true as expected, the variation between it and mileage as reported along the road not being of any account in a day's ride. In May, '84, I rode 27 m. straightaway without dismount, from Port Hope to within a couple of miles of Brighton. Have not specially undertaken any long all-day rides,—my best being 70 m., though I've done that several times. My wheel is a 54 in." (see p. 316). L. B. Graves (b. Aug. 8, 1853), C. T. C. consul at Minneapolis, began riding in May, '82, and roughly estimates his total mileage at 7500, divided thus by years: 1500, 2000, 2500, and 1500, the last only being in Minnesota. His machines have been 54 in. Star (2), 52 in. Sanspareil, 54 in. Rucker and 54 in. Yale (see pp. 114, 119, 324).

F. A. Elwell (b. Nov. 7, 1858), manager of Down East and Bermuda tours (see pp. 257, 353), began to ride in the spring of '81, and names 9000 as probable mileage. A. B. Barkman (b. Dec. 29, 1859), compiler of the "Road Book of Long Island, 1886," says: "I do very little night riding, and have not yet covered 100 m. by daylight, though coming pretty near it more than once. I'm certain I've explored more than 1000 m. of separate roadway, and can compute 250 m. of it on Long Island alone. I've often made the run from the club rooms, 366 Livingston st., to the cathedral at Garden City, in 2½ h., and have ridden to Syosset in 3 h. 25 min. From 9 to 10 m. per h. is my touring gait, on a good road." Winslow T. Williams (b. Feb. 1, 1863), League representative at Yantic, Ct., has ridden a 56 in. nickeled Expert, from '80 to '86, 5060 m., as measured by McDonnell and Butcher cyclometers. E. P. Burnham, of Newton, well known as a racing man, reported to the *Bi. World* (Dec. 26, '84) a mileage of 3095 in '83 and 3000 in '84, whereof 940 belonged to last two months, and 1140 to the tricycle. My appeal to him for '85 record has gone unanswered, as also my letter of enquiry to Percy Bettison, of Louisville, who was said to have a cyclom. record of 4000 m. for the last 10 mos. of '84.

An October paragraph, in regard to Joseph Pennell and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, his wife, authors of "A Tricycling Pilgrimage to Canterbury," and formerly residents of Philadelphia, said they "lately returned to London from a journey of 2000 m. on their Humber tandem, through France and Switzerland to North Italy and back." Quite as significant also is the tricycling score of 5957 m. made in '85 by a trio of less-adventurous American ladies, whose husbands wheeled 9289 m. in the same interval, so that the total year's mileage of these six "Orange Wanderers" reached the rather imposing figure of 15,246. The wheeling biography of the most widely-known member of this club, L. H. Johnson (b. 1859), has been given on p. 508, which shows that in '85 he made 2245 m. on the bi. and 1930 m. on the three-wheeler. Mrs. J. rode 1776 m. on the tandem and 210 m. on the single tri. (total, 1986 m.), and I believe this comprised considerable touring with her husband in England and Wales. H. C. Douglas rode 2454 m., and Mrs. D. 2276 m., all on a tandem tri.,—and this is probably the largest year's mileage record yet made in America by a lady, or by man and wife together. L. H. Porter's bicycling was 1312 m. and tricycling 1348 m. (total, 2660 m.); while Mrs. P. rode 1255 m. on the tandem and 439 m. on the single tri., making a total of 1694 m., though this was her first season as a cycler. The averages are 3096 m. for the men; 1985 m. for their wives; 5082 m. for each married pair, and 2541 m. for each individual. Statistics of such pleasant "Orange wanderings" as these have an evident tendency, however, to make the bachelor compiler sad at heart; and so, rather than print any more of them, I'll put a stop to this chapter, right here!

XXXII.

BRITISH AND COLONIAL RECORDS.

GREAT BRITAIN possesses at least a quarter-of a-million wheelmen. Indeed, some guessers insist that the real number is twice as large, though I am not aware that any attempt has been made at a careful estimate. Yet only two dozen of this vast multitude have consented to answer my call for personal statistics. Hence, while some of these seem very remarkable, I do not pretend to assume that a still more extraordinary lot might not be collected in that country,—if the collector were powerful enough to get hold of every privately-kept wheeling record which is now hidden there. I simply assert that I got hold of all I could, and that I print all I got hold of. I offer these figures for just what they are worth in each individual case, and I hope no writer in the English press will be so unfair as to make sneering or censorious remarks against any of my contributors. Those whose records are small are by no means trying to pose before the American public as distinguished long-distance riders. My invitation was to *all* foreign wheelmen of a statistical turn of mind, that they favor me with a summary of their personal memoranda. "The average man" is just as heartily welcome to a place in this chapter as the exceptional man. I am grateful to all who have consented to stand here, but the degree of my gratitude to each is measured by the amount of trouble which he may have expended in supplying me with his personal story, and not by the amount of miles included in it, nor by the amount of interest it may presumably have to readers in England. My introduction to the previous chapter applies in good part to the present also, and should be carefully considered by whomsoever the impulse seizes to say something satirical about any of the men mentioned here.

The first place in this group seems properly to belong to the only man I ever heard of as having an authentic year's record of 10,000 m. on a bicycle. This is E. Tegetmeier, a member of the Belsize B. C. and a resident of the Finchley suburb of London, whose report to me (May 3, '84) is dated at the office of the *Field*, 346 Strand. I infer that he is a regular writer for that paper, and assume that he is about 30 years old; and I have somewhere seen the printed statement that his father is also an enthusiastic cycler: "From a wheelman's point of view, England may be regarded as possessing unequaled facilities for locomotion. Scarcely a mile of country but is intersected by a road of some kind, and although many are what we here call bad, few in their normal condition are unridable. With these advantages, English riders are not only able to show better results, as far as distances go, than those less favorably situated, but they derive a degree of pleasure from the pursuit commensurate with the smoothness of the roads they travel upon. During '83, I was enabled to devote considerable time to bicycling, and this may account for my riding a distance about three times greater than my previous yearly average. Living near London,—about 7 m. due n. of Charing Cross,—I am fairly well situated for riding. In going out for a day's run, I generally take a northerly course, as by that means

I am soonest off the rough granite roads which surround the metropolis for a radius of 10 or 12 m. The greater part of the distance ridden last year was made up by day runs, out and home, although, when I had a few days' leisure, I would go and stay down in Bedfordshire, where there are some of the best roads in the country, and ride about in all directions. My longest day's run (154 m.) was from Finchley to Norman Cross, Huntingdonshire, and back, with deviations, and it occupied, with stoppages, 20 h. When traveling by main roads, the distances are readily discovered, when not known, by reference to an interesting old book called 'Paterson's Roads.' When this fails me, I measure the distance with a 'Wealemefna' on ordnance or other large-scale maps. My longest month's score was 1343 m. and the best week's record was, I think, 459 m., ridden in Nov. Although much of my distance was covered on Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire roads, I made many excursions in other directions, such as Leicester, 100 m.; Ipswich, 70 m.; Eastbourne, 75 m.; Birmingham, 110 m.; Farringdon, 75 m.; Coventry, 90 m.; Lichfield, 120 m.; and Ely, 80 m., returning in each case, often by a circuitous route. In a four days' tour at Easter, through Kent and along the south coast, 240 m. were ridden. The principal tour was undertaken in Sept., with three other members of the Belsize B. C., and occupied nearly three weeks. Crossing to Antwerp and traveling by train to Basle, in Switzerland, we rode through some of the most picturesque scenery and traversed the Furca Pass, 8000 ft. high. On our return to Basle, we had covered nearly 500 m. of new ground. My total distance for the year includes 15 runs of 10 m. or under; but for these, the average length of each ride would exceed 46 m. The distance also comprises 22 rides of 100 m. and upwards (amounting altogether to 2373 m.) and 35 rides of 80 m. and over. About 8000 m. were ridden upon one bicycle,—a 52 in. Matchless. During the whole year, I only met with two mishaps, but in neither case did any harm result. The first was by over-running the machine of a companion, owing to his pulling up suddenly to avoid a demonstrative native in Switzerland. The second time I was unhorsed occurred near London, and came of my encountering in the dark a huge lump of coal, negligently dropped from a cart. My score of 10,053 m. in '83 represented 230 riding days, giving 44 m. as the average ride. In the following summary by months, the successive numerals signify riding days, mileage, average ride and longest ride. The sum of these 12 longest rides is 1339 m.: Jan., 13, 301, 23, 100; Feb., 9, 575, 64, 104; Mar., 19, 683, 36, 112; Apr., 20, 929, 46½, 126; May, 24, 1169, 48½, 154; June, 25, 1343, 54, 122; July, 10, 522, 52, 101; Aug., 24, 1206, 50, 107; Sept., 18, 640, 35½, 103; Oct., 22, 1044, 47½, 103; Nov., 27, 1050, 39, 102; Dec., 19, 591, 31, 105.

"I began to ride in the fall of '72, but only did a few hundred m. that year, and my total at the end of '73 was 2832 m. During the next decade, I added 39,685 m. to this, divided by years as follows: 3333, 3315, 4485, 3700, 3695, 1496, 2486, 2904, 4218, 10,053. My low score of '79 resulted from my attention being then divided between bicycling and yachting. The first fairly long run I took was 90 m., May 11, '73, on a 45 in. bicycle weighing over 70 lbs. Although I had done innumerable rides of 70, 80 and 90 m., it was not until '75 that I accomplished a run of three figures, by riding 122 m. on Aug. 2 in that year. I participated in the first meet at Hampton Court (Apr. 11, '74) which attracted only 30 or 40 riders. Another incident of my road riding was the London B. C.'s 100 m. trial of '77, from Bath to London, in which I secured the second medal (8 h. 35 min.). On June 12, '81, I rode from Finchley to Bedford, 45 m., without a dismount, in 3 h. 35 min., and, resting 1 h. 20 min., returned by the same road, without a dismount, in 3 h. 33 min. From the commencement, I have kept a careful account of all my riding, with any incidents worth perpetuating, and I find these records both useful and interesting. As regards regimen, I will merely state the bare fact that I have entirely abstained all my life from alcoholic beverages. It would be practically impossible for me to ascertain how many separate miles of road I have traversed in making my last year's score of 10,053; or, rather, it would be a work of such great labor that I have not time to undertake it; but, generally speaking, my riding has not been so varied as yours appears to have been. I should say that it was entirely unlikely that any one in Europe had ridden anything like 1420 m. straightaway. I know of no such ride. The longest that has been done in England (that *can* be done) is from Land's End to John O'Groat's, about 1000 m." A postscript of March 26, '85, adds: "My opportunities for wheel-

ing were so much less in '84 that I only rode a little over 4000 m., which, though a good score, seems rather insignificant in comparison with my previous year's. It raised the total to 46,600. As for mere newspaper rumors of large mileages, which are 'computed' at the end of a year, you will agree with me that the least a rider can do (and also the most he can do) is to keep a careful record of every run, with route, time, distances and other details. Unless a man could produce such a diary, I should never think of recognizing his score."

H. R. Reynolds, jr., (b. Nov. 3, 1857) reports that the 2030 m. ridden during the first half of '85 increased his total mileage for 9 years to 55,930. A native of London, and now a resident there, his school days were passed at Eton, and he took his B. A. degree at Oxford (New College, as an "exhibitioner") in '80. During the four years ending then he wheeled 20,898 m., as shown in the following story, dated May 7, '84: "I learned to ride in April, '77, and the total number of m. traversed up to April, '84, is 48,250. Separate miles of roadway, 15,150. Most separate road in a year, should say about 4500 in '81. First long ride, 100 m., May 26, '77. Mileage by years, and longest rides, thus: '77, 3069, 115; '78, 5190, 125; '79, 6061, 105; '80, 6578, 140; '81, 8605, 140; '82, 8700, 201; '83, 8380, 184. Have been into all the counties of England on bicycle, and know Sussex, Surrey, Middlesex, Herts, Berks, Oxfordshire, Bucks, Hants and Worcestershire well. Have never ridden on Continent, nor in Wales, nor Ireland. My '83 mileage was chiefly done by riding from Croydon to Brighton (46 m.) on Saturday afternoons and wheeling back early on the following Mondays, starting generally about 5 A. M. Furthermore, the fact that I do all my journeys on bicycle, and also use my bicycle in all sorts of every-day pursuits, to save walking, contributes very largely to the amount. Longest day's ride in '84 was on a tricycle: 184 m. in 22¾ h. Longest ever done straightaway, 201 m., London to York, in '82; time, 21 h. 43 min. Longest stay in saddle, 70 m. in 6¼ h. Longest tour, Croydon to Edinburgh and back, by the lake district to Exeter and thence to London (about 1300 m.), measured by Thompson's cyclom. and checked by the 'Wealemefna' on the ordnance map. Percentage of night riding about 50, as I am in the City during the day. When I give 1300 m. as the length of my '83 tour, I don't mean that I went straight on all the while. I merely rode during the long vacation, from one place to another, to visit friends, for I use the bicycle as a means of locomotion, and not merely for sport. My best performances, if I may mention what have been said to be my best, are I think the following: London B. C. race, Bath to London (100 m.), 3d in '81 (7 h. 58 min.), 1st in '82 (7 h. 26 min.) and 1st in '83 (7 h. 28 min.). I also won the 2 m. race for Oxford University, at Cambridge, in 6 min. 1⅘ sec., which was pretty fast then, though nothing now. On June 29, '82, I rode from London to York, 200 m. in 21¾ h., though the wind was adverse all day. Have got 'time medals' at the 50 m. championships of the National Cyclists' Union (of whose executive I have been a member 3 years), namely 2.47.52 and 2.48.16. Have not had much success in handicap racing, having only twice won an open handicap. Won championship of Brighton in '82. Started in '83 in 24 h. tri. race, without any intention of racing for first place, being quite unused to the tricycle, and got a gold medal for doing 176 m. (not counting 8 or 9 lost by misdirection) in 22¾ h. During the last 7 years I have won altogether about 20 prizes." A postscript of July 9 added: "If you print the foregoing, I must request you to lay much stress upon the fact that nearly all my bicycling is done as a means of locomotion,—simply to avoid walking or to save cab or railway fares. I do not wish to appear as one whose sole occupation is riding a bicycle, for I have my living to earn (I am a solicitor), and the circulation of such a report as that might injure me. It is, of course, very far from being the case. In fact, out of 600 m. I rode last month not 50 were ridden merely for the sake of amusement, and the whole was out of office hours, which are 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Furthermore, I am by no means a man with only one hobby. I have taken 3 or 4 prizes at school and college (for examinations in classics, history, and the like) to every one prize I have taken at athletics; I have also won prizes at ice-skating, lawn-tennis, and running. I very often ride my bicycle merely to get to the lawn-tennis grounds. Another reason, besides the one I mentioned above for my wishing to give prominence to the fact that I don't ride the bicycle much merely for pleasure, is this: I want the public to appreciate bicycles and tricycles as means of saving time and trouble; as useful instruments, and not as toys. At present they are still too

apt to regard them in this latter light." *Outing* accepted my reports from both these long-distance men, as worthy of insertion in its columns, Aug., '84, pp. 394-396.

"Faed" is perhaps the best-known signature of the many used in the cycling press by Arthur J. Wilson (b. Feb. 17, 1858), vice-president of the North London Tricycling Club, whose wheeling record, '83 to '85, was 19,388 m., and represented out-door riding on 1021 of the 1096 days included in the three years,—the exceptional 75 days belonging to '84. The really wonderful thing about the matter is that all this should have been accomplished without accident by a man who is handicapped with a most disheartening bodily infirmity; for the name (which he earliest signed, in his 21st year, to a parody in the *American Bicyling Journal*) signifies that the rider is totally deaf. His first letter to me (March 19, '84) reads thus: "My '83 record is not at all noticeable for the mere distance traversed, but rather on account of no single day of the year being missed, proving the eminent practicability of the tricycle. Every day I wheeled on the road, no matter what the weather; and as I was for the first six months engaged all day at my business (wood engraving), I considered this worthy of publication. During my previous years' cycling experiences, I only kept record of distances in '80, when I rode about 3400 m. on bicycles. It is impossible to guess at my total mileage, so I will not try; but if you desire to obtain a representative record of long-distance bicycling, I should recommend you to refer to Messrs. Reynolds or Tegetmeier, who have some very big annual totals. Keeping records is not very extensively practiced in this country, and I could not get within thousands of m. of my total bicycling and tricycling experiences, either in the aggregate or as regards distinct m. The latter would be small in proportion to the total, as I have seldom toured far from home,—to Edinburgh and Glasgow being the only occasion upon which I went more than 150 m. away. Of course, even in such a restricted radius, there are so many thousands of m. of roads in England that there is plenty of variety. Still, my habits are not of an exploring nature, but I ride the same roads over and over again. My longest day's straightaway was 128 m., from my house here to a friend's house in Dorsetshire. I 've also done 125 m. straightaway. My other 'centuries' were 104 m., out-and-home on a sociable with a lady, and 108 m., out-and-home on a single tricycle. I never did more than 83 m. in a day on a bicycle. I once rode a bi. 36 m. straightaway without a dismount, in a pouring rain; but never made an effort at such feats. My longest tour was of about 1,000 m. in three weeks, on a bicycle. Really the only feat I ever performed on a bi. was in riding from my home in Clapton, the n. suburbs of London, through the city traffic, to Temple Bar, in the busy part of the morning, without once touching my handles; though only those who know the crowded state of London streets can adequately appreciate this. I am not a strong rider; never won any races worth mentioning; frequently curl up when on hard rides; only seem a good rider when amongst 'the mugs.' For swift performances you must go elsewhere. My hill-climbing feats on high-geared tricycles have been due principally to 'thinking it over as I go along,' and determination. When on a day's journey, I frequently walk up very easy hills simply because I happen to feel lazy. In a word, I ride for pleasure, not for records." Further enquiries of mine brought these other details (April 14): "By a very cursory measurement of my map of Britain, I guess I have ridden over about 4000 distinct m. of ground, including perhaps nearly 2000 within 20 m. of the center of London! Our roads are so numerous, you see, compared with yours, that we can ride many thousands of distinct m. within a very small area. With the exception of the tour to Edinburgh, all my riding has been within 140 m. of London! And still there are numberless places close at home which I have yet to visit; and still the old familiar roads are ever attractive! Since last June, I 've been compelled to relinquish wood-engraving entirely, it was so harmful to my eyesight; and, if I had £300 to spare, I would take a 12 months' tour through Great Britain. I believe I could cover 18,000 m. in the year, with pleasure and healthful enjoyment. Such a journey would afford material for a very interesting book, I imagine; but publishers here are not liberal enough to make it worth while.

He seems, in fact, to have found it more profitable to describe an imaginary "Journey through Cyclonia," which is the title of an octavo of 100 pages, issued in Dec., '85, as the "Christmas number of the *Cyclist*," and which contains two or three likenesses of himself among its many pictures and portraits. The work spent upon a similar book, called "Our

Camp," which served as the same paper's Christmas number in '84, was probably more remunerative also than that given to the actual "camp," at the Alexandra Palace grounds, a few months earlier. The joint-author with him in the production of both these annuals was A. G. Morrison (b. 1860), a member of the same tri. club, who uses the signature "Titanambungo," and the illustrations were supplied by G. Moore. In a printed analysis of his '84 tricycling, Mr. W. says: "Owing to three successive accidents on the race-path, I was laid up for several weeks during the best part of the summer, so that my mileage for May, June, July and Aug. was only 1510, as compared with 3189 for Mar., Apr., Sept. and Oct., and 1645 for Jan., Feb., Nov. and Dec. Mileage of machines ridden was as follows: Tandems, geared to 57 in. and 64 in., 1614; Quadrant, geared to 60 in., 1497; Rotary, geared to 58 in., 1361; Imperial Club, geared to 61 in., 571; sociables geared to between 37 in. and 60 in., 476; Humber pattern, geared to between 52 in. and 60 in., 454; various, geared to between 32 in. and 61 in., 371. Longest day's mileages: 116, 131, 151, 154, and 162." His report for '85 says: "I rode the Quadrant tricycle, 4510 m.; tandems, 1030; Rover safety bicycles, 1079; various machines, 402; but though I did some wheeling in the open air on each of the 365 days, the same as in '83, it was not all restricted to tricycles as then. Short-distance racing reduced my road riding during the summer, whose weather was at first very dry and then very wet and windy. Mud and fogs prevailed during the last ¼ of the year also, as well as in the first part of it,—so that March, April and May (when I covered 2843 m.) were the only fair riding months." His letter to me of Aug. 8, '85, says: "I first rode a bone-shaker when at school in '69, but only took regularly to the modern wheel in '77. At the merest guess, I have probably ridden in all 30,000 m. Further details I have none. My machines were in '77 a 54 in. Special Challenge, in '78 a hollow-spoked all-bright Carver, in '79 a nickeled Carver, in '80 another ditto, in '81 and '82 a 56 in. Arab light roadster, and since then almost every kind of tricycle made, but principally the Club sociable, Imperial Club single, Centaur tandem, Club racer, Humber, and Quadrant roadster and racer. The longest mileage on any one machine was about 5000 m. on the 40 in. Quadrant roadster, which I am still riding, geared up to 60 in. You will see, by comparing the records, that I ride farther and farther every year." In the following summary, the four columns of numerals respectively signify riding days, mileage, longest ride and average ride. The upright lines distinguish the central year, 1884, from '83 on the left and '85 on the right.

Jan.,...	31..	309...	36..10	22.....	340.....	35.....15½	31.....	390.....	29.....12½
Feb.,...	28..	234...	48.. 8½	29.....	475.....	40.....16½	28.....	448.....	66.....16
Mar.,...	31..	456...	66..14	31.....	969.....131.....31	31.....	847.....	79.....27
Apr.,...	30..	518...	54..17	27.....	652.....154.....24	30.....	832.....	82.....28
May,...	31..	537...	49..17½	30.....	735.....	82.....24½	31.....1164.....107.....37½
June,..	30..	529...	53..17½	8.....	155.....	34.....19	30.....	436.....128.....14½
July,...	31..	822...125..26½	21.....	256.....	28.....12	31.....	482.....	47.....15½
Aug.,...	31..	426...	79..13½	21.....	364.....	42.....17	31.....	495.....	42.....16
Sept.,...	30..	525...	70..17½	27.....	563.....	64.....21	30.....	597.....	58.....20
Oct.,...	31..	659...128..21	31.....1005.....162.....32	31.....	645.....	49.....21
Nov.,...	30..	601...	48..20	26.....	548.....	91.....21	30.....	291.....	33.....10
Dec.,...	31..	407...	45..13	18.....	282.....	34.....16	31.....	394.....	35.....13
	365..6023...128..16½	291.....6344.....162.....22	365.....7021.....128.....19½

"The most wonderful bicycle trip yet done" (*Cyclist*), "the greatest road-record in England" (*Wheeling*), was that of 2054 m. taken during the first 19 days of June, '85, by H. R. Goodwin (b. Oct. 21, 1855), a wholesale jeweler, at Manchester, where he has been engaged since '68 in the self-same shop,—No. 6 Swan st. His business begins at 9 A. M. and lasts 12 h. (14 h. on Saturdays), and he personally attends to it for 67 h. each week, absenting himself Wednesday afternoons only. He takes a fortnight's vacation, in the autumn, but his other holidays of the year do not exceed a week when combined. In the face of this close confinement for 49 weeks out of the 52, he would not be picked out, off hand, as a probable long-distance

rider; and the fact of his having nevertheless wheeled 30,000 m. during the last 5½ years ought to teach people not to draw hasty inferences, from the large records of other men, that these others spend so much of their time in the saddle as to neglect the more serious duties of life. His case is an excellent illustration of the economy of bicycling, as compared with other pastimes, for a man whose leisure is limited. "Locked up here, much like a caged bird," he says, "I saw I must have some sort of exercise; and, as I am kept out of other sports by their happening mostly on Saturdays, I resolved to learn the bicycle." Further quotations are given from his letters to me of March 28, April 27, July 19 and Dec. 31, '85: "I am 5 ft. 3 in. high, and ride a 48 in. ordinary bi., and also a 38 in. Facile. In a general way, my riding may be assigned ½ to Sundays, and ⅛ each to Wednesday afternoons, to nights after finishing business at 9, and to the three weeks of holidays. It is done exclusively on the road, as I 've never engaged in racing. My mileage by years, with number of riding days and longest ride, may be shown thus: '80, 1727, 66, 82; '81, 5665, 229, 111; '82, 6083, 197, 198; '83, 5707, 165, 158½; '84, 5465, 132, 182; '85, 5355, 144, 214. I show my '85 mileage by months in the same way: Jan., 87, 10, 16; Feb., 129, 4, 52; Mar., 225, 13, 61; Apr., 459, 12, 107; May, 318, 16, 88; June, 2240, 23, 136½; July, 429, 17, 74; Aug., 274, 12, 80; Sept., 814, 11, 214; Oct., 141, 8, 58; Nov., 111, 9, 41; Dec., 127, 9, 29. It thus appears that on 221 days of '85 I did not ride at all. The 214 m. was done Sept. 26, in 10½ h. of actual riding, on a 42 in. Facile, new style; and my second-best ride of '85 was 183½ m., Sept. 20, on a 48 in. Rucker. My '80 mileage was confined to the last ½ of the year, and excludes a lot of short runs not booked. The mileage of my 14 days' autumn vacation, in '80, was 563; in '81, 748; in '82, 610 and in '83 (13 days), 868. My day's rides in excess of 100 m. were 6 in '81, 8 in '82 (198, 175, 142, 123, *et al.*), 6 in '83 (158½, 137, 142, 132, 122 and 102), 12 in '84 (182, 165, 163, 162, 151, 123, 115, 112, *et al.*), and 18 in '85,—making 50 altogether in a total of 933 riding days. As my entire mileage is 29,998 m., my average ride is somewhat over 32 m. At Easter, in '81, I made 246 m. in 3 days; in '82, 264 m. in 2½ days; in '83, 194 m. in 3 days, and in '84, 374 m. in 4 days. In May, '84, I rode from Land's End to John O'Groat's and back to Penrith, 1332 m. in 14½ consecutive days, during which I rested 1 day 14½ h. and again 14½ h.,—the actual riding time being 12 days 5¾ h. This ride was accomplished on a 38 in. Facile, and its gross time was accepted as 'record' from 930 to 1332 m. The amount of separate road traversed in '84 was more than 2500 m., and I estimate my total of separate road as more than 6000 m. I 've been on nearly every main and by-road in the home counties, and have wheeled in 34 counties of England, 16 of Scotland and 2 of Wales,—besides about 200 m. in France. I 'm a member of your L. A. W.

"My June ride of '85 to John O'Groat's (873 m.) was done in 7 d. 13 h. 35 min., and the return to Land's End (1754½ m.) in 15 d. 19 h. 45 min. The stopping-place and mileage of each day were as follows, with intermediate points in parenthesis: June 1st, Exeter (including 5 m. out of way at start), 123½; 2d, Gloucester (Bridgewater, Bristol), 109½; 3d, Beeston Castle (Bridgenorth, Prees), 101; 4th, Kendal (through Lancashire), 95; 5th, Abington (over Shap Fells), 103; 6th, Blair Athole (Burntisland), 118; 7th, Clashmore Inn (Kessock, Altnamain, Bonar), 136½; 8th, John O'Groat's (86½ m.; stayed 2½ h.), then back to Wick, 106; 9th, Inverness (Clashmore, Bonar, Altnamain, 2 m. extra), 130½; 10th, Perth (direct), 115½; 11th, Lockerbie (Burntisland and Abington), 114; 12th, Preston (over Shap Fells), 115; 13th, Bridegnorth (Whitchurch, Wellington), 96; 14th, Bristol (Gloucester), 88; 15th, Okehampton (Exeter), 97; 16th, Land's End (Truro), 106; 17th, Bodmin (Truro), 59; 18th, Yeovil (2 m., Bridestow), 112; 19th, Anderton's Hotel, London (4 m. at Shaftesbury), 129. I don't think I walked 10 m. on the whole trip. I had company (7 or 8 riders in all) for less than 150 m.; but I took 68 autographs of witnesses to my signature, with place and hour named, and I sent off some 40 telegrams and 100 letters, from out-of-the-way points, to prove the ride. The fact that I suffered from indigestion and constipation for about 7 days, and really was out of condition at the start, makes the ride seem more notable. The middle piece of it was the best,—namely, from Abington to the North and back to Preston, 835 m. in 6 d. 20 h. If I had noticed this, at the time, I would have ridden all night on the 6th day and so made a better performance still; in fact, I should undoubtedly have beaten the record for 7 days by a lot. You will be pleased to hear that

I finished fresher and better in health than ever. On the day after the supper they gave me in London (*i. e.*, on the 20th), I went to Ripley, riding over 60 m. and spending about 6 h. there, and every one seemed surprised to see how well I was. It is worth noting that I rode down every hill during the entire 2054 m. trip,—excepting a few places where there were loose stones right across the road,—and kept legs over the handles in nearly every case. A few miles out of London, we came on an old disused tram line, and this gave me my only fall, which did no damage. When we got on to the asphalt, several policemen wanted to stop us, though it only was 3 A. M., for they saw we were riding furiously. However, we reached our destination in spite of them, and I was ringing Anderton's bell as the clocks chimed, at 3.45, exactly 19 days from the start. I wore at the start about twice the weight of clothes that I did at the finish, for I kept sending small parcels of them home. My principal food was beef, mutton and fish, without vegetables. I had tea, coffee or cocoa at nearly every meal; occasionally soup as well; porridge a few times; brown bread and oat cakes where procurable; plenty of butter and gravy; preserves and sweet fruits in moderation. I ate no pastry, but took the fruit out of pies, or stewed fruit; had about 5 meals a day (meat to each), with milk-and-soda or milk-and-eggs in between. The things that disagreed with me were fried salt beef (cured like ham), currant and raisin bread (nearly new), lemon (too acid), and lemon squash. I found lamb, chicken, ham-and-eggs, or eggs alone, not sufficient for a main meal; for I always rode badly if I did not have either beef, mutton or fish." The *Cyclist's* report added: "Mr. G. is a teetotaler, and he found even lemonade detrimental, if taken in quantity. Though averaging 108 m. a day for 19 days, his Facile sustained no damage but two broken spokes. Five times had he done 125 m. in the day; and except one day, when he had ridden until 1.30 A. M., to get into Preston, he had never felt tired; nor had he throughout the journey been saddle sore, his seat being a Lamplugh & Brown's Eclipse saddle. He preferred, he said, the s. to n. route, owing to the greater chance of fair winds, but, given a calm, would choose the n. to s. route for gradients."

John W. M. Brown (b. July 22, 1858), chief consul for Lincolnshire of the C. T. C., a farmer and large grower of potatoes at Lutton, Long Sutton, whose bicycle mileage would more than twice encircle the globe, if extended in a straight line, contributes the following: "I can just remember the old bone-shakers which were all the rage in '73, when I was a boy of 15, living on an off-farm of my father's, some 28 m. from Long Sutton. I bought a 38-incher (by sending a P. O. O. for £4, in answer to an alluring bazaar adv.), in the happy belief that I might ride across and pleasantly surprise the people at home; but, after 2 mos. usage had shown me that no more than 1 m. could be ridden without taking a long rest, I sold it in disgust for 10 shillings, and attempted no more bicycling till '76. A friend called on me then, one day, riding a 48 in. Lynn Express; and I mounted it to have a try. It proved so much easier than the bone-shaker, that, before I got off, I had been to Docking and back, 10 m. Of course, I bought a machine (48 in. Coventry Gentleman, second-hand), and rode it a good many miles, or until a friend broke its front axle for me. Then I got a 52 in. Singer Challenge, and, on this, took my long-thought-of ride to Long Sutton, doing the 28 m. in 3 h., which I then thought a great feat. I spent most of my spare time on the bi., and at the end of the season had ridden 2065 miles. In '77, I rode no less than 5620½ m., my longest ride being 41 m. in about 6 h. In '78, I rode 6232½ m., the machine used being a 56 in. Desideratum, weighing about 54 lbs. My longest day's ride was to Lutton and back, 56 m. In '79, I did not ride so much, only doing 3921 m. (longest ride, 62 m.), but, towards the end of the year, having exchanged my old bi. for a 54 in. Singer's Challenge, I improved a good deal in my riding. In '80, my career as a racing man began. I ran my first races on Easter Monday (Mar. 29), at the Fakenham Cricket Club sports, winning the 1 m. open handicap from the 86 yds. mark by 40 yds.; 11 starters, J. B. Campling being at scratch. I also won the 4 m. race from the 400 yds. mark, 12 starters, Campling on scratch. I won by 100 yds., lapping the scratch man. The course was heavy grass, the machine used being my old 54 in. Challenge, weighing 56 lbs., with 1¼ in. rubber on driving-wheel. The prizes were silver cups, valued at £12 12s. and £6 6s. Of course this put me on my metal, and I again tried my luck at the Whitmonday sports, at Lynn, but, being put next to scratch, did not get anything. During the season I ran at several meetings in Norfolk and Lincolnshire,

with varying success, my most notable win being in the annual inter-county race between Norfolk and Suffolk, 8 men representing each county, and the course being from Norwich to Ipswich, 45½ m. I was at the last moment asked to go as one of the Norfolk team. Being out of condition, and not knowing the road, I thought I should stand no chance, but I managed to run in first of the Norfolk team and third in the race,—being beaten by Yopplewell, of Ipswich, by 7 min., and Oxborrow, of the same place, by 1¼ min. My time was 3 h. 7 min. The next day, I rode right home, a distance of 87 m.,—my longest ride in one day. During the season I won 6 first, 2 second and 2 third prizes, and rode 6244 m. In '81, I moved to Docking, in Norfolk, and rode during the year no less than 7302 m. I this year used a 55 in. Sandringham, made especially for me by Cox, of Lynn, and a splendid machine it was at that time. My most notable rides this year were: Docking to Diss, 61 m. in 5 h., Apr. 17; Ipswich to Docking, 82 m. in 10½ h., Apr. 19 (strong head wind), and Docking to Peterboro and back, 117 m., June 22, the first time I ever rode as much as 100 m. in a day. I took during the year 7 first, 4 second and 2 third prizes. I sailed Sept. 29 for Canada, where I spent the winter, returning home in March.

"During '82, I went in for bicycling with a vengeance, riding no less than 9762 m., my longest ride being 150 m. in 18 h. on a 44 in. Facile, in the great 24 h. race from London to Bath and back. I was only able to use one arm, having a short time before put my wrist out by falling off of my machine. Besides medal in Facile race, I took 11 first prizes, 4 second and 2 third; also championship of the Fakenham B. C., for 14 m. in 48½ min. Most of my races this year I ran from scratch. In '83 I moved to Long Sutton, and rode 6754½ m., taking 7 first and 8 second prizes and a gold medal. This brought my number of prizes up to 53. During the season I rode 9113½ m. in four 24 h. rides thus: June 23, 2173½ m., in the Facile race. I could have increased this to 230 m., if I had known where Adams was. July 7, in the tricycle race, I pushed a 44 in. Facile 206 m. and then gave up, at 11.05 P. M., having several times lost my way. Aug. 8, I started on my 55 in. to try and cut the 24 h. record, and although it rained most of the day, and a strong wind was blowing, I succeeded in doing 231½ m., thus easily beating the record. So certain was I, however, of being able to do more under better circumstances, that, on Aug. 17, I made another attempt, and by midnight had ridden 255½ m. After this ride, I announced my intention of retiring from the racing path, but the old love being so strong in '84, I could not resist the invitation to race again; and, entering for four events at the Wisbech sports on Whitmonday, I won the lot,—all from scratch. I ran at a few other meetings during the year and took 3 second prizes; also a medal in the 100 m. Kangaroo race. My whole mileage in '84 was 4120. On Whitmonday, '85, I won 1 m. and 3 m. races from scratch, at the Long Sutton Cricket Club sports, thus raising my number of prizes to 62. I now ride a light 52 in. Sandringham, and I keep by me my old 52 in. Sandringham, which is still as good as new. Although it has been ridden by my brother and myself over 30,000 m. it has had only one set of new rubbers. The first set probably ran about 17,000 m., though I did n't make a note of it at the time, and I think they were turned once. The present tires will serve for many m. more, for my brother uses the old bi. nearly every day. Owing partly to my recent marriage, I've only wheeled 1322 m. in '85, up to date (Aug. 14), though I hope to put in a good score before the year closes. My total mileage is now 53,343. Never having seen a cyclometer which I could depend upon, I 've kept the record from my knowledge of roads near home, and from maps and county directories, supplemented by enquiries made while riding. Most of our highways have m. stones on them, and whenever there 's been any doubt about distances, I 've put down the lowest one; so that I 'm sure, in fact, of having traveled many more m. than recorded. I 've taken no note of 'separate miles,' but my rides have embraced most of the principal roads in eastern, southern and central England."

"The Haverstock Cycling Club are essentially a road-riding club," says *Wheeling*, "and may well be proud of their prowess in piling up distances." The sub-captain of that club, Harry J. Jones (b. May 2, 1864), rode 16,016 m. during the 3 years ending with June, '85, and no less than 3597 m. of this was separate roadway. The riding days were 558, showing an average ride of 28¾ m. Riding days, mileage, longest ride, average ride, and fresh road of each year, are shown by the following figures: '82, 37, 1012, 65, 27, 349½; '83, 202, 5022½, 162,

24½, 859½; '84, 287, 8241½, 207½, 29, 1630; '85, 32, 1740, 143, 54½, 742. It will be seen that the two years, '83-'84, show a mileage of 13,264, as compared with 2852 of the two half-years combined. The rider's reports to me (Jan. and July, '85) are as follows: "I use the bicycle to save walking whenever possible, both for journeying to business and for various everyday pursuits. A good deal of my riding has been done in Bedfordshire and Hunts—these two counties, in my opinion, having the best roads in England. I also know Bucks, Herts, Middlesex, Notts, Essex, Suffolk, Surrey, and Northamptonshire well. I have ridden in 34 English counties, 29 county towns, and in Wales. My principal tour (Sept., '84), was 671 m., through Oxford, Gloucester, Monmouth, Hereford, Worcester, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Stafford, Shrewsbury, Wrexham, Chester, Manchester, Sheffield, Doncaster, Southwell, Nottingham, Derby, Leicester, and Northampton. The time was 8 days, and the m. of separate roadway equaled 555. This was followed, near the close of the month, by a visit to the Druidical remains at Stonehenge, and to Salisbury and Wincanton, 243 m. in 2 d. 9 h. I had also indulged in a three days' tour in Aug. to St. Ives, Whittlesea, Stamford, Newark, Lincoln and Navenby (157 m. the first day), returning through Loughborough and Oakham, 334 m. Another of my tours (10 days in Oct., '83) was in the eastern counties to Epping, Eye, Bungay, Beccles, Norwich, Fressingfield, Lowestoft; home by Cambridge and Ricely, 456 m. (fresh ground 329 m.). I have also made several circular excursions in '84, starting in the afternoon and riding throughout the night and the next day; by these means bringing more fresh country within my reach. *E. g.*, to Warwick, 189 m., taking up about 33 h.; Buckingham and Kimbolton, 181 m., in about 27 h.; Ely and Newmarket, about 163 m. in 30 h. My longest score for a month is 1481 m.; for a week, 511 m.; for two days, 238 m.; or for separate road only (*i. e.*, ground never before traversed by me), 701, 457, and 169 m. respectively. My mileage of 8241 in '84 (when my hours devoted to business averaged 50 per week, excepting 13 days) comprises 16 rides of 100 m. or more, amounting to 2127 m. and averaging 133 m. each; 25 rides from 50 to 95 m., averaging 66 m.; 170 rides of from 11 to 49 m., and 74 rides of 10 m. and under; these last lowering the 'average length' considerably. The four best rides average 175 m., the 9 best, 151 m., while the 34 longest average 100 m. each. The very longest was 207½ m. Oct. 5, in 23 h. 54 min. Longest stay in saddle, 66½ m. in 7 h., from St. Albans into Peterborough. The route was to Market-Deeping, returning through Huntingdon, Cambridge, and St. Neots. Night riding, 34 per cent. I have passed through Barnet 36 times in the dark, and Redburn 4 times, although I have never seen the place by daylight. I 've started out at midnight on 12 occasions, the rides averaging 121 m. Longest stretch of road traversed without any walking, 162 m. on the Great North Road, from London (Smithfield) to Doncaster. On July 24, '83, I rode to Norman's Cross and back, with deviation, 151 m., in 16 h. 5 min., doing 100 m. of it in 9 h. 54 min., for club medal. April 13, '83, to Wandsford and back, 162 m., winning a much-coveted prize, an old book called 'Paterson's Roads,' offered by Mr. Hayes for the greatest distance out-and-in on the Great North Road. I took the attendance prize as well, by covering 1536½ m. in the 32 consecutive runs, which included the excursions to Ipswich, Lewes, and Portsmouth, and the two 150-m. competitions. I learned to ride in June, '82, and in Sept. took train to Lincoln, and wheeled back to London, 126 m., in 2½ days. This first ride in Lincolnshire was not a success; as, losing all control on the dangerous hill at Wellingore, I fell on my head and back, breaking off the saddle as well. This, the blacksmith at Leadenham fastened on with wire, but the last 20 m. of my journey home was accomplished by means of string. First long ride (undertaken to top the 'century') was on April 13, '83, to Wansford and back, 162 m., in 19¾ h. My previous best was 69 m. Longest stay in saddle, 39 m. in 3¾ h. I have kept a record of all my riding from the first, with remarks on the scenery, levels, surface, and anything else useful or interesting, about any fresh road traversed. These details, sorted into counties, prove very useful for reference. My distances have been taken from 'Paterson's Roads,' and ordnance maps, and by actual measurement. My 8241 m. of riding in '84 was all done on a 49 in. Regent (by J. Trigwell, a London maker), ball bearings all over, including head, which has been adjusted but once. My previous wheels were 50 in. and 48 in., plain bearings. In the following monthly tables for '83 and '84, the four columns of numerals respectively denote riding days,

mileage, longest ride and average ride. The fifth column of the second table shows the night-riding of '84, and the sixth shows the combined mileage of the two years:

Jan.,	0	0	0	0	Jan.,	15	170½	39	11	52	170½
Feb.,	1	22	22	22	Feb.,	18	220½	40	12¾	92	242½
Mar.,	17	562½	69	33	Mar.,	23	552½	111	24	139	1025
April,	20	704	162	35	April,	29	601	63	20½	146	1305
May,	20	494	80	24½	May,	31	909	162	29	207	1095
June,	19	558½	158	29½	June,	28	1011½	144	36	283	1570
July,	19	482	150½	25	July,	26	600½	63	23	73	1082½
Aug.,	28	578	76½	20½	Aug.,	23	963	157	42	330	1541
Sept.,	17	496	122	29	Sept.,	27	1481	126	54¾	563	1977
Oct.,	13	556½	125	42¾	Oct.,	28	804	207½	28¾	393	1360½
Nov.,	22	259½	32	10	Nov.,	19	538	175	28	334	797½
Dec.,	10	309½	22	14	Dec.,	20	390	70	19½	236½	699½
Totals,	202	5022½	162	24½	Totals,	287	8241½	1357½	29	2848½	13,264

"The mileage for the first half of '85 gives the meager total of 1740, made up by 18 runs under 50 m., 7 others not exceeding 94 m., and 7 over the century; fresh ground covered, 742 m., or 34 per cent. My longest straightaway stay in the saddle was 13¾ h. (June 28, 6 A. M. to 7.45 P. M.), a lowering of 6¾ h. from my previous best. After starting from home, I made my first attempt at riding up the notorious West Hill (Highgate), and having conquered this, I kept on through Epping Green, Hertford, Caxton, Ellington, Thrapston, and Kettering to Harrold (Beds), 106 m. without a dismount. I afterwards wheeled enough to make the day's total 143 m. My 100th m. was completed at the 'second danger-board hill' ascent at Wollaston; and 72½ m. had never been ridden by me before. As I was not intending such a feat when I started, I carried no refreshment whatever. Alfred Hayes's challenge for a 47 m. ride to Bedford was what inspired me to keep the saddle, after once getting well started; and my doing the 106 m. induced him in turn to ride 70 m. without a dismount. The Great North Road is certainly the best average cycling highway in England. I estimate to have wheeled 2700 m. on it, an analysis of the number of my visits to various places along it showing as follows: 119 times to Barnet, 11 m. from home; 43 to Hatfield, 20 m.; 6 to Baldock, 37 m.; (30 to Hitchin, 34 m.); 18 to Girtford, 48 m.; 8 to Eaton-Socon, 55 m.; 11 to Alconbury Hill, 68 m.; 2 to Stamford and Grantham, 90 and 110 m.; 4 to Newark, 124 m.; 1 to Tuxford and Doncaster, 138 and 162 m. It may be observed that these visits seem somewhat erratic. *E. g.*, I 've turned at Stamford only half as many times as at Newark, which is 34 m. beyond. The London editor of the *Cyclist*, C. W. Nairn, often advises tourists for Biggleswade to go by way of Hitchin (which I 've put in parenthesis, to show that it 's off the road), rather than by way of Baldock, which is *on* the road. Bad weather accounts in part for decreased mileage of '85, and a bad fall at Easter accounts for the rest of it. This resulted from my striking a lump of wood, dropped from a cart, in the dusk, while bounding down a steep hill, in the Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire. For days afterwards, my left arm was bent at right angles, and my right wrist powerless for lifting even a cup,—to say nothing of a strained left ankle, a thumb crushed open up to the nail, and a bump on the back of my head. I had a serious fall also in Aug., '84, in front of the Mansion House, dislocating my left shoulder; but within a fortnight afterwards, I entered a 24 h. competition, and rode the farthest (103 m.), with my arm in a sling and through a pouring rain,—two friends helping me on and off at first. The bicycle was not to be blamed for either of my accidents, and it proved the best cure for both. Perhaps you had better not publish anything about them, lest they be made to serve wrongfully as texts against the safety of cycling."

Alfred Hayes (b. Dec. 9, 1851), one of the founders of the Haverstock C. C., and its first secretary, has a 9 years' mileage record of considerably more than the 29,216, which is divided thus: '77, 2000; '78, 2868; '79, 2980; '80, 2855; '81, 2826; '82, 3597; '83, 5354; '84, 4356; '85 (to Aug. 16), 2380. The monthly analysis of his best year, '83 (riding days, mileage and longest ride), is as follows: Jan., 31, 215, 40; Feb., 28, 288, 57; Mar., 31, 557, 90; Apr., 30, 487, 106; May,

31, 707, 120; June, 25, 511, 156; July, 8, 697, 173; Aug., 10, 678, 140; Sept., 7, 424, 100; Oct., 7, 316, 90; Nov., 8, 213, 50; Dec., 8, 261, 45. Of the 224 days, 52 were Sundays, with a mileage of 3691, as compared to the 1663 m. ridden on the other 172 days. On 7 consecutive Sundays, he rode 907 m., as shown by this extract from the *Bi. News* (Sept. 21, '83), which described the Aug. 5 trip in full: "July 22, Peterborough and back, 164; July 29, Market-Deeping and back, 174; Aug. 5, Dunstable, Ware, Bishop Stortford and Colchester, 105; Aug. 12, St. Neots and back, 104; Aug. 19, Biggleswade, Cambridge, and Huntingdon; returning through Buckden, 140; Aug. 26, Bedford, St. Neots, and Caxton; returning through Royston and Ware, 120; Sept. 2, to the Rye House, thence to Hertford, Stevenage, Biggleswade, and Girtford; returning through Hitchin, 100." From his letters to me of Aug. 15, '84, and Aug. 18, '85, I condense the following: "Like yourself, I learned to ride the wooden bone-shaker in '69, and have always stuck to 46 in. as the proper size of wheel. My first was an Ariel, and I 've been riding regularly ever since I got it, in '75; though it was not until I superseded this by an Eclipse, in '77, that I began to keep a record. My riding, that year, reached just 2000 m., and was recorded in the first of the bicycle annuals which published a diary of such things. In '82 a London maker named Pick built me what I then thought a beautiful little bicycle; and I 'm now able to say (Aug. 18, '85), after about 15,000 m. of experience with it, that it 's the best one I ever had. Though I was born in London, my parents are natives of Lincolnshire; and that fact perhaps accounts in part for my rides being mostly confined to the Great North Road. The number of visits I 've made to places along it (with figures in parenthesis showing some of the distances from home) may be noted thus: Barnet (8½), 275; Hatfield (17), 151; Welwyn (22), 101; Girtford, 41; Tempsford, 25; Eaton-Socon, 23; Buckden, 29; Alconbury (63), 28; Norman's Cross (73), 18; Stamford (86), 8; Grantham, 1; Newark, 1. I 've thrice done the 73 m. to Norman's Cross, inside 6 h. 50 min.; and some of my other long rides may be named thus: June 5, '81, Stamford, 86 m. in 8 h. 50 min.; July 2, '82, Stamford and back in 23½ h.; July 16, '82, Peterborough, 78 m, in 7½ h.; and July 29, '83, Market-Deeping and back, 176 m. in 23 h. Up to July 22, '84, my runs to one or the other of the three places last named numbered 14. My longest day's ride in '84 was 134 m., and in '85 (to Aug. 18), 150 m. During these two years I 've made 40 trips to Hitchin (31 m. out), and 19 trips to Bedford (47 m.). My business is that of leather-seller, which I manage single handed; but on Thursdays I shut up shop at 2, and generally devote the rest of the day to the wheel. Sunday is the favorite time for it, however, for then the roads are mostly deserted of traffic, and are not made muddy by the water carts. I 've ridden every Sunday since Apr. 30, '82." (This last remark is dated Apr. 19, '85.)

The hon. sec. of the Belsize B. C., R. P. Hampton Roberts, in yielding to my repeated requests for a personal statement, without regard to whether the mileage were much or little, supplied the following report, July 20, '85: "It must be remembered that these figures are only those of an ordinary rider, and the presentation of such particulars in minute, analytical form is made merely to meet your requirements for complete information about a fairly representative record of an average Englishman who wheels 2000 m. a year. I began in May, '77, without any preliminary experience on the bone-shaker, and rode pretty steadily to the end of May, '84, when my total was 16,000 m. In June, I was compelled, under medical advice, to abandon bicycling 'for a season,' owing to illness (brought on, in a large measure, it is feared, by a somewhat injudicious indulgence in the fascinating but slightly treacherous pastime); and though the medical veto has since been removed, that has not, so far, led to a resumption of riding on the old scale. My only trials of the wheel for a year past have been two rides in June, amounting to 60 m. Out of my total mileage (16,060), only about 320 m. have been covered by tricycle, and over 3300 m. have not been repeated; that is to say, the ground has only once been traveled over; 880 m. were ridden in '77-'78, when unattached to any club; 2700 m. in attending the regular club runs of the Belsize B. C. on Saturday afternoons, and nearly 1000 m. in attending the official tours of the same club, which take place three times a year, though I did not attend all of these. A total of 1784 m. was covered in 16 rides of 100 m. or over in a day of 24 h., thus: '79, 110; '81, 105; '82, 100, 104, 107, 113, 129, 130, 150; '83, 100, 101, 103, 104, 107, 108, 113. It may be observed of my longest day's ride (150 m.), that it was part of a continuous

ride of 189 m., of which the other 39 m. were ridden before the day began. On this occasion, I made my longest stay in the saddle without a dismount, 48 m. The longest distance ridden in a month was 872 m. in Aug., '81; though I rode 864 m. in Aug., '82, and monthly totals varying from 797 to 522 m. were made in 8 other mos., between '81 and '83. I have made three extended tours out of England. In '81, nearly 3 weeks in Normandy and Brittany, with H. Blackwell, of the Canonbury B. C., when a total distance of 696 m. was covered. In '82, 2 weeks in Normandy, Brittany and the Valley of the Loire, with W. E. Milner and H. C. Wild, fellow clubmen, when a total distance of 574 m. was covered. In '83, nearly 3 weeks in Switzerland, also with fellow clubmen, W. E. Milner, E. Tegetmeier and R. Revell, when a total distance of 400 m. was covered. Shorter tours in England, extending over 3, 4 or 5 days at a time, have often been undertaken, and the total distance covered in this way (excluding that on club tours already mentioned) has been 3390 m. Adding club tours and tours abroad, we arrive at a total of 6060 m. traveled in this way. Hence the following approximate statement: Mileage in touring, 6060; as an unattached rider, 880; in attending Belsize B. C. runs, 2700; in private runs, 6420. Winter riding has not been practiced to any considerable extent. In the 8 years, only 4 machines have been ridden: a 54 in. Gentlemen's Roadster, a 53 in. Hollow Spoke Carver, a 53 in. Humber and a 56 in. Rucker. The Humber saw the greatest service, more than 11,850 m., including the three tours abroad. The distances here given have been carefully measured on various maps, in most cases the Ordnance Survey maps of England (as well as those of France and Switzerland for the riding done in those countries), and in many cases the distances have also been checked from the standard road books of Cary, Paterson and Howard. In the following tabular view of seven years' wheeling, the riding days and miles of each month are shown, with a colon separating them. First, however, I give the annual totals, with average ride and longest ride: 14:225, 16, 50; 28:590, 21, 63; 48:1280, 27, 110; 43:1276, 29, 77; 94:3190, 34, 105; 109:4610, 42, 150; 95:4056, 43, 113; 27:773, 29, 70. Grand total, 458:16,000, 35, 150.

Year.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
'77.	....	....	....	....	2:15	3:42	5:76	....	2:73	1:15	1:6	....
'78.	1:5	....	7:115	4:68	3:162	2:30	5:114	2:23	4:73	....	....	....
'79.	....	....	1:5	3:63	8:298	6:117	9:67	7:222	3:113	6:241	5:154	....
'80.	....	....	7:270	7:97	6:230	7:245	6:212	7:156	1:20	2:46	....	....
'81.	....	....	3:40	11:194	16:522	10:331	14:567	19:872	9:326	8:255	3:40	1:43
'82.	....	1:17	9:279	13:690	17:763	9:402	13:715	22:864	11:474	6:167	4:150	4:89
'83.	....	....	6:104	10:407	8:340	15:797	12:653	11:654	13:450	9:342	7:185	4:124
'84.	3:57	6:210	6:170	3:63	6:148	3:125	....	....	....	....	....	....
	4:62	7:227	39:983	51:1582	66:2476	55:2089	64:2404	68:2791	43:1529	32:1066	20:535	9:256

The five principal scores made in '83 by members of his club were tabulated for the *Bi. News* by Mr. R., who vouched for the distances being carefully verified. His own ranked fourth. The rest stood thus: E. Tegetmeier (see p. 532), 10,053, of which 2375 was in 22 runs, thus: 100, 104, 112, 126, 102, 102, 154, 115, 122, 105, 100, 103, 101, 107, 103, 102, 103, 103, 100, 102, 102, 105; W. E. Milner, 5548, of which 1434 was in 13 runs: 130, 125, 114, 111, 110, 110, 109, 108, 108, 103, 102, 102, 102; Roland Revell, 4063, of which 523 was in 5 runs: 108, 110, 102, 101, 102; J. Milner, 4033, including 1 run of 112. W. E. Milner's riding was done on 140 days, making his average ride 39¾ m.; but his record for 51 Sundays was 3354, an average of 65¾ m., as compared with 2194 m. on the other 89 days. The only Sunday when he did no wheeling was while riding *with* his bicycle towards Switzerland; and his machine came to grief on each of the two Sundays when his score was less than 26 m. His 13 best scores have already been given; and the remaining 48 Sunday rides, in the order of their mileage, were as follows: 86, 82, 76, 75, 74, 70, 70, 68, 60, 60, 59, 57, 57, 56, 55, 54, 53, 50, 50, 50, 49, 48, 45, 45, 43, 41, 40, 40, 38, 38, 38, 38, 37, 32, 32, 26, 18, 10. By months, his Sundays' mileage and average ride stood thus: Jan., 176, 44; Feb., 231, 57; Mar., 304, 76; Apr., 406, 81; May, 296, 74; June, 339, 84; July, 387, 77; Aug., 406, 101; Sept., 220, 55; Oct., 226, 56; Nov., 193, 48; Dec.,

170, 34. Though J. Milner's longest scores were 112 and 84 m., his riding was confined to 93 days, and so made the high average of 43 m., or only 1 m. less than E. Tegetmeier's. Roland Revell's 116 rides averaged 35 m. each, though he did no wheeling in Jan. and Feb. and only 24 m. in Nov. The mileage of the 5 men during the ½ year, Apr. to Sept., may be thus compared: Tegetmeier, 5789; W. E. Milner, 3720; Roberts, 3301; Revell, 3064; J. Milner, 2421. The 3691 m. ridden by A. Hayes on 52 Sundays of '83 (p. 541) may be compared with the 3354 m. of W. E. Milner; and with both may be compared the 2770 m. done in '83 on a 50 in. tricycle by M. E. O. James, who does not ride on Sundays. Evenings and Saturday afternoons mark the limits of most of his riding, though he had one run of 106 m., and his 116 rides represented all the months, the mileage of the 12 standing thus: 21, 73, 212, 425, 372, 309, 390, 451, 187, 62, 228, 40. Another non-Sunday rider is J. S. Warburton, of the Surrey United B. C., whose 160 rides of '83, averaging 22½ m. (longest, 101½ m.), were taken on a 53 in. Rucker, and made a total mileage of 3603, distributed through the months as follows: 9, 37, 292½, 287, 491½, 426½, 544½, 772½, 241, 205, 114½, 182. J. Rowe, of the Centaur B. C., also rode every month of '83 (279 days), doing 1425 m. on the bi., and 2755 m. on the tri. (single and sociable), a total of 4180 m. His wife accompanied him on the sociable for 1149 m. of this,—several times exceeding 50 m., and once riding as much as 67 m. His own longest run was 104 m. in May, in which month he rode 267 m. on the bi. and 259 m. on the tri. In Aug. his tricycling amounted to 777 m. (best run, 57 m.), and he only made 4 m. on the bi.

The captain of the North London T. C., Henry T. Wharlow (b. Aug. 27, 1843), an accountant, sends me this brief report: "I began on the bi. in '70 and the tri. in '78, but only pottered about, as most other fellows did in those days. In '79, I took to wheeling in earnest, and my annual mileage totals have gradually increased since then, thus: 680, 2050, 3205, 4162, 4311, 5915, and (in '85 to June 30) 3002, making 23,325 m. for 6½ years. I've not taken many single rides in excess of 100 m.,—my 3 longest being 140 in '83, 151 in '84 and 115 in '85. The machines principally ridden have been Coventry Rotary and Humber." From tables in the *Tricyclist*, I append his monthly mileage for two years, remarking that his 178 riding days of '83 averaged 24 m. each, and 269 days of '84 averaged 22 m. each: Jan., 111, 301; Feb., 115, 206; Mar., 467, 497; Apr., 556, 536; May, 627, 523; June, 452, 444; July, 576, 541; Aug., 332, 557; Sept., 326, 725; Oct., 238, 613; Nov., 100, 535; Dec., 411, 437. From the same paper, I reprint the tricycling scores of C. W. Brown (b. Apr. 4, 1865), a member of the same club, for the last 10 mos. of '84, giving riding days, miles and furlongs: Mar., 30, 516.4; Apr., 26, 743.7; May, 28, 664.1; June, 30, 632.1; July, 29, 698.7; Aug., 28, 507.5; Sept., 29, 834.0; Oct., 25, 615.6; Nov., 25, 420.3; Dec., 21, 397.2. His longest runs were 101 m. in Apr. and 102 in Sept. It will be seen that the 271 rides amounted to 6030½ m., an average of 22¼ m. His record for '83 was 3560½ m., and for '85, 6454 m., of which 4032 m. were ridden in the last ½. The approximate mileage of his first year, '82, was 1000,—making a total of 17,043 m. Longest day's run, 160 m. In sending me these facts, "Faed," another member of the club (see p. 534), adds: "He has ridden distances of at least 10 m. each on 50 different makes of cycles, but principally on the Coventry Rotary, Humber, and Dearlove tricycles." Contrasted with this is the report of Walter Binns (b. Jan. 31, 1845), a draper, at Salford, who was persuaded by his friend, Mr. Goodwin (see p. 535), to send me the following: "My present machine, a British Challenge, has carried me nearly 13,000 m.,—my total mileage being 22,147, divided thus: '79, 2447; '80, 3407; '81, 2840; '82, 4437; '83, 4295; '84, 3732; '85 (up to May 6), 989. I 'm sorry that I never kept a record before '79, for I 've ridden constantly since the earliest days of the bone-shaker. I see from a diary of '69 that I was riding then; and I do not know how much earlier. As my working hours are very long, I use the bicycle almost entirely in going to and from business, except that I take my annual holidays with it, and Sunday spins through Lancashire and Cheshire. I suppose I 'm getting to be rather an elderly bicycler as well as bachelor; but I mean to stick to the two-wheeler as long as I can get on the top of one. I believe in rake, rubber and spring."

"A monument of the highest value to the practical uses of the wheel sport" was the editorial remark attached to the following table in the *Tricyclist* (early in '84, p. 397), prepared by the Rev. H. C. Courtney, Vicar of Hatton, to exhibit his 14 years' riding. "I do not suppose

any one else has kept a strict account of their riding for such a length of time," he says, "and I hope that my showing will induce more men to stick to their machines through the winter, as well as the other seasons. All my records, for the years before '81, were made on the two-wheeler, those for '70 and '72 on bone-shakers; but, as I have ridden 4000 m. in '84 on the three-wheeler, I suppose I may be considered a *bona fide* tricyclist. I was 46 last birthday, and am the same weight (viz., 12 stone) as when I was at Oxford, 24 years ago. Although a good deal of the distances tabulated were done in my own parish and neighborhood, I have ridden through every county in England but Kent; every county in Wales; eight counties in Scotland; and three departments in France." Of the total riding, 36,475 m. belongs to the last seven years.

	1870.	1872.	1873.	1875.	1876.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.	1881.	1882.	1883.	Totals.
January...	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	57 ..	282 ..	225 ..	62 ..	225 ..	541 ..	411 ..	1,803
February..	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	59 ..	520 ..	10 ..	26 ..	107 ..	533 ..	571 ..	1,826
March....	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	49 ..	171 ..	866 ..	602 ..	537 ..	586 ..	670 ..	484 ..	3,965
April.....	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	286 ..	340 ..	674 ..	584 ..	141 ..	687 ..	604 ..	708 ..	4,024
May.....	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	438 ..	369 ..	417 ..	844 ..	90 ..	562 ..	702 ..	1050 ..	4,472
June.....	0 ..	45 ..	41 ..	37 ..	610 ..	475 ..	868 ..	650 ..	348 ..	478 ..	749 ..	342 ..	4,643
July.....	102 ..	45 ..	63 ..	168 ..	313 ..	396 ..	344 ..	839 ..	465 ..	615 ..	583 ..	465 ..	4,398
August....	262 ..	96 ..	250 ..	160 ..	136 ..	625 ..	355 ..	580 ..	240 ..	635 ..	313 ..	588 ..	4,290
September.	34 ..	0 ..	0 ..	19 ..	44 ..	234 ..	469 ..	926 ..	346 ..	406 ..	453 ..	406 ..	3,337
October...	5 ..	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	175 ..	41 ..	212 ..	583 ..	255 ..	281 ..	319 ..	607 ..	2,478
November.	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	4 ..	335 ..	369 ..	442 ..	318 ..	254 ..	404 ..	393 ..	453 ..	2,972
December.	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	0 ..	77 ..	165 ..	323 ..	81 ..	291 ..	493 ..	307 ..	374 ..	2,111
Totals,	403	186	354	388	2463	3301	5772	6242	3055	5479	6167	6459	40,319

J. S. Whatton (b. May 13, 1861), ex-captain of the Cambridge University B. C., in a letter to me of July 25, '85, reported thus: "My mileage for the 7 years ending June 30, '85, is 20,700, exactly; and it is in no way remarkable except for the fact that it is the road-record of a man who has gone in not unsuccessfully for racing during the last 4 of the 7 years,—for many of our best racing men ride little, if at all, on the road. I tabulate the mileage by seasons, with longest month's record and longest day's ride, thus: '78, 988, 401, 571 '79, 2246, 637, 85; '80, 2326, 631, 67; '81, 4530, 778, 84; '82, 3143, 395, 125; '83, 3596, 609, 113; '84, 2243, 398, 202; '85, 1628, 580, 72. This includes riding in every English county but two, nearly all Scotland, and a little of Ireland. About a quarter of it is made up of touring. Since '81, my road-riding has been much interfered with by racing. Road machines ridden, 58, 57, and 56." In reply to my further enquiries, he added, Sept. 22: "My longest straightaway run without a dismount was from London (9, Somers Place, Hyde Park Square), to Petersfield, in Hampshire, 55 m., through Kingston and the Hind Head. Longest day's ride, Cambridge to Bath 202 m. in 20 h. Longest continuous tour, Glasgow to John O'Groat's and back through Edinburgh, York, and London, to Eastbourne (with my brother, A. B. Whatton), about 1100 m. I held the record for a ¼ m. (flying start) from July, '82, for two years; time, 36⅘ secs.; and am ex-amateur champion for 5 m. Barring accidents, I have never started in a scratch race without finishing either first or second. As regards regimen, I am a teetotaler and a vegetarian. I took my degree (2d class in Historical Tripos), at Trinity Coll., Camb., in June, '84, and my earlier education was had at Haileybury Coll. I belong to the London B. C. and Bath C. C., and am a member of the executive in the N. C. U. and C. T. C." Another Londoner, Frank Salsbury, of the Clarence B. C., sends me tables from the *Bi. News*, showing his record for each of 36 successive months. Each group of numerals gives the riding days, longest ride, and total mileage of each month, and dashes serve to separate the monthly groups of '82 from those of '83 and '84: Jan., 2, 20, 28—8, 53, 155—13, 57, 409; Feb., 8, 40, 111—7, 53, 130—16, 59, 463; Mar., 18, 35, 206—12, 71, 365—25, 86, 725; Apr., 10, 62, 291—14, 111, 503—20, 75, 619; May, 11, 67, 336—23, 91, 569—29, 93, 829; June, 13, 26, 203—17, 176, 579—22, 112, 758; July, 12, 70, 399—20, 65, 453—24, 85, 631; Aug., 14, 101, 427—19, 100, 499—27, 84, 812; Sept., 13, 128, 474—17, 113, 400—22, 120, 650; Oct., 11, 63, 325—22, 130, 600—26, 183, 921; Nov., 13, 53, 294—14, 84, 375—21, 105, 816;

Dec., 5, 53, 112—13, 55, 387—18, 64, 545. Totals, 130, 128, 3206—186, 176, 5015—263, 183, 8178. His '81 mileage was 1902, and a remark attached to the '84 table says that "the machine was a 48 in. built by Grout, which has been ridden altogether about 17,000 m." The mileage of his 99 rides in '85, up to May 21, was 3407 (making his total then, 21,708), and as this was larger than on any previous year at that date, it may be presumed that his entire score for '85 surpassed all former ones. It will be noted that his day's rides in excess of 100 m. number at least a dozen.

Fred. W. Brock, of Bristol, writes to me thus, June 29, '85: "I learned to ride as far back as '67 or '68, when I was but a small boy. My first machine, of the old wooden-wheel-and-iron-tire class, had a 33 in. driver, with a 32 in. back wheel and it weighed 98 lbs. Small as this may seem, I had to get on a pavement, or against a wall, in order to mount, till I learned to vault into the saddle. Having used this for some years, I grew out of it and neglected riding, except at spasmodic intervals, until '77 (or perhaps '76), when I purchased a modern bicycle, and have ridden up to the present time, always having at least 2 machines in my stud. My mileage, riding days and longest ride may be shown thus: '78, 2069, 121, 101; '79, 1352, 103, 64; '80, 1534, 80, 110; '81, 2242, 140, 72; totals for the 4 years, 7017 m. in 444 days. I regret to have mislaid my diaries for other years, but I think the foregoing is about an average, and you will see from it that my riding is of a very ordinary sort. My only tour was to Paris in '78, though I took part in the Hampton Court meet of '81. The only mos. in the 4 years when I did no riding were Feb. and Dec., '78; Jan. and Feb., '79; and Dec., '80. My largest month's record was 570, in July, '78; second best, 430, in July, '81." Another contribution to my "statistics of average men" is made by George Hall Rushworth (b. July 1, 1848), a stuff merchant's manager at Bradford, whose mileage from May 4, '83, to Sept. 30, '85 (327 days), was 8215. An analysis of it may be shown as follows, each group of numerals giving the riding days, mileage, and longest ride of each month, and dashes separating the monthly groups of '83 from those of '84 and '85: Jan., 0, 0, 0—2, 42, 25—8, 164, 39; Feb., 0, 0, 0—2, 47, 32—2, 31, 23; Mar., 0, 0, 0—9, 167, 40—12, 303, 53; Apr., 0, 0, 0—12, 254, 82—12, 426, 97; May, 14, 271, 54—12, 326, 65—13, 395, 104; June, 13, 399, 70—23, 610, 83—10, 286, 64; July, 14, 432, 70—16, 374, 62—18, 310, 33; Aug., 22, 693, 76—19, 515, 73—21, 410, 70; Sept., 11, 333, 77—17, 359, 54—13, 353, 67; Oct., 4, 99, 38—10, 267, 85—(?), (?), (?); Nov., 1, 19, 19—11, 217, 50—(?), (?), (?); Dec., 2, 28, 18—4, 85, 35,—(?), (?), (?); Totals, 81, 2274, 77—137, 3263, 85—109? 2878? 104?. My riding has been chiefly from and to Bradford; and in the course of it I have visited 37 principal towns in the present county of York, 9 in Lancashire, 5 in Durham, and 3 in Northumberland. My longest day's run was to Catterick and back (104 m.), May 31, '85. I may add that my second longest day's ride was to Sunderland (n. e. of Durham), on Good Friday last (97 m.); also that during all my riding I have not had a single mishap (of sufficient importance to remember) either to myself or machine. All my mileage was done on the tricycle until July, '85, when I got a Rover Safety bi., and pushed it 115 m. (to 195 for the tri.). All my Aug. riding was on the Rover, and in Sept. I used it for 353 m., and the tri. for only 57 m."

Scotland's single contribution to these statistics is supplied by Hugh Callan (b. Aug. 13, '60), M. A., of Glasgow University: "Having learned bicycling last December, I took my first ride in Jan., '85; my first long ride in March (80 m.), and second in June (104 m.), both being in the daytime and continuous. I've been too busy to be out much. Longest ride within 12 h., July 22, Berne to Geneva, 98 m. (equal very easily to 110 m. on ordinary roads). Longest stay in the saddle, July 22, Lausanne to Geneva, 37 m. My trail was continuous from Amsterdam to Geneva and back to Arlon (948 m.), July 13-28. Other details of my 1100 m. tour you may extract from the *Tri. Journal* (Aug. 19, p. 87), whereof I send you a copy." I quote from this as follows: "Taking train July 9, Glasgow to Carlisle, I wheeled thence to Hull on 11th (152 m.), and embarked for Amsterdam. I give the terminal town and mileage of each day thus: 13th, Arnheim, 67; 14th, Dusseldorf, 71; 15th, Coblentz, 80; 17th, Mayence, 60; 18th, Heidelberg, 55; 18th, Strasbourg, 75 (where spent 19th); 20th, Basle, 78; 21st, Berne, 60; 22d, Geneva, 98; 23d, Morges, 12; 24th, Besançon, 79; 25th, Loup, 57; 26th, Nancy, 72; 27th, Hettingen, 57; 28th, Arlon, 33. Taking train thence to Antwerp, I sailed homeward on the 29th, spent 30th at Hull, and took train to Glasgow on 31st. Baggage in m. i. p., 10 lbs.

British Challenge wheel stood well, only having the tire worn, and a slight crack in a crank, got from going up the fearful hills of the Jura country. Riding 17 full days 1100 m. would give 65 m. daily average, but 70 m. is nearer truth, as on several days I stopped many hours to visit interesting spots, while on most I stopped up for a little at such places. I can travel cheaply abroad because I 'm as familiar with French as with English, and know some German also. I avoid the large hotels frequented by tourists, and am well suited with a clean bed in some little lodging house." The average cost of this is shown to be less than 30 c. ($5.50 for the 19 nights), and the whole cost of 23 days' absence from Glasgow was $41, whereof $13 went for transportation. "If you are surprised at such economy, let me say that when only twenty years old I took a six weeks' pedestrial tour through France and Belgium which cost only $31."

"Springfield" seems appropriate as the birthplace and residence of the only rider in Ireland who has contributed to my statistics: William Bowles (b. Dec. 8, 1850), a country gentleman living at Castlemartyr, 20 m. e. of Cork, and a consul of the C. T. C. His report to me (July 9, '85) reads thus: "Having kept an accurate diary of my bicycle riding from the outset, I can show you a total mileage of 13,202, divided by years as follows: '75, 342; '76, 1247; '77, 988; '78, 1965; '79, 871; '80, 1121; '81, 1124; '82, 1644; '83, 1475; '84, 1560; '85 (up to July 9), 865. You may rely on the distances being as accurate as it is possible to make them. Up to the spring of '83 I took them from large-scale maps, road books and m. stones, and since then I have been using Stanton's bi. log, which I always found correct when compared with m. stones and Ordnance Survey maps. As I cannot use a hub lamp with it, I have lately got a King-of-the-Road lamp, with Hernu's cyclom. attached, and I find this perfectly accurate. I am sure you will have difficulty in getting hold of another Irish bicyclist who has been riding for 10 years and has kept such a diary as mine from the very start. This record gives the names of all the places where I rode each day, and includes the following tours: '78, Killarney, 192 m. and Co. Limerick, 178 m.; '82, England, 325 m.; '83, Scotland, 417 m.; '84, Connemara and western highlands of Ireland, 488 m. My average rate of traveling on tours is 44½ m. a day. Total of separate roadway traversed, about 2250 m. My weight averages 140 lbs. The dates of service of my several machines, with mileage, are as follows: Sept. 20, '75, to June 13, '77,—48 in. Ariel (Haynes & Jeffries, Coventry), 2083; July 20, '77, to Sept. 25, '78,—50 in. Stanley Head Excelsior (Bayliss & Thomas, Coventry), 2287; Oct. 2, '78, to July 5, '79,—54 in. Duplex Excelsior (Bayliss & Thomas), 663; Sept. 29, '79, to Feb. 26, '81,—52 in. Perfection (Gorton, Wolverhampton), 1562; May 28, '81, to March 14, '85,—52 in. Interchangeable (Palmer & Co., Birmingham), 5837; April 6, to July 9, '85,—52 in. D. E. H. F. (Bayliss & Thomas), 865. My longest distance ridden in a month (Aug., '83) was 542 m. Longest in a week (Aug. 22 to 28, '84), resting on Sunday and riding only 6 days, 315 m. Longest in 6 successive days, Monday to Saturday (Aug. 6 to 11, '83), 221 m. My longest in a day was 85 m. (Sept. 9, '78), when I went from Springfield to Nenagh, in Co. Tipperary, *viz* Lismore, Cahir, Cashel, Holycross and Borrisoleigh. On this ride I took photographs on the way, carrying the apparatus in knapsack, as well as a large m. i. p. bag filled with clothes. My longest recorded straightaway without dismount was 18 m., but I may have ridden further, without being aware of it, on other occasions." Post cards of Sept. 2 and Nov. 23 report additional mileage of 968½ (raising the '85 record to 1833½ and the total, for a trifle more than 10 years, to 14,170½), and I quote from them these final details. "Leaving Springfield on the 13th of Aug., I wheeled to Waterford, and took steamer across to Milford, in Wales. I rode through South Wales, the midland counties of England, North Wales and back along the w. coast of Wales to M., where I took steamer back to W., and rode home on Aug. 29, a tour of 712 m. I rode every day except the 2 Sundays, so that the daily average was 47½ m. My longest ride without dismount was from Waterford to Dungarvan, 28 m. I also rode 287 m. between Aug. 17 and 22,—which was 66 m. more than my best previous record for 6 days. My total mileage for Aug. was 765,—or 223 m. more than my longest previous month's record (Aug., '83). During Sept. and Oct. I only rode 94½ m., which makes the 7 months' mileage of my present bicycle 1833½ m. I never do much wheeling in the cold weather, but hope to begin again next spring."

"The name of Harry Etherington (b. Aug. 27, 1855) is one known, and creditably known,

to every reader of the bicycling press in the United Kingdom, and he is personally known to perhaps more bicyclists than any other rider." Thus spoke the *Bi. Times*, 8 years ago (Jan. 10, '78), in presenting his photograph and biography on its title page; and it is safe to add that no other English wheelman's name is now so familiarly known in the United States also. As the successful organizer of the first cycling "event" of magnitude enough to attract much notice in the general press of America (namely, the 6 days' race at Agricultural Hall, London, in Sept., '79, when Waller made the wonderful run of 1404 m. in 107 h.), he was inspired to sail for this country, Oct. 3, '79, as manager of the professional team, Keen, Terront, Cann and Stanton; and though this exhibition-tour proved a failure, financially (for there were not then 1000 bicyclers in the whole Western hemisphere), the remembrance or tradition of it helped increase the heartiness of the welcome extended him on his second visit, in '85, when he brought over that remarkably fleet band of "makers' amateurs" who swept off the prizes at the Sept. tournament of the Springfield B. C., and "lowered the world's records" in respect to many distances. In order to give a thoroughly friendly cast to the notoriety thus secured by him in Yankeeland, only one thing was needed; and that one want was supplied by the curiously short-sighted policy which a rival editor adopted, for the apparent purpose of bringing him to discredit. As H. E.'s sagacity, in identifying himself with a lot of English racers who had given a wonderfully good account of themselves in the "Greater Britain" of the West, could only be belittled by a denial of accomplished facts, this rival, the editor of the *Tricyclist*, seriously proclaimed the theory (through the papers of "the Coventry ring") that their records ought not to be accepted as authentic! Inasmuch, however, as the official precautions to prevent errors in timing were more perfect than at any bicycle races ever anywhere previously run, and as not one of the many hundreds of watch-holders among the thousands who witnessed the races ventured to question their recorded swiftness,—though many a one of them had the strongest possible motive for raising the question, if any shadow of doubt existed in the case,—the most obtrusive practical result of the rival editor's act (whether he was led into it by envy, or by spite, or by insular ignorance, or by mere fatuity) was the erection of a sort of "international" pedestal, on which Mr. Etherington can pose very effectively as the representative defender of American good-faith and English prowess. The most lavish expenditure of money could never have secured for his weekly paper, *Wheeling*, so valuable an advertisement throughout the United States, as this unaccountable determination of his rivals to discredit their own papers' reputations here, by pretending to question the honesty and executive competency of the League of American Wheelmen. Fortunate thus, like the chief magistrate of this Union, in "the enemies he has made," the story of his good-luck in other respects will presumably be of interest to the readers of this book, which he has been instrumental in giving a foothold to in England, and I therefore present these additional extracts from the beforementioned article in the *Bi. Times*:

"A native of Sittingbourne, in Kent, he began to ride the bone-shaker in '68, while at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, and continued an enthusiastic wobbler through '69, '70 and '71, after which he gave his bones a 4 years' rest. Learning the bicycle Mar. 12, '75, he took a trip of 87 m. just a fortnight later (Good Friday), on a 50 in. Ariel, which he soon superseded by a 54 in. Keen, and then by a 57 in. Eclipse, on which all his journeys were made till the end of '77. He joined the Surrey B. C., in '75, and was 8th in the list of founders of the Temple B. C. (Jan. 26, '76), quickly becoming its secretary and serving to his own credit and the club's advantage. Though entering many races, the prize for third place in the 1 m. race of his club (June, '77) was the only trophy he ever captured; but, as a tourist, he has ridden through North Wales, Derbyshire, Yorkshire and Nottingham; and, in fact, every English county except Cornwall and Northumberland. His longest day's ride (May, '77), in company with Mr. Meyer, the Temple B. C. champion, was from Ockham to Portsmouth, Brighton and London, 156 m. in 17½ h. This was the day after the Hampton Court meet, and on the corresponding day in '76 he made 112 m., riding throughout the moon-light night. He has never had a fall from his 57 in. wheel, though he has ridden it 7000 m. He conceived, arranged, and successfully carried out the Temple Easter tour, in which 130 riders took part; and

the idea and labor of collecting and acknowledging the 'Bicyclists' Indian Famine Fund' (£139) were also his; while another proof of his business aptitude was shown in the punctual carrying out of last June's Temple races, in spite of 72 entries, and in the achievement (perhaps the first time on record in such an affair) of a financial success. The club testified their appreciation by presenting him with a handsome watch and chain (valued at £39), at their recent annual dinner, when he announced his retirement from active bicycling affairs, to enter on his own account into commercial life." Repeated requests from me caused him to promise (Mar. 10, '85), "I am just about doing a young history of my past for your book"; but he never really wrote it, and it was not until the end of the year that he even so much as supplied me with the *Bi. Times* sketch, accompanying which were a few written details which I now quote: "In these days, my riding is principally on a Humber tandem with my wife, though I sometimes take to the road on a bike with the boys. The sportsman's exhibition, annually held in Agricultural Hall, was my idea and has been managed for four years as an acceptable feature of the spring season. It was in '80 that I started the *Wheel World*, with G. Lacy Hillier; ran it with great success for 18 mos., then sold it well to Iliffe & Son, and contracted an agreement to publish it and the *Cyclist* at their offices, 152 Fleet st., for the London district. I did well by both journals, but in May, '84, dissolved all connection with the Iliffes, and started the weekly, *Wheeling*, with W. MacWilliam. He withdrew, on friendly terms, in Oct., and I ran the paper alone till Jan. 1, '85, when I secured, as joint editor, Tom Moore, of the *Bi. News*." A year later, another important change was made,—the editorship being entrusted to W. McCandlish and F. Percy Low, in order that the proprietor might devote all his energy to its business interests,—the weekly circulation being now advertised as 10,000 copies.

"The best advertising medium is the *Cyclist*, with a circulation of over 30,000 copies per month, or more than 3 times that of any other wheel publication." Such is the statement of the latest letter-head coming to me (Dec., '85) from the Coventry office of that old-established weekly journal, whose sub-title is "bicycling and tricycling trades' review," and whose chief appeal for support, if I rightly interpret its ideal, is addressed to the heavy-respectable element,—the more solid (not to say stolid) section of the English cycling fraternity. As may be seen by consulting my final chapter, "Literature of the Wheel," its editor, Henry Sturmey (b. Feb. 28), is author and compiler of several standard hand-books on the subject, and I suppose he may be fairly called the most authoritative newspaper writer in the world, as regards the practical mechanics of wheeling. It pleases me, therefore, to learn that his thoroughgoing experience with all sorts and sizes of cycles has brought him to the same conclusion which I myself (knowing nothing and caring nothing about the relative mechanical advantages of different makes) reached by simply buying a 46 in. bicycle and pushing it 10,000 m. He thinks, as I do, that the only appreciable element of danger in the case arises from the vanity of mankind, in refusing to seek comfort and security on an ordinary bicycle "which is three or four inches undersize." Instead of this, they are "continually clamoring for close-build and high-position, to enable them to ride as big wheels as they can possibly stretch. But it is impossible to obtain either enjoyment or safety thus, and, as a consequence, the machines get the blame for having been built too generally on pretty but unsafe lines." My quotation is from his summing up (Oct., '85) of a long discussion, carried on by correspondents of the *Cyclist*, as to the comparative advantages of the different types of cycles; and I condense his final words thus: "There is no single form of cycle that will suit the wants of every one, but each particular type is the right thing when in the right place. As an all-weather vehicle, the tri., perhaps, is best; and for use where parcels have to be carried, as well as for traffic riding, it stands to the fore. But it is heavy and cumbersome and slow, compared with its *confrères*, and is not by any means so free from danger as some would make it, though with care it is as safe as a horse and trap, and probably safer. The speed that has been obtained on the road by noted tri. riders has in some cases surpassed that of riders on the bi., but such riders in all cases have been exceptional ones, with machines highly geared and very different in weight from those supplied to the ordinary customer. The safety bi. (so called) is suitable for traffic riding; such, for instance, as short, quick business calls. It is easily stowed away, and can be ridden slowly in a crowded street, or

brought instantly to a dead stop. On the other hand, in the majority of geared-up machines, the side-slip on greasy roads introduces an element of danger that is totally absent from the tri. and ordinary bi. All things considered, we believe that the bicycle proper, when sensibly built, is no more dangerous than any other form of velocipede in the hands of a careful and experienced rider; and that for general, what might be termed light, riding, that is, without luggage, it will never be wrested from popular favor."

Of course, whoever attempts to deliver an opinion as an expert on a subject where so many competing business-interests are concerned must expect to have his impartiality called in question by those to whom his opinion is unfavorable. I do not pretend to say that this writer is never unfair or ill-informed,—for his specialty is one whereof I am profoundly ignorant. I only insist that, as a specialist, his opinion is, in so far forth, worthy of respect; and that I am not aware of the existence of any other writer who appears to be so well-equipped for this particular sort of instruction, or to labor under stronger obligations for imparting it honestly to the public. At the same time, there seems justice in the censure which has been pronounced against him for ignoring the American Star,—the type of safety bi. which has incomparably the widest acceptance in this country,—since, as a distinctively Yankee notion, it deserves extended trial and description at the hands of any one who professes to treat exhaustively of wheeling mechanisms. Mr. S. was one of my earliest subscribers in England; and his expressions of friendly interest in my scheme, both by printed paragraphs in the *Cyclist* and by private letters, did much to encourage me in the belief that it might be so shaped as to command some degree of attention in that country. I am told that he was a schoolmaster before the days of cycling journalism, and I regret my inability to wheedle from him more biographical details than these few contained in his letter to me of Mar. 19, '84: "We have no authentic account of men who have ridden 10,000 m. in England, but I do not think there can be less than 5000 or 10,000 of them, and their number is probably very much larger. I send you herewith a copy of our last two tabulated lists, containing the records of men who have ridden 100 m. within the day, up to Dec., '81, and I hope to publish the records for the past two seasons in a few weeks. I cannot give you any information concerning the largest number of separate m. of roadway covered by any individual rider, neither can I say who has ridden the longest straightaway distances in Great Britain, beyond the 3 or 4 riders from Land's End to John O'Groat's and *vice versa*. I should say the longest straightaway tour taken in Europe must be that of A. M. Bolton, who has published his experience in a book entitled 'Over the Pyrenees'; though there may very likely be several riders who have exceeded his distances, yet kept their light under a bushel. With regard to my own riding, I usually cover about 1000 m. in the course of business; and, as I have but little time, and do not care to ride on Sundays, my score is not great; but I reckon to cover about 3000 m. yearly, and think I have done this for the past 8 years, which would give about 23,000 to 24,000 m. as my sum total, without counting the earlier days of the sport, when I did little more than potter about, around the home district. I think many of our older riders have covered considerably more than 50,000 m."

The full-length engraving of a helmeted bicycler, equipped for a tour, which is impressed upon the paper cover of "Over the Pyrenees," is said to be a fairly recognizable likeness of the author, Alfred M. Bolton, who was born, my informant added, not earlier than 1864. Mr. B.'s own letter to me (Apr. 24, '84) reads thus: "To save my life, I could n't answer your questions, as I 've never kept a record of the required facts. I began bicycling about 8 years ago, and have ridden about 11 different machines, but I cannot say what my total mileage may be. As my holidays are limited, I never made a tour of more than 800 m.; though, besides visiting most parts of England and a portion of Scotland, I have traveled by bicycle in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Norway and Sweden. I send herewith a copy of 'Over the Pyrenees: a bicyclist's adventures among the Spaniards,' which was issued some time since and sold well. I have also published, as a weekly supplement to the *Bi. News*, 'The Rocky North, a summer's holiday among the fjelds, fjords and fosses of Norway, including a dash through Sweden,' and there will soon appear, in a similar manner, 'My Pilgrimage to Rome, or three weeks among the Italians.'" Not unlike the foregoing for indefiniteness, was

the report sent me Aug. 24, '85, by Charles Howard (b. Dec., 1851), whom I naturally expected, as the author of a standard statistical work on English roads, to be possessed of an elaborate wheeling biography, ready at hand: "Strange as you may think it, I 've never kept an account of my riding, which began about '73. I presume it would average about 2000 m. a year,—say a total of 22,000,—but I should not put my separate roadway as more than 6000 m., or even 5000 m. My brother Alfred has a larger separate mileage than mine. I know a good portion of the roads in the midland counties as far as Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the western and southwestern as far as Wilts and Dorset. Surrey I know well, both main roads and by-roads; and I have ridden over the greater part of Kent and Sussex. I prefer, as a rule, to leave the beaten track and explore out-of-the-way corners,—never being deterred by a bit of bad road, necessitating the use of shanks's pony. I made the acquaintance of the bone-shaker in '69 or '70, and remember I was ambitious to have one, for the purpose of riding to and from school (some 20 m. from Manchester) at the end of each week; but as the roads there are unfavorable, I afterwards abandoned the notion. As regards my books, 'The Roads of England and Wales' was published in '82, 1st ed. in June at 3s. 6d.; 2d ed. in Aug. at 5s., which has been the price ever since, except that with map it is 6s. Third ed. appeared in May, '83, and 4th ed. in May, '84. The pages have remained the same in number (423), although some considerable corrections have been introduced. Part I. of 'The Route Book' was published about April, '85. It comprises southern England (south of London and Bristol) and sells at 1s. The other two parts will be ready early in '86. Part II. shows middle England and Wales, and Part III. northern England. I am now engaged in writing and passing through the press a 'Cyclist's Itinerary of Scotland,' which will be published at 1s. and contain about 200 pp. One feature of it will be the heights of the road at various points, to show the gradients."

Robert Edward Phillips (b. July 30, 1855), consulting engineer and patent agent, at Royal Courts Chambers, 70, 71 and 72 Chancery Lane, thus reports to me, Sept. 16, '85: "I was elected a graduate of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers in '79 and a member of the same in '82. I commenced with the bicycle in '72 and have ridden consistently ever since, but have never kept statistics of mileage. I can safely be put at not less than 1000 m. a year, and I have traveled over the greater part of England and the north of the continent. In business, I devote myself particularly to cycling patents, for I have made the construction of machines a special study, and am now considered a leading authority on these matters. My first work was a table giving description of every existing machine in the market, published in the 'Bicyclist's Pocket Book of '79.' In '80, this was enlarged into a pamphlet entitled 'The Bicyclist's Guide to Machines and Makers.' In '81, I published 'The Cyclist's Pocket Road Guides,' which have proved very popular, being now in their 3d ed. The year '82 saw the publication of my pamphlet, 'Things a Cyclist Ought to Know,' which has had an unparalleled circulation, for I am now selling the 4th ed. (25th thousand). The price of this is only a penny, and it could not be produced at that low rate except for the advertisements. Let me assure you that no cycling book in England can pay on its circulation alone. I 've acted as my own publisher for these little works because I could find no one else enterprising enough to undertake them. At present, I am preparing for the press a 'Complete Abridgment of all Specifications relating to Velocipedes,' from the earliest enrolled to the end of '83. This will be completely indexed, and will prove invaluable to all connected with the trade. Besides, I have written and read a paper before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers on 'The Construction of Modern Cycles,' which has been pronounced to be a most exhaustive article. I have invented and patented several improvements in cycles, which are largely used in this country, such as the combination rubber and rat-trap pedal, the long centered Stanley head, the safety grip pedal, the present method of suspending hub lamps on self-contained bearings, the combination bell, and the handy luggage carrier. I have been a member of the C. T. C. and of the N. C. U. from their early dates and sit on the council of each." A November circular from Iliffe & Son explains that they are to publish Mr. P.'s book on patents as soon as 100 subscriptions are enrolled at £1 1s.; that the price will afterwards be advanced, and that "no advertisements will be admitted to it."

Geo. Soudon Bridgman (b. Feb. 14, 1839), architect and surveyor at Paignton, writes to me,

Sept. 6, '85: "I am one of the very earliest riders here, having imported a bone-shaker from Paris, 15 or 16 years since, and I hope to ride the bi., if all goes well, until I am 50 at least. Last year, I took a 900 m. tour on this little island; and last month I again went off some hundred m., on a tandem, with my son; and the enjoyment is still on the increase." Another subscriber, S. Golder, of Coventry, sends me this incident: "On a rainy Sunday, in July, '82, when I rode from Brixton homeward, 112 m., my 58 in. had 3 spokes out of the front wheel at starting, and 3 more came out before the journey's end, yet all the rest were tight and the wheel true, and showed no signs of giving way. I have several times ridden more than 100 m. in a day of 12 or 13 h., and, a while ago, I did some long distances without dismount; but I cannot just now put hands on the papers containing the details." To this I add the memorandum of what a young New Yorker, Geo. Thaddeus Stevens (b. Apr. 24, 1865), told me concerning a private race of 100 m., Bath to London (Hammersmith), in which he competed with two English acquaintances, June 27, '84, riding a 44 in. Humber tri., geared to 60 in. and weighing 44 lbs. The race was won in 10¼ h., he himself doing the 100 m. in 11 h., ending at 6 P. M., though he rode 12 m. before the start and 15 m. to Surbiton afterwards, making 127 for the day. His stops amounted to about 1 h., and his longest stay in the saddle was 25 m., though he had kept it for 36 m. on another occasion.

Though my own straightaway ride of 1400 m. in '83 (pp. 294-350) was known to me at the time as being twice or thrice the length of any previous performance of the sort in America, I had no suspicion of its being a "world's record," until my correspondence with the best-informed long-distance men of England (whom I asked to secure for me details of the longer tours that I assumed had been taken in Europe) gave united testimony, which I have printed in this chapter, that no continuous trail so long as mine had ever been heard of there. The nearest suggestion to anything of the sort which the most diligent efforts on my part have been able to unearth, was contained in the following paragraph, cut for me by a friend from an American newspaper of '83, which accredited it to a London literary weekly, the *Examiner*: "The value of the velocipede or bicycle as a means of personal transport has been well shown by the ride across Europe of Ivan Zmertych, who left London on the 7th or 8th of June and rode to Dover. From Ostend he started on the 10th, and, after a journey of 1500 m., over bad roads in Belgium and good roads in Germany, he reached Pesth on the 30th. Thus he accomplished about 80 m. each day, in spite of some wet weather and without any mishap to himself or bicycle." Having besought the good offices of "Faed," to search the files of the cycling press for some further particulars of the case, I received this reply, Dec. 14, '85: "I have been unable to trace any details of the ride you enquire about; but the London editor of the *Cyclist*, C. W. Nairn, tells me that the rider was a young Magyar, temporarily residing in London, and at the time a member of one of our southern suburban clubs. I should think that you might safely ignore the item altogether, as at that period tourists often took the train without mentioning it, and the distance is not at all well authenticated." My letter of enquiry, which I forwarded to Pesth (Nov. 16, directed to Mr. Z., "or to any officer of the bicycle club"), finally reached the hands of L. D. Kostovitz, C. T. C. consul of Budapest (p. 481), who happened to know of him as residing at Pressburg, and who duly sent the letter thither, notifying me of the fact, Dec. 10. Thereupon, Dec. 28, I sent a second appeal to Mr. Z., at Pressburg, asking for at least a post card, to confirm or to correct the newspaper statement, and to inform me whether the trail were continuous; but no response has yet arrived (Feb. 10).

Better success attended my efforts to reach the root of a story, widely copied in the autumn of '84, and accredited to the *Hamburg News*, which said: "Hugo Barthol, a native of Saxony, recently completed a bicycle journey of 2800 m. in 11 weeks. He rode from Gera to Naples, going down the w. coast of Italy and covering the whole length of the e. coast on his return. He twice accomplished the difficult task of crossing the Apennines. He remained from 3 to 6 days in the larger cities. The feat is the most remarkable on record." The implication of the paragraph is that the tourist made a continuous circuit, whereas he in fact resorted thrice to trains and once to steamer,—his whole distance by wheel being 3799 kilometers; by rail, 630 k.,—a total of 4429 k., or 2750 m. His bicycle trail seems to have been unbroken from Gera to

Naples, and was thus probably the longest straightaway laid down in Europe until Thomas Stevens marked a much longer one, Dieppe to Constantinople, in the early summer of '85 (p. 480). Stevens's previous trail of 3700 m. across America was completed at Boston on the very day when Barthol was forced to take train alongside the Adriatic. His tour as a whole ranked next to that of Stevens for more than a year; and it still ranks as the third longest known to my record,—the second place having been held, since Oct., '85, by the 3000 m. ride of Hugh J. High (p. 484). I am indebted to the C. T. C. consul at Berlin, T. H. S. Walker (editor of the fortnightly *Radfahrer*, 18 Krausen st., W.), for the following abstract of the manuscript report which Mr. B., who is an acquaintance of his, sent in at my request (June 2, '85), though it was not published in his paper. "He first conceived the idea of riding to Italy after making a trip through Germany and Holland (May 1 to June 14, '82), but could not carry it out until 2 yrs. later. As an ordinary m. i. p. bag did not suffice to hold enough things for a 12 weeks' trip, he also carried a bundle on the handle-bar, the weight of both being 28 lbs. He rode a 56 in. Howe, weighing 45 lbs., and his own weight was 151, making a total of 224. He left Gera at 6 A. M. on the 8th of June, and rode as far as Auma. The night's resting-places after that were as follows: 9th, Saalfeld; 10th, Meiningen; 11th, Fulda; 12th, Frankfort; 13th, Mainz; (14th, visited Niederwall monument); 15th, Mannheim; 18th, Strasbourg (*via* Heidelberg and Speier); 20th, Freibourg; 22d, Basle; 23d, Schaffhausen; 24th, Constance; 25th, Zurich. He found all the roads very good in Switzerland, and at Z. he met a friend, whom he persuaded to accompany him to Italy. After a short stay at Z., they rode over the St. Gothard, arriving on the 29th at Airolo; 30th at Bronico; and July 1st at Milan, which they left on 3d, and reached Turin on the 4th. They rode over high mountain ridges (6th and 7th) to Genoa; left on 9th, *via* Spezia and Pisa, reaching Florence on 12th; left on 16th, and after hard ride got to Rome on the 20th. This was a stretch where there were many steep hills and where no water was to be had for distances of 20 m. Under intense heat, they found great relief by wearing wet cloths on their heads. After a day's rest, they rode over the Albanian Hills and were obliged, one night, to encamp in the midst of the Pontine marshes. On the 26th they reached Capua at 10 A. M.; on the 27th rode into Naples, the objective point of the tour. Six days were spent in visiting the islands of Sochia and Capri, also Pompeii and Vesuvius. Then, Aug. 2, they rode to Grotto and caused here such excitement that 1000 people collected around the house they stopped at. Foggio was reached on the 3d, and they then took the wrong track and got to Serra Capriola, on the Adriatic, where, as the road came to an end, they had to take train to Pescara. Thence they wheeled along the coast to Ancona, 7th; Rimini, 9th; and Bologna, 11th; taking train there for Venice, on account of exhaustion from the intense heat, although their riding had mostly been done by night. Here B.'s friend left him, and he himself on the 16th took steamer to Trieste. On the 17th, he rode to Miramarc and back, and on the 18th left T. for a 6 days' ride through Karrthia, Stiermark and over the Semmering to Vienna, on the 23d. Thence on the 28th, because of bad weather, he took train to Prague. He rode over the Erz mountains to Chemnitz (Germany) on the 30th, and arrived at his home in Ronneburg near Gera, on the 31st at 5 P. M. He afterwards suffered severely from intermittent fever." The accompanying photograph (from Oscar Vogel in Ronneburg) shows a beardless youth, in eye-glasses, standing beside a mud bespattered bi., which is loaded down fore and aft, with big, ungainly bags. He wears a round hat, apparently of felt, surmounting a handkerchief, which extends over his head and neck, and his riding jacket looks very much like a peasant's frock.

A vague paragraph which was afloat in the American papers of Sept., '85, said that "a Frenchman named Guy has recently accomplished a 3 weeks' trip of 1400 m. on his bicycle, his average rate being 80 m. a day." More definite than this was the *Cyclist's* report (July 8, '85, p. 933) of the "magnificent performance" of P. Rousset (b. 1835), of Bordeaux, president of the Véloce Club Bordelais, who "started at 6 A. M., June 28, to accomplish 400 kilom. (300 m.) in 28 h. The previous day's rain had made the road very wet and heavy as far as Castres. F. De Civry and H. O. Duncan accompanied him from Laprade to Marmande, and there awaited his return. A little beyond M., he was delayed ½ h. in getting his tri. carted across a flooded road, but the surface then improved, and he reached the turning point (200 k.) well inside time. The

night was calm, and the moon made the path as clear as day. On getting back to M., about 4 o'clock, he appeared fresh and made no delay, and during the last h. of the 24 he rode 22½ k., making a total of 354 k. (265½ m.) and beating by 15 k. the best previous French record, which was his own. He continued on, and, though the roads were in an awful state, completed the 400 k. in 28 h. 1 min. He rode a Cripper semi-racer (50 lbs., Marriott & Cooper), the same on which De Civry won the championship of France, the previous Sunday. His performance seems the more astonishing, because of his being almost 50 years old and somewhat stout." I insert an earlier allusion to him (*Bi. World*, Aug. 22, '84): "P. Rousset's tri. record of 288 k. in 24 h. has now been beaten by Daniel ("Baby"), of Pau, who rode a rear double-driver tri. 305 k. (about 189½ m.) July 16." With this may be compared what is said to be (*Wheel*, Jan. 8, '86) the best 24 h. ride in Holland: "Emil Kiderlen, of Delfshaven, a village near Rotterdam, recently rode a bicycle from R. to Leeuwarden, in 22 h. 35 min., inclusive of stoppages, the distance by cyclometer being 215 m." Similarly, a floating paragraph of Dec., '85, accredits the 24 h. record of Germany to "M. Josee Kohont, of the Cesky Klub Velocipedists, who recently covered 248 m. in 21½ h. actual riding time."

"The London Scottish B. C. is to be accredited with yet another long distance journey" (*Wheeling*, Oct. 22, '85), "for J. E. Robinson Tagart, of Facile fame, whose aggregate for the year up to date is over 7500 m., on Thursday last covered at least 225 m. in 24 h. Leaving Hyde Park Corner at midnight, he wheeled through St. Albans, 2.10 A. M., Ampthill, 4.15 A. M. (fell in Harpenden), Leicester, 10 A. M., Nottingham, 1.45 P. M., Grantham, 4.50 P. M., Norman's Cross, 8.30 P. M., Alconbury, 10.15 P. M., and back to Norman's Cross." *Wheeling's* "medals for riders of the Facile in '84," were awarded thus,—the numerals signifying day's mileage: J. H. Adams, 266½ (Oct. 4, record for 24 h.); P. A. Nix, 234; E. Oxborrow, 234; A. P. Engleheart, 224; C. Lloyd, 200½; H. Crook, 200½; S.W. Reynolds, 206; W. Brown, 206; W. E. H. Lloyd, 200½; B. Callander, 200½; H. R. Goodwin, 164; R. W. McDonald, 162; A. Pean, 150; F. W. Guerney, 153. Additional gold medals were awarded for these three special performances: J. H. Adams, Land's End to John O'Groat's (about 925 m., in 7 days, lacking ½ h.); H. R. Goodwin, 1332 m. in 14½ days (p. 536); E. Oxborrow, 100 m. in 7 h. 31 min. From *Wheeling* (Jan. 20, '86), I also extract some statistics about the Anfield B. C., of Liverpool, which offered prizes valued at $300 for the promotion of long-distance rides in '85, with the result that 50 of its 205 members made day's runs of more than 100 m., and 25 of them exceeded 150 m. in the 24 h., as shown by this list of mileages: G. P. Mills, 260, 252, 232, 208, 180, and (tricycle) 201½; G. B. Mercer, 228½, 212, 208, and 207; Lawrence Fletcher (tricycle), 211½ and 175; Land's End to John O'Groat's, 8 days 5 h. 20 min. (beating record); Land's End to Gretna Green, 500 m. in 4 days; N. Crooke, 209 and 202; F. W. Mayor, 207; D. J. Bell, 205; A. R. Fell, 205 and 201½, Liverpool to London, London to Liverpool—both within 24 h.; H. Fraser, 205 (100 m. Kangaroo race, 7 h. 6 min. 25 sec.); H. M. Walker, 205; E. Harrison, 204; H. Russell, 202; J. K. Conway, 202; J. B. Beazley, 198½; A. H. Fletcher (tricycle), 181½; W. Downes Mills (tricycle), 156; A. Barrow, 153; T. B. Conway, 153; J. H. Cook, 156; J. P. Fletcher, 152; A. W. Gamble, 152; T. S. Hughes, 170; E. A. Thompson, 154; W. M. Kerrow, 154; F. A. Waring, 154; R. Fair, jr., 173. The largest scores were as follows: Lawrence Fletcher, 6027; G. P. Mills, 5270; H. Fraser, 5030; N. Crooke, 4500; G. B. Mercer, 4385; D. J. Bell, 3543; A. W. Gamble, 3535; D. R. Fell, 3500. The annual 24 h. road-ride to Weedon and back was won by G. P. Mills with 260 m.; G. B. Mercer being second, with 212 m. in 21 h. The club will offer the following prizes for '86: A gold medal for 250 m. on a bi. or tandem tri., 225 m. on a tri.; a gold star for 200 m. on a bi. or tandem tri.; or 175 m. on a tri.; a gold-centered medal for 150 m. on any class of cycle; a silver star for 100 m. on any class of cycle; a gold medal for the longest distance ridden in 24 h. during the year; three prizes for attendance at runs; four prizes (total value, 20 guineas) for the greatest number of points gained, under the rules, for long-distance riding; special gold medals for beating road records.

The best record for swiftness from Land's End to John O'Groat's was latest taken on a tri., by T. R. Marriott, Sept. 21-27, '85,—the distance being 898 m. and the time 6 days 15 h. 22 min. His photograph forms the frontispiece of a 98 page book descriptive of this, written by Tom

Moore, ex-editor of *Wheeling*, and published at the office of that paper (Feb. 20, '86; price 6d.). I hope it may contain a complete list of the other rides over the same course, for the statistics I now give are imperfect. The swiftest bi. ride is accredited to James Lennox (J. O'G. to L. E.), of Dumfries, 6 days 16 h. 7 min., starting June 29, '85, but I have no record of his earlier trials. *Wheeling* of Sept. 3, '84, printed the halting places and mileages of two riders thus: "H. J. Webb, on a Humber tri., starting Aug. 17, reached Exeter, 123½; Gloucester, 233½; Shrewsbury, 320½; Lancaster, 428½; Carlisle, 497½; Edinburgh, 588½; John O'Groat's, 898½. Not satisfied with this grand performance, he turned back, and early on the tenth day reached Inverness, bringing his total ride for 9 d. 6 h. 35 min. to 1048½ m." "Alfred Nixon, starting a day earlier, Aug. 16, on an Imperial Club tri., reached Okehampton, 98¾; Taunton, 99½; Bridgenorth, 96; Lancaster, 120½; Carlisle, 68; Edinburgh, 101; Inverness, 145½; John O'Groat's, 127½. This total of 856½ m. in 8 days lowered his previous record by some 6 days. On the 28th, 2.15 to 11.45 P. M., he rode from London (Holborn Viaduct) to Norman's Cross, 76 m.; 29th, to Borough Bridge, 130½ m.; 30th, Dunbar, 161 m. (at 2 A. M. of 31st); 31st, 10 A. M. to 1.45 P. M., Edinburgh,—a total distance of 397 m. in 2 d. 23 h." Sept. 12-15, W. F. Sutton made the 400 m. from L. to E. in 2 d. 9 h., which remains the best record. J. H. Adams, starting from Land's End May 17, '84, on a 46 in. Facile, reached John O'Groat's in ¼ h. less than 7 days,—doing 197 m. the last day, his total route being about 925 m. long. The best previous record was that of James Lennox, 10 days', one of which had been devoted to rest (except that H. R. Goodwin went over the course in 8 d. 15 h., starting just a day ahead of Adams). "A wonderful performance on a tricycle" was *Wheeling's* designation of a 24 h. run of 231⅝ m. taken July 1, '85, by C. H. R. Gossett, an elderly man, "to beat the record," which he did by 1⅛ m. More remarkable than all was the ride of 200 m. taken July 6 by Mrs. J. H. Allen, of Birmingham, in 6 min. less than the 24 h., on an automatic steering Cripper tri., geared to 56½ in. and weighing 65 lbs. She was accompanied by her husband, on a similar machine, geared to 60 in., and he probably rode 20 m. more, in arranging for her at various points. Her previous best record of 152 m. in 24 h., was on a 42 in. single driving Royal Mail, geared to 48 in. She had used the Cripper more than 1900 m. in a little more than 2 mos., and she "finished the long ride perfectly fresh," said the *Cyclist*, "though having ridden all the hills." Among the several attendants for short stretches was J. H. Ball, of Coventry, who in '83 rode a bi. 125 m. without dismount. The dates, winners and times of the annual 100 m. races on the London to Bath road are these: '77, June 21, C. Walmesley, 8.23.30; '78, June 10, F. E. Appleyard, 7.18.55; '79, June 2, A. H. Koch, 8.57.55; '80, May 17, A. D. Butler, 12.2.0; '81, June 6, L. B. Reynolds, 7.55.0; '82, May 29, H. R. Reynolds, 7.26.0; '83, May 14, H. R. Reynolds, 7.28.0; '84, June 2, G. F. Beck, 8.26.40; '85, May 25, P. H. Watson, 7.33.43.

After the above paragraph was put in type, I received a copy of the little book named at the top of the page, and I find that it gives pp. 76-79 to a summary of 8 long-distance rides previous to '83,—being all that the author had been able to discover any record of. The 4 of these that were from London to John O'Groat's are named first, for convenience' sake, though 2 of them were later in time than 2 of the rides "from corner to corner of Great Britain"; thus: (1) On June 2, '73, Chas. Spencer and 3 other members of the Middlesex B. C., started from the King's Arms, Kensington, at 7.30 A. M., followed the Great North Road to Newcastle-on-Tyne (277 m. in 6 days), and reached J. O'G., 768 m., at 8 P. M. of the 16th. (2) In Aug., '79, H. Blackwell, jr., of the Canonbury B. C., rode alone over the same route in 11 d. 4 h., and computed the distance as 689 m.,—which was probably more nearly correct than the 79 m. greater estimate of Spencer. (3) In Aug., '81, 3 members of the Brixton B. C. rode by a different route, through the Scotch lakes, to Inverness, and thence by the former route to J. O'G., 745 m., in 16 days, whereof 5 were devoted to visiting and sight-seeing. (4) In Oct., '81, H. Line and W. Bourdon, of the Bromley B. C., rode to J. O'G., 727 m., in 20 days, including a 2 days' halt for snow, and much other stormy weather. (5) On Monday, July 12, '80, H. Blackwell, jr., and ——. Harman, of the Canonbury B. C., left Penzance, and rode to J. O'G., 876 m., in 13 days.

The route from Edinburgh to the finish was the same as in Aug., '79; and, two days before the start, they wheeled from P. to Land's End and back, 22 m. (6) On Monday, June 20, '81, J. Lennox began a 12 days' ride, J. O'G., to L. E., 945 m. He wheeled out from Wick before the start, and back from L. E. to Penzance after the finish,—an additional 30 m. inside the 12 days,—doing 131 m. on the final day. After 6 days' riding, he rested during Sunday at his home in Dumfries; and so I suppose he finished on Saturday night, with only 11 days of actual riding. He faced a head-wind all the way, and had 6 days of wet weather. (7) On Monday, June 5, '82, at 4.5 A. M., Ion Keith-Falconer left L. E., for a ride of 994 m., ending at J. O'G., 13 days later, at 3.20 A. M.—the final day's record being 110 m. He used a 56 in. wheel, weighing 45 lbs. I believe he was then an undergraduate at Cambridge; and his exploit seems to have attracted more public interest than any previous long ride. By invitation of the citizens of Aberdeen, he gave a sort of informal lecture about it in their Town Hall, and this was reported in full by the *Aberdeen Free Press*, and reprinted by the *Wheelman* (Oct., '82, pp. 57-60), showing the log of each day. (8) Two months later, on Wednesday, Aug. 16, '82, Alfred Nixon, of London, left J. O'G. at 11 A. M. and drove a tricycle to L. E. in 14 days, ending at 10.55 A. M. His route was identical with the previous one, except that he was misdirected for 3 m. and rode from Thurso before starting,—so that the total was 1007 m., whereof 104 m. belonged to the last day. He published in the *Tricyclist* a detailed account of this earliest long-distance exploit on a tricycle, and the *Wheelman* reprinted it (Nov., '82, pp. 129-132). As regards the "corner to corner" rides of '83, Tom Moore's book merely says that, "J. Lennox was again the hero, greatly reducing the bi. time; and A. Nixon put in another capital performance on the tri."; and it mentions for the next two years only one ride besides the 6 which I have already recorded,—namely, that taken in '85 by E. Oxborrow, on a Facile, in 6 days 23 h. "Thus the end of '85 saw T. R. Marriott absolutely at the top of the tree, and with the coveted record (certified by the Records Committee of the N. C. U., Nov. 2), which not only surpassed all previous times on the tri. but 'knocked out' the bi. record also, though every one knows the two-wheeler is a faster machine. This Humber tri. made the journey (871 m. by Hernu's cyclom.) without a nut or screw coming loose, though weighing only 54 lbs. It had 40 in. wheels, geared to 56 in. and ⅞ in. tires." It was made by Marriott & Cooper, of which firm the rider is senior partner. His height is 5 ft. 8 in., and usual weight 146 lbs., though this increased to 150 lbs. within 3 days after the ride. The full-length photograph which was taken then, at Glasgow, to form a frontis-piece for the book, suggests an age of about 35. "The hotel where the ride began, at 3 min. past midnight of Monday, Sept. 21, stands on a projecting headland, 1½ m. beyond Sennen, the last village in England, and at the very edge of the cliffs,—thus fully justifying its title of Land's End. A thick fog, a pouring rain, a road of fearful surface and some gigantic hills, characterized the first 1¼ h. (to Penzance, 10½ m.), and the rain did not stop till 6.30 A. M., when 56 m. had been covered. He halted for sleep at Bridgewater, at 11.45 P. M., after getting across 165 m., which included more rough and hilly roads than any later day of the ride, and which was 30 m. beyond the first day's stopping-place of any previous rider from L. E." On the 22nd, after 3½ h. in bed, he started at 4.30 A. M. and rode 147 m. to Hodnet, at 10 min. past midnight, making 312 m. for the 48 h.; 23rd, "much rain and wind"; 4.30 A. M. to 10.20 P. M., to Kendal, 428 m.; 24th, "winds and heavy showers"; 3.45 A. M. to 2.30 A. M. (of 25th), to Edinburgh, 570 m.; 25th, "storms of rain, snow and sleet"; after only 1¾ h. in bed, 6.15 A. M. to 2.30 A. M. (of 26th), to Kingussie, 687 m.; 26th, "several snow storms, water on roads, deep mud and slush"; 8.30 A. M. to 1.30 A. M. (of 27th), to Clashmore, 778 m.; 27th, 3.30 A. M. to 3.25 P. M., J. O'G., 871. Pace-makers accompanied him nearly all the way,—the most efficient being F. S. Buckingham, who was with him at the finish.

Marriott's record on the tri. was just 45 min. better than the best bi. record, which had stood for 3 mos.; but the maker of this (J. Lennox), within 9 mos. after M.'s ride, bettered his own time by 7 h. 42 min., in the face of even worse weather than M. encountered. Only 4 weeks later, G. P. Mills took the wonderful bi. ride which reduced this record by 1 day 6 h. 25 min.; and then, in Aug., on a tri., he reduced Marriott's record by 1 day 5 h. 22 min.,—thus also bettering by 22 h. the best bi. record of Lennox. The latter printed in *Wheeling* (June 23, '86,

p. 173) a three-column report of his ride, whose details were authenticated by an abundance of pace-makers and other witnesses. Thunder storms or other pouring rains prevailed on every day of the 6, making the roads almost continuously wet and heavy; and the rider was, on 3 or 4 days, drenched to the skin, for hours at a time. Leaving L. E. just after midnight of Monday, June 7, he reached J. O'G. at 8.25 A. M. of Sunday, with a record of 877 m. for the 6 days, 8 h. and 25 min. The mileage of the successive daily stretches between sleeping-places was as follows: Bridgewater, 163; Wellington, 134½; Garstane, 104½; Selkirk, 134; Dalwhinnie, 141 (thence to J. O'G., 198). The amount of sleep may be inferred from the hours of arrival at and departure from these places, thus: B., 1.5 and 4.20 A. M.; W., 12.20 and 6.15 A. M.; G., 11.15 P. M. and 1.15 A. M.; S., 11.5 P. M. and 3 A. M.; D., 12.55 A. M. and 3.40 A. M. It thus appears that the journey began with 25 h. of continuous riding, and ended with a still longer pull of 29 h.; yet the rider gained 5½ lbs. on the way. "Writing with a fresh recollection of the difficulties," he says, "I am of the opinion that, with dry weather, and with no great amount of opposing wind, the distance from L. E. to J. O'G. ought to be completed in 5 days, by a competent rider, on bi. or tri." He arranged to attempt this, Aug. 16, '86; but bad weather forbade. I believe the weather also caused A. Nixon to abandon the plan (announced in *Wheeling*, June 9, '86) of trying to push a tri. from Land's End to London in 2 days, by a route of 287 m., "whereof the first 118 m. are almost mountainous, and the rest very rough and hilly."

"Beautiful weather and favorable wind" helped G. P. Mills, of Liverpool, during the first half of his 5 days' marvelous ride of 861 m., which began at L. E., just after midnight of July 5, '86; but a gale was then encountered "which blew the three riders off their machines, time after time," and the wind continued adverse to the finish, with intense cold and occasional down-pours of rain. Gretna Green, almost 500 m. from L. E., was reached in 2½ days, by the aid of various pace-makers, and A. H. Fletcher accompanied him thence to J. O'G. The first stretch from L. E. was 25½ h., to Gloucester, 230 m., where a 2 h. halt was made for sleep before the second stretch of 24¾ h. to Kendal, 200 m.; and Edinburgh, 150 m. further, was reached at 11 P. M. of that third day. Crossing here by Granton Ferry, at midnight, he had a short sleep in a r. r. carriage at the station, with three companions, and then wheeled to Perth, 27 m., at 8.55; Athole, 62 m., at 1.30; Kingussie, 100 m., at 9.21, and Caribridge, 121 m., at 11.55. On the fifth and final day, he reached Dingwall, 35 m., at 7; Holmsdale, 99 m., at 5.45; Wick, 141 m., at 10.30; and thence kept right on to J. O'G., 160 m.,—finishing at 1.45 A. M. of July 10. A month later, he drove a Humber tri. over the course, 881 m., in 5 days, 10 h.; and I condense the following facts from his own two-column report (*Wheeling*, Sept. 1, '86, p. 331): The start was just after midnight of Monday, Aug. 15, the roads being wet and heavy from rain which had fallen until 10.30; and rain fell again from 2 to 6 A. M., and also in the evening after 7. Nevertheless, he reached Bristol, 203 m., at 11.30 P. M.; started on after 3 h. halt, and reached Warrenton, 164 m., in spite of head-winds during the day, at 11.30 P. M. (367); after another 3 h. halt, rode for 26½ h., to Crawford, 175 m. (542); after 2 h. halt, the fourth stage was completed to Dalwhinnie, 7 A. M. to 3 A. M., 144 m. (686), slowness having been enforced by a dangerously rough road, and inability to use his lantern; after 3 h. halt, he rode 109 m. more during that fifth day, to Golspie, at 11.25 (809); and then, after ½ h. sleep, started at 12.40 A. M. for the final 72 m., and reached J. O'G. (881) exactly at 10, "fresher than at the start, though having had only 10 h. sleep on the trip." Dilworth Abbott, of the Preston C. C., in a Wednesday's ride of 162 m., accompanied him for several hours; but A. W. Gamble was his most efficient pace-maker and assistant during this great journey; and the proofs of it, as well as of his July bi. ride, were promptly accepted by the officers of the N. C. U. Neither of these "records" seem likely soon to be essentially lowered; and if the distance "from corner to corner" shall ever be covered more quickly, unexampled good-luck in respect to winds and weather will doubtless be a chief factor in the phenomenon. But the end of '86 certainly finds all the long-distance racers in the world ready to accord the highest place of honor among them to this young George Pilkington Mills (b. Jan. 8, '67), whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the fourth annual issue of the "Liverpool Cyclists' Guide" (by Geo. E. Young, b. July 30, '52; a wheelman continuously since '69), and faces a table of his monthly riding-record for '85, cut from the

Bi. News of Jan. 29, '86. This shows 5270 m. accredited to 92 days, or an average daily ride of 57¼ m. On 19 of these days he rode more than 100 m., and on 5 of the 19 he rode more than 200 m. In the following abstract of the table, the numerals successively show the number of rides, monthly mileage, average ride, longest ride, and total mileage from Jan. 1, '85: Jan.—5, 135, 27, 38, 135; Feb.—4, 117, 29¼, 38, 252; Mar.—9, 311, 33½, 62, 563; Apr.—7, 435, 62, 180, 998; May—13, 895, 68¾, 156, 1893; June—7, 432, 61¾, 106, 2325; July—14, 1367, 97½, 252, 3692; Aug.—9, 747, 83, 260, 4439; Sept.—9, 348, 38¾, 47, 4787; Oct.—5, 159, 32, 39, 4946; Nov.—6, 173, 29, 39, 5119; Dec.—4, 151, 38, 73, 5270. His longest ride in '85 was 900¾ m. in 8 days, 18 h.; thus: May 25 he rode from Liverpool to Daventry and back to Coventry, 156 m., in 23½ h., which included 13 h. of rain (his father, W. Downes Mills, accompanying him the full distance, on a tricycle); May 26, C. to Gloucester, 121 m.; May 27 to June 2, G. to J. O'G., 663¼ m., in 6 days, 2 h.—accompanying L. Fletcher, who started from L. E., May 26, and won the tri. record, by reaching J. O'G., 875 m., in 8 days, 5 h. 20 min., in spite of bad roads and weather. Three mos. later, Sept. 29 to Oct. 2, Mr. F. pushed a tri. from L. E. to Gretna Green, 500 m., in ½ h. less than 4 days, though having rain and wet roads for 360 m. The same 500 m. were covered by G. P. M., at the outset of his great bi. ride of July, '86, in 2 days, 14¾ h., and with only ¾ h. of sleep. Of the latter's 24 h. bi. rides of '85, named on p. 553 as giving him "the record" of the Anfield B. C., the longest, 259 m., was on Aug. 22, "from Knotty Ash to Weedon and back to Bold Bridge, straightaway, up and down hill, over roads good, bad and indifferent." The 252 m. ride was on July 22, from Liverpool to Dunchurch and back; and it was a sort of sequel to the 232 m. ride of July 13, on the same route, when the last 180 m. were done with a broken pedal.

In '86, however, Mills quite eclipsed his earlier day's rides, and he also made the remarkable daily average of 75 m. for 82 rides between Jan. 1 and Oct. 9, by covering a total of 6157 m. It was on Aug. 5—ten days before his tri. ride to J. O'G.—that he surprised people by wheeling 273 m. on a Beeston Humber tri., "fitted with the Trigwell ball-bearing head, which was as rigid at the finish as when starting." The start was 1 m. n. of Biggleswade, at the 46th m.-stone of the Great North Road. Along this he went straightaway from 12 to 6.45 A. M., and then turned back to Lynn, for breakfast, with 101 m. done,—though his 100th m. was finished at 7.5, being ¼ h. better than the previous record, held by Appleyard. He dined at Holbach (2.40 to 3.20, 174 m.); reached Lynn the third time with 194 m. done; halted 10 min. for food at 234 m.; got back to Biggleswade at 11.20, with 265 m.; and finished at the 45th m.-stone, 273 m., just as the clock struck midnight. [The best previous record was 266¼ m., made by J. H. Adams, Oct. 4, '84.] Shifty winds were somewhat of a hindrance for the last 180 m. Signatures were taken in all the chief towns, and pace-makers were with him for much of the way,—so that the details of the ride were proved beyond doubt. Two mos. later, Oct. 6, in the same region, he bettered this record 21½ m., starting again at B., and finishing on the stroke of 12, when ½ m. from that town, with 294¼ m. done. "Hitchin, Peterborough, Wisbeach, Cambridge and Bedford were the principal places on the chosen route, which is one of the very best that can be got in England; the roads were in grand order and the weather most favorable. The first 100 m. were done in 7½ h., 150 in 12 h. and 200 in 16¾ h. He rode an Ivel rear-driving safety bi., made by Dan Albone, of B., and was accompanied by Dan for about 160 m., and by others nearly all the way; but he ran down most of his pace-makers, and finished up, fresh and strong as at the start. A. G. Hills was starter and time-keeper, the same as on the ride of Aug. 5" (*Wheeling*, Oct. 13, '86). Midway between these exploits, on Sept. 4, Mills won the 24 h. road-race of the North Road C. C.,—doing 227 m., as against 225 m. by ——. Waterhouse, of Sheffield; 217 m. by C. W. Brown; 217 m. by ——. Huntsman, of London; 190 m. by T. R. Marriott (tri.); and 206 m. by Day and Moorhouse (tandem). There were several slower competitors; and M. was "the only one of the bicyclers who escaped any falls, on account of the heavy mist, pitch darkness, high winds and fearful state of the roads." On Sept. 6, J. K. Conway rode 255 m. on this course, being accompanied 206 m. by his brother, T. B. C.; and on Sept. 7, G. B. Mercer (using a 31 lbs. R. & P. bi.) rode 260 m. there,—doing 117 m. before breakfast, and 220 m. before 8 P. M. He was accompanied for 200 m. by N. Crooke, who then had a bad fall, which

forced him to give up at 220 m. All four of these men belong to the Anfield B. C., and their '85 rides are recorded on p. 553, along with those of Mills. The latter lowered the 50 m. bi. road-record 19 min., on Saturday, Oct. 2, starting at 3.10 P. M., on an Ivel safety bi., from the 30th m.-post (which is 4 m. s. of Hitchin) and riding to the 80th m.-post, at Peterborough, in 2 h. 47 min. 36 sec. "The road was in perfect condition, and the breeze slightly favorable. The first 15 m. to Biggleswade were done in 45 min., and Dan Albone was pace-maker thence to the finish." The time was 1 min. 33 sec. more than that on the notable 50 m. ride which Mills took with A. J. Wilson, Sept. 22, on a Beeston Humber tandem, from the 76th m.-post, 4 m. s. of Peterborough, straightaway to Langford. The first 20 m. occupied only 1 h. 4 min.; the first 38 m., 2 h. (being faster than the bi. record on path); and the total of 2 h. 46 min. 3 sec. was only 5 sec. slower than the bi. path record, and was 23 min. 52 sec. faster than the previous best 50 m. tandem ride, accredited to S. Lee and Dr. Turner. Droves of cattle hindered progress at several places, and the wind was contrary near the finish. On Sept. 25, Mills and Wilson began an attempt to do 300 m. in a day; but at 2.45 A. M., when 44 m. had been covered, their tandem was overturned and disabled, by running into a heap of road-metal.

The most notable long-distance tri. ride reported in France, was that of Daniel (known as "Baby"; see p. 553), from Pau to Calais, Aug. 12, at 4 A. M., to Aug. 17, at 2.17 P. M.,—a distance of 660 m., in 5 days, 10 h. 17 min., whereof 99 h. 37 min. were spent in the saddle. "He reached Bergerac, about 137 m., at 9.40 P. M. of Aug. 12; then plodded on from 4.20 A. M. of the 13th to 3 A. M. of the 14th, and slept 2 h. at Laumont; reached Orleans at 8.30 P. M. of 14th; passed through Paris to Pontoise, on 15th (after a delay of 2 or 3 h. by mistake in road); reached Auxy-le-Chateau on 16th, and Calais on 17th. He sent back postcards, from each village, signed by the officer in charge, to verify the ride." I quote from the Paris cor. of the *Wheelmen's Gazette* (Oct., '86, p. 107), who also said: "H. O. Duncan tried a similar task, earlier in the year, but, after fighting 5 or 6 days' rain, gave up any idea of making a record." *Wheeling*, of Aug. 4, '86, said: "Mr. Fortner, of Vienna, has just ridden a bi. from V. to Paris, in 11 days, 2 h., thus beating Lieut. Zubowitz's famous horseback ride of 14 days." (For route of T. Stevens, P. to V., May 16-31, '85, see pp. 480-81.) On Sept. 21, '86, J. B. Warren and G. Adams, of St. Helens, rode from St. H. to Llandaff, Wales, 193½ m., in 23 h. 8 min. As regards the rumored "12,000 m. done on a tri. in '82, by W. W. Williams, of London," I am obliged to report that he has neglected to answer my letters of enquiry, though other Londoners have told me that the "record" has no known basis of cyclom. or written log. It is supposed simply to represent a "general guess of about 1000 m. a month," ridden chiefly in the regular order of business (that of insurance-agent, I think); but since such well-known riders as "Faed" and H. R. Goodwin (p. 535) have been careless enough to allude to it in public, as if it were authentic ("Faed" did this in *Sptr. Wh. Gaz.* July, '83, p. 35), I feel forced to make this present explanation, to show that I did not write in ignorance, on p. 531, when I named E. Tegetmeier's 10,053 m. as the highest annual record then accredited to a wheelman.

[The first part of this chapter, as far as the break in p. 554, is 9 mos. older than the rest of it, having all been put in type by Feb. 15, '86,—whereas these final pages are written and electrotyped during the latter half of Nov. Meanwhile, my correspondents at the Antipodes, expecting each month to receive the completed book, have failed to send reports of their more recent rides; so that the following summaries are mostly prepared from materials which I accumulated in '84-5,—supplemented by a file of the fortnightly *Australian Cycling News*, up to the date of its discontinuance, Sept. 25, '86.]

My earliest subscriber in that part of the world—enrolled as "No. 1138" on the list—is Geo. W. Burston, Capt. of the Melbourne B. C., which is not only one of the largest clubs of the sort on the Island Continent, but is also one of the oldest anywhere existing,—for it was formed about the middle of Aug., '78. His letter to me of Mar. 22, '84, said: "As you ask for details of the 100 m. straightaway ride which brought my name to your notice, I enclose a correct account, written by T. A. Edwards, from the *Melbourne Bulletin* of May 25, '83. I also

send you our little club-book, containing records of such tours and 100 m. runs as have been taken by our 80 members. You will observe that a club rule grants a gold medal to each member on the first occasion of his wheeling 100 m. within 12 h., provided he rides at least 50 m. straightaway, so as not to traverse the same road twice, except on the return. The book names 6 such medal-takers, and, since it was printed, these 7 have also ridden the 100 m.: G. S. Geddes, Geo. Irwin, J. Farnsworth, J. F. Cole, Chas. Walker, T. B. Mason, A. Waterman. I am now using a 57 in. British Challenge, which is my fourth bicycle, and I have ridden at least 15,000 m. during the last 5 years." His 100 m. ride of Sunday, May 20, '83, in 9 h. 50 min., though much hindered by bad roads and weather, was 2 h. better than any previously made in his club, and it remained for 5 mos. "the best Australian record." I think no earlier rider in that region had done the 100 m. straightaway, or stayed in the saddle for 48 m. "Starting from Ballarat (Lester's Hotel), at 6.10 A. M., in pitchy darkness, he found the cold increase in bitterness to Clarendon, where the small pools of water were glazed with ice, the country was white with frost, and the road was rough and half-dry. This improved at Elaine (20 m., 2 h.), but a slight breeze then had to be faced for 2 h. to the Batesford Hill, which forced the first dismount, at 10.24 (48 m). The next 6 m. were done in 28 min., to Geelong, where 20 min. rest was had, and a breeze helped then to Little river, where rain began. This soon made a certain bad stretch of clay unridable, and 20 min. were spent in walking 1 m. at the end of it. Werribee was reached at 1.37, and 20 min. rest was had; thence a good pace was taken to Footscray, where 1 m. across the flat was unridable; and the ride ended at Melbourne (Mitre Tavern), 100 m., at 4 P. M." On Oct. 14, '83, T. P. Jenkins, of Ballarat, lowered this record 25 min., "on a 54 in. D. H. F. Premier, which he had recently won in a 50 m. Premier road-race." Starting from the post-office in B. at 5.30 A. M., he reached Elaine, 20 m., in 1 h. 25 min., and Geelong, 54 m., 3 h. later. After 25 min. for bath and refreshments, he began the return at 10.25, and, with wind at his back and roads in perfect order, sped swiftly to Lethbridge, at 11.45; halted 1 h. at Meredith for food and rest; passed through Clarendon, and finished at Buninyong, at 3, with a record of 101 m. On Jan. 31, '84, F. W. Briggs, sec. of Warrnambool C. C., took 14 min. less in doing the 100 m., on a 51 in. Invincible, weighing 28 lbs., thus: Starting from W. (Purnim) at 7.37 A. M., he rode through Mortlake and Terang to Camperdown, 44 m., in 3 h. 38 min. without dismount. After 20 min. for lunch, he began the return, at 11.35, through T. and M. to Darlington; then turned again and finished at M., at 4.48, completing the 100 m. in 9 h. 11 min. (8¼ h. of riding). This seems to have "remained record" until Sept. 28, '85, when T. F. Hallam rode 100 m., straight across Tasmania, in 9 h. 9 min. "The longest road-race ever held in Australia" was that of 75 m., under the auspices of the Warrnambool C. C. (which has about 100 members), Nov. 9, '83, and it was won by the captain, E. White, in 6 h. 17 min. 43 sec.; F. Proudfoot was second, W. P. Croll was third; but the fourth and last man, A. J. Foote, did the whole distance without a dismount, and was less than 7 min. behind the winner. On Oct. 11, '83, he rode 100 m. in 9 h. 54 min., and, in the autumn of '85, 170 m. in two days. I think all three of these rides were straightaway; and the 75 m. stay in the saddle is the longest reported to me from Australia,—the nearest approach to it being made, a month later, Dec. 14, '83, by R. O. Bishop (æ. 16), who rode without stop from Geelong to Melbourne, 52 m., in 4½ h. (For comparison with Londoners' straightaway stays, 106 m. and 70 m., see p. 540.) On May 9, '83, F. W. Briggs and A. J. Foote both wheeled 100 m. in 9 h. 26 min. of "riding time."

On Oct. 10, '83, H. R. Stokes, of Melbourne B. C., did 100 m., in 11 h. 4 min.,—probably on the same road where he won the 50 m. straight race, from Kyneton to M., in 3 h. 12 min., Oct 27, '83. On this road also were made the three earliest 100 m. records of the club, from M. to K. and back, thus: Jan. 3, '82, W. S. Hazelton, 11 h. 54 min.; Jan. 8, '82, H. R. Stokes, 11 h. 54 min.; Nov. 26, '82, Alf. Joy, 11 h. 46 min. The club's next record was made straightaway by G. W. Burston, as already detailed; and, after this, Sept. 26, '83, G. A. Thorne and F. J. Lewellyn rode from M. to Moolap and back (4 m. past Geelong), 100 m., in 10 h. 59 min. On Apr. 4, '85, starting from Camperdown at 6 A. M., G. A. Thorne (54 in. British Challenge) rode 100 m. in 9 h. 49 min., while trying to lower the record of F. W. Briggs, but was hindered by the wind. The club-book gives no date for the earliest recorded tour, 254 m. in three days,

which was taken by J. A. K. Clarke, A. S. Mason and A. B. Mason, from M. to Castlemaine, Ballarat, Geelong and Queenscliffe,—but it was presumably in '79. In '80, at Easter, G. W. Burston, E. C. Carter, H. C. Bagot, A. E. Buzzard, W. S. Hazelton, D. R. Long, C. Smith, G. Stevenson and H. H. Turner rode from Geelong to Warrnambool, 121 m.; and, at Christmas, the two first named sailed across to Tasmania and wheeled from Launceston to Hobart, 121 m.,—while H. C. Bagot, J. A. K. Clarke, W. Calvert, E. J. Gill, J. Hall and L. Moody rode from M. to Ballarat. In '81, at Easter, G. W. Burston, F. Lister and D. R. Long rode from Colac to Hamilton, Ararat and Ballarat, 246 m. (incl. 125 m. in 16 h.); and, at Christmas, the first two, with G. Hope and H. R. Stokes, rode 310 m. in 4 days,—to Geelong, Mortlake, Ballarat and Melbourne. In Oct., '82, H. C. Bagot and F. J. Empson rode 500 m. in 9 days,—from Ballarat to Hamilton, Warrnambool, Camperdown, Derringallum, back to Ballarat, thence to Talbot, Malmesbury and Melbourne. At Christmas, '82, G. W. Burston, E. H. Fyffe and F. Stokes rode to Marysville and back; while Alf. Joy took a two days' circuit of 175 m. through Geelong and Ballarat. At Easter, '83, G. W. Burston, H. C. Bagot, C. Carter, H. C. Handford and W. S. Hazelton rode to Geelong, Ballarat, Warrnambool and Colac, 290 m. in 4 days,—while G. A. Thorne rode from M. to Echuca and back, 320 m. in 5 days,—E. being a border town whence a bridge crosses the Murray into N. S. W. Melbourne's illust. mag., *Once a Month*, of May 15, '85, contained a 6-column sketch of the club's Easter tour of that year, written by F. J. Empson, who named, as the other participants, G. W. Burston, E. C. Carter, G. S. Geddes, J. Baird, H. Harston, ——. Skoglund and C. Wragge,—together with Geo. Spicer, Captain of the Victoria B. C. (and, at the start, two long-distance tourists from Adelaide). Train was taken to Ballarat, as a starting-point, and the officers of the club there accompanied the party to a midnight supper on arrival, and gave an escort of 20 men for the first few miles of the tour, next morning. Then at Beaufort, 28 m. on, another escort of 30 welcomed them to a banquet in the Shire Hall; and at Buangor, 14½ m., still others were waiting to ride with them the last 14 m. to Ararat, for the night. The second day ended at Hamilton, 70 m.,—the first 50 m. being covered in 5 h. 10 min. of the forenoon,—but on the outskirts of the town they found the local club awaiting them with a stack of bottled lager, and, after this introduction, "a drag and four" took the entire company out to supper at Wannon Falls, 11½ m. In spite of a rainy night, 82 m. were covered on the third day, the last 14 m., to Camperdown, being done in the darkness without a dismount. A previous stretch of 14 m., to Terang, was covered in 1 h. 12 min. The fourth day's record was 75 m., to Geelong, making a total, including detours, of 300 m. Breakfast on that final day was at Colac, after 29 m. The lake and mountain scenery of the route was highly praised.

The two Adelaide men mentioned in the above tour were A. Gault and R. C. Cox, who had recently (Mar. 21-29) pushed their bicycles across from A. to M., 508 m., except that they took train from Kingston to Narracoorte, 53 m. of unridable swamps and sand hills. Mr. G., after a day with the Melbourne tourists, returned by train to M. and thence by boat to A.; while Mr. C., after two days with the party, retraced his former route alone by wheel and train to A. The pioneer tour between the two capitals had been taken 3 mos. earlier (Christmas, '84), by A. H. Padman, of A., who wheeled 495 m., but resorted to the train from K. to N., "because assured that a previous tourist, Mr. Nimmo, had done this, and that the 53 m. stretch included at least 12 m. of positively unridable sand, and 3 or 4 m. of swamp, 2 or 3 ft. deep." A part of this bad stretch was tried, in the opposite direction, by W. J. S. Story, who, on Jan. 14, '85, wheeled from Mt. Gambier to Narracoorte, 54 m., 10.30 A. M. to 8.20 P. M., "enjoying the fine scenery, in spite of the great heat"; and on the 15th, tramped 22 m. through the sands and swamps and along the r. r. ties to Lucindale, where he was glad to take train for K. Thence, on the afternoon of the 16th, he wheeled 33 m. to Coolatoo, along with the mail coach, though much of the road was bad; and then the drivers of the coach, as a practical joke, forcibly put him and his bicycle on top thereof, and insisted on having his company to Meningie, 60 m., through the night, during which the thunder storms raged until all were soaked. On the 17th, 2 to 8 P. M., he pushed through heavy sand to Wellington, 28 m.; and on the 18th, 9.30 A. M. to 10 P. M., by 67 m. of generally good roads to Adelaide; total 225 m. Bad as is this route from

Wellington, along the Coorong, the only alternative is a worse one, for it leads through the "90 m. desert to Bordentown." His report of this tour was printed in *A. C. News*, Apr. 11, '85, which also contained the first part of A. Gault's report, that ran through successive numbers to May 23; while A. H. Padman's report likewise occupied 3 or 4 issues, beginning Jan. 17. The daily mileage of the Gault and Cox ride stood thus: 32, 59, 59, 32, 56, 41, 76, 103, 45; and all three reports give much interesting evidence to show that touring through South Australia is rather more difficult than in Victoria, whose Western District seems to contain a greater mileage of good roads than any other section of the continent. Ballarat is a sort of center or starting-point in this system, and the B. B. & T. C. (org., '79) is second in age only to the Melbourne B. C., and is almost equally active in the promotion of tours. The *Ballarat Courier* of Feb. 20, '84, gave a column account of the club's annual ride of 402 m., Feb. 10-17, participated in by three pairs of brothers,—R. A. & T. H. Thompson, H. P. & G. H. Shimmin, T. & E. Miller,—of whom the first-named was captain and the last named was "a boy not yet 16 years old, who rode the whole way without showing any signs of fatigue." So large a party had not previously taken so long a ride in Victoria; and all the local clubs gave them warm greetings. The mileage of the 8 days was thus distributed: Geelong, 54; Colac, 46; Warrnambool, 74; Caramut, 36 ("the last 18 m. like a race track"); Hamilton, 33; Ararat, 67; to Stawell and back, 36; Ballarat, 56. A thunder storm on the last day supplied the only rain of the tour, though great heat prevailed at the start. On the third day, "when we enter the Stony Rises (a wonderful succession of hills and dales, covered with ferns and native shrubs), the impetus we get going down one hill takes us up the next, and so on. As we fly along, hundreds of rabbits scamper away, and the noisy cockatoos herald our approach with their deafening screams." A year later, the same party (except that J. Ronaldson took the Thompsons' place) wheeled 270 m. together, besides having a steamboat ride from Geelong to Melbourne. The first day, to Bolac, 60 m., included 30 m. of dismal progress across the Streatham plains; but the second "took in the 14 m. of perfection between Mortlake and Terang." On Apr. 29, '83, H. P. Shimmin rode 100 m. in 11 h. 57 min.; and he did it again, Oct. 14, in company with R. A. Thompson, also in 11 h. 57 min. C. M. Bennett, of the same club, with favorable roads and weather, made 100 m., Feb. 10, '86, in 10 h. 32 min., which included 1¾ h. for rests. He used a 50 in. British Challenge; and that same style of bi. carried 5 of the 6 tourists, without break, in the 400 m. ride of '84. Mr. B. was awarded a $10 trophy in May, for having attended every weekly club-run for 6 mos.,—the second prize of $5 going to G. H. Shimmin, who was absent but once. The Easter tour in '86 of the Carlton B. C., led through Ballarat to Geelong, 240 m. in 5 days, and the participants were G. Black, E. E. Lording and A. Starkey.

At Christmas, '83, Walter Hume, of Melbourne, "covered 530 m. in 6½ days of actual riding," through Geelong, Colac, Warrnambool, Ararat, Stawell, Castlemaine and home to M. A year later, —on the same bi., a D. H. F. Premier, which gave entire satisfaction both times,—he rode from M. to Sydney, about 583 m., accompanied by H. G. Keefe, an English visitor. From the second part of his report (*A. C. News*, Jan. 31, '85), I find that the last 343 m. were distributed through 8 days, thus: Dec. 23, Tarcutta, 55; 24th, Colac, 48; 25th, Bogalong, 35; 26th, Gunning, 44; 27th, Goulburn, 30; 28th, Mittagong, 55; 29th, Liverpool, 54; 30th, at 10 A. M., Sydney, 22. Intense heat was the chief hindrance to quicker progress. On Nov. 26, '83, C. Greensides and J. George of Castlemaine won the gold medals offered by their club, for doing 100 m. inside of 12 h., by riding from C. to Melbourne, 5.30 A. M. to 5.20 P. M. They covered the first 27 m. in 2 h. 25 min., and the first 49 m., to Kyneton, inside of 5 h. Their rests amounted to 1 h., and their last 10 m. were done in exactly 1 h. On Dec. 30, '83, A. C. Destree, S. A. Mott, and ——. Gray, of Hamilton, rode thence to Colac, 112 m., 6 A. M. to 5.35 P. M.,—doing the first 100 m. in 10 h. 23 min. The two former reached H. again at 5.45 P. M. of Jan. 1, with a record of 264 m. A few days earlier, J. A. Little, sec. of the Ararat B. C., starting at 6 A. M., reached Ballarat at noon and Leigh Road before dark, 102 m., in 9 h. 36 min. of actual riding; next day, to Geelong, 15 m., in 1 h. 12 min., and, on third day, to Melbourne, 43 m., in 4 h. 55 min.,—a total of 160 m., in 15 h. 43 min. of actual riding. From a list of 28 Australian 100 m. road-rides, to the close of '84 (prepared for me by a Melbourne subscriber and printed in *Wheelmen's Gazette*, July, '85,

p. 42), I take the following 8 of '83, as being the only ones not elsewhere mentioned by me in greater detail: Jan. 1, A. Bartram, of Carlton B. C., 11:58; May 24, in Tasmania ("riding time"), H. Knight, 10:55; F. Turner, 10:58; ——. Hodgman, 11:49; Sept. 18, at Melbourne, C. Walker, 11:4; T. B. Bason, 11:55; A. L. Wood, 11:55; Dec. 28, J. S. Foulkes, 10:15. The same letter said that the best day's ride on a tri. which had then been taken in Victoria was accredited to R. J. Parker, Nov. 2, '83, 90 m., in 10½ h., when the breaking of machine prevented a 100 m. record.

About the close of Mar., '85, a Miss Bouchier and two other young ladies, of Ballarat, drove their tricycles to Melbourne, nearly 100 m., in a single day; and their report in the *Ballarat Courier* said: "As to the effects of the ride, we all felt much better during the latter part of the journey than in the middle of it, for the number of exceedingly steep hills at the outset, up which we had to shove our machines, tended greatly to exhaust us, and proved more fatiguing than the whole of the work on the machines. None of the party felt any distressing effects the next day, and the whole trip was a very pleasant one." Similar testimony was given (*A. C. News*, Nov. 7, '85, pp. 89-90) by Miss E. M. Thornfeldt, in reporting "the longest tri. trip yet taken by ladies in Victoria": From Stawell to Ararat, Oct. 16, 4 to 8 P. M., 18 m., through intense heat; thence to Ballarat, 58 m., on 17th, and home to S., on 19th, 5 A. M. to 10 P. M.,—a three days' ride of 152 m. "Almost incredible as it seems, we were no more tired after the 58 m. of the second day than after the 18 m. of the first. Though people at home said it was a most dangerous thing for two girls to attempt riding such a distance alone, every one whom we met was both kind and respectful to us; and we were in fact escorted almost every yard of the journey, either by family friends or by members of the local clubs,—not to mention the protection of our little dog, 'Dandy,' who showed more weariness than we ourselves felt. We each rode a 48 in. rear-steering Cheylesmore Club, and both machines stood the journey splendidly. The last 8 m. were accomplished in ¾ h.,—a glorious moonlight finish for the trip." The writer's father, M. Thornfeldt, pushed a tricycle straightaway to Sydney about 750 m., Mar. 8-24, '86, as detailed later (pp 565-6). Another elderly rider, Geo. R. Broadbent, took the earliest tri. tour in Victoria, some time before the close of '84,—Melbourne to Murchison, 94 m.,—which was increased to 135 m. on the return, when bad weather forced a resort to the train. His letter to me, dated at Crowle Villa, Flemington Bridge, Hotham Hill, Melbourne, Apr. 18, '85, said: "Though a grandfather, I am a great enthusiast at cycling, which is truly 'the king of sports'; and nothing suits me better than a good long ride. In '83, I wheeled considerably more than 5000 m.; in '84, my total reached 5767 m., being an average of 15¾ m. per riding day, and forming the largest year's record in the colony; while in '85, to date, I have ridden 1300 m." His complete record for '85 was 6814 m., distributed through 345 days, making a daily average of 18⅝ m. In the following summary of it, the figures show respectively riding days, monthly mileage, longest day's ride, and largest weekly mileage: Jan.,—27, 518, 50, 157; Feb.,—28, 621, 45, 164; Mar.,—31, 688, 50, 165; Apr.,—29, 602, 70, 157; May,—30, 541, 50, 133; June,—24, 367, 29, 104; July,—28, 496, 46, 140; Aug.,—31, 588, 50, 137; Sept.,—28, 604, 73, 182; Oct.,—30, 595, 43, 151; Nov.,—29, 585, 60, 201; Dec.,—30, 619, 52, 151. This is an exhibit of very evenly-distributed riding, appropriate for an elderly man, absorbed in business cares. I copy it from the *A. C. News* (Jan. 16, '86), which says that the costs for wear and tear of his machine during the 6814 m. were $38. The three years' wheeling of this enthusiastic "grandfather" amounted, as may be seen, to 17,600 m. From earlier issues of the *News*, I learn that on Nov. 2, '85, C. Neuhoffer rode from Sandhurst to Melbourne, 100 m., between 6.30 A. M. and 5.30 P. M., thus winning one of the gold medals offered to those members of the Sandhurst C. C. who could cover the distance in 11 h. The weather was perfect, and the roads were in very fair order,—the first 14 m. being covered in 1 h. J. W. Tonkin and S. Keam also accompanied him, except that they reached M. a little too late for the medal; while M. E. Gilbert, the fourth member of the party, withdrew near Kyneton, the half-way point, because his bicycle broke, in fork, head and tire. The first of the club's medals was won by T. Goyne, about a fortnight earlier; and the third, on Nov. 19, by W. Upstill, who wheeled from S. to M., in 10⅝ h., ending at 5.15 P. M., and who found all the roads in fine condition.

Until the close of '83, the only longer tour in Victoria than that of the M. B. C., in Oct., '82 (500 m., already described), was one of 510 m., in 8 days, accredited to A. E. Roberts; but on Dec. 23, Roland O. Bishop, who had not then completed his 16th year, began a fortnight's tour of 662½ m. (12 days of actual riding) thus: 23rd, South Yarra to Geelong, 54; 24th, Buninyong, 47; 26th, Wickliffe, 67; 27th, Hamilton, 44; 28th, Wannon Falls and Penshurst, 41½; 29th, Warrnambool, 45; 30th, Kalora, 46; 31st, Colac, 56 (first 14 m. to Terang, in 1 h.); Jan. 2nd, Geelong, 66; 3rd, Melbourne, 52; 4th, Keilor and back, 24; 5th, Kyneton and back to S. Yarra, 108. This last was a longer day's ride than any on his two years' record, 8296 m. in 628 days (4176 m. in 297 days of '82, and 4120 m. in 331 days of '83); and I 've already noted his best straightaway stay in the saddle,—52 m. in 4½ h., G. to M., Dec. 14. He rode a 54 in. Matchless during the tour, and was highly pleased with it; and he was accompanied for 530 m. by Wm. Harrison. Previous machines ridden had varied from 50 to 55 in.; but, assuming 52 in. as the average size during the 8296 m., he estimated that he had taken 7,134,724 strokes at the pedals, in forcing 3,567,362 revolutions of the driver, and 208,684,080 revolutions of the 18 in. rear wheel. The following is a summary of his riding days and mileage for each month—the first pair of numerals standing for '82, the second for '83: Jan.—0, 0; 29, 671; Feb.—10, 66; 19, 329; Mar.—30, 332; 27, 400; Apr.—26, 443; 28, 464; May—23, 289; 31, 378; June—30, 331; 22, 252; July—28, 329; 30, 311; Aug.—28, 394; 31, 184; Sept.—30, 377; 28, 275; Oct.—31, 463; 31, 312; Nov.—30, 426; 30, 309; Dec.—31, 726½; 25, 235. Early in '84, he removed from Melbourne to Hobart, the capital of the island-colony of Tasmania, and, on Mar. 18, wheeled from Snakeshanks to H., 101 m., in 11 h. 19 min.; on Sept. 4, from Perth to H., 112 m., in 10 h. 35 min.; and, in '85, Apr. 2 to 7, 329 m. along the east coast,—each ride being the "best on record" there. His letter to me of June 2, '85, said: "My riding diary, to May 24, shows a total of 13,352 m., dating from Feb., '82, when I took my first ride, at the age of 15. My longest record for a day is 112 m., and for a week 473 m. I have ridden in 4 tri. races and won 3; have given 4 exhibitions of trick riding, at Hobart and Launceston; now hold record for 3, 4 and 5 m. on grass, and for 1 and 2 m. on board track; have started at scratch in most races, and won trophies to value of $600. I now ride 51 in. Rudge. My employment is that of agent for the Davis Sewing Machine Co., which has offices at Hobart, Launceston, Melbourne, Sandhurst, Geelong and Warrnambool. I was for some time capt. of the Marmion C. C., of this town, and sec. of the Tasmanian Cyclists' Union, and was the founder of both. I send you the *Tasmanian News* of June 6, which devotes a column to me."

His successor, as capt. of the Marmion C. C., Thos. F. Hallam, wrote to me thus: "I purchased a bicycle Sept. 6, '83, when I was 18 years old, and have ridden it 11,800 miles, up to this present day, Aug. 10, '85,—my longest journey being 100 m., in 10 h. 38 min., through a hilly country, with light winds to contend against. On June 29, '85, I won the 50 m. road-race of the club, in 3 h. 50 m., the fastest time ever made in Tasmania, though 3 m. of the road had been newly metaled. I have competed in 21 other races, winning 13 first, 5 second and 3 third prizes." On Sept. 28, '85, he rode 100 m. straightaway, in 9 h. 9 min.—being 2 min. less than the record ride of F. W. Briggs, of Warrnambool, Jan. 31, '84. The vice-capt. of the same club, P. J. Bowen (builder and contractor of Campbell st., who pledged a dozen subscribers to this book), thus reported to me, Aug. 28, '85: "There are 160 members now belonging to the 4 clubs in this city, the Tasmanian being the oldest, with 38, next the Marmion, with 66, the City, with 25, and the Hobart, with 31. Cycling has lately been making rapid strides here, as a popular pastime. The little 'Excursionists' Guide' which I enclose will show you that the road stretching northward 121 m. across the island to Launceston, our second important port and the nearest to Melbourne on the opposite continent 'is one of the best in the world, having been built by convicts when this was a penal colony. The first settlement of prisoners was made here in 1803, under Lieut. Bowen. Townships are now found about 10 m. apart, along the road, with good hotel accommodation at most of them. The railway between H. and L. is 133 m. long, running cars of the American style, on a narrow gauge of 3½ ft., two through trains daily in each direction, at a speed of 23 m. per h.' The starting point in our 100 m. rides is 12 m. from L. and 1 m. s. of the village of Perth, and the finish is at S. Bridgewater, 9 m. n. of H.

Our club offers a gold medal to each member, the first time he covers the distance inside of 12 h. I myself did this, in 10 h. 48 min., Oct. 16, '83, only 3 mos. after learning how to ride. Six others have also taken the medal: T. F. Hallam, J. Needham (10 h. 48 min., Oct. 16, '83), G. Arming, G. Gregory, T. N. Spong and R. O. Bishop. In the 50 m. road-race of 2 mos. ago, when a medal was given to all who did the distance in 5 h., I reached the finish in 4¾ h. —though I had a broken pedal for the last 37 m., which forced me to walk up the hills. This was the result of a bad fall, produced by some miscreants' placing timber right across the road; and I 've not been well enough to do much riding since. The best 50 m. records of the club are held, in the following order, by T. F. Hallam, C. Barlow, R. O. Bishop, T. N. Spong and W. Rice." *Wheeling* of Sept. 8, '86, mentioned that Bishop had recently lowered the record to 3 h. 44 min., though making a stop for lunch. The first long tri. ride on the island was taken by Edward Ash, July 9-13, '83, H. to L. and back, 244 m. An entire day was devoted to business at L., and two nights were spent there,—the first and fourth nights being spent at Campbelltown, 81 m. from H. The *A. C. News* of Jan. 30 and Mar. 13, '86 (pp. 188, 236) gave a pleasant report of a Christmas tour along this road, by W. R. Roberts, of Ballarat, who was charmed by the grandeur of the scenery, especially along the southern half of it, where much hill-climbing was required. The steamship passage from Melbourne to L. was 24 h. He found the hotels rather inferior and high-priced, and he took several short excursions out from Hobart.

New South Wales sent out four long-distance tourists from its capital, Sydney, in '84; and the second of them, James Copland (b. Oct. 27, '51) covered no less than 1282 m. on a tricycle before his return. His tri. ride of Oct. 16, '83, 120 m. in 20 h. (incl. 5½ h. of rests), comprised 100 m. in 16 h. (incl. 3½ h. of rests), and was called "the longest and fastest straightaway tri. ride in Australia" at the close of '84, by a writer who said the scene thereof was "1½ picked road on the north shore at Sydney." Whether this phrase was designed to signify a course of 1½ m. or a longer one, it could hardly signify a real straightaway course of 120 m. Mr. C. was ed. of the *Australian Cyclist*, for its 7 fortnightly issues, May 16 to Aug. 8, '85; and his letter to me, enclosing 6 subs. from the Sydney B. C., Jan. 29, '85, was as follows: "Our most assiduous rider here is W. R. George, who is out wheeling daily, all the year round. He has sons and a daughter,—grown up, and all cyclists,—and we sometimes call him 'the father of cycling in this colony,' besides. The Rev. Geo. Martin and Mr. F. G. Sloper are two other elderly enthusiasts of the tri., who are on their machines nearly every day. I myself, though now in my 34th year, rank among the oldest of racing men, for I possess first prizes won in bi. races of July, '72, in England. I was one of the originators of the old Surrey B. C., of London, and am a life-member of it. My height is 5 ft. 11½ in., and my weight is 180 lbs. I gained 1½ lbs. during the tour to Melbourne,—whereof my reports, as printed in *A. C. News*, are hereby forwarded to you. Mr. Alf. Edwards, who took the same trip 3 mos. ahead of me, says he will write you an account direct." I regret that no such account has ever come to me; but I learn from other sources that Mr. E., after wheeling for a day or more from S., took train for 43 m. to Mittagong, and thence drove his bi. through to Melbourne, about 500 m.,—thus making the longest straightaway trail then known in Australia. The Sydney B. C. honored the event by voting a commemorative medal, which was presented to him at a public dinner, Apr. 11, '85. From *A. C. News* of Aug. 30, '84, I condense Mr. C.'s 13 days' itinerary, with mileage, thus: "Aug. 14, Campbelltown, 33 (last 14 bad); 15th, Mittagong, 47 (last 27, all up-hill and last 16 in rain); 16th, Marulam, 37; 17th, beyond Goulburn, 25; 18th, Yass, 47; 19th, Jugiong, 43; 20th, Mundarloo, 46; 21st, Billabong, 45; 22nd, Albury, 57; 23rd (crossed the border into Victoria, 3 m. from A.), Wangaretta, 45 (last 15 m. in 2 h. in the dark); 24th, Violet Town, 44; 25th, Seymour, 52; 26th, Melbourne, 62 (through continuous rains and bitter blasts of wind). The weather was disagreeable and unfavorable, except for two days; and of the roads traversed (583 m. by Stanton's log, incl. slight detours), 100 m. were good, 400 m. middling to fair, and the rest utterly unridable." During 18 days' stay in and about M., he rode 121 m., in company with local wheelmen, who treated him with great consideration,—escorting him in through 16 m. of rain on his arrival, and going out with him when he began the return trip, at 3 P. M. of Sept. 13, as far as Wallan, 30 m. The mileage for the next 11 days stood thus: "14th,

Avendale, 45; 15th, Benalla, 50; 16th, Chiltern, 49; 17th (crossed the border bridge from Wodonga into N. S. W., 20 m. from start), Bowna, 35; 18th, Billabong, 42; 19th, Gundagai, 66 (5.30 A. M. to 10.45 P. M., longest ride of tour, despite bad roads and delay to repair wheel, buckled by bad fall in careless down-hill riding); 20th, Bookham, 46 (over 3 big ranges of hills); 21st, Gunning, 46 (last 26, worst of route); 22nd, Marulam, 52 (20 by lantern); 23rd, Picton, 62 (7.30 A. M. to 10 P. M.; first 28 m. were bad, but a decline of 1500 ft. in the last 28 m. made such pleasant riding that even a thunder shower could not mar the enjoyment); 24th, Sydney, 53. On this last day, I started just after midnight and got over Mt. Razorback, into Camden, 12 m., at 3.40; camped out there on a hotel veranda until 5, then rode 8 m. to Campbelltown, for a poor breakfast, and during the next 7 m. had such an attack of illness that I gave up hope of pushing any further; but, after a while, I felt better, and jogged slowly into Sydney at 8.30 P. M. My Stanton's log made 9 revolutions of 61 m. each and 29 m. more,—a total of 578 m. Adding the 593 m. of outward trip, and 121 m. made between, the whole mileage from Aug. 14 to Sept. 24 was 1282. My tool-bag and baggage weighed 23 lbs. On the outward trip, my Cheylesmore Club tri. went through without any breakage or loosening. On the return, I used a 'two track Club,' double driver, front steerer, and I praise it for showing no sign of weakness for the 302 miles following the accident which buckled one wheel. My mackintosh coat also got wound up in the chain, four days earlier, and loosened it; but I was able to tighten the chain into working order again, though the coat was utterly destroyed."

Five days behind this pioneer tricycler, on his outward journey, were two youthful acquaintances of his, from the Redfern B. C., on bicycles,—Jas. F. Rugg, its secretary, and Geo. L. Budds,—who printed a report of their tour in the *A. C. News* of Sept. 13. The latter rode a 52 in. Columbia (No. 4142), which he had been using for 2 years previously and which went through without mishap,—staying safely on the bridge while he took a header into a creek, on the 6th day of the tour. On the previous day, his companion, who rode a 52 in. Club, new, took a bad header on a steep down-grade, disabling the brake; and, on the final day, his spring snapped, just behind the saddle, so that about 60 m. of "backbone jolting" had to be endured. "Despite the bad state of the roads, adverse winds, and lack of previous training, both enjoyed the tour immensely and finished in perfect health. The best meal of the trip was had at Vincent's hotel in Colac (50 c.); and the return to Sydney was made by express train (19 h.), as our leave-of-absence lasted but a fortnight." The total mileage (582 for 13 days, incl. 6 m. for detours) was divided thus: Aug. 19, 8 A. M. to 5.45 P. M., Camden, 41; 20th, Mittagong, 36 (nearly 2000 ft. above the sea level of the start); 21st, 9.40 to 7.30, Goulburn, 55; 22nd, 7.15 to 8, Yass, 55 (frost and bitter cold at start); 23rd, 7 to 6, Jugiong, 39; 24th, 9.30 to 7, Adelong Crossing, 37; 25th, 8.30 to 8, Kyamba, 46½ (tel. station; no hotel); 26th, 9 to 4, Germanton, 26 (rain); 27th, 9.30 to 2.15, Albury, 38; 28th, 8 to 5, Wangaretta, 47; 29th, 7.15 to 7.30, Violet Town, 43; 30th, 2.30 to 7, Avenal, 41; 31st, 7 A. M. to 11.45 P. M., Melbourne, 72. The tour of W. Hume and H. G. Keefe, at the end of Dec.,'84 (described on p. 561), was the earliest bi. ride made on this route in the opposite direction, M. to S.; and no one seems to have gone over it at all during '85.

In Mar., '86, however, it was again traversed by a pair of elderly Victorians, on bi. and tri., who "made the longest straightaway trail in Australia," about 670 m., in 17 days, and had dry weather throughout the trip. They were 5 days in doing their first 202 m., from Stawell to Violet Town (which is only 113 m. from Melbourne); and thence to Sydney they followed the route of the earlier tourists. This, by the mileages latest quoted, was 463 m., but they added at least 5 m. to it, by losing the way near Liverpool. At the end of their first week, when about 275 m. had been traversed, a third companion, the little dog, "Dandy," began to grow footsore and weary; and he was thenceforth allowed to ride on the tri. during many miles of bad going when the owner had to walk and push it. Sometimes also he was given a ride when the owner rode,—being packed in the valise with the other baggage,—but, at Yass, 187 m. from the finish, an agent was instructed to catch the belated dog on his arrival and forward him by train to Sydney. The subsequent fate of "Dandy" is not told in the record from which I quote,—this record being in the shape of sheet-reprints from six double-column articles in the weekly *News*

& Chronicle, of Stawell, written by the projector of the tour, M. Thornfeldt, and giving fairly full details of the 670 m. traversed. He alludes to himself as having taken a losing contract to build a brick bridge at Sandhurst ("Bendigo"), in '58, "when his knowledge of the English language was very limited," and when he "used to congregate with his compatriots, on Saturday nights, at the 'Stadt Hamburg' tavern, and take part in the strange babel of tongues which prevailed there." I infer from this that he is a German, aged about 50; and I have already recorded (p. 562) the tri. tour taken by his grown-up daughter, in Oct., '85. He mentions a pleasant tri. tour of his own, through Western Victoria, in the summer of '85, as inspiring the later one; and he secured as a companion C. H. Lyne, of Ararat, who rode a Club Safety bi., while he himself used a rear-steering Cheylesmore Club tri. Both machines were as good at the finish (after about 750 m.) as at the start, and neither rider suffered any accident,—except that the tri. once upset the bi. by a careless collision. "Why should two old blokes like you be going about the country in knickerbockers and on them things?" was the pleasant greeting of a wayside landlady, on the third day; and on the 5th, a wagon-driver whose horses took fright at the tri., seemed greatly amused at it, when he got them under control, and remarked: "Though you don't look like a big man, you must have a great stomach to go tramping about the country on a thing like that,—which seems to be a horse and buggy all in one." A good stomach was, indeed, as usual, essential to pleasant touring, "for the country seemed inundated with corned beef," and in many cases not even that delicacy could be had; while at least two nights were devoted to fighting bed-bugs. The only other live animals encountered were "two wallabies and a very large iguana"; though a dead snake, 5 ft. long, gave the tri. rider a great scare when he suddenly ran over it in the road. The tourists regulated their pace simply by personal comfort,—being too old for any silly ambition about "making a record for swiftness,"—and though they expected in advance to average about 50 m. a day, they were quite content with the actual average of 40 m. Their itinerary was as follows: Monday, Mar. 8, from 7 A. M. till about 6 P. M., Stawell to Moonambel, 40 m. (very tired from lack of previous training; much heavy and sandy road); 9th, Eddington (sandy and then good, through undulating fields); 10th, Sandhurst (breakfasted on grapes in a fine orchard); 11th, Rushworth, a large town, reached in the dark after 54 m. of hard traveling; 12th, a farm house within 5 m. of Violet Town; 13th, Glenrowan; 14th, Wodonga, 54 m. (first favorable wind); 15th (entering N. S. W., by bridge over the Murray, with no sign of customs officers), Germanton, 43 m. (detour to 50 m.; last 10 m. very fine); 16th, private house called Kelvin Grove; 17th, Gundagai, 50 m., by bridge ¾ m. long; 18th, Jugiong; 19th, Bowning, 32 m.; 20th, Gunning; 21st, Marulam, 57 m. (through Goulburn), at noon, "the prettiest and most compactly-built town on the route"; 22nd, Mittagong; 23rd, the first 28 m., to Picton, 6.30 to 10 A. M., very enjoyable; then a 3 h. rest before climbing over Mt. Razorback, in comparison with which the previous hills seemed easy, to Camden, 12 m.; and finally, after taking wrong roads in darkness, to Liverpool, a total of 62 m.; 24th, reached Sydney about 1.30 P. M., escorted for the last 16 m. by a party of about 40 on bi. and tri. Six days later, steamer was taken for Melbourne (a ride of 65 h., as compared to 19 h. by train); and the last stage of the journey home to Stawell was wheeled Apr. 6-8, about 175 m., finishing at 10.30 P. M., an exact calendar month from the start. "In spite of some hard up-hill work, it was a most pleasant experience. We saw a vast tract of country, and saw it better than any other kind of locomotion would enable us to do; and we did not feel in the least fatigued at the end. In fact, I was less tired the last day, riding 62 m., than the first day, riding only forty."

New Zealand lies about 1200 m. s. e. of Australia, and its cycling season lasts from Sept. to May, though riders in the northern districts are active for most of the other 3 mos. Of the two distinct islands which comprise the colony, North Island has Auckland for its northerly port and Wellington for its port nearest to South Island. "Pakeha," the Christchurch cor. of the *Wheelmen's Gazette*, who has "been identified with the pastime since its infancy" in the colony, writing July 18, '85, said: "Though we are now supposed to be in mid-winter, the weather has thus far been so exceedingly mild that we can scarcely term it winter. I see no

reason why we should recognize any 'off season'; for the Australians do not. The season just closed has been the most successful recorded in the colony. The N. Z. C. Alliance has had good luck in carrying through its series of championships (1, 5 and 10 m.), with faster times; and the number of riders has doubled,—causing a great improvement in the membership and finances of the older clubs, and the springing up of new ones." A year earlier he wrote (Aug. 15, '84): "The number of bicycle riders in N. Z. is estimated as at least 1000, though the clubs do not exceed a dozen,—the largest being at Christchurch, Dunedin and Auckland. In '77, there were hardly 50 riders, all told, but the increase in their number has been very rapid during the last 3 years. The oldest club is the Pioneer B. C., org. Apr. 20, '79, at Christchurch, the capital. The flat nature of the country around C. allows 100 m. to be traversed without encountering a hill. Though some machines are made here, most are imported from England." His letter of May 22, '86, said: "The advance of cycling during the season now closing does not seem to have been as great as I expected. I attribute this chiefly to the very dry summer, which has rendered the roads too loose for easy riding; though several tours have nevertheless been indulged in. The recent extensive popularity won here by the safety bi. has almost entirely banished the tricycles." Another resident of that town, who was my earliest subscriber in the colony, J. Foxley Norris (b. Feb. 6, '57), a law stationer, wrote to me thus, Apr. 26, '84: "I don't think it possible to ride 50 m. without a dismount, here in N. Z., owing to the river beds and shingle. At Easter, '82, I wheeled and walked from C. to Dunedin, 242 m. (in 5 days, 3 of which were rainy), crossing 3 mountain ranges and finding rough roads. This still remains the longest straightaway trail, though J. Fitton made a tour of considerably greater mileage at Christmas, '83, and I will try to have him send you the details of it. The following have ridden 100 m. in a day: F. R. Dunsford, H. J. Jenkins, R. W. Mountfort, J. F. Norris, and A. E. Preece, of Pioneer B. C.; F. W. Painter, J. W. Painter and T. W. May, of Christchurch B. C.; and F. A. Cutten, of Dunedin C. C. Four of us rode together to Hurunui and back, 114 m. in 14 h., and I believe an account appeared in one of the English wheel papers in '82 or '83. It was a much harder journey than the 114 m. I rode in '77, with the Middlesex B. C., from Bath to London (East End). My longest stay without dismount was made July 6, '79, in a drizzling rain, just 50 m., from Bath to Newbury, over Box and Marlboro hills; and I then kept on to Maidenhead, 30 m., for second dismount, and to the outskirts of London, 20 m., for third,—making 100 m. in the day. I formerly held the position of 'Mr. Perker' in the old Pickwick B. C., of London. More recently, I have been sec. of the Pioneer B. C., and sec. of the N. Z. C. Alliance, and am now its treasurer; but, being a married man and much occupied with business, I am trying to give up active club work." Replying to later enquiries of mine, his letter of Oct. 2, '85, dated at London, said: "I left N. Z. in July, and do not think it likely that I shall return there. My riding began on a hired bone-shaker, in '74; but I soon bought a 36 in. bone-shaker, then a 48 in. Gentleman, and I 've had 20 machines in all. My mileage for six years—while I was an apprentice, and only had a week's holiday at mid-summer—stood thus: '74, 131; '75, 1052; '76, 1205; '77, 1664; '78, 2546; '79, 1676. This small total of 8274 m. represents short morning rides and Saturday afternoons with the club. Since then, I 've not kept count. I 've done no distances worth chronicling. My height is 5 ft. 5 in., and weight 140 lbs."

The long-distance Christmas tour alluded to in the foregoing was taken by J. Fitton (of Service & Fitton, makers and importers of bicycles, 35 Grey st., Auckland), who printed a two-column report of it in the *Auckland Herald*, of Jan. 19, '84. In the 19 days, Dec. 25 to Jan. 12, his cyclom. registered 611 m., but, as it usually fell short 3 m. in 20, he estimated the distance covered as 702 m. He rode a 52 in. Rudge, which sustained no serious damage, despite its lightness (35 lbs.), though he had a great many tumbles, one of which, at the end of the first week, snapped the brake-handle, so that he was forced to walk down a good many ridable hills during the next 5 days, until he got it repaired. The worst fall of the trip was had within 6 h. of the start, Dec. 25,—cutting his hand on the rough road-metal. On the 5th day, he reached Ohinemutu, 148 m., after a straight tramp of 11 m. through the bush, and from there took a detour to the Maori village (where his wheel astonished the natives), the geysers and the boiling springs. On the 9th day, Jan. 2, 10 A. M. to 6 P. M., Tarawera to Puhoi, 25 m., the road-sur-

face was good, but the first 9 m. led up hill, and the descents could not be ridden, for want of brake. At one of two creek crossings, he dropped his bi. and then jumped into the water; and a similar bath had been taken two days before, in trying to ride through a creek. Magnificent views of rough and rugged country could be had at every sharp turn in the mountain-road. Napier, his objective point, 323 m. from A., was reached at 5 P. M. of Jan. 3, after a 30 m. journey, half of which was along the gully of the Kiwaka creek and the edges of the Petane river, where constant wading was necessary, as almost 50 crossings had to be made within 12 m. The only other route was the "telegraph track," which was thought to be even more difficult. He halted a day in N., to get his brake repaired, and talk with local cyclers about the roads to Wellington. He also met an English tourist, W. K. Adam, who was wheeling in the opposite direction, from W. to the hot springs. The "shingled road" out of N. was good enough to allow 19 m. in 2 h.,—the last 5 m. in 25 min.,—and then a stretch of 22 m. was done without dismount, in 2½ h.; so that the day's record, 11 A. M. to 10 P. M., ending at Takapo, was 65 m., the longest of the tour, though it included a bad and swampy stretch of 18 m., where the tourist lost his way in the dark. Next day, Jan. 6, 9.15 to 7.35, he rode 50 m. to Pahiatau, "having nice and cool wheeling through the Forty Mile Bush"; and on the 7th, to Masterton, 47 m., in 5 h. 50 min., which included 1 h. of stops. He took train there to Wellington, intending to wheel back next day to M., over the Rimataka hills; but, as rain was falling then, he came back by train as far as Featherston, and thence wheeled through Masterton, and along his former road to Eketahuna, 55 m., 11 A. M. to 6 P. M. On the 10th, he kept along his old course till some distance beyond Pahiatau, and then turned by new road "through the famous Manawatu Gorge, up which the wind was blowing great guns," to Fielding, 60 m., 8.20 to 6.15, where he took train to Wanganui. On the 11th and 12th, he rode by train as well as wheel, and on the 12th also by boat, from New Plymouth to Onehunga, whence his cycling friends escorted him home to Auckland. Of the 700 m. estimated as a total for the 19 days, nearly 500 m. were done before the first taking of train; and, during those first 14 days, the repetitions seem not to have exceeded 50 m. Mosquitoes were named as troublesome on the 10th, and his waterproof cape was found of good service on that day and on previous occasions of rain. The places where he lodged were generally alluded to as "accommodation houses." In reference to the tourist whom he met at Napier, Jan. 4, W. K. Adam, I may say that he pushed his bicycle thence to Ohinemutu, about 150 m., and, after seeing the hot lakes, took coach and steamer to Auckland. Previously, however, he had wheeled from Masterton to Maketoke, where he took train to N. He was a member of the Oxford Univ. B. C., and the London B. C., and was named in the *Cyclist* of Nov. 7, '83, as having ridden 43 m. in 2 h. 20 min. 19 sec. (at the Crystal Palace track, July 29, '82), which was then a "best record."

I printed in the *Wheel* of Oct. 31, '84, a four-column report, prepared at my request by H. J. Jenkins, clerk in the Bank of N. Z., concerning a 23 h. ride of 170 m. taken by himself and F. W. Painter, early in the year (only one of many which the pair have had in company), and I now give an abstract of the same: "We started from Christchurch at 4 A. M. of Feb. 3, for Waiau, 85 m. due north,—getting to Karapoi, 12 m., in 1 h., and then by a better road to Luthfield, at 6.40, making our first dismount here after 26 m., at the river Kowai. The streams in N. Z., being fed by snow in the back ranges, are for long periods almost dry, and at other times they are boiling and rushing between two high banks,—perhaps 1½ m. apart,—and are impossible to ford, on account of the trees, bowlders and all sorts of *débris* sweeping along. We found the Kowai very low, however, and had no trouble in fording its treacherous bed; but the Waipara, 11 m. beyond, was deeper and swifter, and wet us to the waist, as we waded through. You must know that we keep on our shoes and stockings at such fording places, and dry off as we whirl along. Beyond the river we reached the famous Weka Pass, and went up and down a multitude of spurs along a 20 ft. road, with a wall of stone towering on one side, and a rocky slope of 70 or 80 ft. sheering down to the creek on the other. After the hills, we passed Waikari, 46 m., but our first real stoppage was at Hurunui, 57 m., just before 11 o'clock, showing an average of 8 m. per h. from the start. A good breakfast was had here at the little hotel, and the ride was resumed at 11 30. (This was the turning point in the 114 m. run which Mr. N.

told you we took with him, at an earlier date, and which remained until now the longest day's record in N. Z.) The road virtually ends at H., but we pushed on, across the 'riddlings of creation,' without seeing a house or even a wire fence, to the little clump of buildings called Rotherham, 13 m.; and then, by 10 m. of the roughest riding I ever experienced, to Waiau, the goal of our hopes, at 3 P. M. We were met by a cavalcade of nearly all the inhabitants, at the grand new bridge, about 1 m. from W., and given a triumphal entry into town,—some one in H. having telegraphed our approach, quite to our surprise. The hotel-keepers in both places declined to take any pay for our refreshments, so great was the popular interest in the affair. Starting again at 3.40, we reached H. at 7, just after sundown; rode Weka Pass in the dark, just before the moon came up; forded the Waipara in utter darkness, and the Kowai at 11.30; passed Karapoi at 1.30, and finished just before 3 A. M.,—having done 170 m. within 24 h., or 46 m. more than the best previous record in N. Z. My next long ride was on Good Friday, to Akaroa, 60 m., in company with F. Cooper and W. Skinner; but the head of my British Challenge cracked then, so that I had to get it and myself brought home by carrier,—arriving Sunday night, soon after my friends, who rode back. Canterbury, in which our city lies, has a greater stretch of flat country than the neighboring provinces,—there being some 250 m. contained on its *plain*—but there are no good roads for more than half the distance." In "Pakeha's" letter of May 22, '86, it was said that, "at the opening of the year, F. W. Painter, A. Lowry and ——. Parker took a 10 days' tour of 380 m. from Christchurch to Hokitika, or across the entire country. Many large rivers had to be forded and mountain ranges crossed, so that the journey proved one of considerable difficulty. In fact, though previous tours had been made on that route, the full distance had never before been traversed."

I had the pleasure of receiving a personal call, Sept 20, '86, from a native New Zealander, who, having subscribed for this book, two years before, decided at last that he must make the 16,000 m. journey to New York, in order to make sure of getting it. Incidentally, he may decide to reside here for a few months or years, after really securing the volume,—engaged in minor business affairs of his own. He is a native of Christchurch, though his parents were born in England, and he had never left his island-home until he sailed for San Francisco, last July. I refer to Wm. H. Langdown (b. Nov. 1, '64), ex-Capt. of the Pioneer B. C., a fairly recognizable likeness of whom was printed in the *Wheelmen's Gazette* (Aug., p. 86), apropos of his competing in the autumn races at Springfield and elsewhere. His letter of Sept. 30, replying to my appeal for statistics, is as follows: "From Oct., '78, to Dec., '82, when I rode a bi., 10 m. daily, to and from school, I must have covered at least 6000 m., for I did not miss riding a dozen times, and I used to do about 40 m. on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. First long day's ride was in Apr., '81,—66 m., whereof I did 30 without dismount. Longest day's ride I ever took was 84 m., on Dec. 8, '83, whereof 57 were done in 4 h. 34 min.,—including time taken in walking over two river beds. Month with longest mileage, Nov., '84,—822 m. First bi., bought Oct., '78, had no name; neither had the second, bought Nov., '79; 3rd was a special Club; 4th, a Gentleman's Club; 5th, a 51 in. D. H. F. Premier; 6th, an Excelsior tri.; 7th, a 52 in. D. E. H. F. Excelsior. On the latter, I rode 8940 m.—Nov. 1, '84, to Oct. 30, '85,— including my longest tour (558 m.) as follows: Left Wellington Sept. 5, '85, carrying 8 lbs. luggage in knapsack, and rode to Upper Hult, where I took train to Featherston, and rode from there to Masterton, making day's total wheeling 48 m. by McDonnell's cyclom. I had tested this several times, riding slow and riding fast, over good and bad roads, and had always found it correct when compared with the m.-stones. On 6th, rode to Woodville, 50 m. (walked 9); 7th, Takapan, 44 m. (walked 8); 8th, Hastings, 48 m., 15 of which I had to walk at one stretch. 9th, Napier, 12 m. Stayed here until 17th, at 5 P. M., but reached Waipawa, 41 m., that same night. From here to Opunake, I had a strong head wind, and it took me 11 days to do 234 m. One day I walked 18 m. without mounting, and this was included in a 44 m. stretch I had to go without coming across a hotel. One day I made only 9 m. on account of the wind. During the whole trip I only had 3 days without rain and none without wind. From Opunake to New Plymouth, 45 m., I did the distance in 4¼ h. including several stoppages. Next evening, I rode out 12 m. to Stratford, and on the following morning left before breakfast, so as to do a good

day's ride. When I had covered 36 m., at 8 A. M., my crank broke and I had to take the cars for Wanganui and the steamer from there to Wellington. My total of separate or unrepeated road was 454 m. The only mishap of the tour was a spill caused by a bullock's kicking me off the machine. This bent the crank and afterwards caused it to break. During the last day's ride I had to walk 6 m. on the car track, the road being impassable. This was the first bi. tour ever made across the North I." (Population of N. Z., 500,000; with 1462 m. of r. r. and 4111 m. of tel.)

"Australian Pictures," by Howard Willoughby, of the *Melbourne Argus*, with large map and 107 illust. from photographs and sketches (8vo, cloth and gilt, $3.50), was named as a "new book," in Oct., '86, by Scribner & Welford, of N. Y., whose adv. says: "The author is thoroughly acquainted with the scenery, life, products and business capacities of the different parts of Australia, and has tried to award adequate space to each of the colonies." The *Nation* (Oct. 21, '86, p. 331) thus alludes to Percy Clarke's book, called "The 'New Chum' in Australia" (London: Virtue & Co.): "Though his travels were not very extensive, he had opportunities to see life there under nearly all its conditions, in the cities, at the mines, on a sheep station, and on a sugar plantation (in Queensland); and he devotes a final chapter to Tasmania. He describes station life with considerable graphic power, and is least effective in his accounts of Melbourne and Sydney, though he gives a fair idea of their appearance and characteristics." He seems not to have visited New Zealand; and though I think another traveler has recently printed a book about that double-island, I cannot now find any exact reference to it on my files. I may add, however, for the guidance of the numerous wheelmen whom a perusal of this chapter will naturally send across the Pacific Ocean, that "N. Z." is given as fair a show as the other colonies in the *Australasian*, published in New York every fourth Saturday, just before the closing of each direct mail for those regions, and presumed to contain the latest information useful for visitors to the same. I write in the present tense, though I have not happened to see a specimen of the paper since Dec., '84. It was then issued by F. W. Gade, at 40 West Broadway.

As an appropriate ending to the chapter, I give the final 9 months' travels, through Persia, Afghanistan, India, China and Japan, of T. Stevens,—the first two stages of whose marvelous round-the-world bi. tour (San Francisco to Boston, 3700 m., Apr. 22 to Aug. 4, '84; Liverpool to Teheran, 4300 m., May 2 to Sept. 30, '85) have been detailed at the opening of Chap. 30,—pp. 473-84,—which I wrote a year ago. "Starting out from T. on Mar. 10, '86, with summer helmet and low shoes, I reached Meshed on the 30th, through 2 ft. of snow,—after an almost continuous struggle with the elements, which made all troubles of the previous 8000 m. seem like child's play in comparison. The route would be fairly agreeable in pleasant weather, for much good wheeling surface would be found, and no difficult mtns.; but, in March, Khorassan is a fearful country. After a rain-storm, streams of liquid mud come down from the mtns. and spread over the plain, forming an almost impassable barrier to a cycler. I have forded as many as 50 streams in a day; and the wind blows worse than it does in Wyoming or Nebraska. The changes in temperature are also sudden and violent. On Mar. 28, when 45 m. from M., I got caught in a blizzard that would do credit to Minnesota. In the midst of it, I fell down in a stream, dropped the bi. and wetted everything. With clothes frozen stiff, hands numbed, one finger slightly frost-bitten, and the blizzard at its worst, I had to wade through snow-drifts, ford other streams, and toil on over the desolate mtns. for miles, before even the meanest shelter was finally reached. Next morning, it was barely possible to struggle ahead, along the single trail broken by pack-anima's through 2 ft. of snow; but by noon the sun grew uncomfortably hot, making ankle-deep mud and slush, through which I trundled the bi. for 14 m." On Mar. 8, the Russian minister at Teheran had assured Stevens that no official obstacles should hinder his passage through Siberia; and he therefore intended to steer for Irkutsk, and thence—if the s. route for Pekin seemed utterly impracticable—reach the Pacific by way of the Amoor valley. Merv, Bokhara, Samarkand, Tashkent and Tomsk were intermediate places which he had planned to touch at during this "journey of 6000 m. over camel-paths and desert wastes"; but, even before he got to Meshed, the Russian authorities sent a messenger to notify him that he could not

pass beyond their frontier. So, after a week's delay, he turned s., in a vain attempt to reach India. His itinerary for the next 2½ mos. was mailed to me from Constantinople, June 16, and I quote as follows: "Apr. 7, Meshed to Sherifabad, hilly; 8th, mostly hilly, with some excellent going, to wayside caravansary; 9th, Torbet-i-Haiderie, mountainous; 10th, splendid wheeling, benighted in desert; 11th, Kaklu, some sand, some good gravel; 12th, Nukhab, bad mountains; 13th, small hamlet, average fair wheeling; 14th, Birjand, 300 m. from M., good wheeling; 15th, Ali-abad (guest of Ameer of Seistan); 16th, Darmian, bad mountains; 17th, Tabbas, across a plain, fairly ridable; 18th, mountainous journey to huts on edge of the desert; 19th, enter Afghanistan and camp out on Dasht-i-na-oomed ('Desert of Despair'); 20th, nomad camp, half the wheeling fair, much of it rough; 21st, bad sand-hills after leaving camp, reach a village near Harud; 22nd, Ghalikue, irrigating ditches and cultivated land; 23rd, nomad camp, good wheeling on gravel plain; 24th, Farrah, about 200 m. from Birjand." Here the Governor of F. arrested him, and sent him back, under escort of Afghans, to Herat, 160 m., 25th to 30th. For half this distance, to Subgowan, on the 27th, he found most of the wheeling fairly good, though rather flinty; but for the final 80 m. thence to H. he and the bi. were carried on horses, and 11 spokes were broken from the front wheel by an attempt of the carrying horse to roll upon it. Having 6 extra spokes, he managed to partly repair the damage, and he used the machine in this shape for the next 680 m. to the Caspian Sea. During 9 days' delay at H., he wrote to Col. Ridgway, of the British Boundary Commission, asking his intercession for a permit to cross the few hundred m. between that place and India; but Col. R.'s only answer was to instruct the Governor of H. that he be escorted back into Persia. So, on May 10, he resumed the backward journey, by a road about ½ ridable, to a village whose name his Afghan guard refused to tell; on 11th, to a "water umbar," with very little wheeling; on 12th, by bad road to camp in Herirud jungle; and on 13th, by fair riding, to Kariez, 100 m. from Herat. Here the Afghans released him, after 19 days' arrest; and on 14th, he kept on alone, through Persia, to nomad camp; on 15th, to Furriman, and on 16th, to Meshed, at 1 P. M.,—thus covering 160 m. of good road in 2½ days, and completing a vain circuit of about 920 m., which began Apr. 7, at M. "The next 300 m. to Sharood, offered a decent road the whole distance and no bad mtns., so that I reached S. in 8 days,—the nightly halts being as follows: May 19, caravansary; 20th, village near Nishapoor; 21st, Lafaram; 22nd, water umbar; 23rd, Mazinan; 24th, camped out near caravansary; 25th, camped out. From S. to Bunder Guz, the port on Caspian Sea where I embarked June 4, was a 4 days' journey of 120 m.,—the first part of it by fearful trail over the mtns., with mule carrying the wheel, to Asterabad, May 28-30; and on the 31st I reached B. G. The rest of my route is shown thus: June 6, Baku; 7th, Tiflis; 8th, Batoum; 15th, Constantinople." *Outing* for Sept. (p. 671) printed a letter dated at C., June 24, from Ernest Raleigh, who describes himself as "an unhappy and discomfited tourist, forbidden to travel anywhere beyond Meshed," and says he "therefore traveled back with Stevens, from M. to the Caspian, whence, after many days, we finally turned up at Constantinople." He declares that the pushing of a bicycle across Afghanistan to Farrah—"including a clear 120 m. of howling wilderness which no European had heretofore traversed in its entirety"—was "one of the most adventurous feats of modern times"; and he speaks with sarcasm of the "strained diplomacy" which caused S. to be turned back when he had thus "penetrated to within 370 m. of the British out-posts."

Thus, the middle of June, '86, found Stevens again on the edge of Europe, at the same city which he first reached July 2, '85, and from which he had sailed 75 m. to Ismidt, Aug. 10 (misprinted "Aug. 12" on p. 482), to begin the stretch of 1576 m. ending at Teheran, Sept. 30. During the 3 mos. of his return wanderings between T. and Constantinople, he seems to have pushed the bi. nearly 2000 m. On July 3, '86, he wrote from Suez: "I expect the steamer, on which I take passage to India, to arrive here to-morrow or next day. The monsoon season will be in full swing when I reach Kurrachee, but I don't know yet whether it will delay my start across India." Writing from K., July 26, he said he was in good health and was about to start on a good road straight for Calcutta; and he announced his arrival there, in letter of Sept. 14, thus: "My tour has been accomplished in the season when all Europeans who can possibly escape from business are up in the hill stations, and when exposure and much exertion are con-

sidered highly indiscreet. I have, however, escaped with only one slight attack of fever, which laid me up for a couple of days at Benares. This is worthy of mention only as being the first occasion on the entire journey that I have had anything approaching a day's illness, or even a day's indisposition. Altogether, it is regarded as remarkable by the English in Calcutta that I have traversed 1400 m. of Indian road on a bicycle at this season of the year and escaped with only one slight attack of fever. The weather has been very trying and fever-inducing. All through Lower Bengal the clouds were hovering near the tree tops; when it was n't pouring rain it was drizzling, and the roads were shallow streams. What with the profuse perspiration, the rain and the excessively humid atmosphere, a dry thread of clothing was entirely out of the question. I passed through districts where the natives were dying at a fearful rate, with a peculiarly malignant type of fever. My own immunity from serious illness I credit to the daily exercise. It must be this, because, from sheer necessity, I have daily drank indifferent water, slept in damp clothes, and committed various other indiscretions inseparable from a bicycle tour through India in August and September. Notwithstanding these discomforts and drawbacks, there has been all along a genuine element of pleasure and satisfaction in the splendidly-metaled roads, smooth for the most part as an asphalt pavement, as well as in the many interesting objects and equally interesting people, so different from any other country. From Lahore to Sasseraw, a distance of about 1000 m., the road may truthfully be described as the finest in the world. It is perfectly level, metaled with *kunkak*, which makes a smooth, cement-like surface, and for a good portion of the way it is no exaggeration to call it an avenue. Through the Bengal hills it is less level, and is metaled with rock; the drenching monsoon rains have washed away the earth, and left the surface rough and trying on a wheel. My stay in Calcutta will be but three or four days, as I am anxious to push on to China and avoid the possibility of being overtaken there by winter."

The same page of *L. A. W. Bulletin* which printed the foregoing letter (Nov. 5, '86, p. 477) also quoted a longer one from "A. W.," a correspondent of *Wheeling*, who talked with Stevens at Allahabad, Aug. 29-31,—after he had passed through Umballa, Delhi, Agra and Cawnpore. At 6 A. M. of the 31st, "A. W." and another cycler wheeled out with him to the Ganges, and saw him well started by boat across the broad river, to take the road for Benares. "A. W." says: "It was perhaps lucky that he was turned back in Afghanistan, because, if he had been allowed to continue his ride, the chances were in favor of his being stuck by the Afghans for his machine and revolver; or he might have succumbed to the heat of the Indian sun, as he would have arrived here early in June, and the hardships he would have been compelled to go through must have been terrible. Indeed, the actual hardships which he has had to contend with here are what very few Europeans would care to try, even in the cold season. But, in spite of bad food (and very little of that, at times), wet clothes, mosquitoes, ants, jackals, dogs and other disagreeables too numerous to mention, he keeps his health and spirits and is gaining in muscle considerably." His experiences in China were the most difficult and dangerous of all. Leaving Canton, Oct. 14, he reached the British consulate at Kiukiang, Nov. 14; thence by s. s. reached Shanghai on 18th, and Nagasaki (Japan) on 21st. "For 4 days out from C., there were no roads but an intricate maze of tracks through the rice-fields. Then even these paths stopped and left nothing but the Pe-Kang river and the rocky mtns. sloping to its edge. Four days' poling, rowing and towing, to Chao-choo-foo, and 4 more with coolies carrying the bi., brought me over the Meeling pass, into the province of Kiang-tse. Its paths were better than those of Quang-tung, and I wheeled my way down to Kin-gan-foo. Here the mob would have killed me, except for the two soldiers appointed by the authorities of the previous city, Ta-ho, to escort me within the gates of the chief magistrate. After midnight, when he had succeeded in dispersing the rioters, I was spirited away in a boat, under guard of 6 soldiers. Thenceforth the authorities never allowed me to wheel, but passed me on down stream by boat, from town to town, to Wu-ching, where, by much persuasion, I obtained leave to take a short cut across country to Kiukiang, but still with an escort." In Japan, however, where the native journals had heralded his advent, "officials and people vied with each other in paying him attention," so that his tour (Nov. 23 to Dec. 17) "seemed, in comparison, like a sort of progress through paradise." Sailing from Yokohama, Dec. 22, he reached San Francisco, Jan. 7, '87, and was very warmly welcomed.

XXXIII.

SUMMARY BY STATES.

UNDER this heading, I originally planned to present not only a special "index by counties" to such roads of each State as the book might describe; but also complete references to road-reports which have been printed in the cycling press (giving date and page of each, with abstracts of the more important); a digest of all similar information prepared for me by private correspondents; and a list of maps, guide-books, local histories and other publications of possible use to the tourist in any given State. Such a chapter would needs be so very long and laborious, however, that I find myself obliged to substitute for it something of smaller scope. When I begin writing this (Nov. 22, '86), not only have the previous 569 pp. been electrotyped, but also Chaps. 34 to 41, comprising the last 210 pp. of the book, which thus already contains four times the number of words originally intended. For the shortcomings of this latest-written chapter, the promise of "My Second Ten Thousand" is the best excuse and remedy which I can offer; and, if I ever print such a book, I design that it shall possess a complete "county index" to all the roads described in both the volumes. Contributors of information which I have been regretfully forced to omit from this chapter, may rest assured that it has not been thrown away, for I have carefully filed it all, to take a second possible chance in "2 X. M." In the roll of States now given, the references which immediately follow the name of each are of minor importance, signifying simply that its name was printed on the specified pages. A numeral higher than 764 (*i. e.*, the last one given in each case) shows where the State's subscribers to this book may be found, in the "Directory of Wheelmen."

MAINE: 2, 12, 20, 31, 42, 50, 99, 101, 132, 177, 246, 293, 295, 353, 354, 370, 512-15, 525, 530, 592, 594, 609, 610, 617, 618, 627, 631, 661, 765-66. Chap. XX., "In the Down-East Fogs" (253-81), tells of my tour with F. A. Elwell's '83 party, Eastport to Calais, 29 m.; Lubec to Machiasport, 32 m., and 30 m. on Mt. Desert, with 10 m. of other roads, and a total wheeling of 171 m. Routes leading into Portland are noted, pp. 257-59; 30 m. of good shore road, p. 274; Perham's 500 m. ride, p. 515. "Along the Kennebec Valley" was the route of the second Elwell tour, July 30 to Aug. 3, '84, which attracted 27 participants,—several of whom had just taken part in the Chicago B. C.'s second annual tour (p. 320), which ended at Boston. I think it was one of the latter, F. E. Drullard, of Buffalo, who printed in the *Bi. World* (Sept. 19, p. 333) a four-column report, from which I condense the following: Boston was the rendezvous, July 29, when train was taken direct to Augusta, on account of rain, though the intention had been to take it only from Lynn to Gardiner, wheeling thence the last 7 m. to A. On 30th, after a spin to Togus, 4 m., and back, the party rode to Waterville, 18 m.; 31st, to Skowhegan, 18 m. in 2 h.; Aug. 1, to Bingham, 26 m. (dinner at Solon, half way); 2nd, to Forks of the Kennebec, 25 m. (dinner at Carney's hotel, half way), "a charming run, along a hillside over-

looking the river, with high slopes above, and lofty trees forming an archway over a road-bed fit for a park." Sunday was spent here, and a visit paid to the picturesque Moxey's Falls, 95 ft. high. On 4th, a return was made to Bingham, and on 5th, to Skowhegan, by new route, on other side of river (dinner at North Anson),—mist and rain on this last day following 6 days of pleasant weather. Rev. H. F. Fuller, of Chicago, printed a sketch of this trip, in *Wheel* of Oct. 10, showing that 151 m. were ridden. A paragraph of Aug., '85, gave the 4 days' mileage of a Boston man, F. W. Heymer, in the same region, thus: Waterville to Forks of Kennebec, 42½; Moose River, 46; Marlow, 31; St. Joseph, 38. The two latter towns are in Canada, and he took train from St. J. to Quebec. "From the lake in the mountains to the mountains by the sea" was the characterization of the third annual tour, whose projector, F. A. Elwell, sent me this report: "By far the most successful of all. Here is its summing up: A pleasant party of 30; perfect weather; the finest scenery in Maine; and the best 130 m. of straightaway wheeling I ever experienced. You know my ideal of these tours is enjoyment, pure and simple,—not to 'cover' a big stretch of country at speed, but to see what is worth seeing at leisure. We arranged to take our meals together at specified times and places; and our baggage-wagon followed in the rear, to provide against accidents; but we chose our own companions on the road, and went as we pleased, fast or slow, without any attempt at regularity. Saturday afternoon and the whole of Sunday were spent most delightfully at Moosehead Lake,—sailing, fishing, church-going, climbing Mt. Kineo and the like, as each one pleased,—and the Mt. K. Hotel where we stayed was a very fine one. On Monday, July 20, we began our 5 days' leisurely ride to the sea-coast at Mt. Desert, and went only 14 m., Greenville to Monson, through magnificent scenery,—the road being excellent except that 2 or 3 big hills had to be walked up and down. The wind favored us, and our leader reached M. in 1¾ h. Next forenoon, 21st, we jogged on to Dexter, 17 m.; and on 22nd, to Bangor, 28 m., through fine farming country, with road smooth enough for 12 m. per h.; 24th, to Ellsworth, 28 m., on road not quite so good; 25th, to Bar Harbor, 24 m., entering the town in a body at 11.30 A. M. Just then, the weather grew very hot, and we were glad to vary our enjoyment during Saturday afternoon and Sunday by trying the elevated r. r. to the top of Green mtn., or riding in buck-boards, sail-boats or canoes. We took steamer homeward to Portland on Monday, and thus pleasantly terminated the tour. At Bangor we were escorted in by the local wheelmen, and halted a day to attend their races, a public reception and a moonlight ride on the Penobscot, Maine's largest river."

W. B. Page's report: "On July 23, '86, 7 A. M. to 8.15 P. M., I went from Bridgeton to Augusta, 71 m., whereof I walked 19. Good clay prevailed through Harrison, 6 m., and Norway, 14 m., to S. Paris, but from there over the mtns. the road was sandy and stony, and rain delayed me. I descended to Bucksport, 12 m. from N., for noon dinner (1¼ h. halt), and walked much of the next 8 m. to N. Turner, at 3.15, where I t. l. to Wayne, 12 m., over an improved road. From 5.30 to 6.15 P. M., I enjoyed a finely shaded shale course along two pretty lakes, to Winthrop, 8 m., and then climbed the long hill towards Augusta. On 24th, through Palermo, Montville and Belmont to Belfast, 48 m. in 5½ h. of riding; on 25th, 2 to 5 P. M., back to Bucksport, 18 m., by good loam and shale road, through Searsport and Stockton; on 26th, by fine clay road to Ellsworth, 20 m., and, at last, through the afternoon's rain, to Bar Harbor, on the island of Mt. Desert. I had been 22 days in doing the 836½ m. from Phila. to this objective point, but my stops on the way amounted to more than a week. During a 15 days' stay at B. H., I covered only 31½ m.; but on Aug. 10, wheeled to South West Harbor, 16 m., in 1¾ h., and took boat to Rockland,—wheeling thence on 11th to Augusta, 52 m., in 6 h. of riding; 12th, 9.30 A. M. to 7.30 P. M., to Solon, 60 m., in 7½ h. r.; and 13th, 8.15 A. M. to 6.45 P. M., to the border custom-house at Moose River Plantation, 62 m. This is 30 m. beyond the forks of the Kennebec, which I left at 1.45 P. M.; and the half-way house called Jackman's Plantation is the only dwelling on the route. At the Forks I entered 'the 100 m. forest': and for the whole 15 m. of my journey up the 5th, 6th, 7th and 1st ranges, to Jackman's, the thick branches of the trees overlapped and caused pleasant shade over a fine road: the next 4 m. also were good, and then I had 9 m. of continuous descent, with impressive views of rugged mtn. peaks, and glimpses of rivers and of Moosehead Lake. Rain delayed my start on the 14th till 1.15 P. M., when I began a climb of

16 m. to the summit of the Bald ridge, where stands the huge iron post marking the divide between U. S. and Can.; but at 4 o'clock I was, for the first time in my life, on British soil. I reached St. Come, 21 m., in 3 h., as the hills were in my favor. On the 15th, starting at 8.30, I found a good clay road to St. George, 9 m., and then loose stones and grass, through which I tried to ride fast, to avoid being overtaken by the customs officers. I reached St. Joseph, 24 m., at 1 P. M. (dinner, 1¼ h.), and for much of the next 35 m. of wretched road to St. Henry (7 P. M.) I ran and pushed my bi., for I still feared pursuit by the customs men. Thence to Point Levi stretched 12 m. of mac., and I crossed the ferry by moonlight, and rode 1 m. more to the Albion House in Quebec, at 8.30. This 81 m. spurt was a severe trial of endurance both for me and the machine, but the fear of having the latter seized and confiscated, because of my failure to deposit $50 surety for it, kept me up to my work. After 2 days in Q., I rode on 18th to Deschambault, 43 m.; on 19th, to Maskinonge, 74½ m., and on 20th, to Montreal, 66½ m.,—the last 13 m., on the island, being the only good riding of all, for the rest was through sand, grass and weeds. The food of those 3 days was hardly fit to eat and the beds had no sheets. On the 23rd, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., I wheeled from M. to St. Anne, 22 m., across the island of Perrot, 3 m., and to Coteau du Lac., 10 m.,—ending there my tour of 1423 m." (For earlier sections of the same, in Vt. and N. H., see pp. 578, 577; for fuller details of the whole, see *Wheelmen's Gazette*, Jan., '87; for other reports about Quebec, see pp. 328-330.)

In a letter of Aug. 20, '81, "Telzah" said: "The road from Biddeford to Portland is very good, and the side trip from Saco to Old Orchard Beach and return is excellent." On Sept. 3, '85, F. C. Kirkwood, of Baltimore, in the course of a 3 weeks' tour of 336 m., rode from Portland to Saco, 15 m., in 3 h., with ¾ h. of stops; and then from Dover Point to Kittery, 10 m., in 1½ h. The former stretch was so badly cut up as to be only barely ridable, but the latter was better and offered attractive water-scenery. (In Mass., a few days later, Mr. K. rode without dismount from a point near Wakefield to S. Framingham, 26 m.) Osgood's "New England Guide," described on p. 293, will be of service to any tourist in Maine or the other 5 States. "Moosehead Lake and Northern Maine Wilderness," with map of the lake region ('84, 7th ed., 219 pp., illust.), and "Androscoggin Lake and the Headwaters of the Connecticut, Magalloway and Androscoggin Rivers" ('84, 9th ed., 319 pp.), are a pair of paper-covered guides, by C. A. J. Farrar, pub. at Jamaica Plain, Mass., chiefly for the benefit of those who fish and hunt. Two township maps of Maine are issued by the Coltons, 182 William st., N. Y.: 40 by 32 in., at $1.50, and 18 by 14 in., at 50 c.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: 12, 37, 50, 112, 177, 246, 257, 259, 293, 511, 594, 597, 610, 617, 618, 627, 631, 643, 654, 766. Reports from Portsmouth, Manchester and Nashua are on pp. 101, 128, 500, 507, 508; and two rides down Mt. Washington are noted on pp. 525, 671. The *Bi. World* of Aug. 1, '83 (p. 210), described the coast down the mtn. by the trio of tourists from St. Louis: C. F. A. Beckers, J. S. Rogers and A. Young,—the first of whom reached the Glen House in 51 min., the others 25 min. later. They rode Expert Columbias, fitted with special brakes; and they had a total of 31 falls (divided thus: B., 7; R., 14; Y., 10), but struck on their feet in every case. J. A. Spead, of So. Newmarket, wrote to me thus: "We often ride to Portsmouth, 12 m., without dismount, inside of 1 h., in spite of a stiff hill and 100 rods of sand. The road to Dover, 12 m., is rather sandy and hilly, but, by using care, I can cover it with one dismount. The 4 m. from here to Exeter are all ridable, but include two steep hills." C. F. Sawtelle, of Manchester, went through Francestown, Hillsboro, Washington and Lempster, to Charlestown, 85 m., in 10 h. of actual riding, and returned next day in 8½ h. (full time, 11 h.), the last 14 m. being done in 1 h. of almost continuous coasting (*Wheel*, Aug. 15, '84). C. D. Batchelder, of Lancaster (pub. of "Record Book"; see p. 676), reported to me as follows: "I first mounted a crank bi. Aug. 17, '82, and rode it one season. I now use a Star and think it the best wheel made. Mileage: '82, 500; '83, 800; '84, 1200; '85, 1500; '86, to July 17, 538. My longest ride in '86 has been 40 m., as I work 10 h. a day, and have not lost an hour on account of wheeling. Record represents a McDonnell cyclom., thoroughly tested. I discarded two specimens as unsatisfactory, but I think that when a man gets a *good* McDonnell he will find it quite good enough. My longest tour was in July, '85, L. to Machias, Me., and back,—

300 m. in 10 days of wheeling, besides much riding on train and boat. Longest stretch in this tour, 142 m. in 4 days. Longest run ever made by daylight was Sept. 19, '85, a circuit of 80 m., around the Pilot Range, an offshoot of the White Mtns., forming a chain of beautiful wooded hills, 2000 to 3000 ft. high. From L. we rode n., along the winding Connecticut, to Groveton, 10 m., and Stark Water, 8 m., on stretches of hard gravel and through groves of beech and maple. Thence through a rougher country, across the watershed between the Conn. and the Androscoggin, to West Milan, 8 m.; followed by 2 m. upward tramp and 2 m. of descent, on a stony and sandy road to Pontook Falls; thence along the r. bank of the river to Bethel, 12 m., was the swiftest spin of the day. We arrived at 12.30, and after ½ h. for dinner, I proceeded alone to Gorham, 6 m., expecting to make good time for the 26 m. thence to L., though up-grade and rather rough; but a gale of wind opposed me for a while, and I got on a wrong road which forced me to retrace 3 m. Reaching home soon after sundown, I was comparatively fresh, so that I might have done 20 m. more without trouble. The route is a pleasant one, but might be enjoyed better by giving 2 days to it. The stretch of 25 m. up the river from Gorham is the only good road of any length in the whole of Coos county."

E. F. Peavey, of Farmington, filled p. 261 in *Bi. World* of Oct. 7, '81, with an interesting sketch of his 3 days' straightaway tour from F. to Fabyan's, 97 m., in 21 h. of actual time on the road. Starting Sept. 7, on a 52 in. Standard Columbia, he reached Ossipee, 26 m., at noon, and spent night at Tamworth, 16 m.,—having walked a good deal through hilly and sandy stretches. On 8th, through N. Conway to Bartlett, 35 m. of superb scenery and fair riding. On the 8th, he tramped most of the 15 m. up-grades to Crawford's Notch, in 5 h., and thence along the sandy level for 5 m. to Fabyan's, whence he went home by train,—well satisfied with having pushed "the first bicycle over that route." Allusion is made on p. 503 to the tour taken through the White Mtns., before Aug., '79, by W. E. Gilman; and I think he gave an account of it in *Bi. World*, but I cannot now refer to date and page. Four carefully-written chapters of White Mtn. travels were printed in *B. W.*, June 23 to Aug. 4, '82, giving the '81 experiences and observations of three Worcester men, who mention a Walling's map (2½ in. to 1 m.) as serving them well. The writer of the report appended to it several outline routes for tours of 4, 6 or 15 days, and said: "I advise moving from w. to e., as the up-grades are much easier, in the Ammonoosuc valley, approaching the Notch, than those of the Saco valley from the e. An average of 5 m. an hour and 25 m. a day will be enough for comfort. From Plymouth, the first 5 or 6 m. up the Pemigewasset valley are reported sandy and the next 20 m. to the Flume fair riding. At N. Conway, 9 m. may be done with only 2 dismounts, and the roads in the region around Littleton are also exceptionally good. We struck 2 m. of unridable sand just n. of Franconia, 5 m. of it from Fabyan's to Crawford's and 2 m of it e. of Fryeburg. We met few grades too steep to ride up, if their surface had been good, though the big hills were all around us. Little hills, softness of surface and occasional patches of sand are the bicycler's troubles in the White Mtns." Four years later, in Oct., '85, Geo. B. Thayer wheeled from Vernon, Ct., to the White Mtns. (Profile House), 236 m., in 5 days. He rode a 46 in. Expert, carried his baggage on his shoulders, in an army knapsack, and covered 1200 m. during the tour. Going up the Conn. valley, he crossed from Bernardston into Vt. on the evening of the second day; on the third into N. H., through Charlestown and West Claremont; on the fourth, back into Vt., at Windsor, and to a point 25 m. beyond White River Junction. On the forenoon of the fifth day, he turned from the Conn. river at Wells River, and followed up the Ammonoosuc to N. Lisbon, where, after climbing a hill about 1 m. long, he found an easy descent into Franconia, and then 3 m. of up-hill to the Profile (the route first intended, through Littleton, would have taken a day longer). "The 24 m. thence to Fabyan's can easily be ridden in an afternoon; but the next 7 m. through Crawford's Notch to Willey's are poor riding. An excellent road of 17 m. led me down the Saco to a point 4 m. beyond Upper Bartlett, and next day through N. Conway to W. Ossipee. The day's ride thence to Center Harbor, and around Lake Winnipiseogee to Weirs, was one of the best on the trip; and from Laconia down to Concord, 25 m., the road is fine, though mostly through the woods. Above and below Manchester, the wheeling was poorer; but the whole trip was so pleasant that the poor roads have almost been forgotten" (*Bulletin*, Jan. 22,

'86, p. 52). With this may be compared the report of W. B. Page: "On afternoon of July 19, '86, my ride of 16 m., Bath to Franconia, was interrupted by thunder storms, with rain and hail, making the usually good road difficult. On 20th, I took a detour to the Flume (13 m., incl. 6 m. up and 6 m. down, on good shale, each way), and then went by hilly clay road, from Franconia to Bethlehem, 6 m. (dinner at 1); thence past Maplewood, Twin Mtn. House, Fabyan's and Crawford House to Willey House,—making 52 m. for 8 h. of riding. On 21st, a fine 12 m. run to Bartlett for breakfast; then 6 m. to Glen Station and 16 m., mostly unridable, up the Peabody river to the Glen House, though the wonderful views were a compensation. Between 3 and 8 P. M., I took a tramp to the top of Mt. Washington and back, 16 m.,—thus completing one of the hardest 50 m. records in my experience. On 22nd, I retraced my course to Glen Station; reached N. Conway, 22 m., at noon; walked most of 12 m. thence to Fryeburg, Me.; whence to Bridgeton, 11 m., half the road is sand, through a stunted forest, and the rest is fine shale, in sight of pretty lakes." (See p. 574 for remainder of route through Me., and p. 578 for first part of tour, from Philadelphia to Bath.)

A fortnight's tour, July 31 to Aug. 13, '84, was reported by E. H. Corson to his home paper, the *Rochester Courier* of Aug. 21; and the *Mechanic* afterwards devoted 4 columns to a reprint of the sketch. The rider combined business with pleasure,—because his fun on the road gave an "object lesson" as to the merits of the Star bi., for which he is a most enthusiastic selling-agent, and enabled him to take orders from purchasers in almost every town: "Over the Blue Hills of Strafford to Pittsfield, 6.30 to 11 A. M., and thence to Concord, 43½ m., was a hard and rough day's ride; and I advise tourists that a better route from R. to C. is by the old Portsmouth and C. pike from E. Northwood. Aug. 1, Pennacook, Boscawen and Franklin Falls; and, very fine ride along the shore of Sanbornton bay to Laconia; 3rd, to Weirs and back; 4th, through Ashland and Plymouth to Haverhill; whence on 5th, I followed the Conn. river, amid beautiful scenery to Wells River, and then the Ammonoosuc, by sandy roads to Littleton; good hard road to Whitefield and hilly then to Lancaster, 56 m.; 6th to 9th, in and around L., including a tramp to the top of Mt. Prospect (where may be had one of the finest views in the State) and a ride to Guildhall Falls, Vt. On 10th, by bad road, to Gorham, 27 m.; 11th, to Bethel, Me., 21½ m. in 3½ h., thence in rain to Lovell; 12th, E. Fryeburg and Kezah Falls, 30 m.; 13th, in rain, through Cornish, Limerick and Milton Mills home to Rochester at 1.30 P. M.,—the last 15 m. in 1½ h." The whole mileage is vaguely alluded to as "500," but no details of it are given save these quoted. The same "Star man" (p. 257) on July 10, '83, rode from R. to Laconia, 39½ m., in 5¾ h., through Farmington and Alton Bay; 11th, through Plymouth to Campton Village (with detours, 75 m. in 2 days); 12th, after 4 m. of walking in sand, a better road was found on w. side of river; through Thornton, Woodstock, the Flume, past Profile House, Bethlehem and Whitefield to Lancaster, 5.20 A. M. to 6 P. M., 50 m.; 13th, to Lunenburg, Vt., and back, 27 m., incl. a 5 m. stretch of sand; 15th, 23 m., to a farm house, within 4 m. of the Glen House; 16th, climbed to summit of Mt. Washington and then coasted down (see p. 671), 23 m.; 17th, home to Rochester, about 85 m., through Jackson, Conway, Madison, Freedom, Ossipee, Wakefield and Milton.

Osgood's "White Mtn. Guide" ($1.50; see p. 293) should be studied by every one who plans to take a tour in this State. S. C. Eastman's "White Mtn. Guide" (Concord, '73, 11th ed., 250 pp.), a smaller and cheaper book, proved very serviceable to me, as a pedestrian, in '74-'75, and I presume it is still in the market. It contains a good map of the mtns., as does W. H. Pickering's "Walking Guide to the Mt. Washington Range" (Boston: A. Williams & Co., '82; 82 pp., 75 c.), which would presumably be of use to the wheelman, though I 've never seen a copy. I may say the same of "Gazetteer of Grafton County, 1709-1886," compiled and pub. by Hamilton Child, at Syracuse, N. Y. (large 8vo; pp. 644, 380; portraits and map); for the 380 pp. of its second part "comprise a directory of all the inhabitants, and after each person's name is the number of the road where his house may be found on the accompanying map,—the roads of each town being separately numbered. *E. g.*, 'W. B. Phillips, r 23 cor 21' shows just where he lives in the town of Lisbon." The Coltons publish a township map of N. H., 18 by 14 in., at 50 c.; J. B. Beers & Co., a wall map of Portsmouth, at $8.

VERMONT: 31, 112, 119, 177, 193, 503, 508, 516, 580, 594, 609, 610, 617, 618, 627, 631, 654, 672, 723, 766. My ride up the river to Bellows Falls, and then from Rutland to Lake George, 182-84; other lake tourists in s. w. cor. of Vt., 179, 193; route from White River Junction to Montpelier, Lake Champlain and Canada, 500. Colton's maps: 40 by 30 in., $1.50; 18 by 14 in., 50 c.; Vt. & N. H., 31 by 25 in., $1. The *Bi. World* (Apr. 24, '85, p. 457) printed a column about the Vt. roads, by F. W. Sherburne, of Barre, who said he had explored some 400 m. of them,—his best day's ride being 68 m., from B. to Windsor, in Sept., '83, though he hoped soon to do 100 m. His letter to me of Aug. 11, '85, reported this as accomplished thus: "On July 27, between 3 A. M. and 9.45 P. M., on a 52 in. Rudge, I covered 112½ m., reg. by Butcher cyclom. Roads and weather were at their best, and a very light wind prevailed. I made frequent stops, amounting in all to 3¾ h.; used a Lillibridge saddle, but no lantern, though 1 h. of morning and 1 h. of night were quite dark. From B. I went to Montpelier, Middlesex, Moretown and Wakefield, 26 m. at 6.20 (¾ h. stop for breakfast); back by same road to near Montpelier, thence through Northfield, to W. Randolph, 70 m., at 1.25 (dinner till 3); W. Bethel, E. Bethel (supper); E. Randolph, N. Randolph, E. Brookfield, Williamstown, Barre,—doing last 27 m. in 3½ h. The longest day's ride previously taken in Vt. was on July 9, '83, by two Rutland boys, W. Egleston and N. S. Marshal, 100¼ m. I have ridden from Bellows Falls to Montpelier and Burlington, and call the roads, as a whole, fair. From B. F. to Windsor, 25 m., I took the N. H. side of the Conn. river, and found some patches of sand; thence to White River Junction, 15 m., some fine stretches, some unridable; thence to Royalton, 20 m., ridable but rather sandy; thence to Montpelier, 38 m., all good but the first 4 m. (or, for better and shorter road, turn from r. r. about 1 m. beyond R., and go to Williamstown Gulf, whence to Barre is a charming run of 10 m.); M. to Burlington, 46 m., quite fair, with some spots of sand. Mt. Mansfield, highest peak of the Green Mtns., where a superb view may be had, is only 30 m. from Barre, and may be reached by a half day's ride, through the valley and Middlesex Notch, where another fine sight is given by the Winooski rushing through the narrows."

Vermont supplied 3 days' wheeling in the 1423 m. tour of W. B. Page, July 5 to Aug. 23. '86. His earlier rides (7500 m.) are detailed on pp. 494-99, and his report to me of Dec. 18, '86, says: "In my delightful summer outing of 50 days, only 26 were used in active riding,—showing a daily average of about 59½ m.,—and only 3 riding days were stopped by rain. I had only 3 falls: the first between Saratoga and Lake George,—the others between Quebec and Montreal. I used a new, full-nickeled Expert, which I had ridden 80 m., a few days before starting. In the early autumn, I indulged in 499 m. of local riding, and a tour of 158½ m. to Pottstown and Reading. At the end of Nov., I took a run, through rain and snow, 140½ m., to Winchester, Va.,—doing the last 50 m. in 8 h., through about 6 in. of snow,—and this raised the total of my '86 record, since July 1, to 2306 m. I was 5 days in riding from Phila. to Saratoga (319 m., with detours), and I rested there as well as at Lake George, 40 m. beyond. On the afternoon of July 14, I wheeled from the lake, at Baldwin's, by rutty clay roads, through Ticonderoga and the old fort, to W. Cornwall, Vt. (no hotel), 22 m. On 15th, 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., with many stops on account of rain and mud, through Middlebury (7 m.), E. M. (6 m.), and by vile road up mtn. to Ripton and the Bread Loaf Inn (6 m.), near the summit. Rain fell till 11.30 on 16th, when I walked 1 m. to summit, and thence had beautiful descent over good shale road. At Hancock (10 m.), where grand effect is produced by closing in of mtns. on all sides, I t. r., at 1 P. M., and followed White river, along a fair loam road to Rochester (4½ m.), where I t. l. up the last and steepest spur of the Green Mtns.,—walking 1½ m. to summit at 3.30 P. M. Descent, of red shale, was ridden, and surface continued fine to Bethel (11 m.), at 4.30; then sandy, along the river, to hotel in S. Royalton (8 m.), at 6,—making 33½ m. for 5½ h. of riding. On 17th, by good mud road to Chelsea (14 m.), where t. r. and walked a 3 m. hill, from whose top I rode most of the 22 m. to Bradford, on Conn. river; along which, by good limestone road, winding in and out, with fine views of the stream and the White Mtns., I went to Wells River (14 m.), and there crossed into N. H. at Woodville and walked most of 7 m. of sand to Bath." (For conclusion of trip, through N. H. and Me., see pp. 577, 574.

J. D. Upham reports (*Vt. Bicycle*, Sept., '86) that the road from Bellows Falls to Clare-

mont (N. H.), 20 m., is mostly good, with one fine 5-m. stretch; then 10 m. to Windsor, by river road: but a better route from C. to W. is by Hanover st. and the Cornish road, 7½ m. n., and then 5½ m. w. Rather sandy and hilly roads prevail for 16 m. from W. to Woodstock; and they are sandier and hillier for the 50 m. w. from Claremont to Rutland,—the last half, Ludlow to R., being the worst, including deep sand from E. Wallingford to R. From R. to Brandon, 17 m. of fairly good road; then towards Middlebury, Mr. U. encountered 2 or 3 m. of sand, and did not explore further. The best stretch between C. and R. is the level 7 m. leading into Ludlow. The old stage road, which is the continuation of R.'s Main st. n. towards Pittsford, is fairly good, and the road between R. and Proctor is still better. G. P. MacGowan reports an easy 3 h. ride of 18 m. from Middlebury to Larrabee's Point, where ferry boat and lake steamer may both be taken,—the intermediate towns being Cornwall, 6 m., and Shoreham, 14½ m. Wilmington, 110 m. from Boston, was reached in a 2 days' ride by G. L. Parmeley, who "started from B. at 4 A. M. of Oct. 8, '83, and rode 67 m. to Athol, taking breakfast at Stowe, 23 m. from B. and 14 m. beyond Waltham. The roads continued good from S. for 17 m., through Lancaster to Leominster; then came 7 m. of up-hill and deep sand to Westminster (longer route through Fitchburg would have been easier); then 20 m. of decent riding, through Gardner and Templeton to A. Next day's route led through Orange, and the 3 N. H. towns of Winchester, Ashuelot and Hinsdale, to Brattleboro (ridable side-paths where road is sandy), Marlboro' and Wilmington (a very steep mtn. had to be walked, between M. and W., and another one on entering N. H.), 47 m. Third day's ride led down-hill 6 m. from W. to Jacksonville; then 12 m. mostly ridable to Coleraine; then 1 m. up-grade and 6 m. easy descent and good road to Greenfield; and so to Deerfield, Sunderland and N. Hadley, 45 m. Fourth day, Amherst, Belchertown, Ware, Hardwick (36 m.), Coldbrook, Paxton, Worcester and Boston, 77 m.,—a total of 232 m. without repetition. Good roads, H. to P., then 7 m. sandy but down-grade to W." The *Star Advocate* (Nov., '86) details a July ride of 170 m. from Milford, N. H., to Stowe, Vt. (excursion thence to top of Mt. Mansfield), and a day's return-ride of 61 m. to Royalton. In regard to the rumor that the Vt. and N. H. Divisions would jointly publish a road-book of the two States, or else that the Vt. Division would supply material for several pages in the forthcoming book of the N. Y. Division, I received the following denial, from the chief consul of Vt., C. G. Ross, Dec. 16, '86: "I have found it almost impossible to get any reports at all, as to roads, from Vt. wheelmen; and my own riding has been too largely local to furnish much information." Colton's maps of Vt. are 40 by 30 in., $1.50; 18 by 14 in., 50 c., and 31 by 25 in., $1,—the latter containing N. H. and parts of adjoining States.

MASSACHUSETTS: 26, 31, 42, 50, 99, 129, 132, 143-4, 148, 176-8, 182, 208, 246, 258-9, 269, 295, 352, 363, 367, 372, 383, 385-6, 466, 480, 525, 579, 592, 594, 597, 609, 610, 617, 618, 625, 627, 631, 643, 653-65, 672-80, 723, 766-9. My "Boston" and "Springfield" chapters report a pretty thorough exploration of this State, 100-128; "winter wheeling" around S., with sketch of Bradley's road-map, 251-54; State and county maps and atlases and local guides, 111-113, 126, 673, 677, 700; Southwick to S., 146; Sheffield to S., 147, 121; Williamstown to S., 193; Conn. valley, 179-81, 251, 377, 501; Andover to State Line, 208; Worcester to Boston, w. d., 514: through tours, 479, 488, 500; mileage of Mass. "veterans," 503-8, 510-14, 518, 524, 527, 529-30. During the 3 years since Chap. X. was written, much gravel has been spread in the environs of S., for the bettering of the roads. Gates's hill (pp. 118, 183) is now smooth enough to be readily ridden, and the n. ascent from the r. r. crossing, just below it, is also ridable, though rough and difficult. This is 6 m. above the bridge at Hampden Park; and the next 3 m. n. continue smooth and hard along a level ridge, which ends with a fine view of river and mtns. where the downward slope begins towards Smith's Ferry. Just at this point a private wood-road or path may be taken by a pedestrian who wishes to scale the summit of Mt. Tom,—leaving his wheel at the adjacent farm house. I recommend such a one to do this, in preference to trying the other route from Craft's corner, 1 m. below, with its 2 m. of up-grade to the half-way house, and a tramp thence to the summit (p. 118). No pleasanter spin need be asked for, as regards either road-surface or scenery (in fair weather), than this 9 m. stretch n. from the bridge; and, when ridden s., it may be covered w. d. by the weakest of wheelmen,—for its single sizable

ascent is quite smooth. For 14½ m. s. of the bridge, I found no obstacle to cause a stop in Dec., '84 (p. 122), and the road through Agawam has been improved since then. Hence, this straight run down the valley, 24 m., may be readily done w. d.,—from the river heights opp. Mt. Tom to the river bank below Windsor Locks. The "too soft" road (p. 184) from Willimansett through Chicopee Street to the town hall in C., 3½ m., I found all ridable (Oct. 17, '86),—the latter half, from the church s., having an excellent gravel-clay surface, while the n. part was tolerable, in side-paths and ruts, though its scenery is much poorer than that of the fine road on the w. side of the river. A far better route to the Memorial Church than that named on p. 124 may now be had by riding up the slope n. of the town hall in C., and then turning r. along the r. walk of the street on whose l. side stands the high-school building,—for this street soon leads into Springfield st. (also called the Boulevard), whose l. walk may be kept till one reaches the smooth graveled roadway, which used to be deep sand. A straight 1 m. through the woods, a sharp and somewhat winding descent of ½ m. (I rode up this, Nov. 14, though it tired me), and a straight ¾ m. on Chestnut st., will bring the rider to the corner of Carew st., where the smooth gravel ends, and the rougher macadam begins, on both streets. This is 3 m. from the town hall in C.: and Carew st. ends ½ m. w., at Main st., just below the Memorial Church. If a rider wishes to avoid the always muddy macadam, and the horse-car tracks, of Main st. (when he enters the city from the n. w., by the bridge above Hampden Park) let him, as soon as he passes this church, ride thro' Carew to Chestnut and s. on this to Worthington st. On W. he may t. r. to Main; or he may avoid that business section of the city entirely by making a t. l., which, at the top of the hill (I rode up this by great effort, Nov. 11), will bring him to the street leading r. past the U. S. Armory, to State st.,—the old Boston road,—where he should t. l., if bound for the latter city. In going across the plain to Indian Orchard, he will find that the new bridge over the r. r. track and the 3 or 4 m. of new gravel will enable him to get there easily, w. d. On Nov. 11, I made no turn at the Armory corner, on State st., but kept straight s., through Walnut st., 1½ m., to the water-shops; then rode up the hill with difficulty, and turned s. for 3½ m. to E. Longmeadow, where 6 roads meet. The one that leads w. 4 m. to the main street of L., at the church, is shut in by woods and has no houses upon it. The surface having been recently scraped and spoiled by the "menders," and darkness overtaking me, I walked most of the distance, though much of it was a gentle down-grade and I encountered only one piece of deep sand, on a short up-grade. In summer, when trodden by traffic, I think the stretch would mostly be ridable, e. to w., especially after damp or rainy weather. The w. sidewalks and paths of the main street thro' L. are continuously ridable for 5 m. s. from the crest of the Pecowsic hill, where the n.-bound traveler gets his first view of the river and of Springfield, whose city hall is 2½ m. above. In Oct., '86, H. E. Ducker, of S., rode s. from that hill w. d. through L. and Enfield to the new bridge leading across the Conn. river from Warehouse Point to Windsor Locks (10 m. or so); and, as no stop would be forced there, if a rider cou'd hand his toll to the bridge-keeper, it would be possible to ride back n. on the w. side of the river, 24 m. w. d., to the aforementioned descent opposite Mt. Tom. Indeed, I think a 50 m. circuit w. d., with no repetitions, might be made by a strong and lucky rider, who, starting from Craft's corner, should go e. across the bridge to S. Hadley Falls, then s. through Willimansett and Chicopee,—for I believe the hill at Pecowsic has been several times ridden. The smoothest and pleasantest short circuit in the environs of S. has been already hinted at, thus: Chestnut st. at Carew, to Memorial Church, to North bridge, to Chicopee bridge, to town hall, to high school, to Boulevard, and s. to starting point, 8 m. Four short and easily ridable ascents are the only obstacles on this route, and about ¾ of its surface are of almost ideal smoothness, in good weather.

An 8 days' circuit of 354 m., including every State in New England, was begun May 28, '86, at 3 P. M., by a trio of Hartford riders, who finished at Pawtucket, June 5, at 1 P. M. From report in *Bulletin* (Dec. 3, pp. 550-51), I learn that they "coasted down the 1 m. n. slope of Mt. Tom, though it made their hair rise"; and from report in *Springfield Union* (Sept. 7, '86), I learn that good side-path riding may be had from foot of mtn. to the r. r. station called Mt. Tom, 3 m., except that the overhanging apple-trees are apt to scrape off the rider's hat (see pp. 118, 670). P. 406 in *Bulletin* of Oct. 15, '86, described the suburban riding of Boston, "as expe-

rienced by a Western man," John R. Clarke; and p. 294, in issue of Sept. 17, described the "many miles of well-made roads in the 3 valleys of the Berkshire Hills." The *Bulletin* (Dec. 10, p. 572) gave an account of the League's projected Mass. Road-Book, essentially the same as the following, contained in a letter received by me at that time from the chief consul of the Mass. Division, H. W. Hayes: "The work of editing and compiling is in the hands of a committee, consisting of J. H. Grimes, F. A. Pratt and myself. The book will follow the Penn. model, and will probably appear next summer, though it is still in an embryo state. A copy will be given to each member of the Division. I estimate its cost—for an ed. of, say, 1500 copies—at from $600 to $700." This will be much superior to the '84 book (p. 111), and will render unnecessary the cheaper affair authorized in Feb. (p. 677) and the club book which Mr. Pratt intended to compile (p. 678). "History of the Conn. Valley in Mass." (Philadelphia: L. H. Everts; '79, 4to, 2 vols., 1112 pp.), which may be consulted in every local library, contains a general account of the valley; of Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin counties; and of each one of their towns,—with many illustrations and biographical sketches. Its material was supplied by a great number of volunteer contributors, and covers a great variety of subjects; and its preface mentions J. G. Holland's "Hist. of Western Mass.," as a standard reference-book.

RHODE ISLAND: 31, 42, 295, 508, 593, 597, 615, 617, 618, 628, 631, 643, 670, 769, 800. My route to Pawtucket, Warren and Bristol,—thence back to Providence and Woonsocket, 107-9; student's route from B. to Middletown and Newport, 108; clergyman's report from E. Greenwich, 512. Maps, 112, 113, 149, 177, 293, 352. Colton's map of R. I. (32 by 27 in., $1.50) has added to it a plan of the surroundings of Newport, giving names of chief owners; also a plan of Providence, with statistics; map of R. I. and Mass., 18 by 14 in., 50 c. "Road-Book of Mass. Division," above, will probably contain several pp. of R. I. routes. On July 5, '86, Rev. S. H. Day rode from E. Greenwich to N. Dighton, 42 m., and then back to N. Easton, 18 m.

CONNECTICUT: 31, 42, 48, 57, 73, 110, 155, 197, 230, 246, 248, 258, 295, 352, 466, 500, 593, 597, 609, 610, 617, 618, 628, 631, 632, 643, 660, 723, 769-70. Chap. XI. (129-49) gives my route of 185 m. along the shore of the Sound from New London to New Haven, 129-33, thence up the Naugatuck valley to the hill-tops of Litchfield, and through the Farmington valley to Granby and Springfield, 139-46; also my more direct routes between N. H. and S., through Hartford, 133-38; my ride through the n. w. corner, 147; and other riders' experiences along the shore between Greenwich, at the s. w. corner, and New Haven; and between N. H., H. and S., 138, 142, 149. My "winter wheeling" between Greenwich, N. H., H. and S., 248-53, 122. Maps, 99, 112, 113, 148, 177, 293. Dr. Tyler's statistics, 510. On Oct. 4, '86, I wheeled from N. H. to West Springfield, 64½ m. by Pope cyclom., 9.15 A. M. to 8.15 P. M.,—the last 2 h. in the moonlight. This was one of the longest rides I ever took in 11 h.; and in all previous tours between those two points I had spent 1½ days upon the road. The surface averaged better than on any previous trial, and I was helped somewhat by the wind. I went out of N. H. on the macad. of Dixwell av., and then the l. sidewalk of the sandy Boulevard, to Centerville (6½ m.), then due n. 3 m. to the first brick house above Mt. Carmel, where sign says "6 m. to Wallingford," and where I obeyed advice given on p. 134, by turning off to explore 4½ m. new to me, until I reached the W. turnpike. I did not regret the experiment, for the road was a rather pleasant one, and mostly ridable, but it ended with 1 m. of descent so rough that I walked parts of it, and I am sure it could not be ridden up. A Meriden rider confirmed my previous belief that the easiest route between M. and Mt. Carmel (and so for tourists between N. H. and H.) is through Cheshire; but I understood him to say that the one given by me at the foot of p. 134 might be improved upon by turning r., at end of the "smooth ridge," where my advice says, "follow tel. poles to l." (7th line from bottom). He told me, also, that the old turnpike which goes in a bee-line for 10 m. n. from the corner hotel at Berlin, to Hartford, had been greatly improved since I rode the last 9 m. of it (*s.*, Dec. 4, '84, in 2 h.) and wrote the description on p. 136; and he said I could save time by taking it, instead of the longer, more civilized and less hilly route through New Britain. This proved true, for, with the wind's help, I covered the 9 m. in 1 h.,—riding up the first long hill and almost to the top of the second one (2 m. n. of B., first stop); and dismounts were forced at only 5 of the many other up-grades. The surface itself was all

ridable, and I probably found it at its best. A fine 1 m. stretch of macad., almost parallel to the pike, offers better riding into the suburbs, at the end of the 9th m. from B. I know of no other 10 m. of air-line highway in New England; and I recommend this only to through tourists who are in a hurry,—for no good views reward one's hill-climbing, and both the roundabout routes through New Britain (p. 137) are pleasanter. I wheeled across the river to E. Hartford, and thence kept the w. sidewalk or path for most of the next 12 m. to the new bridge, by which I crossed back to Windsor Locks. I think the bridge was officially opened on that very day, though traffic had been allowed upon it since its acceptance from the contractors, Sept. 17, and indeed for some time previous. I reached the bridge just 8 h. from the start, and the cyclom. showed just 50 m. Between Greenwich and New Haven, Oct. 2, it showed only 45 m., as compared with 50 m. between the same points on previous tours. I rode to G., 25 m., on the afternoon of Oct. 1,—thus doing the 140 m. between N. Y. and S. in 2½ days.

As regards route between Hartford, Waterbury and New Haven (pp. 142, 250), G. C. McNeil, a student in the Mass. Inst. of Technology,—whose previous wheeling comprised only 800 m., mostly in the Boston region,—wrote to me thus, Aug. 24, '85: "Road is good from Plainville to Bristol, but when we got fairly into the hills, 1 m. from B., we had to tramp 2 m. to the summit, and do much other walking on rough down-grades, as well as up-grades, until we got to Waterville, whence good road reaches to Waterbury, 14 m. from B. At Naugatuck, 5 m. s., we struck into the hills again, to Bethany, 5 m., and then to Westville and New Haven, 12 m.,—almost all being ridable." In *Bi. World* of Feb. 17, '82, "B. Bugle," of Staten Island (see p. 157), printed a 4-column sketch of a week's tour, taken the previous Aug., when roads were at their worst, on account of long drought and recent "repairing"; and when he saw not a single bicycler: "First day, Tarrytown to Lake Mahopac; 2nd,—fine scenery at Croton reservoir,—then by bad roads thro' woods and over Shenandoah mtn. to Fishkill (last 5 m. fine); 3rd, Poughkeepsie and Dover Plains (good hotel); 4th, to S. Dover, just beyond which he crossed into Conn.,—between 2 big bowlders—and walked every step from Gaylord's Bridge to New Milford, whence he continued down the Housatonic until tired of wretched roads and tame scenery, and then struck across through a painfully desolate country to Newtown; 5th, a similar dreary and tiresome ride to New Haven; 6th, Stamford; 7th, New York City." During '86, materials for a "League Road-Book of Conn." were collected by the State's Touring Committee, W. T. Williams (b. Feb. 1, '63), of Yantic, W. T. Baldwin, of Stamford, and E. Y. Judd, of Hartford, and were compiled at H., under the direction of the chief consul, C. G. Huntington, to whom all communications should be addressed. The book will contain tabulated routes, after the Penn. pattern, and also descriptive letterpress.

NEW YORK: 15, 28, 31, 39, 42, 57, 132, 147, 248, 253, 258, 288, 295, 323, 326, 348, 370, 480, 503, 508, 511, 519, 592-97, 609-10, 617-18, 628, 631, 643, 654-59, 665-68, 674, 677-78, 720, 770-76. Chap. VIII. (64-100) describes the metropolis, and the approaches to it, with best means of getting a bicycle carried "around," by ferry, horse-car, r. r. and s. s. lines; Chap. XII. (150-58), Long Island and Staten Island; Chap. XIV. (179-98), Lake George and the Hudson; Chap. XV. (199-208), the Erie Canal and Mohawk Valley; Chap. XVI. (209-23), excursions from the same valley to the waterfalls at Trenton, Portage, Genesee, Kaaterskill and Niagara,—with an abstract of "Western New York Road Book"; "winter wheeling" from Harlem to Port Chester (246-7); Ogdensburg to Port Jervis, 298-9, 333-40; Suffern to Newburg, 171; long-distance tourists, 377, 479, 487-8, 497-8, 500, 501, 580; maps, 99, 100, 112, 148, 177, 178, 187, 331; guide-books, 100, 177, 186, 293, 198, 221, 678, 700. My declaration, on p. 71, that "I once managed to ride up" the hill from Kingsbridge towards Jerome Park, was based upon the word "climbed" in a ms. report of such early date that I cannot now recollect whether all the "climbing" was done on wheel or part of it on foot. I mention this because the riding up of the hill in '86 was noted in the papers as "first on record," and I do not wish to detract from the glory due any one else for a difficult exploit. As I am told that many have tried in vain to surmount this hill,—though its surface is smoother now than formerly,—and as I am not a specially powerful hill-climber, I think it likely that I never really wheeled to the summit. Anyhow, I have no wish to claim a thing which I cannot certainly recall to memory; and, if I

had known that many good riders had been vanquished by this hill, I should not have ventured to interpret "climbed" in the original log by "rode up." Instead of "descending this hill, to reach the head of Broadway in Kingsbridge" (p. 71), the wheelman may now go n. ¾ m. along the crest of it, on ideal mac., and then t. l. by a rather rough descent to K.; or he may go s. on new mac. to the road for Fordham Landing (p. 72), and then t. l. for Ridge av. and Fordham. The work of lowering the grade from Washington Heights n. towards Kingsbridge (p. 72) is reported unfinished at the close of '86; but a new route in that region, ridable in all weathers, is now supplied by a strip of asphalt, between the tracks of the cable r. r., stretching from 125th st. n. through 10th av., 3½ m., to Fort St. George (p. 70). Instead of climbing down the steps to reach High Bridge (p. 70), a path may be taken n. e. through the hotel-yard. The road w. from the Boulevard through Tremont to Central av., 1½ m., is all mac., and it reaches the av. 1½ m. n. of Gabe Case's hotel (p. 73). Much of the av. itself was so soft during '86 as to make its w. sidewalk preferable for cycling. In riding from it to Mt. Vernon, the wheelman should take the first road to r., n. of Woodlawn Cemetery (p. 71), cross r. r., mount a stiff hill, take first mac. to left, and follow tel. poles to Mt. V. The road w. from Mt. V. to Yonkers is called a pleasant though hilly one, 4½ m., in ¾ h., in report of Henry Tate (*Bulletin*, Oct. 2, '85, p. 248), which says the 11 m. from Y. to White Plains may be done w. d., including "6 m. of excellent mac. on Central av." The note on p. 74, that the remaining 25 pp. of the chapter appeared in the *Wheel*, should be corrected to include only the first part of them, for none were printed in "May"; and I have abandoned the plan (p. 100) of preparing a special index to the chapter.

May 1, '86, marked the opening of an important new ferry, from W. 14th st., N. Y., to 14th st., Hoboken, which is about 3 m. n. of the old Hoboken Ferry (D., L. & W., p. 82), and 1 m. s. of the big brick water-tower (pp. 81, 84), just above which a descent may be made to the ferry of the West Shore r. r., whose boats not only go to 42nd st., as noted on p. 168, but also to Jay st., which is between Christopher and Desbrosses sts. (pp. 82, 85). Regular trips during the night are made at the 14th st. ferry, and less frequent ones at the West Shore to connect with the night trains. Both ferries seem to me preferable to all except the one from 130th st. to Fort Lee, in case a city wheelman wishes to promptly reach the smooth riding of New Jersey. From the 14th st. ferry, he may go w. d. (up-hill on the sidewalk to the water-tower) to Fort Lee; and perhaps the ascent from the West Shore ferry is also ridable. On Aug. 3, '86, in piloting a visitor to the 14th st. ferry, I rode thither w. d. from Washington Sq., 1½ m. of stone blocks, by a zig-zag route which was new to me. A convenient new ferry, on the other side of the city, is from E. 23rd st., N. Y., to Broadway, Brooklyn (p. 91). Since July, '85, the "Annex" boats of the Erie r. r., between B. and Jersey City (p. 97, fare 10 c.), have made no charge for carrying a passenger's bi. During the summer, boat may be taken at Market st. wharf, Newark, and a pleasant sail of 1½ h. had to Bay Ridge, within easy wheeling distance of Prospect Park and Brooklyn; or the excursion may be prolonged by connecting train to Coney Island (p. 89); for the fare, 30 c., is the same in either case, and no charge is made for wheel. The Staten Island Rapid Transit r. r. (p. 158) was opened Mar. 8, '86, with 34 connecting boats daily between S. I. and N. Y.,—all starting from a single landing, 5 m. from the Battery. The *Bulletin* (Jan. 8, '86, p. 24) quoted a *Herald* report that some Elizabeth capitalists were intending to spend $500,000 upon a toll-bridge, crossing Newark bay, 1¾ m., alongside the r. r. bridge, to connect Elizabethport with Bergen Point (foot of Av. D), whence a ferry-boat makes quick trips to S. I. (p. 157); but I 've heard nothing later of the project, and fear it may be as baseless as that ancient scheme about building a 6 m. asphalt toll-track, from Prospect Park to Coney Island,—which scheme the *Bulletin* recorded seriously as "news," Apr. 9, '86.

Broadway can no longer be inspected from the roof of an omnibus, as advised on p. 99; for, in June, '85, some horse-car swindlers captured the street, from the Battery to Union Sq., and drove off the ancient vehicles. Encouraged by this, the highwaymen then attempted to despoil the city of its only remaining thoroughfare; and, as a first step in their villainous scheme, filed articles concerning the "Fifth Av. R. R. Co." in the office of the Secretary of State, at Albany, Sept. 9, '85. Popular indignation over the Broadway r. r. fraud, whose exposure came a little later, doubtless deterred them from active efforts to upset by bribery the law which declares

that the city's noblest avenue shall never be cut and bound by the vulgar tyranny of the iron rails. Their formal threat, however, forced the friends of the avenue to at once enliven it with an omnibus line, and improved vehicles were put upon the same at the close of Sept., '86. These run from the Bleecker st. station of the elevated r. r., just below Washington Sq., to Central Park, at 59th st.; and I advise a trial thereof, on the driver's seat, by every visitor who wishes to see the city and enjoy the best attainable substitute which it now offers for a ride on top of the good old Broadway 'bus. Contracts for the re-paving of Fifth av., which involve an immense expenditure of money, have been awarded since the spring of '85, and troubles have arisen on account of the inspector's refusal to accept inferior work. Commenting on these, the *World* has openly charged "corruption" as the real reason for New York's stolid sticking to stone blocks, in face of the universally acknowledged superiority of asphalt. It says that contractors for the latter pavement can be held strictly to their promises, because bad work is so easily detected that it does n't pay; whereas contractors for stone blocks can hoodwink all but the most scientific and painstaking of inspectors, and can with difficulty be convicted of actual fraud in respect to material and workmanship. Hence they can afford a bribery-fund for the winning of every contract away from the asphalt-men, whose narrow margin of fair profit forces them to be honest. I know nothing as to the truth of this all-too-plausible theory; but I feel disheartened by the unkind fate which gives another costly coating of rough stone blocks to our famous "street of palaces," and thus postpones beyond my life-time the happy day when the bicycler can glide northward from Washington Square on as smooth a surface as he might find along the show-streets of other civilized capitals.

Horse-car tracks now somewhat impair the pleasure of riding on the Boulevard, from 59th to 125th st.; and another new line runs from the latter s. e. to E. 110th st. and through it to ferry, where boat may be taken across to Astoria. Cars also run through 42nd st. directly from the West Shore ferry to the central r. r. terminus on 4th av. Since p. 98 was printed, "the fence" has been removed from the 116th st. station on 8th av., so that new payment of fare is no longer needed in making transfer between trains going in opposite directions. The rate was reduced to 5 c. at all hours, on all the elevated lines, Oct. 1, '86. The same fare also prevails on Brooklyn's elevated r. r., which was opened between the big Bridge and East New York in the summer of '85. On Sundays, when D., L. & W. trains do not run, the best mode of transfer between N. Y. and the "Orange triangle" (p. 159) is given by the Erie (23rd st. and Chambers st., about 8.30 A. M.; no charge for wheels), to Bloomfield av. in Newark, or Main st. in O.,—returning about 5 P. M. An excellent cycling map of the "triangle" (1 m. to 1 in.) showing its mac. and other good roads, is on the same sheet with 2 similar maps, showing the chief roads of Long Island, w. of a line drawn from Cold Spring Harbor to Amityville,—which sheet accompanies the "Long Island Road-Book" (pub. Mar., '86, under the auspices of the Brooklyn B. C., by A. B. Barkman; 94 pp., incl. 13 adv. pp.; cloth and gilt; weight 3 oz.; price $1; see pp. 625, 678). This book also contains smaller maps of the whole island and of Staten Island, described on pp. 158, 178, as good features of Wood's road-book of Penn. and N. J., on which it is modeled. All these maps will be given with the League's official "Road-Book of New York," together with the most important of the printed information about the L. I. and S. I. roads; but I nevertheless urge that every cycler or pedestrian or horse-driver who travels on either island ought to buy this compact little book, for its many special features. Besides the 20 pp. of tabulated routes on L. I., there are 22 others, including nearly all those described in my N. J. chapter, and through routes from Philadelphia to Boston, from N. Y. to Albany, and around Greenwood Lake and the Berkshire Hills. The index gives references to 350 towns. The topography, scenery and roads of both islands are all intelligently described, outside of the tables, and full details are given as to the ferries, horse-cars, r. r. and s. s. lines which connect their towns with the city. A chapter of interesting facts and opinions as to "The Law of Cycling" (5 pp.) is contributed by I. B. Potter, a lawyer of N. Y. The index to the '86 ed. of Penn. road-book (see p. 580) refers to 343 N. Y. towns, in a total of 1566, and the book has a good miniature map of the "city riding district," showing the chief roads below Yonkers. This map will doubtless be reproduced in the official road-book of the New York Division, which the

Bulletin says (Dec. 17, '86, p. 593) will probably appear in Mar. and contain about 200 pp., on the Penn. model. Present members of the Division will each receive a free copy, but those who join during the 2nd, 3rd and 4th quarters must respectively pay 13 c., 25 c. and 37 c. for the book, whose price to other League men, and to persons not eligible to membership, will be $1. All letters concerning this, or the "L. I. Road-Book," should be sent to the compiler, A. B. Barkman, 608 Fourth av., Brooklyn, N. Y. (appointed Bookmaster of League, Dec. 18, '86).

The rules of Dec. 4, '84, for the restriction of cycling in Central Park (p. 94), have not been liberalized in the two years since,—except, I believe, that the queer discrimination against tricycles has been revoked. My impression is that the lack of an "official badge" on his left breast never causes a mature rider to be dismissed from the Riverside Drive, after he is once fairly upon it, and that even the keepers of its terminal entrances very rarely turn such a man back (thus forcing him to gain his rights furtively, through one of the numerous side-approaches); but the gates of Central Park itself are more carefully guarded, and the rule of carrying a lighted lantern after dark is strictly enforced there, even though the absence of badge be passed unnoticed. The ***Wheel*** of Oct. 29, '86, printed a letter addressed to the Park Commissioners by the N. Y. B. C. and Ixion B. C., as an accompaniment to a petition that wheelmen be now put on an equality with other citizens, in respect to having equal rights upon all the drive-ways of the parks,—just as in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, and all other civilized cities. The letter gives a statement of facts, in five paragraphs, showing that, "as not a single accident from collision of bi. or tri. with other vehicle, horse or pedestrian has happened in nearly 3 years' experience upon the most-frequented roads controlled by the commissioners, there is no logic in excluding cycles from the other and less-frequented roads, as if they were peculiarly dangerous or obnoxious vehicles." The petition itself received the signatures of several hundred wheelmen (the two clubs making a thorough canvass of all League members in the city), and many independent endorsements of it were addressed directly to the commissioners by citizens who are not cyclers. The committee of the clubs also had personal interviews with the commissioners, the president of whom, H. R. Beekman, was Democratic candidate for the presidency of the Board of Aldermen; and they recommended all cyclers to vote for him, as an assured supporter of their claim to equal rights upon all the city roads. He received about 10,000 majority at the election of Nov. 2. In case the commissioners persist in a stolid refusal to do justice, the next organized endeavor will probably take the form of pressure through the New York Legislature.

The Brooklyn cor. of the ***Bulletin*** (Nov. 19, '86, p. 512) reports a recent satisfactory interview of the local wheelmen's committee with the governors of Prospect Park, "leading to a belief that, in the spring, cycles will be allowed on all the roads of the park except the East Drive from the main entrance to the end of the woods beyond the Deer Paddock. This will give a circuit of about 4 m. The question as to badges is still in abeyance, but it is believed that the wearing of them will be strictly enforced when we obtain the increased privileges." The latter allusion is to an absurd rule, included among a series adopted in Aug., '85 (printed in full by ***Wheel*** of Sept. 19, and by "L. I. Road-Book," Mar., '86), which says that each wheelman must register his name and address at the office of the Chief Engineer and Superintendent, at the Litchfield Mansion, in the park, and there learn of a certain time and place for giving an exhibition of his skill to a committee of the clubs, who will issue to him a certificate, if he is worthy of a riding-badge. Returning then to the mansion, with this certificate and 50 c., he is given a circular-badge, larger and uglier than the cart-wheel silver dollar, and told that he must wear it "conspicuously on the left breast," whenever he rides in the park, or on the boulevards which extend e. from its main entrance and s. from its lower entrance to Coney Island (but Central Park badges, when worn by visitors from the city, will be recognized as a proper substitute; and other visitors may procure temporary permits, at certain times and places whereof they may learn at the Litchfield Mansion). So stands the law of Aug., '85; but no badges were really issued until June, '86, "and in Aug., after about $300 worth had been sold, applicants were told that the badge was no longer required." If it be true that so unnecessary and contemptible an infringement of personal liberty was nominally adopted by the commissioners "at the suggestion of the most experienced riders in the Brooklyn clubs," the names of those misguided ones ought

to be nailed up for general execration. I do not believe that any competent cycler will ever be dismissed from Brooklyn's boulevards for lack of a badge; and I hope that the managers of its chief pleasure-park, who have been warmly praised by me for intelligence and good-nature (p. 92), will never disgrace it and themselves by favoring any such silly flummery as compulsory badge-wearing for those who wish to wheel within its limits. The only pretext that I am aware of for even making the threat of such a thing—after 6 years' safe experience with badgeless and unregistered wheelmen in Prospect Park—was the death of a little girl (June 3, '85, æ. 3), caused by a careless boy, riding at dangerous speed upon one of the park walks, who jumped from his bicycle and let it fall upon her. But he made no attempt to sneak away from the responsibility of his unfortunate act, and he was duly forthcoming when the jury ordered his arrest for culpable negligence. I suppose the illogical public, who take no thought of the hundreds of children annually killed by horses and wagons, raised some sort of a clamor over the event; and that the restrictions of Aug., '85, were proclaimed by way of peace-offering. They were, in fact (except the "badge order," which has always been a dead-letter), a logical and practical improvement on previous rules, for they gave wheelmen the right of way through the park on the West Drive, instead of on the sidewalks, at all hours. Even the restrictions as to sidewalks apply only to the half-year, May 1 to Oct. 31, and to the hours 10 A. M. to 7 P. M. during that half-year: for, at all other times, all the paths may be ridden upon,—and the paths from the s. entrance, to the flower garden at the lake, may be ridden upon at all times.

In Aug., '86, the Brooklyn B. C. leased the three-story brick dwelling at 112 St. Felix st., which is within a half-block of the asphalt, and abandoned 366 Livingston st. (pp. 97, 770). The L. I. Wheelmen, having absorbed the Bedford C. C., are now (Dec., '86) looking for larger quarters. C. Schwalbach will use their old house as a bi. agency. Since p. 96 was printed, the three clubs there named have all changed their abodes,—the time of transfer in the first two cases being about the 1st of May, '86. The N. Y. B. C. now have the house at 302 W. 58th st.; the Citizens B. C., 328 W. 60th (newly numbered as "26 W. 60th"); the Ixion B. C., 351 W. 59th st. (Oct.,'85), and the Harlem Wheelmen 104 W. 124th st. (for lists of members, see pp. 772-4); while the Citizens' former house, 313 W. 58th st., is now leased as a cycling salesroom, riding school and repair-shop, by G. R. Bidwell, who has taken thither the business accredited to him on p. 96, as at E. 60th st. The new numbering of the Citizens' present house results from an edict of the aldermen, in the autumn of '86, that the streets running w. from Central Park (60th to 109th incl.) shall have their houses numbered 1, 2, 3 and so on, from 8th av. (which is the w. border of the park), just as if it were 5th av., which is the park's e. border. As explained on pp. 65-66, the "e." and "w." enumeration, for the whole region above Washington Square, has hitherto started from 5th av. as a central line; and that so intelligible and convenient a system should be thrown into confusion, for the sake of gratifying the vanity of those residents who object to "unfashionably high numbers" (see p. 452), seems a freak more suited to fickle Paris than sedate America.

Since my reports about Niagara were put in type (pp. 203, 215, 325), the environs of that noble waterfall have been formally assumed by the State of New York, for a public park (July 15, '85); and the tourist is thus given a new motive for turning his wheel thither, and seeing with his own eyes how grand a piece of nature has been everlastingly rescued from the mill-owners and the hackmen. I have been told that many charming views along the Hudson may be had, and the hill-climbing between Yonkers and Hastings may at the same time be avoided, if, instead of walking up the rough hill at the end of Warburton av. (as noted at foot of p. 78), the tourist keeps due n. on the aqueduct; for the 2 or 3 fences which cross it can be easily got over. My remark (p. 81) that a tourist had best turn inland from the Hudson at Piermont, to Sparkill and other towns, "because the path on top of the Palisades, from Alpine to S., would presumably demand more walking than riding," deserves modification by these words of an actual explorer (*Wheel*, Aug. 13, '86): "In approaching A. from s., a large white house on the roadside is a sort of landmark, for there the av. turns somewhat to l., up a long hill, by the side of large rocks; a branch road t. r.; and a short road (l.), slightly up-hill, leads to A. itself, whence one may go to Nyack by coasting down a rather rough and sandy hill, and following the very sandy

Valley road. I think it far pleasanter, however, to keep straight along Palisade av., up the long hill, for the surface is fair, though the crown of the mac. is somewhat worn. The av. is shady and cool, but without any houses, and there are several sandy turnings from it l. into the Valley road. When the av. ends, in a sort of common, descend across this to a broken path through a gulley, and then up to the l., 1½ m. of rough walking through the woods, to an enclosed pasture. Beyond the further fence, t. r., along a very fair dirt road, until you reach a square with a flag-pole; t. l. around the church. A fine coast may be had just before reaching Sparkill, where keep to r. of little lake and cross it at lower end, for straight road through Piermont to Nyack." As regards my allusion on p. 198 to probable route between N. and Suffern, it was tried Sept. 5, '86, by E. J. Shriver, and another member of the N. Y. B. C., who reported: "Of the 15 m., there were not 2 m. which did not offer fair riding. We took breakfast at Nanuet, 1 h. after leaving Nyack; dinner at Tuxedo, 1 h. after leaving Suffern, and continued through Turners to Chester, 42 m. from the start. Next day, we had another leisurely ride of 42 m., through Goshen, Middletown, Cuddebackville and Port Jervis to Milford, 7.30 A. M. to 6 P. M. Our whole route was very well chosen, both as regards road-surface and scenery." I therefore recommend it to every through tourist between Port J. and N. Y. or Boston, for it allows him a trial of the 25 m. of mac. s. of Tarrytown. Instead of trying this, and then the shore route to Port Chester (p. 247), however, a tourist from P. J. to B. may go direct from T. to P. C., by route shown on p. 74. See p. 167 for routes, Newark to Suffern. As for my expressed hope of ridable roads in the Adirondacks (p. 211),—a region about which the official road-book promises to say little,—the *Bulletin* (Sept. 17, '86, p. 326) quotes a Pittsburg writer's story that two friends of his would finish in Oct. a four months' exploration of that wilderness, and would probably produce a wheelman's illustrated road-book,—"as they have found far better wheeling than expected, and not over half the distances unridable."

The summary of W. S. Bull's "Western New-York Road Book" (pp. 221-223) may be supplemented by some remarks which the President of the Jamestown B. C., C. E. Gates, of Gerry, sent to me July 26, '85: "A pleasant day's run may be made by wheel around Chautauqua Lake (20 m. long, and 2 m. wide at its broadest); or the round trip may be taken in 4 h., by resorting to one of the 20 steamers, which start at almost every hour of the day during summer. The first week in August is as good a time as any to visit the place. The road from Chautauqua to Panama Rocks (10 m.) is somewhat hilly, but the wheelman would be well repaid for going over it, even if he had to walk all the way. A 5-m. ride from Fredonia brings the tourist to Cassadaga, at the head of the valley of that name, where there are three clear water lakes, each about ½ m. long, extending in a chain about a piece of land perhaps ¾ m. square. Two associations of spiritualists camp out here in August, and there is excellent fishing in these and the adjoining 'mud lakes,' where bull-heads can be caught by dozens, any night. Both sides of the road from Fredonia to Cassadaga are well-shaded by trees, and though the hills require some walking, the picturesque scenery repays the effort. About 1½ m. s. of Laona may be seen a 'hog-back' ½ m. long. This is the name given to a freak of nature where the soil slides off from both sides of a hill, leaving a ridge about a foot wide, with almost perpendicular sides." I quote the road-book further: From Fredonia to Mayville, 17 m., the first 7 m. (to Brocton, where t. l.) are called "excellent, level gravel," and the rest, "dirt, hilly but fair." The same adjectives apply to the 10 m. gravel road from Sherman to Chautauqua, which is thus noted: "Half-way, at Summerdale t. r. At next corners t. r., at next t. l. After this nearly straight line to Chautauqua Lake. On reaching lake road t. r." From Sherman to Jamestown, 23 m., through Panama and Ashville, "is a gravel and hard clay road, with a slight sprinkling of sand. It is good all the way. Moderately hilly, but mostly ridable. Panama Rocks is the chief point of interest." A hilly route, d., f., leads from Sherman to Findley's Lake, 8 m., thus: "T. l. at school house, then t. r. and keep straight away w.;" and this is the direction for 20 m. of good gravel from S. to Corry: "T. l. at Sherman Center; at second 'four corners,' t. r., next t. l. Take l. f. *via* Columbus." From Sherman to Westfield, 33 m., by way of Volusia, "there is a good gravel surface, and the hills are mostly ridable; take the old plank road." From Westfield to Mayville, "7 m. of gravel road, with some sand; all up-hill" (see p. 206).

A map of the city of Buffalo (40 by 26 in., about 1 m. to 1 in.) compiled by Wm. McMillan, Park Superintendent, and showing the park system, is published by Matthews, Northrup & Co., at the office of the *Express*; and another one (28 by 18 in., about ½ m. to 1 in.) is published by Peter Paul & Bro., at 363 Main st. The attractions of the city as a scene for the sixth annual meet of the League were thus described (*S. W. G.*, June, 1885): "Buffalo is full of trees and foliage, and is constantly fanned by breezes from the lake, so that it is always cool and shady in summer time. It has a beautiful system of drive-ways, and parks, and more m. of asphalt paving than any other city except Washington. The streets up-town are lined with handsome residences, and bordered with rows of large trees, making at once pleasing contrasts in architecture, and a grateful shade for the wheelman as he spins over the smooth surface of the roadway. Delaware av. is the longest of these; but some of the side streets, such as North, may fairly vie with it in the beauty of their buildings. Both Delaware av. and North st. are asphalted, as is also Linwood av.—a broad and beautiful street one block east of Delaware. By way of North st. the wheelman reaches 'the circle,' a broad, circular plaza, from which wide and handsome streets radiate in all directions. This is the grand rendezvous for Buffalo wheelmen, and almost all the club runs and tours start from it. Northwestward stretches the broad, smooth macadam surface of Porter avenue, by which is reached 'the front,' a small park with graveled drive-ways and foot-paths, a splendid green lawn, and a terraced green slope dotted with trees and shrubs. Here is obtained the first good view of Lake Erie. At the northern end of 'the front' stands the military post known as Fort Porter, occupied by two companies of the 23d U. S. Infantry. A part of the old redoubt is still standing, and from its top, 60 ft. above the Lake, a fine view is obtained." More detailed accounts of the fine wheeling offered by the city were printed in the *Bulletin* (Aug. 6, Aug. 13, Nov. 12, '86; pp. 128, 154, 497),—the latest being by F. J. Shepard, of the *Buffalo Courier*, who describes the process of laying the universally popular asphalt, whereof the city now boasts nearly 30 m. At 585 Main st., E. N. Bowen (a practical mechanic, the successor of Bull & Bowen) makes a specialty of bi. repairs.

NEW JERSEY: 28, 31, 42, 51, 64, 72, 155, 157, 158, 295, 387, 487, 500, 593-4, 609-10, 612, 617, 618, 628, 631, 643, 668-9, 733, 776-8. Chap. XIII. (159-78) gives my own explorations here, supplemented on pp. 80-85, 583. Reports of local riders, 164, 170, 508-10, 521-2, 530. Maps and guides, 99, 100, 159, 168, 174-8, 589. Nos. 1, 9, 13 and 17 of the official atlas (p. 178) reached me Mar. 19, '86; and, at about the same time, a map showing good and bad roads for 5 to 8 m. out of Westfield was issued by Dr. F. A. Kinch, jr., League consul. A large-scale map of "the Orange triangle," reproduced from the city directory but having the mac. roads specially marked, is sold for 15 c. by L. H. Johnson (biog. on p. 508), whose new and handsome store, for the sale and rent of cycles, is close beside the East Orange station of the D., L. & W. r. r. I know of no other place where ladies of the metropolis may so conveniently and unobtrusively learn the art of tricycling,—or start forth on so many easy and pleasantly-varied tri. runs, with their friends, when they have grown experienced in the art. Several smooth streets lead from the store into almost immediate retirement; and beginners can practice in peace along these shaded levels and gentle grades, without dread of any such observation and comment as may attach to first trials in the region of Central Park. Trains are frequent, and the round trip costs but 50 c. On June 20, '86, between midnight and 10.27 P. M., Mr. J. and his wife drove a Beeston Humber tandem 150½ m. (r. t., 16 h. 37 min.) over a tolerably level circuit of 13 m. The first 60 m. were done at 6.25 A. M. (stop for breakfast till 8.5); 100¾ m. at 12.40 P. M. (stop for dinner and nap till 3.5); next 30 m. at 6.35 (stop for supper till 8). Various friends went with them, as pace-makers, for most of the distance; and the tri. used was the same on which they made an English tour of 858 m. in Oct., '85 (p. 530). As regards the illegal local by-laws mentioned at foot of p. 725, Mr. J. wrote to me, Dec. 28: "No one has been arrested for breaking them, although they are universally broken." On p. 82, the "disagreeable suburb of Newark" should not be called "Marion," for that name belongs to the Penn. r. r. station at Bergen hill. In bad weather, the preferable route from N. to N. Y. is the one named at foot of p. 82; but at other times, when neither mud, frost, nor deep dust prevail, the best route is along the sidewalk of Broad st. and Belleville av. 2 m., mac. 3 m., to cross-roads, where descend r. across bridge at Avondale,

and follow side-paths and board-walks 3½ m. to Carlstadt, where descend r. by so-called Paterson road and cross the marshes (pp. 166, 108, 83). From C. to the mac. of Bergen Line Boulevard (*i. e.*, to the top of the West Shore tunnel, p. 84) is 6½ m., which I found all ridable, Apr. 19, '86, when I covered it in the opposite direction. I wheeled down a steep hill at the first l. turn s. of the tunnel to the Hackensack road (¾ m.), at a point a little s. of the toll-gate at the cemetery (p. 84); then went s. ½ m.; then t. r. to the marshes 1½ m. to fork, where t. r. and went 2 m. to second bridge, where road-house sign says "9 m. to Paterson." Between here and r. r. at foot of hill at C. is 1½ m. of clay, which would give trouble in wet weather. A rider from C. to N. Y. need not t. n., after crossing marshes, but may go directly up-hill to a point near the Monastery, and thence to ferries entering the city at Jay st., 14th st., 42nd st. or 130th st., as shown on pp. 81, 84, 165, 530. If he prefers my own route to the Boulevard, he may thence get to the ferries with equal ease. As regards extending this mac. Boul. 12 m. s. to S. I.,—mentioned on p. 84 as a remote possibility,—the Governor of N. J. has lately decided that the vote in favor of it was legal, and work will soon be begun (*Wheel*, Nov. 26, '86, p. 91). In *Bulletin* (Oct. 8, '86, p. 388), William Prince, of Orange, gave an extended history of roads in that region, and short riding routes beyond it. The most extensive cycling trade in the State is accredited to H. A. Smith & Co., who succeeded, in the spring of '86, to the "Z. & S." good-will at Oraton Hall, Newark (pp. 83, 712), and whose "corner-store" still serves as a wheelman's landmark.

PENNSYLVANIA: 12, 28, 31, 42, 44, 46, 82, 93, 168, 177, 178, 222, 254, 295, 300, 302, 323, 337, 347, 479, 485, 497, 500, 503, 513, 521, 593-6, 609-10, 617-18, 625, 628, 631, 643, 652, 660, 674, 677, 678, 778-81. My rides along Lake Erie, 205-6; along the Delaware to the Water Gap, 207; to Bristol and Phila., 173; in P., 238; P. to Chester, 372; Towanda to Wilkesbarre, 219-20; straight across the State, Susquehanna to Greencastle, 339-44, 29); Waynesboro to Gettysburg and Easton (165 m.), 385-7. W. W. Darnell's tour, Phila. to Meyersdale (322 m.), 244. W. B. Page's tours, Phila. to Pittsburg (339 m.), 496; Williamsport to Greencastle (205 m.), 498; Phila. to Water Gap and beyond, 497, 578; H. J. High's tour, Pottstown to Pittsburg (281 m.), 485, 351. In the Alleghanies, 245, 530. Susquehanna tow-path, 378. Trips from Scranton, 340. Beaver Valley, 515. Environs of Phila., 164, 377, 388-9, 495, 497, 499, 522. Whoever attempts any touring in this State should carry with him the League's official road-book, whose 1st ed. is fully described on p. 177, and whose 3rd ed. (2000 printed, Apr., '86; 208 pp., 8 maps) is revised and enlarged by the addition of 48 pp., with an index referring to 658 Penn. towns on the tabulated routes. Penn., N. J. and Md. members receive the book gratis; other League men may buy it for $1, but it is not sold to wheelmen who do not join the League. All visitors are welcomed, however, at the rooms of the Phila. "Association for the Advancement of Cycling," 5 S. Merrick st., opp. the Public Buildings. The dedicatory meeting was on Apr. 19, '86, when E. M. Aaron was chosen president. He may be found also at the office of the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, 506 Walnut st., Room 12. Dedication was made Dec. 3, '86, of the Phila. B. C.'s new building, at cor. of 26th and Perot sts., whose cost was about $17,000; and another expensive structure is in process of erection by the Penn. B. C. (pp. 779-80). The chief house in the cycling trade of Phila. is at 811 Arch st., conducted by H. B. Hart, one of the founders of the League, and a local pioneer in the literature and business of the sport (see pp. 650, 665, 780).

DELAWARE: 31, 177, 244, 521, 596, 617, 618, 628, 631, 781. Map, 352. My 22 m. ride across the State, 372-3. A fine route of about 68 m., from Wilmington to Tolchester, Md., whence boat may be taken to Baltimore, 12 m., is reported (*Bulletin*, Dec. 17, '86, p. 595) by J. E. Palmer, c. c. of League's Del. Division (org. Nov. 24, '86, with C. W. Todd as sec.-treas.).

MARYLAND: 12, 31, 42, 99, 177, 244, 486, 487, 500, 592, 594, 609, 617, 618, 628, 631, 643, 781-2. Map, 352. My '81 ride of 26 m. from Frederick to Williamsport and 125 m. on C. & O. canal path, 238-42; tour of '83 through W., 303, 344; through Baltimore in '84, 373-4; second experience of tow-path and Hagerstown, 384. Other tourists on C. & O. path, 244-5, 348; between Balt. and Washington, 349, 371, 377, 388, 486-7, 497. Environs of Balt., 377. National pike in old times, 243. The 3rd ed. of League's guide, described above, contains a key-map of reported roads in Md., with 12 pp. of tabulated routes and an index to 112 towns named upon them; also a detailed account of the Balt. riding district and a sketch of the general topography

of the State. Latest local information for tourists may be had in Balt. at 2 Hanover st., where the largest cycling store in Md. (the largest in the U. S., indeed, s. of Phila.) is carried on by S. T. Clark, one of the founders of the League and its recording secretary during the second year. He was for a long time Pres. of the Md. B. C., whose elegant club-house, costing $12,000, was specially built, of brick, is 3 stories high, 24 by 80 ft. in size, and contains a gymnasium.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: 31, 497, 503, 508, 511, 594, 610, 617, 618, 628, 631, 782. Map, 352. My rides in Washington, 241, 371, 374. Suburban routes, 376. *Bulletin* (Sept. 3, '86, p. 232) gave an account of the District and its environs, by N. L. Collamer. On Dec. 4, '86, the Capital B. C. dedicated a $20,000 club-house on 15th st.; and its front was pictured in *Cycle*.

VIRGINIA: 31, 42, 46, 169, 173, 176, 177, 204, 208, 242, 296, 303, 487, 508, 593, 594, 610, 617, 618, 628, 631, 782. Maps and guide-books, 245, 346, 352, 382. My '83 tour up the Shenandoah to Staunton, 543-5; '84 tour from the Potomac to Bull Run and Warrenton, 374-76, over the Blue Ridge to Luray and down the Shenandoah to Harper's Ferry, 378-84. Capital B. C. tour, Harper's Ferry to Natural Bridge and back, 348-9, 382. W. B. Page's rides in the Shenandoah and elsewhere, 495-98, 578. H. J. High's rough route to Staunton, 486, 351. H. S. Wood in Shenandoah, 388. Other Va. roads, 351, 376. Topography of the Shenandoah, 347. R. r. connections between Natural Bridge and Luray, 350-51, 382. The Shenandoah pike, between Martinsburg and Staunton, offers a course for a longer and more interesting road-race than has yet been wheeled in America; and, if the proper conditions could be ensured to me, I should rather like to assume the management of such a contest. The first condition is that the manufacturers (who would be profited by a demonstration of that sort in a region so well adapted for the use of the bicycle as an economical vehicle for every-day business) should provide me with money enough to pay for perfect arrangements. The second condition is that the owners of the road, and the officers of the towns situated upon it, should enter heartily into the scheme, and co-operate with me in maintaining an efficient police.

KENTUCKY: 30, 31, 38, 50, 55, 57, 58, 197, 500, 595, 609, 610, 617, 618, 628, 631, 783. Chap. XVII. is given to my 8 days' tour of 340 m. (224-34), and to reports of roads in 9 counties by J. M. Verhoeff (235-7), who has sent other routes which I cannot here make room for. J. D. Macauley's report, 587. In *Bulletin* (Oct. 1, '86, p. 538), N. G. Crawford describes the Ky. roads, and says that a man may wheel from them w. d. into Ind. by the new bridge at Louisville. "Although some fine roads are found in the s. part of the State," says a writer in the *Wheel* (Jan. 23, '85), "those counties bordering on the Ohio seem to be specially favored. At Ashland, in the extreme e. end are some nice routes, such as the one to Catlettsburg, 5 m. Skipping then to Owensboro, perhaps 70 m. s. w. of Louisville, the 'finest gravel pikes' are reported, like that to Gelvington, 12 m. n. e. Henderson and Paducah, river towns beyond, have a goodly showing of cyclers. Augusta to Milford, 22 m. s.; Augusta to Germantown, 12 m. e.; Maysville to Germantown, 12 m. w.; Newport to Alexandria, 13 m. s. e.; Covington to De Mossville, 28 m. s.,—these are among the many routes, embracing a network of 1500 m. of as pretty roads as any one could desire, whereof I might give you minute descriptions." The above words were signed by P. N. Myers (b. Sept. 16, '66), League consul at Covington, who gave much time during the following six months to the systematic compilation of materials for a State road-book, which he hoped that the Kentucky Div. might publish (see p. 678). Colton's map of Kentucky, 25 by 14 in., sells for 50 c.; Kentucky and Tennessee combined, 27 by 17 in., 75 c.

Though I began this chapter on Nov. 22, the interruptions caused by proof-reading and correspondence have combined with my general weariness to prevent its advance at more than a snail's pace; so that, as I write these final lines, midnight of Dec. 31 is almost at hand. The plates of pp. 591 to 800 have already been cast; and, much as I dislike to cut short the roll of States, there is no room left in which to print the facts that I have collected about the others. I shall try to give full references to those omitted States in the general index; but now the striking clock, which everlastingly knocks out the Old Year, 1886, seems to say: "Time 's up! Let the rest wait for '2 X. M.'! Stop!" Thus, after all, I leave my task unfinished.

XXXIV.

THE TRANSPORTATION TAX.

"In the case of the railroads, it seems right that some payment should be made where trouble is actually caused; but I hope that bicyclers, whether traveling singly or in clubs, will stand firm against paying any transportation tax at all to steamboat agents anywhere."

Such were the final words of a four-column article (*Bi. World*, May 6, '81, p. 416) in which I detailed my two years' experiences among the baggage-smashers, in the days before the League made any attempt to reform the chaotic conditions under which public carriage was granted to tourists' bicycles; and such are the ideas whose truth I still strongly insist upon. This distinction between boat and train cannot be drawn too sharply, but it has been generally ignored in all printed reports and discussions about the matter. The remarkable success achieved by the Transportation Committee of the League (as noted on p. 518, where a sketch is given of its energetic chairman, B. B. Ayers), in persuading so many of the railroads to carry passengers' bicycles free, the same as any other personal baggage, has had the effect of turning attention away from the important truth that the lesser matter of water-transportation remains almost untouched. The circumstances which characterize this, however, render possible the accomplishment of much from mere individual effort; and it was a part of the original plan of my book that I would make the preparation of the present chapter a pretext for personally pledging to the free-list a majority of the chief American steamship lines (river, lake, coast and ocean), by offering them the free advertisement of a mention here as being thus pledged. Lack of time has forced me to regretfully abandon this scheme, as too burdensome an addition to my protracted labors as a publisher; but such steamship managers as I have had occasion to state the case to, incidentally, were all so quick to see the merits of it, and give their consent, that I am sure any extended canvass would have shown a notably good result. Since a bicycle, even when crated or boxed for a long voyage, comes well within the limits of space and weight allowed a passenger's baggage, and since, on a short voyage, it does not require any handling or attention whatever (as the owner trundles it on and off the boat, and stows it in some convenient corner), there is a plain injustice in discriminating against it. In a crowded baggage-car, on the other hand, a bicycle may sometimes cause more inconvenience than a trunk. Hence, whenever a railway company agrees to take it as a trunk, the act should be recognized as a genuine concession,—as a definite premium for attracting the patronage of wheelmen.

The reported experiences of others, added to my own, encourage the belief, that on very many, if not on most, of the boats which ply along our rivers, lakes and coasts, no attempt will be made to levy an extra tax against a tourist who is accompanied by a bicycle. There are very few lines, I am sure, which will refuse to give a written pledge to abstain from any such attempt, if the tourist seasonably insists upon that pledge as a condition of buying his ticket. By "seasonably" I mean several days in advance of the time when he proposes to embark,—for he will thus be able to use, as an argumentative club, his determination to go to the same place by some other line, or to take a tour in some other direction, in case any hesitation is shown in granting the desired pledge. The ease of procuring these individual permits shows that not much extra effort and explanatory argument would be needed to convince the steamboat people of the profitableness of proclaiming free carriage as a general policy. I therefore urge each tourist by boat not to rest satisfied with simply securing for himself immunity from imposition, but to endeavor

to secure from the managers of the line a formal letter, authorizing the Transportation Committee of the League to announce that the line will regularly class bicycles as passengers' baggage. Setting aside the abstract justice of the case entirely, the practical point to be insisted upon is this: that bicyclers, in deciding about where to go on a vacation-tour, *are not restricted to any single locality*. "The whole boundless continent is theirs;" and, as the attractive touring-places are inexhaustible, they are under no possible compulsion to choose one which implies paying incidental tribute to an unreasonable steamboat corporation. They may occasionally be forced to patronize railroads whose regulations are unfair,—but water-routes can almost always be avoided without any great inconvenience or loss of time. Hence, the correct caper for the steamboat owners evidently is to outbid the railroads, by offering as attractive a bait as possible for the capture of this special sort of excursion traffic. The problem for wheelmen simply is to convince them that such traffic is worth the capture,—that bicycle touring is a substantial fact (incomparably more important to its votaries than any incidental resort to a given line of steamboats), and that the ability to advertise a line as offering cheap and comfortable passage to a good touring ground helps to ensure it substantial patronage. They should be made plainly to understand, furthermore, that, if they insist on being blind to their own interests, their infliction of an unjust transportation tax upon an individual bicycler will be resented by the whole fraternity. The first duty of every tourist who is thus discriminated against on any water-route in this country is to proclaim his misfortune as widely as possible, in the cycling press, in order that others may avoid being similarly swindled there. Let such lines of boats as may presume to infringe on a passenger's ordinary right of carrying along his necessary personal outfit, be put under the ban, so far as the just hostility of cyclers and their friends may be able to accomplish it.

On the other hand, in contrast to this dutiful utterance of warning, there exists the more pleasing duty of advertising the names of those who proclaim a fair and honorable policy for the attraction of wheelmen's patronage; and I am glad to give prominence to the result of such slight and incidental efforts as I myself have been able to make in the cause of "free ships." A memorandum from the White Star Line, New York to Liverpool, says (Mar. 31, '85): "Saloon passengers are allowed 20 cubic ft. for baggage, and bicycles are stowed as such in the baggage-room. Beyond these limits, our rule admits a charge of 25 c. per cubic foot; but this is interpreted so liberally that, in practice, a tax for extra baggage is seldom levied." The secretary of the Quebec Steamship Co., A. Ahern, writes to me thus (Feb. 20, '85): "Bicycles, the property of passengers, will be taken free on our steamers." These ply in the river and gulf of St. Lawrence, from May 1 to Nov. 20 (leaving Montreal and Pictou, N. S., every alternate Monday, and touching at Quebec and Charlottetown, P. E. I.); also all the year between New York and Bermuda, and between New York and St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados and Trinidad,—the sailings being at intervals of 7, 10, 14 and 17 days. S. Cunard & Co. write from Halifax (Feb. 13, '85): "We shall be glad to treat as baggage the bicycle of any passenger by steamer from here to Bermuda,"—the sailings being monthly. "We do not charge freight for the bicycle owned by the passenger on our North German Lloyd steamers, from Baltimore to Bremen; neither on our Allan Line steamers, from Baltimore to Halifax;" such are the words of the American agents, A. Schumacher & Co. (Aug. 15, '84); and the rule would presumably hold good of the Allan steamers from H. to Liverpool. Mention was made on p. 292 of the authority given me (Aug., '83) to announce that the Boston, Halifax, and Prince Edward Island line will carry passengers' wheels free between those points (also between Boston and Savannah, in the winter), though formerly charging 8 c. per cubic ft. of space occupied; and that the same rule is observed by the other Nova Scotia line, connecting Boston with Yarmouth and Digby. The International line, between Boston, Portland, Eastport and St. John (p. 259), and the Portland, Bangor and Machias line, whose boats also run to Boston (p. 279), were on the free-list in '83, and doubtless so continue. A note to me from C. D. Whitcomb, passenger agent, says (Feb. 27, '85): "You may announce that the holder of a first-class ticket can have his bicycle carried free on any of the steamers of the Detroit and Cleveland S. N. Co."

The League's official free-list includes the "Anchor Line," which has 42 steamers engaged

in the trans-Atlantic, Peninsula, Mediterranean and Oriental service, and which sends boats from Boston as well as New York; and I presume that the other ocean lines which start from those cities grant free carriage whenever the passenger insists upon it in advance. Probably all of them could be easily won for the general free-list, if the effort were made, by exhibiting to their agents the examples of the Anchor and White Star lines. Two short water-routes are advertised by the League committee as exacting a tax against bicycles, as follows: the boats between New York and Fall River (170 m.) charge $1; and the People's Line (night boats) between New York and Albany (145 m.) charge 40 c. for the bicycle of a solitary passenger, and 25 c. each for those of a party of two, three or four; while, for parties of five or more, no charge whatever is made! Adherence to any such queer rule seems all the more singular because the same League list also advertises that the day line of boats between those two cities carries bicycles free. As to the Fall River Line, it should be added that the $1 tax pays for passage through to Boston on 50 m. of the Old Colony r. r. (whose separate charge is 50 c. for that or any less distance, and 1 c. a mile for greater distances), and that a similar rule is maintained by the "pooling system" of three competing lines which run steamers from New York, respectively, to Stonington (120 m.), Norwich (133 m.) and Providence (180 m.), and trains thence to Boston. The charge for bicycle between N. Y. and B., by either of these four routes is $1; though the League has relations only with the first named. When the passenger's ticket relates simply to the boat, and implies no r. r. ride between its terminus and Boston, he is forced to pay no more than 50 c. for his wheel. The cost of taking it through by train, between N. Y. & B. on either the Springfield or the Providence route, is $1.25; and the r. r. from P. to Boston (44 m.) charges 50 c., without regard to distance. I believe the three lines of boats from New York to New Haven, New London and Hartford, which gave free carriage to my wheel in '80-'81, have more recently enforced a 50 c. rate,—perhaps under the influence of the "pool" just mentioned. Exactions against bicyclers on other short water-routes leading from New York have been reported to me, but I will not make them matters of record here, because I hope that the managers of them all may soon be induced to terminate such suicidal policy, and adopt the opposite plan of encouraging, and baiting away from the railroads, a profitable sort of pleasure traffic. The League's "Road Book of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland" (May, '86, H. S. Wood) gives the following facts about steamers from Baltimore, none of which have ever charged for bicycles: "The Ericsson Line leaves for Phila., except Sunday, at 3 P. M. The Maryland Steamboat Co., for Easton, and Oxford, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 9 P. M. The Bay Line to Norfolk, 8.30 P. M. daily, except Sunday; fare, $3.00. The Richmond and York River Line, for Richmond, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, 5 P. M.; fare, $1.50. The Eastern Shore S. B. Co., for Clearfield, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday, 5 P. M. Excursion Steamers daily, in summer, to all points on the Chesapeake and tributaries; fare, 50 cents. From Philadelphia the Ericsson Line propeller leaves for Baltimore *via* Canal, every afternoon, except Sunday, at 3 o'clock. The steamer Republic starts at 7 A. M. daily, from the Arch st. wharf, for Cape May and its hard beaches; but this boat charges a transportation fee." A recent tourist on Lake Ontario reports a free steamer from Niagara to Toronto, though the boat from Toronto to Hamilton levied a tax against his bicycle.

It is no reproach to the Transportation Committee of the League that they have thus far entirely neglected the water-routes; for, in grappling with the railroad problem, they have expended all the time and energy which could be expected of a volunteer band working without pay for the general good. The results accomplished by this concentration of effort are very remarkable, and offer the most notable example yet given of the power inherent in the League. As representatives of an organization with a membership of several thousands, whose patronage is in their control, the Committee have seemed to the railroad men well worthy of respect, and have been able, by appealing to the fierce competition between rival trunk lines, to make satisfactory treaties with them in regard to that patronage. It should never be forgotten that a railroad's consent to class bicycles as baggage is a definite surrender of its own undoubted right in the case, and is made with the idea that profit will ultimately accrue from the offer of such a premium for placating the good-will of wheelmen. Individuals would be powerless thus to treat

with the companies on a large scale, because they could not pretend to offer an equivalent in patronage for the concession granted; but the League can make bargains with the roads as well as any other one of their customers, and each member of it should feel in duty bound to see that his personal share in these bargains is honestly carried out. I mean that he should not only travel on the "League railroads," in preference to rival lines, where a choice is offered, but should influence his friends to do the same.

In anticipation of the annual meet at Boston a "map of the L. A. W. trunk lines" (as far s. and w. from that city as Washington, St. Louis and Chicago) was published in the *Bulletin* of May 7, '86, and in three other cycling weeklies of the same date, accompanied by the following remarks from the Chairman of the Transportation Committee: "These lines work very closely in the interest of wheelmen, and form the foundation of present facilities accorded the craft in the United States. The main n. trunk line is the Michigan Central r. r., whose through trains run from Chicago to Boston, with connections in Michigan, Canada and Ohio. From St. Louis its through sleepers run over the Wabash, connecting with the Michigan Central at Detroit. Its connection from Cincinnati and Ohio points is the Cin., Hamilton and Dayton r. r., also at Detroit. From Cleveland and Eastern Ohio points the Lake Shore r. r. runs through cars connecting with the New York Central at Buffalo. The Baltimore & Ohio, old and staunch League road, from Chicago to New York, can take Southern members, from Washington northward. There is no League trunk road in New England save the Fitchburg. Wheelmen bound for Boston from the n. and w. parts of New York should take the West Shore road, which is the only line running through cars over the Fitchburg. The Boston connection of the New York Central from Albany east, is a road that practically prohibits wheel travel over its line during the year, but makes concessions to our parties when traveling in numbers. The Fitchburg is its competitor and accommodates wheelmen all the year round, when traveling alone as well as in parties. From Eastern Pennsylvania and Southern New York, the Erie and the Lehigh Valley roads afford every accommodation. From Portland down, the Eastern r. r. has worked closer with us than any other. The map gives a perfect general index of L. A. W. trunk lines and the regular printed list will show all others. Arrangements for transportation can be made very conveniently by G. R. Bidwell, New York, he being in correspondence with all lines running from N. Y. and Phila. to the East; W. S. Bull, Buffalo, can arrange matters with lines running from Buffalo and Canada to the East; while F. T. Sholes, Cleveland; H. S. Livingston, Cincinnati; W. M. Brewster, St. Louis, and B. B. Ayers, Chicago, place their services at the disposal of the craft journeying from their respective sections of country."

The quotation gives an idea of the business-like way in which the matter has been systematized, and also the general policy which has been pursued of making favorable terms with certain through lines, and trusting to their example and a sort of "law of gravitation" for forcing the local roads affiliated with them to adopt the same liberal practices. The names of the railroads which have agreed with the League to carry passengers' bicycles free are advertised by the *Bulletin* in two geographical groups, the first comprising those "east of Buffalo and Pittsburg," as follows: Alleghany Valley; Atlanta & West Point; Baltimore & Ohio; Bennington & Rutland; Boston, Hoosac Tunnel & Western; Buffalo, N. Y., & Phila.; Canadian Pacific; Chesapeake & Ohio; Credit Valley; Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; Elmira, Cortland & Northern; Erie (N. Y., L. E. & W.); Fall Brook; Fitchburg; Grand Trunk; Lehigh Valley; Montrose; New London Northern; N. Y., Buffalo & Pittsburg; N. Y., Lake Erie & Western; N. Y., West Shore & Buffalo; Portland & Ogdensburg; Portland & Worcester; Rochester & Pittsburg; Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg; Southern Central of N. Y.; Syracuse, Ontario & N. Y.; Tioga; Troy & Boston; Utica & Black River; Wallkill Valley; West Shore (N. Y., W. S. & B.); Western Alabama; Western Maryland.

The much larger group "west of Buffalo and Pittsburg" is alphabetized thus: Alliance, Niles & Ashtabula; Ashtabula & Pittsburg; Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé; Atlantic & Pacific; Baltimore & Ohio; Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern; Canada Southern; Canadian Pacific; Central Pacific; Central Iowa; Chartiers; Chicago & Atlantic; Ch. & Eastern Illinois; Ch. & Grand Trunk; Ch. & Iowa; Ch. & Western Michigan; Ch., Alton & St. Louis;

Ch., Burlington & Quincy; Ch., Iowa & Dakota; Ch., Milwaukee & St. Paul; Ch., St. Louis & Pittsburg; Chesapeake & Ohio; Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley; Cin., Hamilton & Dayton; Cin., Indianapolis, St. Louis & Chicago; Cin., New Orleans & Texas; Cleveland & Canton; Cl. & Marietta; Cl. & Pittsburg; Cl., Akron & Canton; Cl., Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis; Cl., Lorain & Wheeling; Cl., Tuscarawas Valley & Wheeling; Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo; Des Moines & Ft. Dodge; Detroit, Lansing & Northern; Erie & Pittsburg; Evansville & Terre Haute; Flint & Père Marquette; Ft. Wayne, Cincinnati & Louisville; Grand Rapids & Indiana; Grand Trunk; Illinois Central; Indianapolis & St. Louis; Ind. & Vincennes; Ind., Bloomington & Western; International & Great Northern; Jeffersonville, Madison & Indianapolis; Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs; Kentucky Central; Lake Shore & Michigan Southern; Little Miami; Louisville & Nashville; Louisville, New Albany & Chicago; Michigan & Ohio; Michigan Central; Milwaukee & Northern; Minneapolis & St. Louis; Missouri, Kansas & Texas; Missouri Pacific; N. Y., Penn. & O.; Newport News & Mississippi Valley; Nickel Plate (N. Y., Chicago & St. L.); Northwestern Ohio; Northern & Northwestern of Canada; Ohio & Mississippi; Ohio Central; Pennsylvania; Pittsburg & Lake Erie; Pitts., Cincinnati & St. Louis; Pitts., Ft. Wayne & Chicago; Port Huron & Northwestern; St. Louis & Cairo (St. L., A. & T. H.); St. L. & San Francisco; St. L., Des Moines & Northern; Southern Pacific; Texas Pacific; Toledo, Ann Arbor & Grand Trunk; Vandalia; Valley (O.); Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific; Wheeling & Lake Erie; Wisconsin Central; Wisconsin, Iowa & Nebraska. (As corrected by the committee June 10, '86.)

"The agreement is that the bicycle goes at owner's risk for loss or damage. Some roads require it to be checked, like baggage. In every case the owner should apply to the depot baggage-master, before getting on cars, and have him mark the bicycle to destination. Dealings should be with him as much as possible and not with the train baggageman. In case charges should be exacted by baggagemen, receipts should be taken and forwarded to the chairman of the League's Transportation Committee." The ultimate result of the latter process has always been the refunding of the money by the company, with an apology, accompanied by a reprimand of the offending baggageman, or, in some cases, his dismissal from the service. Private attempts of this sort to disregard the rules would be still further discouraged, I think, by printing with the name of each road on the League's official list the exact date of its circular ordering that bicycles be carried as baggage, and perhaps also the name of the officer issuing the circular. A passenger's ability to point to such exact evidence would probably convert even the most ignorant or obstinate of baggagemen; for it would seem only second in authority to the official circular itself. If I meet such a man on the Erie, for instance, and am able to say to him: "See here! Your general passenger agent, J. N. Abbott, gave orders, Nov. 18, '84, that this bicycle should be carried in your car, free of charge, and should be handled carefully," the man will get a pretty clear idea that I know what I am talking about, and know how to have him punished if he insists on swindling me. My mere showing of the name "Erie," in the League's printed list of free roads, might not have so powerful an effect upon him. The Erie regulations say: "The owner of bicycle to be transported should be required to deliver it at the baggage-car of the train, and notified to be on hand there promptly upon arrival at destination to receive his property. If he desires to have it taken beyond our line, or beyond the run of the baggage-master or car, he should be distinctly informed at what point to claim and receive it, and arrange for its further care and transportation."

Such conduct on the wheelman's part is always wise, even in the case of roads which do not formally demand it. While firmly insisting on his right to enjoy the privilege which the company has conceded to him, he should endeavor to give the baggage-smashers as little trouble as possible, —to conciliate rather than exasperate them. Working as they do under great strain and pressure, it is only natural that they should occasionally relieve their souls by the utterance of violent language; but the bicycle-owner should not take this seriously or resent it. I have generally found them to be at heart a good-natured set of men, whose conduct quickly illustrates the truth of the proverb that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Let the bicycle be held patiently on the platform until all the heavy baggage has been thrown in, and the commander of

the car gives the signal that he is ready to take this also. Perhaps he may then invite the owner inside to attend to the machine until the big trunks have been packed, and a place made where it may be stowed securely. It is a good plan to carry along some pieces of cord and a few picture-frame screws, by the use of which the wheel may be readily fastened to the side of the car, in case the emptiness of this suggests insecurity and rolling. On the other hand, if the car is known to be crowded, the pedals and handle-bar should be closely packed; and this may be wisely done in anticipation of any long journey, unless, in such case, the tourist prefers, as I do, to send the bicycle in advance by fast-freight line. Where a car is so full of baggage that the presence of the bicycle causes evident trouble, I think it fair and proper to placate the baggage-man with a personal fee of 25 c. for looking after its safety; and whenever accident or damage results, I think the tourist ought to accept it placidly rather than render the whole fraternity odious in the eyes of the railroad managers by "making a row about it." The League could afford to say to every such unfortunate one who feels unable to pocket the loss: "We will pay you the full amount of it, if only you will keep quiet, and not nag the railroad officers back into their first belief that a bicycle is too fragile and troublesome a thing for handling in their baggage-cars." The will of the men in immediate control of these should always be recognized as supreme, in regard to all details of handling and packing; and differences of opinion should be arranged by the adoption of a persuasive and deferential air, rather than by a show of imperiousness and truculence. Whoever thus affronts the proper pride of these men, by any such wanton display of hostility, or is tempted by arrogance or bad language on their part into making an undignified retort, not only lowers his own self-respect, and lessens his influence with them, but he inflicts a definite injury upon all well-mannered cyclers who may chance to follow in his footsteps. In the baggage-car, as upon the highway, the wheelman, while insisting upon his recognized rights with firmness, should also do it with calmness and courtesy,—both for his personal profit and satisfaction, and for "the good of the cause" in general. Whenever the horse-driving Hog publicly froths at the mouth in the presence of a bicycler, the latter can perform no better service as an educator of opinion, than to let him enjoy a monopoly of all the cursing and vituperation. Silence is the one thing which surely convicts the Hog of having encountered a superior order of intellect. In his heart he knows that all who witnessed his outburst, and its inability to provoke a retort, are secretly laughing at him for the discomfiture which is produced by this bitterest form of contempt.

In addition to the railroads which have issued general orders for free carriage, the League advertises two trunk lines ("Chicago & Northwestern" and "Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific") which grant such concession only by special permits, to be had by calling upon or addressing their general baggage agents at the first-named city. The Lake Erie and Western r. r. (Sandusky to Bloomington, 378 m.) charges a passenger's bicycle at the same rate as if it were "100 lbs. of excess baggage"; while the arrangement with the Del. & Hudson Canal Co. is reported as "pending." Three other important lines advertise a tariff of ½ c. per m.,—except that the minimum charge is 25 c. (or as much for 1 m. as for 50 m.): Pennsylvania (e. of Pittsburg), Phila. & Reading, and N. Y. Central & Hudson River. I consider this rate of ½ c. per m. a reasonable one, but think that for a distance of 10 or 15 m. the charge should be no more than 10 c. For such short distances, indeed, I believe the r. r.'s would find it profitable to make no charge at all, even while retaining their present rule as to long distances. A touring bicycler who would willingly pay his fare on a local train, for the sake of getting past a few miles of sand or mud, will determine to push through it rather than submit to a tax of 25 c. on his wheel's account. I remember of acting thus several times (once even after buying my train-ticket), and on one occasion I deliberately tramped 8 m. through the dark, in preference to letting a r. r. wrest 50 c. from me for carrying my bicycle that distance. I believe the amount of such possible fares lost considerably exceeds the amount of such unjust taxes collected,—to say nothing of the loss of good-will. Bicyclers who might be persuaded to take tours along the line of certain r. r.'s (where good and bad wheeling are both found) if brief resorts could be freely had to the trains, will simply make their excursions elsewhere, in the face of threatened exactions. The Eastern r. r. (Boston to Portland, 108 m.), and Maine Central r. r. (Portland to Vanceboro, 250 m.), with

various branches, tax the bicycle 25 c. for any distance up to 50 m., and 50 c. for any greater distance. The "N. Y., N. H. & H." (New York to Springfield, 136 m., and New York to New London, 124 m., with several leased lines) puts the tax at 50 c. for any distance up to 50 m., and 75 c. for any greater distance; while the Boston & Albany r. r. (201 m.), starting with a similar minimum charge of 50 c., outranks all others by adhering stiffly to the extreme tariff of 1 c. per m., even for a bicycle which is carried the whole length of its line. As the highways alongside this are in many places attractive to the tourist and in many places unridable, the road might make considerable money, on the theory just now explained, by offering good treatment to cyclers. Instead of this, it prefers to lose considerable money by driving them to take excursions in other regions, and by letting the rival Fitchburg line get hold of all the through traffic and "good-will." The sight of the Fitchburg upon the League's free-list will doubtless soon lead other New England roads to place their names there. I believe that most of them now levy a 25 c. tax; though the Old Colony and Providence roads have already been named as levying 50 c. The Boston & Lowell (26 m.) and the Concord (141 m.) combine as one road to offer a single through rate of 50 c., as an option to paying ½ c. per m. beyond 50 m., or 25 c. for less than 50 m. on either road. The Boston & Lynn r. r. (9½ m.) carries wheels free. No reasonable man who has occasion to use a baggage-car for 25 m. or more can object to paying 25 c. for it; but the same charge for only 2 or 3 m. is vexatious. My own feeling is that if the railroads could carry bicycles free for 10 or 15 m., charge 10 c. up to 25 m., then 25 c. up to 50 m. and beyond that 50 c. (or else ½ c. per m.), they would satisfy every demand of justice. Whenever they offer free carriage for long distances, the fact should always be recognized as in the nature of a reduction of rates, tendered in the hope of attracting special good-will and patronage. On the other hand, free carriage by steamers, for all distances, should be demanded not as a favor but as a right, and a denial of it should be resented to the utmost. In this matter individual effort may make itself felt; and every wheelman who happens to patronize a water-route not already on the free-list should assume the duty of persuading its managers to formally request the League's Transportation Committee to place it there.

I believe that in no case has the extreme policy of refusing to take a passenger's bicycle in the baggage-car on any terms (insisting that the express company only could carry it) been returned to, when once the League had caused its abandonment. It is more likely that the roads which are now classed as maintaining a tariff will modify this in favor of free carriage (for short distances, or without regard to distance) than that any of the "free roads" will go back to a less liberal policy. An inspection of the list shows that there are now very few important points in the West to which a r. r. traveler may not carry his bicycle without tax; but a majority of the local lines in the East yet remain to be won. Barkman's road-book (Apr., '86) says "The Long Island r. r. charges from 40 c. to 80 c., according to distance, for carrying a bicycle"; though, a year earlier, announcement was made (*Tribune*, Apr. 26., '85) that "bicycles are now carried free by the L. I. r. r., when delivered to and taken from the cars by passengers,"—and in '80-'81 I several times resorted to that road without any charge for wheel. In '84, W. C. Herring had his bicycle checked through from N. Y. to Atlanta, without charge; and again from Atlanta to Augusta; and I think the same may be done on the Shenandoah Valley r. r. (240 m., see p. 350). In May, '86, W. J. Farrell brought his bicycle from Fernandina, Fla., to N. Y., without any other trouble than that implied in transferring it from one baggage-car to another, at the terminal points along the route; and he expressed to me the opinion that all the r. r.'s in the South could be depended on to grant this privilege, though they might not think it worth while to make a formal arrangement with the League, because of the rarity of bicycle touring in that region. On the other hand, complaints were printed in May, '85, of the baggagemen on the L. & N. r. r., between Cincinnati and Louisville, as "invariably refusing to take wheels on their cars,"—though I had no trouble about the free carriage of mine, on the same line, between Cave City and Louisville, in June, '82; and printed mention was made of it in Oct., '84, as regularly granting that privilege between Louisville and New Orleans. The recently published notion of an Indiana man, that free carriage on "League roads" should be granted only to those bicycles whose owners can show "League tickets," deserves mention

simply that it may be denounced. Even were it practicable, the dignity of the League would not permit a resort to such a petty policy for recruiting its membership; and it would be an unwise and disastrous confession of weakness besides. The League's power to treat with the railroad people arises from their belief that it not only commands the patronage of its 8000 members, but indirectly controls that of the other wheelmen (say 40,000) who are not members. It is for the evident interest of the League to strengthen this belief, and magnify its own ability for swinging in a given direction the entire wheel interest of the continent. The greater the number of bicyclers who patronize a given "League road," the greater the respect which its managers will have for the League's apparent power to influence traffic. A policy of exclusion and self-belittlement would show that the organization had no practical capacity for "business."

"The C. W. A. Guide Book" (Apr., '84; see p. 330) devotes three pages to printing in full the replies received to the circular letter of Feb. 21, '84, addressed by the secretary of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association to the general managers of all the r. r. lines in the Dominion, asking that passengers' bicycles be allowed free carriage. The affirmative responses, in behalf of seven roads, are signed and dated as follows: Michigan Central (O. W. Ruggles, Chicago, Feb. 26); Grand Trunk (J. Stevenson, Montreal, Feb. 27); Ontario & Quebec (D. McNicoll, Toronto, Feb. 28); Midland (A. White, Peterboro', Feb. 29); Canadian Pacific (G. W. Hibbard, Montreal, Mar. 1); Intercolonial (A. Busby, Moncton, Mar. 4); Northern & Northwestern (R. Kerr, Toronto, Mar. 8). These seven are said to "include nearly all the railroads of Canada"; and any wheelman against whom exactions are attempted by baggagemen should send exact details of the same (with receipts for any money actually paid) to the aforesaid secretary, H. B. Donly, Simcoe, Ont. The r. r.'s of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, which I briefly resorted to in Sept., '83 (p. 291-2), made no charge for the bicycle,—though, in the case of one rather crowded baggage-car, I was told that I "must get in and attend to it myself."

In England (where liberal ideas of traffic management, such as prevail in this free country, are seldom put in practice), the r. r. charge for a bicycle "when accompanied by passenger and at owner's risk" was formerly 25 c. for any distance up to 50 m., 37 c. to 75 m., 50 c. to 100 m., 62 c. to 150 m., and so on, increasing 12 c. for each additional 50 m. or fraction thereof. The fifth edition of the "B. T. C. Handbook" (Apr., '82), from which I extract the figures, said: "These new rates show a material reduction,—in response to the memorial and through the influence of the Council of the B. T. C. They are in force on every line in the kingdom, with the exception of the London, Brighton & South Coast, the South Eastern, and the London, Chatham & Dover railways, which corporations are earning an unenviable notoriety by their obdurate resistance to what we hoped was a universal concession." During the four years which have elapsed since those words were written, tricycling has come into general vogue, and the latest edition of the "C. T. C. Handbook" (Apr., '86) devotes pp. 30-34 to the transportation question. It gives a tabulated statement of the charges made on each of the 22 railways in England, Scotland and Ireland for distances of 12, 25, 50, 75, 100, 150, 200 and 250 m.,—the rate for a tricycle being usually double that for a bicycle. The lowest for the latter is 25 c., which is not increased until the 50 m. limit is passed; while a tricycle is charged at least 25 c. for 12 m., 37 c. up to 25 m. and 50 c. up to 50 m. These rates are for "luggage at the owner's risk," but when classed as "parcels at the owner's risk" (*i. e.*, as we Americans say, "sent by express") the rates are increased about 25 per cent. for bicycles and 50 per cent. for tricycles; and still another 25 or 50 per cent. is added in case of classification as "parcels at the company's risk." The three roads named as "obdurate" in '82 still retain their bad eminence,—their charge for carrying a tri. 200 m. being $3, and $1.50 for a bi.; and these rates are doubled for "parcels at owner's risk," and all machines so sent must be packed, and no admittance to the cloak-rooms is granted them at any price. The charge of the other roads is only half as great, in these several cases, and the rule about packing is enforced by only two. The cloak-room charge for storing machines at the various r. r. stations varies from 4 c. to 12 c. for a period not exceeding three days, and from 2 c. to 4 c. for each day after that. A list is also printed of five places in London where they may be stored at rates varying from 4 c. to 12 c. a day, and from 12 c. to 37 c. a month. "Cycles go free, when accompanied by owner, on Belgian mail steamers from

Dover to Ostend; on Danish steamers from Newcastle and Hull to Bergen, and from Harwich to Esbjerg; on the United line from Newcastle to Copenhagen; and on the river boats (run only in summer) from London to Margate, Ramsgate and Yarmouth."

The General S. N. Co. charges for a London passenger's bicycle to Hull, Havre, Boulogne, Ostend, or Antwerp, 62 c.; to Edinburgh, $1.25; to Bordeaux or Hamburg, $1.87, and to Oporto, $3, with advanced rates for tricycles, according to size. The London & Edinburgh S. N. Co. charges $2.25 for bicycle; and the London & Aberdeen S. N. Co. $1.25 for bi. and $1.87 for tri.,—whether packed and despatched as parcels or taken along as luggage. The London and Channel S. S. Co. takes a passenger's bi. to Gravesend or Southsea for 25 c., and to Ipswich, Harwich, Walton and Clacton for 62 c. From Harwich to Rotterdam or Antwerp the charge is 75 c. for bi. and $1.87 for tri., as compared to the $1.25 and $2.50 exacted up to '84. After tabulating the rates charged by the various railway steamers from Southampton and other sea-coast towns to various ports in France, the "Handbook" says: "As the charges from Dover to Calais and from Folkestone to Boulogne are so exorbitant, and as duty is levied at both C. and B., these routes should be avoided. The French duty appears to be about $5 for bi. and $10 for tri. Dieppe and Cherbourg appear to be the only two ports where cycles accompanied by the rider enter duty free. Tourists entering by road sometimes pay, as at the 'douane' near Rezonville, coming from Metz to Verdun; but riders have entered by road from Bâle to Belfort, and also at Delle, without being mulct in any charge. The French railroads usually carry passengers' cycles as luggage, for a very small charge. Cycles entering Switzerland by rail are liable to a duty of 10 per cent. *ad valorem* (returnable on leaving the country); but tourists entering by road are not usually called upon to pay anything. A tricycle in a crate (up to 112 lbs.) may be sent by 'petite vitesse' from London to Bâle (10 days on the road), for $2.37, on application to Wheatley & Co., 23 Regent st., whose agent at B. (where local charges of 62 c. must be added) will store cycles for 10 c. a month. Tourists entering Germany with cycles are in some places required to pay duty (returnable)."

In Sept., '83, the Belgian customs officers at Antwerp prohibited the landing of three London tourists' bicycles until a duty of $2 each had been paid. The owners were E. Tegetmeier, W. E. Milner, and R. P. Hampton Roberts (subscribers to this book, whose wheeling records may be found on pp. 531-543); and, as they afterwards noticed that another Englishman, G. D. Ingall, who had been similarly treated in Holland, had secured redress by appealing to the Minister of Finance, they thought it worth while to write to the C. T. C. consul at Antwerp (Alban Thorburn, now at Uddevalla, Sweden), to see what could be done. He put the case so effectively before the Ministère des Finances de Belgique, that that functionary not only returned the $6 but on Feb. 6 issued the following Decree No. 8179 (*Cyclist*, Mar. 26, '84, p. 351): "In future the agents of customs may admit freely, and without any formalities, velocipedes of tourists who can prove—by means of a railway circular return ticket, for instance—that they only pass the territory of Belgium, when there can be no suspicion of fraud." In Holland, too, a similar rule was put in force, as a result of the Ingall protest. Nevertheless, a complaint of "vexatious imposts" was made in the *C. T. C. Gazette* of Feb., '86 (by "1419, 14 S. W. E. D.," p. 54), because, "some time ago," he had to pay $2 to the customs officer at Antwerp, who at first demanded $20, for duty on a tricycle. The same magazine for May (p. 185) has a letter from G. H. Rutter, saying: "I have found that some of the French ports are more particular than others; for instance, Havre seems to have the pre-eminence in charging. After consultation with the C. C. for France, I have decided to leave matters as they are, in preference to stirring up the authorities, and thereby making it likely that the laws will be rigidly enforced at all ports in future." With this may be compared Thomas Stevens's report of considerable trouble had in persuading the customs people to "pass" him at Dieppe, in '85 (*Outing*, Oct., p. 42); also the letter written in '84, to the *Canadian Wheelman*, by A. C. Beasley. "You will not be required to pay duty on your machine at the French frontier, and the French railways will all carry it as luggage, for every passenger is allowed 30 kilos. (about 60 lbs.). They seldom weigh the machine, but stick on a label and charge you the nominal sum of one penny for registration. Usually you are required to sign a form exonerating the company from any damage

that may be sustained." A telegram from Rome, Dec. 13, '85, announced the decision of the managers of the railway system of Italy to carry cycles as personal baggage (a later report says "free"),—reversing thus the prohibitory policy proclaimed in a September order that the roads would not transport cycles at all except in freight trains. This reform was apparently effected by the influence of the C. T. C., while the N. C. U. has the credit of a similar one, in persuading the Italian Government (June, '85) to allow tourists to cross its frontier by train without paying duty for their cycles. Previously the practice had been to collect about $6, with the promise of returning it to the owner in case he took the trouble to come back to the same r. r. station again on leaving Italy. Tourists actually driving their wheels across the frontier had not been bothered in this way, unless their appearance gave the customs officers "reasonable suspicion that the machines were being run in, as merchandise, for defrauding the revenue." The reform of June 16 consisted in extending the rule to tourists accompanying machines by train,—and it was effected by an official correspondence of two months, which included the writing of only four letters by the secretary of the N. C. U. These were printed in *Tri. Journal* (July 15, '85, p. 31), together with a translation of the order of the Minister of Finance "that cycles be passed without guarantee, provided they have been used, and provided the officers are convinced they are not to be left in Italy for speculation." The "C. T. C. Handbook" of Apr., '86, nevertheless says (probably through inadvertence in retaining the formula of its '85 edition): "Tourists entering Italy by rail may be called upon to pay the impost, which is returnable if they get the necessary documents at the time of making the deposit"; and it alludes not at all to the reformed policy of the Italian railways. Recent interesting experiences of Rev. S. G. Barnes were detailed in two columns of *Recreation* (July 24, '86, p. 73; see p. 323 *ante*), showing that, when he landed at Naples, he was forced, in spite of all protests that the existing law allowed his tricycle free entry, to make a deposit, "under the explicit and repeated assurance that it would be refunded to him at any custom-house through which he might pass out of Italy." He produced the receipt for such deposit, a few weeks later, at the frontier town of Ventimiglia, but the functionary there in charge resolutely refused to refund the money, or to supply any written proof of such refusal, or of the passage of such tricycle through his custom-house into France. The French customs men at the same station then insisted on exacting another duty, before the tricycle could be returned to the train. "They ignored the protest that no duty had been demanded when it entered France at the port of Dieppe; but said that when I embarked again from D. the present deposit would be refunded. Their promise was kept; and I then learned that there was a special treaty between England and France, for the free transmission of cycles accompanied by their owners, but that no such agreement existed between France and Italy. I sent my papers to the Naples customs officers, but they refused payment because there was no *vise* by Ventimiglia, though I testified to fruitless application for the *vise*, and could prove my departure from Italy by my entrance into France. The matter is now in the hands of the C. T. C., and Mr. Stead, the chief of its 'Foreign Division,' expresses the hope that the Ventimiglia man can be made an example of."

A customs duty of "about ten cents a pound, gross weight," was reported as the Mexican standard for velocipedes (in *Outing*, Nov., '84, p. 97, "Wheeling Among the Aztecs"), by Sylvester Baxter, a Boston tourist, who paid $14.50, because, in ignorance of this law, he failed to strip off the heavy packing-case from his bicycle before showing it to the customs officer. He mentioned that the steamer carried it free as baggage; and I presume such is the usual rule. The manner in which my own excursion to Bermuda forced the United States to issue the order of Apr. 9, '84, classifying passengers' bicycles as "personal effects, exempt from duty," has been detailed on p. 370; and pp. 311-312 may be consulted for the antiquated regulations by which the Dominion of Canada, almost alone among civilized governments, pretends to prohibit all international touring with the wheel. The *Bi. World* of Aug. 6, '86, reported that the Treasury Department had sustained the appeal of Edwin Brown, of Worcester, Ms., against the Collector of the port of Boston, who at first refused to grant free entry to B.'s tricycle, on the plea that his having ridden it only a single time in England did not constitute such "actual use abroad" as was contemplated by the regulations of the Treasury.

XXXV.

THE HOTEL QUESTION.

BED-BUGS, cold victuals and bad service are things which the wheelman who patronizes country hotels cannot always avoid. The question is, "Why increase the probability of his suffering from them, by adopting a policy which must render him an object of contempt to every landlord pretending to recognize it?" In the previous chapter, I have given unstinted praise to the League, for the wise use made of its power in lessening the transportation tax levied by the railroads upon passengers' bicycles; but in the present one I wish most unreservedly to denounce the folly of attempting any similar cut-down in respect to the charges of country hotels. In so far as the League may be considered as committed to the support of such foolishness, I am forced to part company from it, and to cry aloud, in the name of economy as well as humanity, for a reversal of its policy.

To those hotel-keepers who have proclaimed, by the offer of "reduced rates to wheelmen," that they consider them to be a cheap and despicable set, for whose entertainment "the leavings" of more respectable patrons are quite good enough, let me say: "You are mistaken. It will be money in your pockets if you promptly abandon that plan of giving your houses an evil reputation, among a well-to-do class of people who hate humbuggery. Announce rather that you shall charge full rates to touring bicyclers, because you think them worthy of the very best of treatment, and because you want to win the permanent good-will of their friends as well as themselves." On the other hand, I say to tourists: "Take pains to avoid all hotels which offer 'reduced rates'; or, if obliged to patronize any such, be careful to make their managers understand in advance that you prefer to pay full price and enjoy decent accommodations, including a bathing privilege."

It has always seemed to me a great misfortune that, in the absence of any other model, the "C. T. C. plan" has been so generally allowed to guide the utterances and actions of such League officers as have attempted to say or do anything in regard to getting together a select list of American hotels for the patronage of bicycle tourists. They have taken a purely perfunctory view of the matter, without giving serious thought to the bodily discomforts inflicted upon innocent victims as an ultimate logical result of adopting a wrong theory of "official duties." They have been more officious than wise,—more zealous than discreet. The tourists themselves have had no voice in shaping any such suicidal policy. All men who have pushed their bicycles straight through the country for as much as a week seem to agree with me in demand-

ing better food and lodging rather than cheaper. At least, no one of them has ever tried to controvert my numerous articles in the cycling press, showing the deplorable tendency of the opposite demand; nor have I ever found an experienced tourist to express in private any other than a hostile opinion of the picayune policy which misrepresents him as a poverty-stricken and penurious person, humbly begging for a petty "reduction of rates." Even in England (where the social conditions and inn-keeping customs are so sharply contrasted to our own as to render a "reduced-rates plan" less obtrusively absurd than here), the results are not entirely admirable, as may be judged by this recent extract from a London weekly's leading editorial (*Wheeling*, May 5, '86, p. 49): "We object to the greater number of C. T. C. hotels, because at them the cyclist is regarded as a sort of strange, wild beast, to be packed away in a bed-room, into whose window the tile-prowling cat can sing the whole night long; and as a waif, to be fed in a careless sort of way,—quantity being the only item studied with reference to his comfort. That such is the *rôle* of many C. T. C. houses we know from personal experience, and it is against such treatment that we protest." So thorough a condemnation from an expert seems specially well calculated to show the wisdom of what was said, after English experiences of five years ago, by the League consul for Boston, in the earliest-published report ever addressed to that body concerning the hotel question. His words were substantially as follows:

"Having seen repeatedly, since my return from England, how much fault has been lately found with the B. T. C. method, the more I have thought of the matter the more firmly I have become fixed in the belief that any reduction should be made a secondary consideration in the appointment of hotels. What we want is *good* food and beds, at a fair rate. The main thing is to have in each town and village some place where suitable refreshment can be secured. I should recommend that consuls in small places select *the best*, regardless of any reduction. At present, the tourist is ignorant as to which is 'the best,' in towns where two or more hotels exist, and ignorant also as to towns where any sort of entertainment may be had. The accommodations in our average country hotels are so poor that the proprietors should understand that it will be for their advantage to make an extra effort in their treatment of bicyclers; that they want good fare and good attendance, for which they are willing to pay."

The date of these remarks was Oct. 20, '81, and they were signed by J. S. Dean, now editor of the *Bi. World*. They were printed, with the rest of his report, in that paper of Nov. 4, and they so commended themselves to my approval that I at once offered congratulations, saying (*B. W.*, Nov. 25, '81, p. 28): "Yes, indeed! What the touring wheelman wants of the country tavern-keeper is not a 'reduction of rates,' but an increase of comforts. The League ought to issue a list of the hotels known to be 'the best' in the smaller towns visited by bicyclers, and the proprietors thereof should be made to pledge themselves, in return for the advertisement thus given them, to provide 'the best' in their power for the accommodation of wheelmen. They should be made to understand that these persons have a liking for bath-rooms, or, in lack of them, large wash-bowls and pitchers and plenty of towels; that they often want their damp clothes dried, or their dirty clothes washed, in very short order; that they prefer to sleep in large and quiet rooms, to which the air and sunlight have ready access; that they can all appreciate good food; and that most of them consider good milk the best drink wherewith to satisfy their raging thirst. If inn-keepers could be convinced that the attraction and retention of wheelmen's patronage depended upon paying attention to things of this sort, they would soon get into the way of providing better accommodations than are now usually

met with. If 'reduction of rates' is sought for at all, it should be only in the large cities, where 'an increase of comforts' is not a crying want. Were the League thus to be the means of raising the grade (rather than lowering the price) of a series of country hotels, it would perform for the general public a not insignificant service."

Those words were written while I was still smarting under the recent memory of the "125 bites" which the bed-bugs had out of me during a single night in Maryland (see p. 239); and I also recall with some bitterness that, on the sole occasion of my allowing the advice of a local cycler to tempt me into patronizing "the League hotel," despite my usual rule of patronizing "the highest priced," I was again bitten, as well as badly fed. This proper punishment of folly perhaps helped inspire the warning against "reductions" which I printed, a few weeks later, as a preface to my "circular to hotel-keepers" (*Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, Aug., '84, p. 51), and from which I extract the following: "Additional experience of hotel horrors, 'in 24 different States and Provinces,' has only confirmed my belief that what the country towns need is better hotels—not cheaper ones. The curse of Canadian touring is the difficulty of finding a tavern which charges more than $1 a day. The accommodations offered there for that price are sometimes as good as one gets in the United States for $2,—while on the other hand, the last-named rate often ensures here (as it always does in Canada) a thoroughly comfortable treatment. It is the standard daily price all over the Union,—outside the large cities,—and is usually assigned equally to the four items, lodging, breakfast, dinner and supper. What sensible traveler will pretend that a single one of these, if really *good*, can be profitably supplied by a hotel-keeper for less than 50 c.? Some very bad meals and rooms are supplied at that rate by many hotels, and these are naturally the ones which will consent to a pitiful 'reduction,' of five or ten cents on an item, 'to League men.' Believing this, I take special pains to avoid all places where 'reductions' are announced; and no traveler of experience needs any assertion of mine as to the wisdom and economy of doing so. 'The best is always the cheapest:' that is the simple rule for transient patrons of hotels to follow. Were they planning to stay a week or a month at a place, they might contrive to save money by choosing a second-rate hotel; but for a single meal or lodging they will save money, as well as their self-respect, by patronizing the 'best.' Let the League, therefore, lend its influence not to the breaking down of rates, which are already too low, but to the building up of the standard of the poorest of the two-dollar houses to the very creditable level now held by the best of them. The price is really a fixed quantity, and any appearance of 'cutting under' simply ensures to the assumed beneficiary the poorest accommodations which the hotel-keeper can palm off upon him. If it is known that the 'League hotel' is always designed to be the 'best' one in its locality, its owner will have a motive for keeping it up to the standard; and he will welcome touring wheelmen to enjoy its choicest comforts, as being a class of patrons who expect to have good things and to pay the full price for them. On the other hand, if the picayune policy of seeking 'special rates' be persisted in (in stupid disregard of the different conditions of hotel-keeping in England and America), the man who 'reduces' a 50 c. dinner to 40 c. will take good care that he reduces the cost of it to half that, and he will despise the cycler besides."

"The methods of the C. T. C. and L. A. W., in the direction of hotel appointments, are, to our mind, all wrong. Reduction in rates too often carries with it reduction in fare. We hope to see the time when, through the influence of these two societies, wheelmen (paying regular rates) will get increased attention and special privileges." So said the editor of the *Bi. World* (Jan. 2, '85, p. 138), in his review of the previous year's wheeling progress; and he reprinted the words (Jan. 16, p. 171), in response to my cry that "the only effective way for an intelligent minority to drive the stupid majority over to the side of reason and common-sense is to keep pounding away at them everlastingly with the sledge-hammer of truth." I added: "Let me say to those non-touring wheelmen who mistakenly suppose that anything is really gained by a pretended 'reduction of rates,' There is no such thing in this world as 'eating your cake and having it too'; and any apparent reduction of 10 or 20 per cent., which a hotel-keeper may make from his ordinary prices, means a real reduction by him of twice as great a percentage in the accommodations which he supplies for the money. By the bitter memories of

many bed-bug bites, I warn every tourist to patronize the highest-priced hotels within his reach, and to shun, as he would shun a pestilence, those hostelries which announce a 'reduction of rates.'" A fortnight later (*B. W.*, Jan. 30, '85) I again plied the sledge-hammer, thus: "So long as 'champagne' continues preferable to 'cider,' so long as clean and costly things continue preferable to cheap and nasty ones, the trader who enters the markets of the world with a really good article, will outsell the 'Cheap John,' every time. Nothing *is* cheap which a man does n't want; and certainly no touring wheelman wants a mouldy bed in an ill-ventilated room, as a resting-place after a hard day's ride. The ultimate logical result of 'reduced hotel rates' is, necessarily and inevitably, that the assumed beneficiaries thereof are forced to accept 'the leavings' of those who pay the regulation price. Witness the sarcastic remark of the *Wheel*'s editor concerning his sad experience of last September: 'We noticed the great advantage of "League rates" at the recent Albany meet, where some of the wheelmen were carefully stowed under the roof, at a saving of 50 c. a day.' Likewise take the testimony of a recent traveler in England: 'I went to several C. T. C. hotels, but found them to be uncomfortable, and in many cases third-class. I was obliged to go elsewhere. I found that a C. T. C. tailor who made me a uniform had one price for a C. T. C. man and another price for him who wished a well-made suit.' All this merely illustrates the venerable truth that there 's no such thing as getting any really valuable service in this world without paying a good price for it. The fallacy of supposing that by some trick or 'arrangement' something can be got 'for nothin',' is very dear to the human heart, especially to the youthful human heart; but it is absolutely a fallacy. Yet an editorial supporter of the League's ostensible policy asks: 'What does the *B. W.* refer to when it speaks of "increased attention and special privileges"? Is it not dealing in glittering generalities? If not, we would be glad to know it. Good, first-class food; good, accessible, and well-furnished rooms, and polite and prompt service is all that any visitor at a public hostelry can ask. What more does a wheelman need, save safe storage for his wheel?' To this I reply: 'The wheelman certainly needs nothing more, and he can consider himself wonderfully fortunate if he gets as much. My own experience is (and it represents hundreds of miles traveled in every year since 1860, and thousands of miles in several of those years) that "good, first-class food" can rarely be obtained; that "good, accessible rooms" can rarely be obtained; that "polite and prompt service" can rarely be obtained. The chances are always against a traveler's getting these things, even when he pays full price; and I protest that it is absurd to diminish or destroy those chances by any talk about "reduction of rates." There is no "glittering generality" in the demand for "increased attention and special privileges" as a reward for the League's recommendation of a given hotel to the patronage of wheelmen. On the contrary, it is a specific and exact demand. It means that the landlord should favor this particular sort of guest with a choice room, where he will not be kept awake by the trains or by the rattling of dishes in an adjacent kitchen or dining-hall; it means that the landlord should provide a late supper or early breakfast for him without grumbling; it means that wet clothes shou'd be dried and dirty clothes should be washed quickly and cheerfully; it means that there should be an abundance of water and towels; it means, in short, just those "increased attentions and special privileges" which constitute the difference between comfort and wretchedness.'

"There are certain classes of people whom landlords always try to please and placate by offering them the 'the best'; and there are other classes whose patronage they are glad to get by offering them the worst at 'reduced rates.' As an individual, I insist on getting myself included among the former; and, in so far as the policy of 'L. A. W.' or 'C. T. C.' tends to make the hotel-keepers look contemptuously upon all wheelmen as a low-priced crowd, for whom 'the leavings' are quite good enough, I cry out against it as a personal affront. I will never knowingly patronize a hotel of 'reduced rates to wheelmen,' except under compulsion. The very fact of consenting to offer such rates shows that the landlord thinks their patronage of a trivial and undesirable sort. Most of them, so far as my observation goes, are inclined to look upon all the red-tape formalities of 'official appointment' as so much fol-de-rol and child's play, which they submit to because it costs them nothing, but not because they have any

great faith in its attracting customers to their houses. I say 'costs them nothing,' because their promise of 'reduced rates' implies the intention to reduce the accommodations proportionately, in case any victims are drawn in by such promise. When asked to make a definite outlay for attracting patronage (even so small an outlay as $1, to ensure the presence in their offices of 'the great American road-book, club-directory and hotel-guide,' for the convenience of touring wheelmen, and for the world-wide advertisement of their own hostelries), they are so slow and reluctant about it as to prove their general scepticism on the subject of wheeling." The difficulties of overcoming this scepticism were detailed in a four-column article of mine (*Wheel*, Dec. 26, '84), showing that most of the 88 hotels then enrolled as supporters of my scheme had been won to it by the verbal persuasion of local subscribers. Only 10 responses came to me from 90 hotels to which I addressed sealed hectograph letters, reminding each proprietor of the exact date when I registered at his house, while touring on a bicycle, and asking him to fairly consider the argument of my printed "hotel circular." As originally published, in the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, and freely mailed by the editor thereof to the 618 leading hotels with whose names I supplied him, the circular brought "just one" response! A trio of exceptionally intelligent and good-natured landlords, whom I severally met while touring in Pennsylvania, New York and Connecticut, and persuaded to take the book, told me they did so because they believed its road-reports might be worth a dollar to them, and not because of my argument that the advertisement implied in the book's triple mention of hotel's name would be of value. They professed an entire disbelief as to the existence of any bicycling traffic worth making a bid for. Now, if such men cherish this mistaken idea of the case, and attach no business importance to so tangible a thing as an advertisement in a book with a guaranteed circulation of 5000 copies, what value would they be likely to put on so shadowy and remote a thing as "official recommendation of the L. A. W." or C. T. C.?

I answer this by again reiterating the truth that their willingness to "offer reduced rates to the League" will always be in exact proportion to their contempt for the League. If that organization wishes to convince the landlords of its respectability and practical importance, the very first step must be in the line of proving that the people whom it represents demand the best attainable treatment, and are willing to pay the highest price for it. The age of the vast majority of American cyclers ranges between 20 and 35 years; and they are not only young men, but, from the nature of things, they are active and enterprising men; they are men who travel (by train and boat, as a matter of business, as well as by bicycle as a matter of pleasure), and whose family friends and connections also travel; they are men who, if not wealthy, are as a class distinctively well-to-do; and, as such, they not only spend money themselves, but they are influential in shaping the direction in which their numerous acquaintances spend money. In a word, they are a set of people whose patronage and good-will are specially worth securing by the hotel-keeper. If the League can convince the latter of this truth, and also of its own power to divert that patronage and good-will towards the hotels which make a bid for it by offering the highest standard of comfort, it will finally force them to recognize its recommendation as worthy of real respect. For a certificate, to be hung in the hotel-offices, I should suggest some such formula as the following: "The League of American Wheelmen recommends this hotel to the patronage of all tourists by wheel. The consideration offered by the owner is a willingness to help ensure the comfort of such tourists by certain special attentions not needed for travelers by rail. Any wheelman who may be denied these advantages (such as the serving of meals earlier or later than regular hours, the prompt drying of clothes, the convenient storage of machine, the assignment to a quiet and well-ventilated sleeping-room), or who may suffer incivility or neglect, at this hotel, is requested to write a definite statement of his grievances to the Secretary-Editor, Box 916, Philadelphia, Pa. On the other hand, every one who may be impressed with the comfortable and courteous treatment accorded him here should take pains to proclaim the fact among his acquaintances, and thus help give the hotel a reputation as a place which offers a warm welcome to touring wheelmen. This certificate is issued to Brown & Jones, proprietors of the American House, May 20, '86, and may be withdrawn at the pleasure of the League." (Signatures of president and chief consul.) Those who are curious to

compare this with the League's actual formula "reported by the 'committee on hotel certificate' and approved by the board of officers" may find the same in the *Wheel* of Apr. 11, '84. I presume this is still nominally in vogue, though I have never been able to discover a copy in print elsewhere; but I should think that a consul who could seriously seek a hotel-keeper's signature for so trivial a document must be a person of great innocence, or else hardihood.

It may be worth remembering that, as keepers of country taverns often rely chiefly for profit upon sales at the bar (food and lodging being supplied incidentally), and as bicyclers rarely purchase any fire-water, a suggestion of "reduced rates" for such abstemious guests must seem specially exasperating to them. The absurdity of the case is intensified by the fact that outdoor exercise tends to give the tourist a ravenous appetite. The extra quantity of food, the extra labor of serving it outside of regular hours, the extra trouble, however slight, of drying clothes and storing the wheel,—these are things which a good-natured landlord will concede with cheerfulness, though they would justify him in charging more than the regular rates; but what can he think of a policy which, besides these concessions, tries to knock off a beggarly five or ten cents from his regular half-dollar charge? The active tourist rarely stops "a day" at any one place; but he often in that time uses four hotels for his breakfast, dinner, supper and lodging. Any one hotel's "reduction" therefore affects not a full day's rate, but only a fractional part of it,—and is thereby made to appear all the more contemptible. As regards myself, the one time of all others when a consciousness of a hotel-man's looking upon me with contempt has power to depress my spirits is at the end of a long day's ride. Tired thus, it annoys me to think that some "League consul" may have worried him into the belief that every bicycle owner is a fair victim for "reduced rates." Then is the one time when it cheers me to be treated with some show of welcome and friendliness. I like to have the clerk act as if he recognized the fairness of rewarding my day's struggle on the road by a prompt endeavor to make me comfortable,—by showing me to a bath-room, if there is one, giving me a quiet chamber, and accepting cheerfully my rule of "a half hour's rest before supper." As an ordinary traveler by train, I do not care for any special attentions of this sort. Anything that is offered is "good enough," and the less said about it the better. But at the end of a day's wheeling, a few pleasant words and a manifested effort to be obliging, help take away the sense of weariness. Examples of the opposite kind have been described on pp. 338, 241; and it is for the prevention of that sort of thing that the League should use its influence. As regards food, likewise, I speak as an economist, in denouncing the folly of "reduced rates"—not as an epicure. Blessed with a good digestion, I can live on very simple fare, or even abstain entirely from eating for many hours at a stretch, without any special discomfort. It is only when I am "on the road" that the desire to procure the best of food seems exalted to a worthy ambition. The chance of getting a "75 c. dinner," instead of the usual "50 c. dinner," seems then worth riding many miles to improve. The prospect of finding a "high-priced hotel" seems as tempting then as the mirage of an oasis to a traveler in the desert. The severest economy seems then to demand "the best."

The quasi-adoption by the League of a "reduced-rates" policy, contrary to the recommendation of that earliest one of its officers who had given any study to the matter, was doubtless due in part to the feeling that there was need of having some "tangible argument" to offer candidates who hesitated about paying membership fees merely as a matter of sentiment. In these later days, however, when each member receives a weekly newspaper which would alone cost more than those fees, and when members of the older Divisions also freely receive maps and road-books similarly expensive, the hotel question may well be omitted from the "money argument." The wrong policy was also due in part to a confusion of ideas,—a failure to distinguish sharply between city and country,—a careless assumption that the conditions which give satisfaction when a lot of officers hold a committee meeting, or a lot of club-men assemble for a parade, and employ a grand hotel as their rendezvous and headquarters, are identical with the conditions which the individual tourist encounters when pushing his bicycle straight along through the little towns and villages. It is to the defense of the interests of this country tourist that I have been careful to restrict my remarks, in condemnation of the "cheap and nasty" system; whereas such slight defense as I have ever seen given the system has been in the inter-

est of the committee-men and club-men, who go by train from one big hostelry to another, and who feel pleased by a policy which materially lessens their expenses at those places. The error is in assuming that such experience impairs my argument at all, or is in any way analogous to that of genuine explorers of remote country highways. When some touring neophyte, having ended a day's wheeling from Providence or Worcester to Boston, rests two days at the Hotel Vendome, he may perhaps devote one of them to writing a letter to show that, "as the deduction from his bill, on account of his League ticket, amounted to more than the cost of it, and implied no perceptible diminution in comfort, the 'reduced-rates policy' is a wise one"; but if I could put a hook in that neophyte's ear, and drag him off for a little experience with the straw beds and broken victuals of Podunk and Waybackville, he would sing a different strain.

As restricted to the cities' high-priced hotels (those whose daily charge is $5, or $4 or even $3), the League's policy of asking reduced rates might be plausibly defended; and, though I should not approve of it, there are several reasons which would deter me from offering any violent protest against it. On the one hand, a variety of choice as regards lodging-places and restaurants is offered the wayfarer in every great city; and, on the other hand, the highest prices represent so broad a margin of profit and so great a degree of luxury that a reduction in them does not signify loss to the landlord or discomfort to the beneficiary. *E. g.*, the very poorest accommodations which would be offered a "reduced-rates" patron of an establishment like the Vendome would probably be superior to the best which can be got at any of the ordinary country hotels. Still further, there may be manifest justice in arranging for reduced rates when a large party of wheelmen quarter themselves upon a small hotel,—inasmuch as they will inevitably have to submit to a loss of comfort, from the exhaustion of its resources, even though full price be paid. Thus, when a little city like Springfield is invaded by several thousands of strangers, on an occasion like the tournament, no one of them can reasonably expect to get as quiet a room, or as good a variety of food, or as prompt service, as when he has the town more to himself. He may rightly then demand reduced rates for diminished comforts, because his comforts will be diminished anyhow. The best that the hotel-keepers can do in taking care of such a crowd is of necessity much inferior to their ordinary "best," and they can make a fair profit by charging less than their ordinary prices. Let no one presume to misrepresent me, therefore, as objecting to special hotel-rates for special occasions. If a party of wheelmen wish to bargain with an inn-keeper for a specified sort of supper or lodgings at a specified price (whether greater or less than his usual one), I say well and good. It is simply their own private business; and the arrangement of it cannot affect the reputation or comfort of myself or any other tourist. What I cry out against is the poor economy of trying to knock down, "for the benefit of the touring bicycler," any ordinary hotel-rate which stands at less than $3. "Penny wise and pound foolish" is the only title for such a policy. What I insist that the touring bicycler really wants is the reputation of cheerfully paying for "the best" which the highest-priced hotels can offer, and of freely advertising the names of those which cheerfully offer him "their best."

I think it unfortunate that the cheapest and meanest of our country hotels should persist in imitating the higher-priced ones, by clinging to the "American system" of offering a great profusion and variety of food at a fixed rate per meal. I should be much better pleased if the average bill-of-fare were simplified, by omitting half its items and improving the quality of the remainder. But the contrast which is presented by the cut-and-dried "English system," going to the other extreme of frugality and sameness, is not entirely admirable; and the following illustration of it seems worth reprinting as a curiosity ("C. T. C. Hand-book," Apr., '86, pp. 35-38): "J. Smith, proprietor of the Bull Hotel, hereby agrees (1) that he will at all times receive and entertain any of the members of the C. T. C., whether ladies or gentlemen, and will charge them a tariff which shall in no case exceed the following: Breakfast or tea, of eggs, with tea, coffee, chocolate or cocoa, 37 c. (or 43 c. if ham, chops, steak, cold joint or fish be added); luncheon, of cold meat, salad and cheese, 50 c.; dinner, of soup or fish, joint, vegetables, sweets and cheese, 50 c.; supper, of cold meat and salad, 43 c.; single-bedded room for one, 50 c.; double-bedded room for two, 87 c.; chambermaid's fee for each member each night, 12 c.; boots's fee for

each member each night, 6 c.; waiter's fee for each member each meal, 6 c. Stabling or warehousing of cycles provided free during the member's stay at his house. (2) That he will charge the said tariff only to the *bona fide* members of the club, but they shall first be required by him to produce their respective and individual tickets of membership for the then current year, and further that he will *not* accord or admit to any privileges, benefits or reduction derivable under this agreement, any cyclist or tourist who is *not* a member of the C. T. C. (3) That he will at any time set aside a room for the holding of any committee or council meeting of the club without charge. (4) That upon the termination of this agreement, he will remove, or cause to be removed, any and every sign, notice or advertisement, which may have been exhibited upon any part of his hotel or premises, or in any publication, signifying that his said hotel is a headquarters of, or in any other way connected with, the club. This agreement to be terminable only by the giving of either party to the other one calendar month's notice in writing of his or their intention so to do." Such is the formula signed by the secretary of the C. T. C., in certifying the appointment of "official hotels" in England and Ireland. The one used in Scotland is identical, except that the tariff is as follows: "Tea or coffee, with eggs, in the morning, or plain tea, with eggs, at evening, 37 c. (or 50 c. if ham or fish be added to either repast); luncheon, in the forenoon, or supper at night, of cold-meat, bread and cheese, 37 c.; dinner, of soup or fish, joints, sweets, bread and cheese, 62 c.; single-bedded room for one, 50 c.; double-bedded room for two, 87 c.; attendance fees per night for each, 25 c." The C. T. C. hotels in France agree to a cheaper tariff, thus: "Coffee, tea or chocolate, with bread and butter, 20 c.; *table d'hôte*, with wine or cider, 50 c. for breakfast and 60 c. for dinner; bed-room, 40 c., waiter's fee, 5 c.; chamber-maid's fee, 10 c." "On the continent, outside of France, it has been found that the charges in the various towns and villages vary to such a degree that no advantage would attend the adoption of a fixed tariff. The figures exacted at the hotels recommended in the Hand-book will, however, as a rule, be found to be a reduction upon those in force in England, while the accommodation is such as has commended itself to the majority of wheel tourists. In the United States, the hotels under arrangements with the C. T. C. adopt no tariff, but make a reduction of 20 per cent. from their ordinary prices upon production of membership ticket." (See pp. 639-41.)

The foregoing statement shows that all the C. T. C. hotels of Great Britain and Ireland charge 75 c. for lodging (with attendance fees), as against 50 c. of the usual $2 hotels in this country; and it is a fair inference that the three meals which could be got for the remaining $1.25 in the former case would be far less satisfactory than the "breakfast, dinner and supper" which could be got for the remaining $1.50 in the latter case. In other words, after all the fuss and petty dickering implied in the quoted arrangement for British C. T. C. hotels, the patron thereof cannot pretend to get along for less than $2 a day; and the comforts ensured him by that expenditure appear in most cases to be much inferior to what a man gets at the best of our own $2 country taverns. This again demonstrates the folly of trying to beat down that standard rate. Good accommodations cannot profitably be provided for less. What bicycle tourists should strive for is the encouragement of the more poorly-appointed among the $2 houses to rise to the very creditable level of the best in that class. What every really economical tourist longs for, is a larger number of country hotels of the $2.50 and $3 class, which will charge him 75 c. or $1 for dinner, and give him his money's worth. As I account it unprofitable for the L. A. W. to copy the "small potatoes" policy of the C. T. C. in regard to "reduced rates," so I account it undignified in the L. A. W. to copy the narrow-mindedness implied in the C. T. C.'s endeavor to exclude wheelmen who are non-members from such benefits as may attach to its negotiations with the inn-keepers. Rather should the League try to magnify its own importance by assuming to have a good degree of control upon the inclinations of *all* cyclers,—in respect to their patronage of certain hotels, as well as of certain railways (p. 598). It should say nothing to the landlords about tickets or badges, but strive simply to assure them, by the issue of a certificate such as I have suggested, that every tourist who comes to their houses with a bicycle deserves specially good treatment, and that he will advertise the fact of such treatment among all his cycling friends. An extreme example of what the League ought *not* to do has been offered, oddly enough, by its chief consul in the great gold-bearing State which is specially cred-

ited with favoring large and liberal ideas about money matters; for he announced in the *Ingleside* (June 26,'86, p. 11)," official organ of the California Division," that he had sent to each appointed hotel a copy of the following letter: "On the recommendation of ——, your hotel has been appointed the League Hotel for ——, at rates as agreed upon, viz.: You are not expected to give the benefit of favorable rates and accommodations to wheelmen who are not members of the League, and unless they are personally known to you as such, you must require them to prove their right to claim League benefits, by producing the printed membership ticket, which every League member has. *Granting equal rights and privileges to wheelmen who are not League members will be considered sufficient cause for revoking this appointment.* This action is rendered necessary, by the fact that there are wheelmen perfectly willing to avail themselves of the advantages secured by our organization, without, however, being possessed of sufficient manliness to join in its support and advancement. Please post this in a conspicuous place for your own convenience and our protection." If any California tavern-keeper really has so little respect for himself, and such unmitigated contempt for wheelmen, as to consent to a manifesto of this sort, an unusual frigidity and staleness may be assumed to characterize the cold victuals and other leavings which he doles out to "League members," and the bed-rooms to which he assigns them must be unusually dirty and ill-ventilated. Such a certificate is useful to the intelligent tourist only as a danger signal, like the yellow flag of small-pox or cholera, telling him the places to avoid. Its promulgation in California seems to show that the silly formula already noted as recommended to the League in April, '84, by its "committee on hotel certificate," has never come into general use.

Whether or not the executive officers of the League shall repudiate this and the California plan for my own straightforward one, the duty is incumbent upon every consul and every tourist, who believes as I do, to recommend all hotels which are known to him as honoring bicyclers by the offer of their best accommodations, instead of humiliating them by the infliction of "reduced rates." Though a few of the latter sort are included in the following list of towns whose hotels have subscribed for my book, I trust that a perusal of these remarks may persuade their proprietors into a prompt change of policy; since it is my earnest wish that the list shall have distinctive value as a directory to those hotels where the touring wheelman can always be sure of a welcome to indulgence in "the best":

Academy, Pa., *Gen. Wayne.*
Akron, O., *Sumner.*
Allentown, Pa., *American.*
Altoona, Pa., *Logan.*
Annapolis, N. S., *Dominion.*
Ann Arbor, Mich., *Cook.*
Ardmore, Pa., *Ardmore.*
Ardmore, Pa., *Red Lion.*
Augusta, Ky., *Taylor.*
Augusta, Me., *Augusta.*
Aurora, Ill., *Evans.*
Baltimore, Md., *Rennert.*
Bardstown, Ky., *Central.*
Bedford, Pa., *Bedford.*
Boisé City, Id., *Overland.*
Bordentown, N. J., *Washington.*
Boston, Ms., *International.*
Boston, Ms., *Vendome.*
Brattleboro, Vt., *Brooks.*
Brookline, Ms., *Hawthorne.*
Brownsville, Pa., *Bar.*
Buffalo, N. Y., *Geneseo.*
Buffalo, N. Y., *Tift.*
Calais, Me., *American.*
Caldwell, N. J., *Caldwell.*
Caldwell, N. Y., *Lake.*
Canton, O., *Barnett.*
Cave City, Ky., *Mammoth Cave.*
Cazenovia, N. Y., *Stanton.*
Chambersburg, Pa., *National.*
Chatham, N. Y., *Stanwix.*
Cheshire, Ct., *Wallace.*
Cheyenne, Wyo., *Inter-Ocean.*
Clearfield, Pa., *Leonard.*
Clearfield, Pa., *Windsor.*
Columbia, Pa., *Franklin.*
Constantinople, Turkey, *Chamber of Commerce.*
Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., *Elmer.*
Corry, Pa., *St. James.*
Curwinsville, Pa., *Draucker.*
Curwinsville, Pa., *Park.*
Defiance, O., *Crosby.*
Devon, Pa., *Devon.*
Easton, Pa., *United States.*
Elyria, O., *Beebe.*
Garrison's, N. Y., *Highland.*
Gettysburg, Pa., *Eagle.*
Glens Falls, N. Y., *Rockwell.*
Gloucester, Mass., *Belmont.*
Grand Forks, Dak., *Griggs.*
Greenfield, Mass., *Mansion.*
Greenwich, Ct., *Lenox.*
Hagerstown, Md., *Baldwin.*
Hailey, Id., *Hailey.*
Hailey, Id., *Merchants'.*
Halifax, N. S., *Halifax.*
Hamilton, Ber., *Hamilton.*
Hartford, Ct., *Merrill's.*
Hawley, Pa., *Keystone.*
Henderson, Ky., *Barrett.*
Highland Mills, N. Y., *Highland Mills.*
Holyoke, Ms., *Windsor.*
Howard Lake, Min., *Windsor.*
Hudson, N. Y., *Worth.*

Indiana, Pa., *American.*
Indianapolis, Ind., *Bates.*
Indianapolis, Ind., *English.*
Jamestown, N. Y., *Sherman.*
Kinderhook, N.Y., *Kinderh'k.*
Kingston, Ont., *Windsor.*
Lake George, N. Y., *Lake.*
Latrobe, Pa., *Parker.*
Lebanon, Ky., *Norris.*
Lee, Mass., *Morgan.*
Lehighton, Pa., *Exchange.*
Lubec, Me., *Cobscook.*
Meriden, Ct., *Winthrop.*
Montgomery, Ala., *Windsor.*
Morristown, N. J., *Mansion.*
Morristown, N. J., *Park.*
Myerstown, Pa., *Baney.*
Natural Bridge, Va., *Forest.*
Newark, N. J., *Continental.*
Newburg, N.Y., *Unit'd States.*
New London, Ct., *Crocker.*
New York, *Carmansvil. Park.*
New York, *Grand Union.*
Niagara Falls, *Cataract.*
Niagara Falls, *International.*
Northampton, Ms., *Mansion.*
Orange, N. J., *Mansion.*
Penfield, Pa., *Penfield.*
Philadelphia, Pa., *Colonnade.*
Philadelphia, Pa., *Lafayette.*
Pine Bluff, Ark., *Amis.*
Port Jervis, N. Y., *Clarendonian* and *Delaware.*
Portland, Me., *Preble.*
Portland, Or., *Holton.*
Portsmouth, N. H., *Kearsarge.*
Princeton, Ms., *Wachusett.*
Punxsutawney, Pa., *St. Elmo.*
Rochester, N. H., *Dodge's.*
Rutland, Vt., *Bardwell.*
St. Cloud, Minn., *Grand Central.*
St. George's, Ber., *Globe* and *St. George's.*
Sandhurst, Vict., *Niagara.*
Schenectady, N. Y., *Carley.*
Schuylerville, N. Y., *Schuylerville.*
Scranton, Pa., *Forest.*
Shepherdst'wn, W.Va., *Entler*
Silver Creek, N. Y., *Main St.*
Solon, Me., *Maynard.*
Somerville, N. J., *County.*
Springfield, Ill., *Revere.*
Stamford, Ct., *Stamford.*
Stamford, Ct., *Depot Rest.*
Staunton, Va., *Virginia.*
Stillwater, N. Y., *Ensign.*
Strasburg, Va., *Chalybeate.*
Suffern, N. Y., *Eureka.*
Tarrytown, N. Y., *Vincent.*
Titusville, Pa., *Brunswick.*
Towanda, Pa., *Ward.*
Trenton, N. J., *Trenton.*
Uniontown, Pa., *McClelland.*
Utica, N. Y., *Bagg's.*
Vicksburg, Mis., *Washington.*
Warrenton, Va., *War. Green.*
Washington, D.C., *Willard's.*
Washington, N. J., *St. Cloud.*
Waterville, Me., *Elmwood.*
Waynesboro, Pa., *National.*
Waynesburg, Pa., *Downey.*
Wellsboro, Pa., *Coles.*
Westboro, Ms., *Westboro.*
West Orange, N. J., *Llewellyn Park.*
West Point, Ga., *Clark.*
W. Randolph, Vt., *Red Lion.*
Wheeling, W. Va., *New McClure.*
Williamstown, Ms., *Mansion.*
Windsor, N. S., *Victoria.*
Yonkers, N. Y., *Getty.*
Yonkers, N. Y., *Mansion.*
York, Pa., *Washington.*

Ten times as many towns as are named above might well keep this book on file in their chief hotels; and the size of the supplementary list of such, which I hope to print in the second and later editions, will depend largely upon the disposition of my subscribers to exhibit the volume to the landlords of their respective localities and persuade them to buy it. For the use of volunteer agents of this sort, I reprint the following plea for it as a valuable piece of "hotel literature," entirely independent of its power to attract the special patronage of wheelmen (*Spr. Wk. Gas.*, Aug., '84, p. 52): "Its descriptions of roads will be of service to riders and drivers of horses and wagons as well as to bicyclers; the appearance of the book will be quite as ornamental as that of the 'city directory,' and the 'railroad and steamboat guides,' which it will lie among; and the novelty of its title will compel the perusal of it in preference to them, by travelers who are engaged in killing time. Some of these, noticing the book's list of hotels, will naturally be attracted to make trial of one or another of those mentioned there. Hence, it is for the interest of each hotel which has the book that the hotels of as many other towns as possible should have it; for the copies thus placed will be consulted by a much larger number of people than those which are privately held. It is for the interest of each private owner, who may be tempted to do any touring, that the book should be thus kept publicly accessible to him in as many towns as possible, in order that its information as to roads, hotels and clubs should always be at his command, without the need of dragging about the heavy volume itself. It is for my own private interest, as calculated to assist the sale of the book, that a very large hotel list should add to its value in the eyes of purchasers, by giving them a knowledge of as many places as possible to which baggage, letters and telegrams may safely be sent, in advance of their own arrival. Still further, though it is conceivable that some tourists might be deterred from purchasing the book by a knowledge that they could consult it 'for nothing' at every hotel on their route, the mere presence of the book in all these public resorts could not fail to

secure for it a great many private purchasers." Indeed, as I do not intend making sales through the bookstores, this exhibition of it in the hotel offices may probably be my chief means of catching the eye of the non-cycling public. Those friends of my scheme, therefore, who may think the book a creditable representative of the sport,—and likely to impress its respectability upon outsiders, if not also to make converts of them,—may manifest their friendliness most acceptably by doing missionary work among the local inn-keepers. That class of men are not apt to pay much heed to circulars, or specimen chapters, or written appeals which come to them through the mails; but if a personal acquaintance actually exhibits the volume, and explains the amount of advertising which its purchase incidentally ensures, they will listen to him civilly and yield to the force of his argument. In buying this book, each one of them gives a practical token, however small, of his belief that touring wheelmen are worthy of the best possible treatment, and that they stand quite superior to the stigma which would misrepresent them as candidates for "reduced rates, cold victuals and contempt."

"Appletons' Dictionary of New York" (described on p. 100) devotes several pages to classifying the innumerable hotels and restaurants of the city, and I know of no other guide which can give the stranger so much trustworthy information on the subject. The 30 c. which it costs will be saved to him in a single day, or even in the price of a single meal. From its list of 130 hotels, I select for mention the Brevoort, as the one nearest my own residence,—its location being in Fifth av., on the first corner above Washington Square. Old-fashioned elegance and repose are its characteristics, and they render it a favorite resort among wealthy visitors—especially the English—who like the solid comforts of a quiet life. Lodging there costs a solitary guest $1.50 or $2, and his day's expenses in its restaurant cannot easily be kept below $4. There are not many better restaurants in the world, and I do not suppose that the best in either Paris or London can present so extensive a bill-of-fare; but, if this be ordered from with discretion, two friends may dine together quite sumptuously for $1.50 each, or satisfactorily even for $1. The secret of it is that a single "portion" (of soup, fish, meat, vegetables or what not) is liberal enough to suffice for two. The same rule holds good at the Delmonico, Brunswick, Hoffman, St. James and other high-priced restaurants, where the solitary diner must pay for about twice as much as he can consume. Only four blocks n. of Washington Square, is the Hotel St. Stephen, on 11th st., and a few rods e. of this, at the corner of Broadway, is the St. Denis. Comfortable rooms can be had at each place for $1 or $1.50 a day, and I recommend them as lodgings for those who feel oppressed by the heavy respectability of the Brevoort. Their restaurants are rather gilt-edged, as to style and prices, but several other satisfactory ones, of less elegance and lower rates, may be found near by,—such as the Sinclair, on the corner of Broadway and 8th st., and McManus's oyster and chop house (open from noon until 2 A. M.), at 52 University Place. For visitors who insist on patronizing "American plan" hotels, I can recommend these two which are nearest to me on Broadway: the New York, at No. 721 and the Grand Central, at No. 671. I believe their daily rate is $3.50, which is liable to be increased when specially fine rooms are ordered; and the same may be said of the Metropolitan, at 584 Broadway. I mention the latter for the sake of recommending its *table d'hôte* dinner (8 or 9 courses, with a bottle of wine), which is served for $1, from 5 to 8 P. M. Similar dinners may be had at those hours, for 75 c., at the St. George (No. 825, just above 12th st.), and the Hungaria (s. e. corner of Union Square, just above 14th st.). The Hungaria serves an excellent lunch (soup, meat, vegetables and dessert) for 35 c., from 12 to 2 P. M., except on Sundays, when its dinner hour begins at 1 instead of 5. Dinner from 1 to 9 P. M. may be had on every day in the week, for 65 c., at Colombo's, 51 Third av.; also from 11 A. M. to 8 P. M. (except Sundays), at Delisle's, in the basement of 92 Fulton st.,—the price being 50 c. for 8 courses, or 25 c. for 4 courses which constitute "lunch." Wine or beer costs extra at each of the three places last named, but is included in the 50 c. rate charged for *table d'hôte* at the Plevano, 136 Third av.; at Theodore's, 47 E. 10th st.; at Jacquin's, 107 W. 25th st.; at 400 Sixth av., just above 24th st.; at 5 W. 14th st.; at 133 Third av.; at 10th st. corner of Third av., and at several French restaurants in Bleecker st. region w. of Broadway. This dinner may be had from 1 to 8 P. M. on Sundays, but begins at 5 on other days, when a lunch is served from 12 to 2, at 25 c.

or 35 c. Breakfast may be had for the latter price, 8 to 11 A. M., at most such places. The proprietors of these (and of the higher-priced ones, whose names and locations may be found on p. 187 of the "Dictionary" before-mentioned) are generally foreigners, as also are many of their patrons; and this fact should be an additional attraction to those Americans who enjoy a chance for incidentally studying the different phases of metropolitan life. I advise each visitor to begin his city experiences at the cheapest places named, in order to convince himself how much more excellent and better-served a dinner these French and Italian caterers will offer him than he can get for 50 c. at any "American plan" hotel. Afterwards, he may pay $1, $1.25 or $1.50 for his *table d'hôte*, by way of comparing its superiority to "American" dinners of the same price.

As I have explained (p. 83) that the touring wheelmen's proper entrance into the city from New Jersey is by ferry from Ft. Lee to 125th st., I will add that the most respectable hotel near his landing-place is the Hamilton, newly built, at the corner of that street and 8th av., where also is a station of the elevated r. r., which will quickly take him down town. The club-rooms of the Harlem Wheelmen are only two blocks to the e., at 104 W. 124th st. If the tourist insists on entering the city at the "wrong end" (by any of the r. r. ferries, 7 m. below), I can say to him that the Astor House, opposite the Post Office, has had a good reputation for fifty years, and is a safe place to seek a lodging. If he enters by train at 42d st., he will find himself at the very door of the Grand Union, which is a "League hotel" in the sense that it welcomes the officers thereof to hold their stated meetings there, without exacting any charge for the meeting-place, but which makes no pretended "reductions to wheelmen,"—as might be inferred from the fact that the Captain of the Citizens B. C. is connected with the management, and understands the policy of assigning them to comfortable rooms instead. Dan Sweeney's Saloon, 500 E. 133d st., offered shelter to my "234" on the first occasion when I ended a tour at the city (night of Nov. 11, '79), and has similarly favored me many times since. It is situated a few rods e. of Harlem Bridge, just about at the end of the Boulevard's smooth macadam; and the terminal station of the 3d av. elevated r. r. is at 128th st., just below the bridge. Similarly, at the 155th st. terminus of the west-side line, my wheel has often found shelter at the Carmansville Park Hotel, which is on a level with the station and a few rods w. of it,—a flight of steps and an inclined platform leading down to both from Washington Heights. This is chiefly noted as a summer restaurant and concert-garden, though the bar is kept open the year around, and lodging is also procurable. At one or the other of these two places, I find that my bicycle may conveniently be stored, after riding from the n., when night overtakes me, or when I am for other reasons in a hurry to take train for the lower part of the city; and I presume that any city-bound tourist, under similar circumstances, would be welcomed to a temporary shelter for his wheel at either place. John Fleig, the first owner of the Carmansville, now keeps a saloon on the w. side of 10th av., at about 159th st., and would doubtless be as good-natured towards any new-comer as he always used to be towards me; and the "104th st. Hotel," on the corner of the Boulevard, also deserves grateful mention here, as having often provided me with a free club-room in '79-'80. Since no money was ever accepted for such favors, at any of these four hostelries, I think it only fair to give them all a monumental advertisement; and so I say that wheelmen in those regions, when they thirst for the beer which perisheth, should resort to these same shrines of Gambrinus and (haply) drink from the same glasses which invigorated the author of this book during the historic hours which he gave to polishing the nickel-plate of "No. 234."

As a proper tail-piece for the chapter, I append an index to all the hotels mentioned in the text. The towns containing them are alphabetized, and the numeral after each hotel's name shows the page where mention is made: Academy, Pa., Gen. Wayne, 389; Allentown, Pa., Allen, 220, American, 387; Amenia, N. Y., Pratt's, 147; Amityville, L. I., Douglass, 152; Annapolis, N. S., Dominion, 285; Auburn, N. Y., Osborn, 212, 221; Aylmer, Que., Pitcher's, 327; Bar Harbor, Me., Grand Central, 275; Beacon Falls, Ct., Beacon Falls, 141, High Rock, 141; Bedford, N. S., Bellevue, 287; Belleville, Ont., Dafoe, 317; Berlin, Ont., American, 317; Bernardston, Ms., New England, 182; Blandford, Ms., Mountain, 121, 208; Blue Lick Spring, Ky., Larue, 233, Boston, Ms., Brunswick, 101, 106, Crawford, 105, 111, International, 516, Parker's, 105, Revere, 105, Tremont, 105, United States, 114, Vendome, 29, 102, 103, 106,

600, Young's, 105; Bridgeport, Ct., Atlantic, 248, 249, Sterling, 248; Bridgetown, N. S., Grand Central, 285; Bristol Ferry, R. I., Bristol Ferry, 108; Brockville, Ont., Revere, 326; Buffalo, N. Y., Mansion, 203, Powers, 215; Bushkill, Pa., Maple Grove, 299; Cacouna, Que., Mansion, 329, St. Lawrence Hall, 329; Calais, Me., American, 262, 263; Caldwell, N. Y., Ft. William Henry, 189; Caledonia Springs, Que., Grand, 328; Campobello, N. B., Owen, 270; Canajoharie, N. Y., Nellis, 200; Caneadea, N. Y., Garrison, 214; Canisteo, N. Y., Canisteo, 217, 221; Canton, Ct., Hawks, 145; Carlisle, Pa., Florence, 344; Cassburn Corners, Que., Ottawa, 328; Catskill (mtns.), N. Y., Grand, 498, Kaaterskill, 187, 188, Laurel, 188, Mountain, 188, Prospect Park, 188; Cazenovia, N. Y., Stanton, 336; Chambersburg, Pa., National, 344; Charlestown, W. Va., Carter, 384; Clinton, Ct., Bacon, 132; Cobourg, Ont., Arlington, 317; Columbia, Pa., Franklin, 386; Coney Island, N. Y., Vanderveer's, 90; Corning, N. Y., Dickinson, 218, 221; Cumberland, Md., Queen City, 240; Dansville, N. Y., Hyland, 214, 221; Darby, Pa., Buttonwood, 372; Delaware Water Gap, Kittatinny, 207; Detroit, Mich., Michigan Exchange, 306, 311; Devon, Pa., Devon, 390; Dixon, Cal., Arcade, 491; Easton, Pa., United States, 173, 387; Ellicott City, Md., Howard, 349; Ephrata, Pa., Mt. Vernon, 387; Erie, N. Y., Reed, 50, 204, 205; Fairfield, Pa., Mansion, 385; Farmersville, Pa., 387; Flushing, L. I., Harry Hill's, 151; Fonda, N. Y., Snell, 208; Fort Edward, N. Y., St. James, 189; Fort Hunter, N. Y., Mohawk, 200; Frankfort, Ky., Buhr's, 233; Frederick, Md., City, 238, 377; Galt, Ont., Queen, 317; Gananoque, Ont., International, 317, 325; Garrison's, N. Y., Highland, 194; Gettysburg, Pa., Eagle, 385; Goshen, Ct., Goshen, 143; Gouverneur, N. Y., Van Buren, 334; Great Barrington, Ms., Berkshire, 148; Great Bend, Pa., Godfrey, 207; Greencastle, Pa., National, 344; Greenfield, Ms., Mansion, 183; Greenport, L. I., Wyandank, 154; Hagerstown, Md., Baldwin, 238, 348, 384; Halifax, N. S., Four Mile, 287, Halifax, 287, 288, Seaside, 288, Three Mile, 288; Hamilton, Ber., 359; Hancock, Md., Light, 239; Harper's Ferry, W. Va., Mountain View, 384; Harrodsburg, Ky., Curry's National, 227; Hatfield, Ms., Bagg's, 183; Hawley, Pa., Keystone, 340; Haydenville, Ms., Briggs, 119; Hicksville, L. I., Grand Central, 153; Highland Mills, N. Y., Highland Mills, 171, Lake, 171; Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y., Patterson, 200; Holyoke, Ms., Craft's, 118, Holyoke, 117, 118, 124, 125, 126, 251; Honesdale, Pa., Allen, 339; Hudson, N. Y., Worth, 196; Jersey City, N. J., Taylor's, 82, 85, 168; Kingston, Ont., Windsor, 317; Kingston, N. Y., Eagle, 188; Lackawaxen, Pa., Williamson, 340; Lake George, N. Y., Ft. William Henry, 182, Horicon Pavilion, 186; Lebanon, Ky., Norris, 229; Lee, Ms., Morgan, 121, 148; Lehighton, Pa., Exchange, 341; Lexington, Ms., Monument, 103; Lexington, Va., National, 349, 350; Litchfield, Ct., Bantam Lake, 142, Lake View, 142, Mansion, 142, United States, 142; Little Falls, N. Y., Givan, 200; Little Metis, Que., Astor, 329, Tariff Hall, 329; Little Neck, L. I., Snell, 152; Lloyd's Neck, L. I., Columbia Grove, 151; London, Eng., Anderton, 536; London, Ont., Tecumseh, 312; Lubec, Me., Cobscook, 268; Luray, Va., Luray, 348, 378, 381, 382, 387; Machias, Me., Eastern, 272; Malvern, Pa., Indian King, 389; Martinsburg, W. Va., Continental, 344; Mattituck, L. I., Mattituck, 154; Meriden, Ct., Winthrop, 133; Millersburg, Ky., Purnell, 233; Milton, Ms., Blue Bell, 29, 102, 109, 517; Mitchell, Ont., Hicks, 313; Montclair, N. J., Mansion, 167; Monterey, Cal., El Monte, 490; Morristown, N. J., Mansion, 163; Mt. Desert, Me., Grand Central, 275; Mt. Jackson, Va., Wilson's, 382; Mt. McGregory, N. Y., Balmoral, 192; Mount Morris, N. Y., Scoville, 58, 213; Mt. Washington, N. H., Glen, 515; Myerstown, Pa., Baney, 343; Natural Bridge, Va., Natural Bridge, 348, 350; Naugatuck, Ct., Naugatuck, 141; Newark, Del., Deer Park, 372; Newburyport, Ms., Merrimac, 101; Newfoundland, N. J., Brown's, 170; New Hartford, Ct., Carter, 144; New Haven, Ct., Madison, 400, Park, 400; New Haven, Ky., New Haven, 230; New London, Ct., Pequot, 130; New Market, Va., Central, 346, 348, 381, Valley View Springs, 348, 382; New Oxford, Pa., Eagle, 495; New York, Fifth Avenue, 470, Grand Union, 138, New York, 428; Niagara, N. Y., International, 203; Northampton, Ms., Mansion, 119, 120; North East, Pa., Haynes, 205, 206: North Vallejo, Cal., Four Mile, 491; Norval, Ont., Dew Drop Inn, 318; Ogdensburg, N. Y., Seymour, 326, 333; Old Lyme, Ct., Clark's, 132; Oneida, N. Y., Eagle, 212; Orwigsburg, Pa., Arcadian, 342; Osprey, Ont., Bristol, 316, 318; Paterson, N. J., Pickwick, 165; Peekskill, N. Y., Eagle, 194;

Perth, Ont., Hick's, 327; Philadelphia, Pa., Bingham, 173, 372; Pittsburg, Pa., Monongahela, 496; Pompton, N. J., Norton's, 165, 170; Pond Eddy, N. Y., Deleware, 304; Portage, N. Y., Cascade, 222; Port Clinton, Pa., Center, 342; Port Elgin, Ont., Half Way, 315; Port Jervis, N. Y., Delaware, 298, 340; Port Richmond, S. I., Bull's Head, 156, Continental, 156; Port Stanley, Ont., Fraser, 331; Portsmouth, N. H., Rockingham, 101; Prescott, Ont., Revere, 296, 317; Princeton, N. J., Nassau, 377; Providence, R. I., Dorrance, 108, 109; Putney, Vt., Kendrick's, 182; Quincy, Ms., Robertson, 109; Rahway, N. J., Farmers' and Mechanics', 167, Sheridan, 167; Reading, Pa., Keystone, 343, Temple House, 387; Richmond, Ont., Reilly's, 327; Riverhead, L. I., Griffin, 154; Rivière du Loup, Que., La Rochelle, 329; Robbinston, Me., Brewer, 261, 265, 266; Rome, N. Y., Stanwix, 201; St. Anne's, Que., Clarendon, 328; Salem, Ms., Essex, 101; Salem, Va., Roanoke, 348; Salisbury, Ct., Maple Shade, 147; Sandy Creek, N. Y., Sandy Creek, 335; San Jose, Cal., St. James, 493; Saratoga, N. Y., Congress Hall, 213, Knickerbocker, 213, 221; Savin Rock, Ct., Beach, 402; Schooley's Mtn., N. J., Belmont, 173; Seymour, Ct., Wilbur, 141; Sharon, Ms., Cobb's, 106, 109; Shippensburg, Pa., Sherman, 344; Simcoe, Ont., Battersby, 332; Smith's Creek, Cal., Junction, 490; Smith's Falls, Ont., Butler's, 327; Somerset, Ber., Somerset, 361; Somerville, N. J., Moore's County, 172; Spencer, Ms., Massasoit, 110, 114; Staunton, Va., Virginia, 300, 346; Stillwater, N. Y., Center, 192, Ensign, 192; Strasburg, Va., Chalybeate Springs, 345, 348, 383; Stratford, Ont., Windsor, 317; Stroudsburg, Pa., Burnett, 341; Susquehanna, Pa., Starucca, 338, 339; Suffern, N. Y., Eureka, 171; Tamaqua, Pa., United States, 299; Tarrytown, N. Y., Vincent, 75, 76, 77, 194, 281; Thompson, Pa., Jefferson, 339; Toronto, Ont., Rossin, 317; Tracadie, N. S., Lorne, 291; Trenton Falls, N. Y., Moore's, 200; Tuscarora, N. Y., Tuscarora, 214; Utica, N. Y., American, 201, Bagg's, 201, 209, 210, 220; Warrenton, Va., Warren Green, 374; Washington, D. C., National, 497, St. Marc, 374, Wormley's, 241; Washington, N. J., St. Cloud, 173; Watertown, N. Y., Woodruff, 334; Waynesboro, Pa., National, 385; Whitehall, N. Y., Opera House, 184; White Sulphur Springs, Va., 382; Wilkesbarre, Pa., Wyoming Valley, 220; Williamsport, Md., Taylor, 239; Williamstown, Ky., Campbell, 225, Sherman, 225; Wilmot Corners, N. Y., Wilmot, 210; Winchester, Va., Taylor's, 344; Windsor, N. S., Victoria, 286; Windsor, Ont., Crawford, 296; Woodstock, Va., Shenandoah, 383, Strickler, 346; Yonkers, N. Y., Getty, 53, 77, 79, Peabody, 198; York, Pa., National, 386; Yosemite (Val.), Cal., 491.

I wish it were possible for me to compel every landlord in America to read and reflect upon the "reasons for the stagnation of country hotel-keeping," as given in the *Nation* (Sept. 11, '84, p. 217), to explain the general losses in the summer-resort business of that year: "Intelligent people look to the quality rather than the quantity of what is announced upon a bill of fare. They want well-prepared food of the simpler kinds, instead of an endless variety of inferior cooking, and dabs of vegetables everlastingly served in small bird dishes. They want complete quiet and darkness at night, instead of rattling hallways heated up to the furnace pitch by flaring gas-jets. They want bed-rooms without glass transoms which let in the light and noise from the halls, and without thin and ill-fitted doors which connect with adjoining rooms and duly report the movements, the talk and the snoring of their occupants. Then take the water supply. There is no greater luxury in summer than abundance of water and convenience for bathing in it. Many a man is reconciled to a summer in town by the possession of a bath in his house. But go where one will to the summer hotels all over the country, he will find that there are no bathing arrangements in the house, except one or two bath-rooms, probably at a considerable distance from his room, and which can only be had at certain times and by previous engagement. *Such a simple thing as the provision of a tub and a pail of water in his room at a small extra charge, is probably unknown throughout the country;* we certainly never heard of it or met with it, and yet what a luxury it would be. How many hotel-keepers are there to whom one could mention it without having him shake his head over it as visionary or impracticable?" I quote this for the sake of saying that every landlord who owns a bath-room should make a tender of it to the touring bicycler as soon as he arrives; and that all hotels which will agree to supply every such tourist with a portable bath-tub in his own bed-room deserve to have their names freely advertised in the League's various road-books and in its weekly *Bulletin*.

XXXVI.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.[1]

" We may not care to fight; but, by Jingo! *if* we do,
We 've got the votes! We 've got the men! We 've got the money, too! "

THE Great American Hog (*Porcus Americanus*) has been elsewhere defined by me as an unfortunate species of humanity " in whose mind the mere act of purchasing a horse creates the curious hallucination that he simultaneously purchases an exclusive right to the public highways " (p. 10). This singular delusion suffuses the soul of the Hog, in spite of the unanimous adverse agreement of all the laws, judges, and juries in Christendom, that whoever ventures upon the road with so unruly and dangerous a beast as the horse must " stand by his own accidents." There is no civilized country in the world where the horseman has any legal right-of-way superior to that of the footman or the wheelman; and, in a democratic country like ours, the final source of all authority is lodged in the votes,—which are cast not by horses but by men. Like other monomaniacs who are bereft of any sense of natural justice, this horse-owning Hog is not only submissive to the actual application of physical force but he is cowed in advance by any impressive display of it. Hence, though an individual wheelman who suffers damage from him on the road can always be sure of an exemplary verdict when he drags the Hog into a law-court, it is the part of wisdom as well as of economy, for wheelmen in general to combine for his intimidation before he does the damage. The success thus far achieved encourages the hope that in the course of a decade this repulsive type of animal may become as extinct as the dodo; and the credit of suppressing it will then, as a matter of history, belong in large measure to the League of American Wheelmen.

Newport, in Rhode Island, was the birthplace of this association; and Monday, May 31, 1880, its natal day. The initiative must be accredited to Kirk Munroe (at that time editor of *Harper's Young People* and President of the New York Bicycle Club), who arranged that the other clubs should join with his own in making a public display of their wheelmanship, and who invited the unattached also to take part in the pageant. Two dozen of them did in fact help sustain this " first annual parade of the League," when the whole number of bicycles in line was 133. The editor of the *Bi. World*, who was also the President of the Boston Bicycle Club (Chas. E. Pratt, whose biog. may be found on p. 503), in alluding to the assured success of the New Yorkers' scheme for a May meet at Newport, suggested (*B. W.*, March 20, '80, p. 150) that the gathering " would offer a suitable occasion for organizing a wheelmen's protective league, which should combine the best points of the ' B. U.' and ' B. T. C.' in England "; and, by the

[1] Revised Oct. 30,'86, from sketch written in April for " Wheelmen's Reference Book," pp. 98-111 (Hartford, Ct.: Ducker & Goodman; 200 pp.; 49 lith. portraits; price 50 c. and $1).

time the delegates actually assembled, the idea had gained such acceptance among them that they readily adopted the brief constitution which he had formulated, and elected him as the first President under it. About four months later, Sept. 18, at New York, the board of officers held a seven hours' session to perfect their organization, by the adoption of rules and by-laws (printed in *Bi. World*, Oct. 2), and by the appointment of directors to fill vacancies in the list originally chosen at Newport. The membership, meanwhile, had increased to 527; and a silver badge was adopted "representing the continent of North America encircled by a wheel surmounted by a handle-bar." The words, "League of American Wheelmen," in capital letters, formed a circular label directly around "the Continent"; but this looked so much like a ham that the badge soon came to be spoken of as the "ham and cart-wheel," or "sugar-cured medal." The first hand-book exhibited upon its cover and title-page a picture of this ill-fated disc, which was nearly as large and clumsy as a silver dollar, "though the original idea was to have it much larger, and with the initials, L. A. W., engraved upon the map in the center. It was designed by A. S. Parsons and Jo. Pennell." So said the *Bi. World* (Jan. 28, '81, p. 188), in presenting a picture of it, with the remark that the Treasurer would soon be able to supply members with badges, at the rate of $2 for silver-plated and $1 for nickel-plated specimens. Only a few months later (at the officers' meeting of Oct. 6, '81, when the League's membership was reported as 2103, an increase of 449 from May 30), this "continental ham" was formally superseded by the more artistic and less obtrusive emblem which has since continued in vogue, without serious criticism or suggestion of improvement. The design is a tiny suspension wheel, with three golden wings flying from the center, and the League's three initials resting on the spokes between them. The "hub" can be formed of any precious stone that may be preferred. The inventor and manufacturer of the badge is C. H. Lamson, a practical jeweler of Portland, one of the pioneer wheelmen of Maine and for some time Chief Consul for that State. The "C. T. C.," of England, adopted a close copy of it, in Sept., '86.

At the second annual meeting of the League (Boston, May 30, '81), all of the original officers who consented to serve again were re-elected; and such little opposition as appeared was quite good-natured. A salary was attached to the office of Corresponding Secretary. The reported membership was 1654, and the *Bi. World's* list of 61 clubs which appeared in the parade accredited them with 597 men, besides 137 from the unattached. This corresponds with the count which I myself made, two or three times, of "about 750" in the procession, though the daily papers pretended to find a much larger number there. The Star bicycle introduced itself to the public on this occasion, and the few tricycles which appeared were looked upon as novelties. The police arrangements were entirely inadequate for keeping the streets clear, but no deaths or serious disasters resulted from the numerous falls caused by the closing in of the crowd. "The grand organ pealed forth a stirring march, as the bicyclers entered Music Hall, to take seats at the tables;" and, later, towards the close of the repast, when the after-dinner speeches were attempted, the grand army of waiters "kept up such incessant rattle and confusion, in clearing the dishes away, to prepare for the evening's exhibition of club-drill and fancy-riding, that speaking was rendered unpleasant and hearing impossible." Some racing had been indulged in at Beacon Park, May 28, chiefly by League members; but "the first regular annual races of the League" were run at the Polo Grounds, New York, Oct. 6 (a few hours before the officers' quarterly meeting, already alluded to), and were truthfully described as "the dreariest and *deadest* occasion of a sporting sort which the most gloomy-minded cycler could dream of." Spite of fine weather, only about 30 wheelmen took part in the "grand parade" and only about 200 other spectators attended the races. Chicago was the scene of the third annual meet (May 30, '82), when the editor of the *Bi. World* recorded that "there were only 294 men in the procession, by actual count," while he praised the police arrangements for protecting these, as offering a shining contrast to their inefficiency at Boston. A few races served as a side-show on the previous afternoon, and the election of officers was not completed until late at night, after the banquet. Considerable ill-feeling was developed by a dispute about proxy votes, as affecting two new candidates for President,—the original incumbent having formally declined, some weeks before, to stand for re-election. The candidate of the Boston B. C.

was defeated by a vote of 207 to 156; and he had been defeated a year earlier, 224 to 196, when running for the office of "Commander," though favored on that occasion by the majority report of the nominating committee. This last-named office was abolished by the convention of '82, and the original plan of "two directors for each State, elected at the annual meeting," was superseded by the present system of "a Chief Consul and one or more representatives for each State, elected by a mail-vote in March." The new rules and a full report of the proceedings were printed in the *Bi. World* of June 16. The accessions of new members during this second year amounted to 979 (of whom 228 were unattached, and 751 represented 45 clubs); and the total membership was vaguely alluded to as "about 2500." This was probably an overestimate, for the 1135 accessions of the next year (727 admitted as club members at 50 c. each, and the rest at $1 each, though only 223 of the latter were unattached) brought the total then to 2131, representing 172 clubs. Such was the official report at the fourth annual meet (New York, May 28, '83), when the *Bi. World's* editor again "made an accurate count of the riders actually in the parade and found it to be 723, of whom 91 were unattached." The orderly movement of these wheelmen through Central Park, by special permission, gave the rulers of it an excuse for taking the first steps, a week later, to relax their previous prohibitory policy; in the same way that the parade of '82 resulted in the removal of all discriminations against the use of the park roads by the cyclers of Chicago. The evening's banquet was the best in the series of seven.

At the end of its third year, two-thirds of the League's members (1413 out of 2131) belonged to these five adjoining States, Mass., N. Y., Pa., O., and Ct., and the geographical distribution of the whole list was as follows: Me., 20; N. H., 59; Vt., 12; Mass., 518; R. I., 31; Ct., 101; N. Y., 360; N. J., 74; Pa., 218; Del., 2; Md., 58; D. C., 7; W. Va., 1; (Va.); N. C., 5; S. C., 8; (Ga., Fla., Ala., Miss.); La., 1; (Tex., Ark.); Tenn., 1; Ky., 29; O., 216; Mich., 42; Ind., 3; Ill., 95; Mo., 55; Ia., 4; Wis., 55; Minn., 6; (Dak.); Neb., 13; (Kan., Ind. Ter., N. Mex.); Col., 2; Wy., 10; Mon., 5; (Id., Wash., Or., Utah, Nev.); Ariz., 1; Cal., 16; Ontario, 23; Quebec, 43; Nova Scotia, 4; England, 11; Belgium, 1; Germany, 1. (The parenthesis designates 16 States and Territories not then represented in the League.) The President and Vice-President both declined re-elections, but the former finally consented to take the vice-presidency. The votes were cast by the official board, instead of by the members at large, as on the three previous elections, and there were no rival candidates or disputed opinions of any sort; but the Corresponding Secretary was afterwards suspended (Feb. 8, '84), and his duties were transferred to the Treasurer for the rest of the official year, because of a protest raised against him by the Springfield B. C., on account of a letter which he had printed (*Bi. World*, Dec. 21, '83, p. 76), reflecting on the honesty of that club. At the officers' meeting of Feb. 22, the membership committee sustained the protest and expelled him from the League; but the verdict did not meet with general approval, and he was ultimately re-admitted as a member. The report of his official term showed that 2351 new members had joined during the eight months, and that 1247 of the 2131 who were on the roll in May had continued their membership (844 dropping out), making a total of 3598. A few months later, on the occasion of the fifth annual meet (Washington, May 19, '84), the total membership was announced as 4250; and the *Bi. World* reporter "counted just 600 in the parade, including 72 of the unattached and a dozen tricyclers." His count at the sixth parade (Buffalo, July 3, '85) was 605, though this was taken after 30 had dropped out of line. The official reports showed the accessions of new members as 2742, and the treasury balance as $998. All the old board of officers who consented to serve were harmoniously re-elected, as had been the case a year earlier, when trouble and dissension were predicted, and as was the case a year later (Boston, May 28, '86). Just before this seventh election, I wrote for the *Wheelmen's Gazette* a four-column protest (May 5, pp. 33-34) against "rotating" the League presidency,—repeating there the argument of my short articles of '82 and '83, that executive officers ought to be kept in service as long as possible. Assuming that the President would not consent to stand for another re-election, I expressed regret that the influential clubs had not taken formal action to ensure such consent; and I expressed the hope that his unknown successor would be retained for many terms and be freed from all fear of "rotation." As the President did in fact accept a fourth term, and as he is not an acquaintance

of mine, I cannot be accused of any personal motive in now applying to him the same hope. My *Gazette* article shows why the number of really desirable men who can afford to take the presidency must always be small; and I wish its facts and logic might be considered by such writers as are accustomed to print gossip about possible "candidates" for the place, in advance of the appearance of any signs of dissatisfaction with the holder of it. Space forbids my quoting more than the following: "I believe that no charge of incompetency or neglect of duty has yet been raised against any executive officer; and I think there can be no doubt that the high average of personal and official character in the men chosen, and the absence of a spirit of political scheming for 'rotating' them out of office, have both helped greatly to build up the reputation of the League. It will be a bad thing for it if prevalence is ever given to 'Hal's' idea, that the offices are a sort of baubles, which ought to be portioned out geographically for the soothing of sectional pride, as playthings are divided equally among children."

The seventh annual parade, according to detailed statement in *Bulletin* (June 4, '86, p. 511), attracted 824 riders, of whom hardly half belonged outside Mass., and only 200 outside New Eng.; but by other accounts the number really riding was considerably smaller (*Globe's* said 653, incl. 50 tri's). The Secretary's report showed the membership on May 28,'86, to be 8463, an increase of nearly 64 per cent. from Dec. 31, when it stood at 5176. Of the latter, a very large proportion (4379) paid their renewal fees; hence, the new members of the five months numbered 4084,—the largest weekly accession being 318, for the week ending May 15. During the summer, 1213 new men joined, so that on Sept. 1 the Secretary was able to report a total of 9676,—more than three-fourths of whom (7315) were accredited to these 7 states: N. Y., Mass., Pa., N. J., O., Ct. and Ill., named in the order of their membership. The geographical distribution of the entire 9676, and of the 5176 who formed the League's membership just 8 months earlier, are shown by the following pairs of numerals: Me., 199, 63; N. H., 143, 82; Vt., 100, 58; Mass., 1418, 591; R. I., 133, 30; Ct., 571, 355; N. Y., 1655, 1028; N. J., 918, 493; Pa., 1411, 839; Del., 24, 4; Md., 199, 88; D. C., 59, 49; W. Va., 46, 21; Va., 54, 5; N. C., 11, 9; S. C., 1, 3; Ga., 27, 1; Fla., 9, 0; Ala., 13, 1; Miss., 3, 0; La., 59, 26; Tex., 14, 3; Ark., 4, 0; Tenn., 67, 6; Ky., 79, 42; O., 809, 582; Mich., 218, 77; Ind., 185, 75; Ill., 433, 283; Mo., 236, 94; Ia., 110, 67; Wis., 30, 17; Minn., 105, 67; Dak., 8, 4; Neb., 67, 15; Kan., 70, 7; Ind. Ter., 0; N. Mex., 0, 1; Col., 46, 28; Wy., 49, 33; Mon., 3, 2; Id., 20, 0; Wash., 0; Or., 3, 0; Utah, 10, 6; Nev., 0; Ariz., 0; Cal., 148, 13; Ontario, 7, 5; Nova Scotia, 4, 2; Bermuda, 1, 0; England, 2, 0; Germany, 1, 1. This shows only 5 States and Territories having no League members, as compared with 16 unrepresented three years earlier, when the total was 2131. My statistics are from tables in the *Bulletin* of June 11 and Sept. 17, '86, pp. 533, 297; and the editor thereof took a natural pride in proclaiming, Oct. 29, that the membership had "grown to five figures" (10,175), and the *Bulletin's* regular edition to 10,850.

The record of the first convention shows that, "on motion of Mr. Longstreth, of Philadelphia, it was unanimously voted that the *Bi. World* be made the official organ of this League." This was then the only American cycling journal, having but lately begun as a fortnightly, Nov. 15, '79, at $2.50. A year later, it became a weekly, at $3, and has so continued ever since, except that the price was reduced to $2, on May 13, '81, and to $1, on June 4, '86. The conventions of '81 and '82 perfunctorily repeated the unanimous vote of '80, retaining the paper as "League organ"; and a friend of its publisher, in nominating him for the presidency at Chicago, alluded to it, "as a journal which has the honor of diminishing his yearly income very considerably," in proof of his enthusiasm for advancing the interests of bicycling. The three successive annual appointments, which no one thought of opposing or disapproving, were simply hap-hazard votes of thanks and recommendation. They had no other practical value than that of formally advertising the paper as worthy the individual patronage of League members and of wheelmen in general. Its publishers received no subsidy, nor did they make any definite agreement as to the amount of space they would give to advertising the League in return. In fact, however, the names of applicants for membership, official notices, reports of meetings and the like, were all printed, in attractive and readable shape; and I am not aware than any serious objection was ever urged against the *B. W.* for failure to fulfill all the functions of an "organ."

Meanwhile, the *Wheel*, a smaller and cheaper paper, had become established at New York, beginning a weekly issue at $1.50, "as the official organ of the (English) B. T. C. in America," Oct. 4, '82,—after two years' existence as a $1 fortnightly (Sept. 25, '80, to Sept. 13, '82; except that its price was $1.25 until July 6, '81, and its "organship" began June 7, '82). The publishers of this came before the convention of '83 with an offer to mail it to each member of the League at 50 c. (one-third the regular rate), provided it were recognized as the official organ, and provided the payments were made monthly by the League's Treasurer. This scheme was adopted by a vote of 368 to 260, its most active advocate being the first President of the League and first editor of the *Bi. World*, whose name had been printed as "editorial contributor" to the first 31 weekly issues of the *Wheel*,—ending May 4, '83. The Corresponding Secretary, who was chosen by the same convention which adopted the *Wheel* as organ, had been editor of it from the start, and was one of the firm which published it. No censure was ever pronounced upon him, that I am aware of, for failing to do his duty as secretary and editor (the increase in League membership being greater during his year than ever before); and the cry which was raised against him by those who professed to think that his contract with the League, as publisher, had proved too profitable, seemed to me quite childish and unjust. His suspension from office, and subsequent expulsion from membership, was the result of the Springfield B. C.'s protest against the harsh language he had applied to it in his private capacity, and had no avowed relation to his conduct as secretary or editor or his profits as a publisher; but, on the same day with the expulsion (Feb. 22, '84), a committee was appointed to "obtain proposals and estimates from such parties as might offer to provide a League organ at a cost not exceeding 25 c. a year for each member," and also to "consider the advisability of the League conducting its own organ," after the expiration of the contract with the *Wheel*.

The committee reported (Washington, May 19) against the League's attempting to publish its own paper, because, as it would not be transmissible at second-class mail-rates, the need of paying a cent a copy for postage would alone absorb half the sum allowed, even though the issue were made monthly; and "the condition of the treasury and estimated receipts" forbade the indulgence in any such scheme. They also reported (1) that the *Wheel* offered to add a large 4 p. supplement to the first weekly issue of each month, and to mail both to every League member for 20 c. a year (or 10 c. to those whose membership began after Dec. 1); (2) that the *Bi. World* offered to give the League 4 pp. in the first weekly issue of each month, and mail those 12 issues to each League member, also to print the names of applicants every week and mail to each one the paper containing his name,—the League paying 2 c. for each paper thus supplied; (3) that the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, just then re-established as a monthly, offered to "give the League all the space needed for its official business," and to mail a copy to every member during the term of contract,—the League to make monthly payments of 2 c. for each paper thus mailed; and (4) that the *Amateur Athlete* offered to mail a weekly supplement to each League member at five-thirteenths of a cent a copy (20 c. a year); or to mail a monthly supplement to each at five-sixths of a cent a copy (10 c. a year); or to mail the complete paper weekly to each for 50 c. a year (its regular rate to non-members being $2), and give all needed space for League announcements. Behind each one of these four journals' proposals was the understanding that the League's Corresponding Secretary or other official representative should prepare and edit for the printer all the League material,—the editors of the several papers having no responsibility for it, and keeping their own work quite distinct, by appropriate typographical devices. In spite of the committee's adverse report, the convention of '84 adopted a series of resolutions (proposed by A. H. MacOwen, and warmly supported by E. M. Aaron, both of Philadelphia) to the effect that the League should thenceforth issue its own organ,—the Recording Secretary serving as editor, without pay, and the other four executive officers forming with him a board of publication.

This plan, which seems to have contemplated a monthly issue, was quickly wrecked on the rock of which the committee had given warning: the postal law which refuses to register such a sheet for cheap transmission as "second-class mail-matter." The Executive Board being thus forced to continue the "organ" as a fixture to some existing journal having this privilege of

registry, accepted the first-named offer of the *Amateur Athlete*, and received much hostile criticism in consequence. My opinion is that most recipients of the badly-printed 8 p. sheet which came to them each week, in consequence of this contract, felt almost affronted whenever reminded by its staring sub-title that it was really "the official gazette of the League." The acceptance of either one of the other three offers would have insured an "organ" of far superior typographic appearance; and I think they deserved acceptance in the order named. In either case, the monthly reception by each League member of an interesting newspaper, enclosing his official gazette, must have been far more satisfactory than the weekly arrival of this blotchy collection of black-letter advertisements, which was habitually hurled unopened into the waste-basket by many disgusted recipients. The utmost efforts of the hardworking "professional" editor in Philadelphia were unable to make the sheet rise superior to the trammels imposed by its "amateur" printing contractors in New York. I do not say that any particular blame attached to them, for they offered a cheap job and probably lost money on it. The mistake was rather in the Executive Board's assuming that their "quarter-dollar allowance" stood a chance of giving a better return from investment in a wild-cat weekly experiment than from the monthly patronage of a well-printed journal, whose established character gave assurance of a respectable result. Whatever error of judgment was committed, however, was paid for most heavily by those who were chiefly responsible for it; and I presume that no one else in the League "hated the sight of the official gazette" so thoroughly as the Recording Secretary whose duty it was to supply the material for the printers, and whose ambition it was to produce a creditable paper. With the long-hoped-for "expiration of the amateur printing contract," a chance was given him to gratify his ideal by an order from the President that he issue a specimen copy of what such a gazette ought to be.

Hence originated the first number of "the *L. A. W. Bulletin*, a journal devoted to the interests of cycling in America; published weekly at $1 a year, or 3 c. a copy, by Eugene M. Aaron, for the Executive Committee of the League of American Wheelmen, at the L. A. W. office, 506 Walnut st., Philadelphia; printed by E. Stanley Hart & Co., 321 Chestnut st., and entered at the post office as second-class matter."' The convention at Buffalo adopted this on the day of its date (July 2, '85), and it has appeared every week since then,—the first 9 issues dated Thursday, the later ones Friday,—in spite of the fears expressed by many well-wishers of the scheme that the League could not afford to supply its members with so handsome and expensive a print. A title-page and index to the 416 pp. of the 1st vol. accompanied the 26th number (Dec. 25, '85); and the report of the Secretary-Editor to the officers' meeting of two months later seemed to show that the journal was in a fair way of reaching a permanent financial basis of self-support. Its 2d vol. (Jan. 1, to June 25,'86) had 624 pp. and was indexed even more thoroughly than the first. Tabular statements of the receipts and expenses for 14 mos. were printed June 11 and Sept. 17 (pp. 534, 219), in the reports of the officers' meetings, and showed an actual profit for 2 mos.: $37 in Aug., '85, and $130 in May, '86. The first 44 issues of the *Bulletin* (285,075 copies) cost the League $1245, or less than half as much as its "amateur organ" of the previous year, though the 812 pp. of those issues contained a much greater amount of letterpress,—the official matter alone covering 143 pp. The next 17 *Bulletins*, May to Aug., '86 (160,650 copies; 460 pp.), cost $590, "or at the rate of less than 19 c. a year for each League member,—showing the remarkable cheapness of thus publishing a superior weekly paper on the co-operative plan." The net adv. receipts for 14 mos. were $10,445, and the printing expenses $12,280. One-third the League's income from membership-fees during the year ending with May, '86, was spent in procuring and printing verbatim reports of all the talk at the officers' meetings; and the Secretary-Editor suggests that money be saved hereafter by restricting the reports of such meetings to things actually done. During the first year, he relied upon volunteers for supplying the *Bulletin* with "news"; but regular correspondents have since been employed at the chief cycling centers to furnish it, and carefully-compiled reports of "famous riding districts" have regularly appeared upon the paper's second page. The need of giving precedence to "official matter" limits the editor's chance for attracting a variety of contributions, because the probability of delay dampens the ardor of volunteer writers; but he

has succeeded, nevertheless, in making a very readable journal, and in proving that the other papers were wrong when they predicted that his estimates of the adv. patronage requisite for supporting it would never be realized. His report of Sept. 1 says that the adv. pp. average 18, or thrice as many as first hoped for, and that the rates have not been raised, though the circulation has increased from 5000 to 10,500. I should think that an advance of 50 or 100 per cent. might well be made in adv. rates; and I urge the policy of inviting quarter-year subscriptions to the *Bulletin*, for I believe that nearly every reader thus secured will be persuaded to join the League. Criticisms of the paper and its editor may be fairly assumed as based on business or personal rivalry, unless their writers' sincerity be shown by the clearest proof. There is an overwhelming presumption that the man who originated the *Bulletin*, and brought it to its present plane of success, in the face of general scepticism and opposition, will take more pride in pushing it higher than any one else could take; and the first principles of justice forbid that he should be superseded in office for anything less than demonstrated incompetency. Mistakes must be made, and enemies must be made, by every holder of such a place; but good business-policy nevertheless demands that the Secretary-Editor should be a fixture, even more than the President. The officers' debate, in advance of their vote which practically made him so, may be found in the *Bulletin* of Mar. 19, p. 246; while as regards their policy of excluding from the paper all discussions of rival machines, the arguments for and against, as presented at the Buffalo meeting, cover p. 304 of the issue of Sept. 17.

I consider the act of joining the League of American Wheelmen one of the very first duties which every cycler in this country owes to his fellows; but I think that the considerations which can be effectively used for the attraction of desirable members may be reduced to two. First, and incomparably the strongest, is the argument of sentiment and sympathy,—the gratification of the sense of partnership and power by the mere act of standing up and being counted,—the ability, in short, to feel that one plays a personal part in swelling the chorus which I have quoted at the head of this sketch for the possible enlightenment of the Great American Hog. As President Bates says, "the organization is more valuable because of the political power it possesses, and may wield when necessary, than for any other of its qualities"; and no one will pretend that such a veteran journalist can have worked a quarter-century in a newspaper office without attaining some degree of shrewdness as a politician. I quote the phrase from his article in the *Wheelman* (May, '83, pp. 98-100), descriptive of the manner in which an Ohio legislator named Green made a bid for the ballots of the Hog, by proposing an enactment for the suppression of bicycling in that State; and of the manner in which his verdant little boom was obliterated when the League formally showed its hand before the legislative committee. That hand held altogether too many voters to be laughed out of court. The committee saw clearly that the infliction of injustice upon them, for the sake of currying favor with the Hog, would be bad politics. The final words of the article are these: "The fact that we possess political power is our shield; the fact that we are ready to use it when attacked will double the strength of our shield. We trespass upon the rights of no man; let us make it plainly understood that no man will be permitted to trespass upon our rights with impunity. I say again that the latent political power of the L. A. W. is its most valuable quality, and is alone worth much more than its cost." The second and final argument which can be effectively employed for attracting recruits to the League—such recruits as insist on having a direct and tangible return for their money—is the fact that no other weekly cycling journal, of as much merit and attractiveness as the *Bulletin*, is to be purchased except at a price about equal to the entire cost of membership; and that most of the official road-books are supplied only to League members, and are generally supplied without charge to members of those Divisions which publish them. I am sure that it is a waste of time to rehearse the lesser arguments and advantages. Men who cannot be converted by the two principal ones, are not worth having at all. The cycler who takes no pleasure in contributing his personal mite to increase the "solidarity" of cycling—in helping perfect a system which shall convince the horse-owning Hog that whenever his cloven hoof is shown for the trampling down of wheelmen's rights in the backwoods of Maine, its appearance there will make enemies for him clear across to the coast of California,—is a cycler not specially wanted by the brother-

hood; but the one who does n't even care enough about the business to read a representative newspaper, or to supply himself with valuable information about the roads, had best be left outside the League entirely.

As defined in its official hand-book, "The League of American Wheelmen is an organization to promote the general interests of cycling; to ascertain, defend, and protect the rights of wheelmen (which are those of any driver of horse and wagon), to encourage and facilitate touring, and to regulate the government of all amateur sports connected with the use of the wheel. As a national organization, it is chiefly composed of State Divisions, which bear relations to it very similar to those between State and Nation in the political world. The States not yet possessed of sufficient membership (25) to organize a separate Division are governed directly from headquarters, as are the *territories* by the nation, politically considered. It is matter of experience that ideal efficiency is only reached when a rider belongs to a club, the club to a well-organized State Division, and the State Division to the national body, with well paid and centralized machinery of business and information." The mode of government adopted may be shown by the following extracts from the League's organic law: "Its officers shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary-Editor, a Treasurer, Chief Consuls (one from each State), and Representatives (each State being entitled to one Representative for every 50 members); and these officers shall form a Board of Officers, of whom 15 shall constitute a quorum, who shall direct and decide in all matters not provided for in this Constitution, and shall have power to fill vacancies. The President, the Vice-President, and one other member of the Board of Officers annually chosen by the board, shall form an Executive Committee, to whom shall be referred all matters relating to revenue and disbursements and League funds, and all routine business not otherwise disposed of; and such committee shall report to the board at each regular meeting. Each State in which there are 25 or more members may organize a State Division, with a code of by-laws, in keeping with this Constitution, and governed by an Executive Board comprising the Chief Consul and Reps., together with the Secretary-Treasurer. The latter may be chosen at large by a vote of the Division, and it shall hold at least one meeting each year for that purpose.

"All officers shall hold office until their successors are elected or appointed; but the Secretary-Editor shall hold office during good-behavior or until death or his resignation shall cause his removal. (The Board of Officers may, however, by a vote of two-thirds of the members and proxies present, after one month's notice has been given, declare his office vacant, and order a new election.) He shall receive a salary of $1500 per annum, and shall be allowed to draw from the treasury such part of $2000 as may be necessary for the support of his office; and from this sum he shall pay all assistants whom it may be necessary for him to employ, but he shall be reimbursed for his stationery and postage expenses. He shall give bonds for the faithful discharge of his duties in the sum of $3000, and the bond must be acceptable to the Executive Committee; he shall at all times be under the control of the Executive Committee; he may be suspended by them to await the action of the board; he shall report to the Board of Officers at their meetings, and once every three months he shall publish in the official organ a report of the general status of the League." The rules as to his salary and official permanency were adopted Feb. 22, '86. The previous rules required his annual election, the same as the other officers; and the rule adopted Feb. 23, '85, said: "He shall receive a salary of $83.33 per month, and shall be reimbursed for his stationery, postage and kindred expenses." The first salary voted to any League officer was $250 a year for the Corresponding Secretary, May 30, '81; and the same was afterwards given to the Recording Secretary, Feb. 23, '85. When both secretaryships were consolidated, and combined with the editorship, June 1, '85, the salary which had been raised to $1000 by rule of Feb. 23, '85, on condition of such consolidation, really began to be paid.

Of the half-dozen standing committees, appointed by the President, for a year's service, ending with the annual meeting, those on "membership," "rules and regulations" and "rights and privileges" must consist of 3 men each, who must be taken from the Board of Officers; while the committees on "transportation," "racing," and "touring" may be taken from the membership in general, and the two former may each have 6 men. The last-named committee is the youngest of all, having been established by vote of Feb. 22, '86, which says it "shall be

called the Touring Board, and shall consist of a Tourmaster and a Bookmaster, as associate chairmen of sub-committees. The former, as chief director of League tours, is empowered to appoint members as his assistants in any quarter, for organizing and conducting such tours; and, with the concurrence of the President, he may assume other duties appropriate for a manager. The Bookmaster shall have as associate *ex-officio* members of his sub-committee (to be known as the Bureau of Information) all compilers or assistant-compilers of road-books, or hand-books, past, present or prospective, as long as they remain League members; and he is empowered to obtain and keep on file books, maps, road-reports and all other written or printed facts of interest to cycling tourists, and to supply information to applicants." The committee on racing "shall be called the Racing Board, and shall have charge of all matters pertaining to racing and the championships. They shall make all arrangements for the annual championships which are held under League auspices, and shall assign such other championships as are now or may be established, to be run under the auspices of such clubs or associations as they may consider most desirable. They shall have power to make such rules for their government and the government of race meetings as may be deemed expedient, and may appoint one or more official handicappers at their discretion." No member shall belong to more than two committees; and every committee-chairman, who may not be a member of the Board of Officers by election, shall become one *ex-officio*, "and shall be remunerated for all expenditures which in the opinion of the Executive Committee were made for the good of the department under his charge."

"There shall be an annual business meeting of the League at such time and such place as the Board of Officers may determine at a meeting to be held at least 2 mos. previous to the 15th day of May, and of which general meeting at least one month's public notice shall be given. At this meeting, each member present shall have one vote on any question, and 50 members shall constitute a quorum. Two meetings of the Board of Officers shall be held each year, one at least 2 mos., and not more than 4 mos., previous to May 15th, and one in the fall, subject to the call of the President. The President and Secretary may, at any time, submit any matter of business properly before the board in writing, in the form of a vote or resolution, to each member of the board by mail, upon which the members may indicate their approval or disapproval; and when replies in approval shall be received from a majority of the members, the President shall declare such vote or resolution carried, and it shall be taken as the action of the board, as if done at a regular meeting. Between the 1st and 10th day of March each year the Secretary shall send to each member of the League a voting blank for Chief Consuls and Representatives. Each member who was admitted or whose dues were paid up to the 1st day of March, shall be entitled to one vote for Chief Consul for the State wherein he resides, and one vote for each Representative that his State is entitled to under these rules; each vote shall be signed by the member voting it, and returned to the Secretary before the 10th day of April, and by him delivered to the Committee on Rights and Privileges. This committee shall sort and count the votes, and make a return of the same to the President on or before the 20th day of April; the person obtaining the largest number of votes in each State for Chief Consul shall be elected, and the persons receiving the largest number of votes as Representatives shall be elected. (A Division having a membership of 500 or more may, however, adopt the rule of sending votes to the Division Secretary, before April 10, and he shall certify the result directly to the League's President, before April 20.) The President shall, on or before the 1st day of May, declare the result of the election, cause the same to be published without delay in the official organ and also notify every member of the Board of Officers and persons so elected of the result. At the same time and place as the annual meeting the Chief Consuls and Representatives so chosen shall meet and form themselves into a Board of Officers for the ensuing year. At this meeting they shall elect from the membership a President, a Vice-President, a Treasurer, and a third member for the Executive Committee. If any of these officers be chosen from the general membership but not from the members of the Board of Officers, such officer shall become a member of the board, and shall continue as such so long as he shall hold such office.

"Each Chief Consul shall have general management and oversight of the affairs of the League in his respective State; he shall call and preside at all State meetings, shall approve and

appoint one Consul for each locality that in his judgment is entitled thereto, and shall appoint League hotels. Representatives shall recommend to their Chief Consuls names of members of the League to serve as Consuls, and shall recommend hotels for appointment as League head-quarters. They shall, in connection with their Chief Consul, have power to decide all local matters in their States as provided for in these rules, and shall have a general oversight over the affairs of the League in their immediate district. The Division Secretary-Treasurer shall keep a full register of all members of his Division, shall keep suitable books of account of all receipts and expenditures, and shall transact such other business for his Division as may be assigned him by the members thereof at any of their meetings. Consuls shall acquire and give any information as to roads, hotels, laws, and other matters of interest in their localities to members of the League, calling upon them in person or by letter; keep the State officers informed from time to time by reports, perform such duties as the latter may require of them, and generally promote the interests of the League and its members. Consuls' term of office shall expire July 1, but they may be removed for cause at any time by the Chief Consul of their State, whose lieutenants they are.

"Any amateur wheelman, in good standing, eighteen years of age or over, shall be eligible to membership in this League upon payment of an initiation fee and dues, and with the indorsement of two League members in good standing, or of three reputable citizens of the United States or Canada. Upon the approval of the Board of Officers or a committee thereof, two weeks after the publication of his name in a list of candidates in the official organ of the League, the applicant shall become a member. An amateur is one who has never engaged in, nor assisted in, nor taught any recognized athletic exercise for money or other remuneration, nor knowingly competed with or against a professional for a prize of any description. To prevent misunderstanding in interpreting the above, the League draws attention to the following explanation: A wheelman forfeits his rights to compete as an amateur, and thereby becomes a professional, by engaging in cycling or any other recognized athletic exercise, or personally teaching, training, or coaching any other person therein, either as a means of obtaining a livelihood, or for a stated bet, money prize, or for gate money, competing with, pace-making for, or having the pace made by, a professional, in public or for a prize; selling, realizing upon, or otherwise turning into cash any prize won by him. This rule does not apply to teaching the elements of bicycling solely for the purpose of effecting the sale of a bicycle. The League recognizes as athletic exercises all those sports under the jurisdiction of the National Ass'n of Amateur Athletes of America, including running, walking, jumping, pole-leaping, putting the shot, throwing the hammer, throwing the weights, tug-of-war, and rowing, boxing, sparring, lacrosse, polo, roller and ice skating."

An application-blank containing the above definition, may be found in each issue of the *Bulletin*, or procured from any League officer. Appended to it are the following words, addressed to the Secretary-Editor: "Inclosed you will find initiation-fee and annual dues for the L. A. W. I hereby certify that I am over 18 years of age and an amateur within the meaning of the definition. I refer to the persons named below." The applicant whose membership is to begin during the first quarter of the year (Jan. to March) must enclose $2; second quarter (April to June), $1.75; third quarter (July to Sept.), $1.50; fourth quarter (Oct. to Dec.), $1.25. Continuance of membership costs $1 a year, payable in advance on January 1; and all names not paid for by March 1 are dropped from the rolls. Life-memberships are obtainable on payment of $10. A certificate of annual membership, in the shape of a card signed by both the Secretary and Treasurer, is issued to each member each year, and contains his name and enrollment-number, together with a "series letter." Thus, as the cards of '86 belong to series "G," those of '87 will belong to series "H," and so on. The new member usually receives his card about a month after sending in his money, though the *Bulletin* meanwhile comes to him each week, beginning with the issue which prints his name as an applicant. The act of joining the League makes him a member of a State Division also, if one exists in the State where he resides; and no direct tax is levied for the support of this, inasmuch as one-half the annual dues which he pays the League are returned to the treasury of his State Division. All applications and money for membership must be sent to the League's Secretary-Editor, E. M. Aaron, Box 916, Philadelphia, Pa.

Under the system of government and administration thus described, the State Divisions of the League are the chief sources of power, and supply the means by which the wheelmen of any given section may most readily put into practical shape their own ideas for the encouragement of cycling. For example, the State Division of Pennsylvania, influenced largely by the zeal of a Philadelphia Representative, H. S. Wood, chief of the League's "Bureau of Information," has paid out no less than $2000 for printing and mailing 4 eds. of a road-book containing tabular reports of 12,000 m. of roads, chiefly in Pa., N. J., and Md. The current ed. may be considered the joint publication of the Divisions of those three States, all of whose members receive free copies of it, though its price to League men of other States is $1. The Massachusetts Division claims credit for publishing a State road-book a year earlier, though in much less elaborate style (pp. 48; see p. 111); hand-books of the Ohio Division (pp. 62) and the Missouri Division (pp. 82) were issued in '85; and the '86 ed. of the former is greatly improved and contains a large road-map of the State (sent for $1 by the Chief Consul, J. R. Dunn, Massillon). The California Division was hardly a half-year old when it issued an excellent road-book (64 pp., Aug., '86), on the model of Wood's,—containing not only blanks for written additions, but also stubs on which to paste the new pages which are to be supplied as monthly parts until July, '87, when the complete book will be sold for 75 c. to League men and $1 to others. Advance subscribers of those sums will receive both the preliminary ed. and the complete ed., while the former, without the monthly parts, will be mailed to any one for 25 c. The outlay upon this was $400; and cash orders as well as road-reports should be sent to the compiler and "Division bookmaster," J. W. Gibson, 612 Hyde st., San Francisco. Road books are now in progress by the Divisions of Connecticut (C. G. Huntington, Hartford), Indiana (L. M. Wainwright, Noblesville), Massachusetts (H. W. Hayes, 91 State st., Boston), Michigan (J. H. Johnson, 107 Spruce st., Detroit), and New York. The latter Division may be credited with giving official support to an excellent private work, issued in Apr., '86, by one of its consuls: "Road Book of Long Island; containing, also, the best riding of New York and New Jersey, within 50 m. of New York City, with maps and plans; pub. under the auspices of the Brooklyn Bi. C." This is sent for $1 by the compiler, A. B. Barkman (608 Fourth av., Brooklyn); and all communications concerning the forthcoming New York Road-Book should be addressed to him.

In the second year of the League, before any State Divisions had been formed, it issued a book (Sept. 15, '81, from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; pp. 104, price 50 c.) containing the "constitution, racing rules and general information," together with lists of the executive board, the directors, the consuls, and the members. The three latter lists were arranged by States, and each State's members (May 30, '81) were presented alphabetically, with exact residences and enrollment-numbers. The ill-fated "ham and handle-bar badge" was impressed upon the cover and title-page, as already recorded; but the book's worst misfortune was to print as its opening phrase the following perversion of history: "The League of American Wheelmen was born at Newport, R. I., May 30, 1880." That day was Sunday, and the real date of nativity was Monday, the 31st; but the error of this earliest "official book" has been very generally perpetuated, so that the League's "official letter heads" were still giving "May 30" as the date, when my present sketch pointed out the need of correcting it, in May, '86. The full text of the constitution has been thrice printed in the *Bulletin*: Aug. 20, '85, pp. 138-40; Jan. 29, '86, pp. 70-72; May 21, '86, pp. 423-25 (omission given later, p. 554). Proposed amendments were printed Feb. 19, '86, pp. 120-22, and racing rules, Sept. 4, '85, p. 174, and Jan. 29, '86, p. 72. The *Bi. World*'s "special number" (Jan. 1, '83) contained the constitution and racing rules, and the latter have been issued in pamphlet form by the Racing Board. Instructions about joining the League, and its constitution and most important regulations, were printed in the *Wheel*, and as a "*Wheel*'s supplement," while that journal was organ; and a similar sheet was pub. by the Secretary about a year later (Feb. 15, '85; ed. 2500), from type used on the "amateur gazette." As early as Dec., '85, the *Bulletin* began to print articles for a "L. A. W. Handbook, to appear in Feb.," and electrotypes were made from these, and afterwards destroyed unused, because of changes in the rules. Various other causes have delayed the actual publication-day so that now, in Nov., it seems unlikely to arrive before '87. The

pamphlet is designed as an electioneering document, and is to be supplied to all applicants who will pay the postage. It will have about 70 pp., and 5000 copies will be printed as a 1st ed. In Aug., '86, a little pamphlet was prepared by the Sec.-Ed. for officers' use (34 pp., 250 copies, from type which had been used in *Bulletin*), containing constitution and by-laws on its left-hand pages, and on the opposite pages certain proposed amendments which were adopted Sept. 3.

A vote was passed at the annual meeting of July 2, '85, authorizing the Executive Committee to take measures for getting the League incorporated under the laws of some State; but the committee, having examined the difficulties of the case, decided not to act until after reporting the same to the board. These difficulties were described by the Vice-President, S. Terry, a lawyer, in a report which was printed in *Bulletin*, Dec. 25, p. 410; and again Mar. 5, '86, p. 189, with the account of the board meeting of Feb. 22, which voted to rescind the act of July; but the matter was revived Sept. 3, when the board voted that "the Ex. Com. should proceed with the incorporation, if, as a result of consulting with the Committee on Rights and Privileges, they consider it practicable." The same meeting amended the election-law so as to allow any Division having a membership of 500 or more to adopt the rule of sending ballots to the Division's Secretary, instead of the League's Secretary, and ordering the former to certify the result directly to the League's President. The New York Division at once took advantage of the change by apportioning the State into six voting-districts, according to county lines, and ordering that each district be entitled to one representative for every 50 members residing therein. If these district representatives prove fewer than the State is entitled to, the Chief Consul is authorized to nominate the needed number of representatives-at-large, for appointment by the President. The Secretary-Treasurer was directed to keep a geographical list of members' residences, as well as an alphabetical list, and was voted an allowance of $200 for the ensuing year. Hereafter, he is to be elected on the same mail-vote with the representatives, and so is the Vice-Consul; and the latter, in case the office of Chief Consul becomes vacant, is to hold that office until the next election,—though these provisions seem to conflict with the constitution of the League. On Sept. 1, the Division had a cash balance of $1212, after expending $469 during the year. (The balance in the League treasury at the same time was $1757; and the Executive Committee reported the adoption of an improved system of book-keeping, which cures the evils of the plan inherited from the early days of the League, and allows its exact financial status to be very promptly discovered.) Rules similar to those of New York will doubtless soon be adopted by the other large Divisions of the League, and help ensure the election of its representatives from a much greater number of localities. The Secretary-Editor is earnestly in favor of a long-studied plan for allowing *every* Division to canvass its own votes, by a local returning-board of three; and a part of the plan is that, if this local board fails to act by Mar. 15, the Division Secretary must send the ballots to the Executive Committee, in order that they may canvass the same not later than Mar. 30, and report to the President by Apr. 20. The plan also contemplates that voting-blanks shall be supplied to the members of each Division by its Chief Consul, so that the League Secretary's task of sending blanks and receiving votes may be restricted to the case of non-Division members only. His attempt to secure the adoption of this reform did not succeed at the meeting of Sept. 3, and he then announced the intention of appealing to a mail-vote; but, on further reflection, he decided not to do this until after seeing the operation of the local election-law already adopted. Allusion may be made here to the scheme of "President Bates" (in the *Cycle*, May or June, '86) for superseding the "bureaucratic system" now in vogue, by a congress of real representatives, who should convene strictly for business and should actually govern the League. I think the plan implies too much patriotism to be practicable, but the ideas advanced in favor of it are interesting and suggestive. My own tendency is towards letting well-enough alone: and, as the present League government is honest and fairly efficient, I am not alarmed at all when I hear it called a "bureaucracy"; but if idealists yearn to radically reform it, I urge them to work on the lines laid down by President Bates.

The League's seven annual boards of executive officers have been constituted as follows:

FIRST, 1880-1. *President*, C. E. Pratt (b. Mar. 13, '45), Boston; *Vice-President*, T. K. Longstreth, Philadelphia; *Commander*, C. K. Munroe, New York; *Corresponding Secretary*,

A. S. Parsons (b. Nov. 6, '41), Cambridge; *Recording Secretary*, J. F. Burrill, New York; *Treasurer*, H. L. Willoughby, Saratoga.

SECOND, 1881-2. *P.*, C. E. Pratt, Boston; *V.-P.*, J. M. Fairfield, Chicago; *C.*, C. K. Munroe, New York (after March, S. A. Marsden, New Haven); *C. S.*, K. N. Putnam, New York; *R. S.*, S. T. Clark, Baltimore; *T.*, Dillwyn Wistar, Philadelphia.

THIRD, 1882-3. *P.*, W. H. Miller (b. 1842), Columbus; *V.-P.*, A. S. Parsons, Cambridge; *C. S.*, K. N. Putnam, New York (after Nov., F. T. Sholes, Cleveland); *R. S.*, A. S. Hibbard, Milwaukee; *T.*, W. V. Gilman (b. Nov. 25, '56), Nashua.

FOURTH, 1883-4. *P.*, N. M. Beckwith (b. Apr. 24, '46), New York; *V.-P.*, W. H. Miller, Columbus; *C. S.*, F. Jenkins (b. Jan. 20, '59), New York (after Feb. 8, W. V. Gilman, Nashua); *R. S.*, A. S. Hibbard, Milwaukee; *T.*, W. V. Gilman, Nashua.

FIFTH, 1884-5. *P.*, N. M. Beckwith, New York; *V.-P.*, W. H. Miller, Columbus; *C. S.*, C. K. Alley, Buffalo; *R. S.*, E. M. Aaron, Philadelphia; *T.*, S. Terry, Hartford.

SIXTH, 1885-6. *P.*, N. M. Beckwith, New York; *V.-P.*, S. Terry, Hartford; *T.*, F. P. Kendall (b. May 12, '52), Worcester; *Secretary-Editor*, E. M. Aaron, Philadelphia; *Third Member of Executive*, T. J. Kirkpatrick (b. Sept. 23, '55), Springfield, O.

SEVENTH, 1886-7. *P.*, N. M. Beckwith, New York; *V.-P.*, T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield, O.; *T.*, S. Lawton (b. June 20, '58), Springfield, Ms.; *S.-E.*, E. M. Aaron, Philadelphia; *T. M. of Ex.*, J. C. Gulick (b. Apr. 11, '52), New York.

In the following list of League committees, serving Oct. 30, '86, the chairman of each is first-named: MEMBERSHIP.—E. F. Hill, Peekskill, N. Y.; G. C. Brown, 16 Broad st., Elizabeth, N. J.; J. R. Dunn, Massillon, O. RACING.—A. Bassett (b. Mar. 10, '45), 22 School st., Boston; E. L. Miller, 134 S. Front st., Philadelphia; N. H. Van Sicklen (b. Feb. 9, '60), 2 Adams st., Chicago; C. H. Potter (b. May 20, '55), Cleveland; Gerry Jones, Binghamton, N. Y. [Official Handicapper, N. P. Tyler (b. Oct. 11, '48), New Rochelle, N. Y.] RULES AND REGULATIONS.—W. I. Harris, Boston; C. S. Butler, 263 Main st., Buffalo, N. Y.; K. L. Clapp, 328 W. 60th st., N. Y. RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES.—C. E. Pratt, 597 Washington st., Boston; J. C. Gulick, 132 Nassau st., N. Y.; A. S. Parsons, Cambridge, Mass. TRANSPORTATION.—Burley B. Ayers, 152 S. Hoyne av., Chicago, Ill.; G. R. Bidwell, 315 W. 58th st., N. Y.; W. S. Bull, 587 Main st., Buffalo, N. Y.; J. H. Livingston, ed. *Reformer*, Bennington, Vt.; F. T. Sholes, Marsh-Harwood Co., Cleveland, O.; Frank Read, *Record* Building, Philadelphia; F. A. Elwell, *Transcript* office, Portland, Me.; Columbus Waterhouse, San Francisco, Cal.; F. X. Mudd, A. & W. P. Railroad, Montgomery, Ala.; W. M. Brewster, Vandalia Line, St. Louis, Mo.; M. E. Graves (at large), Mannheim Building, St. Paul, Minn. TOURING.—B. B. Ayers (b. Oct. 8, '58), Tourmaster, Chicago, Ill.; H. S. Wood (b. Dec. 18, '60), Bookmaster, Youngstown, O.; G. R. Bidwell, Chief Marshal, New York; H. D. Corey (b. Jan. 25, '64), General Agent, Boston; F. Jenkins, Chief Quartermaster, New York; E. Oliver, Secretary, Chicago; W. G. Kendall (b. July 1, '54), Boston; W. S. Bull, Buffalo; W. G. E. Peirce, Chicago; N. L. Collamer, Washington; J. Pennell, London. The 5 last-named are the respective marshals of the Eastern, Middle, Southern, Western, and European touring divisions.

In the following list of State officers who are serving the League, Oct. 30, '86, the first-named in each case is Chief Consul, whose term expires at the next annual meeting, and the second-named is Secretary-Treasurer, whose term expires about a year from the designated date of his election. The date after each State's name shows when its Division was organized; and the undated States are those having no organization or Secretary-Treasurer. Birthdays, when known, are enclosed in parenthesis; and re-elections are designated by the *. The States are named geographically,—brackets being used for those where no officers have been chosen or appointed, though League members reside in most of them.

ME.—May 20, '86; F. A. Elwell* (b. Nov. 7, '58), 44 Exchange st., Portland; A. L. T. Cummings, Biddeford, May 20, '86. N. H.—Sept. 18, '82; H. M. Bennett,* Manchester; G. F. Hill, Great Falls, July 5, '86. VT.—Oct. 22, '84; C. G. Ross* (b. July 21, '62), Rutland; F. E. DuBois* (b. June 14, '59), West Randolph, July 5, '86. MASS.—Oct. 21, '82; H. M. Hayes (b. Mar. 16, '61), 91 State st., Boston; S. Lawton* (b. June 20, '58), Springfield, Aug.

'86. R. I.—Dec. 9, '85; J. A. Chase, Pawtucket; H. L. Perkins, Providence, Dec. 10, '85. CT.—Jan. 22, '84; C. G. Huntington,* Hartford; D. J. Post (b. Jan. 28, '61), Hartford, June 29, '86. N. Y.—May 29, '83; G. R. Bidwell, 313 W. 58th st., N. Y.; E. K. Austin* (b. Dec. 4, '60), 55 Hart st., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 3, '85. N. J.—May 30, '83; E. W. Johnson, 212 Broadway, N. Y.; F. R. Bonnell, 51 Crescent av., Jersey City, Aug. 28, '86. PA.—June 17, '83; J. A. Wells, 321 Chestnut st., Philadelphia; T. H. Wright* (b. Mar. 24, '60), Box 1619, Philadelphia, Aug. 19, '86. DEL.—J. E. Palmer, 1225 Market st., Wilmington. MD.—June 27, '84; J. K. Bartlett, South and Second sts., Baltimore; W. S. Bayley,* 366 North av., Baltimore, June 2, '86. D. C.—Nov. 24, '84; E. T. Pettengill,* 1713 N. Y. av., Washington; G. M. Myers, Citizens Nat. Bank, Washington, Mar. 31, '86. W. VA.—Aug. 31, '86; W. L. Wright (b. Apr. 8, '59), Wheeling; H. P. Wilkinson, Wheeling, Aug. 31, '86. VA.—Oct. 21, '86; F. L. Harris, Harrisonburg; A. K. Schaap, Richmond, Oct. 21, '86. N. C.—J. L. Yopp, Wilmington. [S. C., GA.] FLA.—W. J. Farrell, Fernandina. [ALA.] MISS.—J. P. Bruce (b. June 7, '65), Vicksburg. LA.—Mar. 3, '85; E. A. Shields (b. Nov. 28, '59), 93 Race st., New Orleans; Geo. Baquié, Box 782, New Orleans, June 23, '86. TEX.—W. A. L. Knox (b. June 16, '57), Dallas. [ARK.] TENN.—Jan. 18, '86; W. L. Surprise (b. Dec. 9, '59), 254 Front st., Memphis; C. J. Scherer, 211 Main st., Memphis, Jan. 18, '86. KY.——'84; N. G. Crawford, Louisville; T. J. Willison, Dayton, July 3, '86. O.—July, '83; J. R. Dunn, Massillon; G. S. Atwater, Massillon, Sept. 6, '86. MICH.—May 30, '83; J. H. Johnson* (b. Mar. 18, '60), 107 Spruce st., Detroit; J. E. Beal (b. Feb. 23, '60), Ann Arbor, June 29, '86. IND.—Sept. 27, '83; A. B. Irwin (b. July 14, '50), Rushville; J. Zimmerman, 37 S. Alabama st., Indianapolis, May 15, '86. ILL.—May 31, '84; J. O. Blake* (b. May 23, '48), 68 Wabash av.; B. B. Ayers* (b. Oct. 8, '58), 152 S. Hoyne av., July 5, '86. MO.—June 18, '85; J. S. Rogers (b. Aug. 19, '64), St. Louis; J. A. Lewis, U. S. Treasury, St. Louis, June 19, '86. IA.—May 31, '84; W. M. Ferguson, Jefferson; J. F. Rall* (b. Mar. 18, '63), Iowa Falls, Dec. 3, '85. WIS.—A. A. Hathaway, Box 454, Milwaukee. MINN.—Sept. 10, '83; S. F. Heath,* Armory Hall, Minneapolis; H. A. Alm (b. Nov. 27, '47), Farmers and Mechanics Bank, Minneapolis, Sept. 22, '85. [DAK.] NEB.—Apr. 29, '86; W. F. Rogers, 1321 Farnam st., Omaha; Benn Fell, 2502 Harney st., Omaha, May 10, '86. KAN.—Sept. 22, '86; J. H. Everest (b. Dec. 11, '63), Lyons; C. C. Candy (b. June 22, '65), Ft. Leavenworth, Sept. 23, '86. [IND. TER., N. MEX.] COL.—Feb. 17, '86; L. B. Johnson (b. Nov. 13, '63), Denver; F. J. Chamard, 442 Glenavon st., Denver, Feb. 17, '86. WY.—F. H. Clarke, Cheyenne. [MON.] ID.—E. C. Coffin. [WASH., OR., UTAH, NEV., ARIZ.] CAL.—Feb. 18, '86; R. M. Welch (b. Nov. 13, '56), Stock Exchange, San Francisco; P. E. Haslett (b. Nov. 11, '65), Green and Front sts., Feb. 20, '86. (A. W. Laird was elected Sec.-Treas. of Minn. Div., Sept. 23, '86.)

"The American Cyclists' Union" (org. May 29, '86) is an offshoot of the League, having been called into existence by the fact that the latter's racing rules formed a barrier to the success of the Springfield tournament, as an "international" annual competition. The ultimate reason for their thus forming a barrier lies in a peculiarity of cycle racing which distinguishes it from every other sort of competitive sport,—the peculiarity being that a victory in such racing has advertising value to the maker of the cycle upon which it is won. This fact renders extremely difficult the maintenance of any rule which tries to class in separate social grades the racers for glory and the racers for gain; and the attempts to maintain it cause a great deal of bitterness and acrimony to be displayed in public, and an endless amount of hypocrisy, humbug, shilly-shally, sophistry, treachery, deceit and downright lying, to prevail in private. "They do these things much better in France," it seems to me; and the argument of those Englishmen, represented by J. R. Hogg and the editors of *Wheeling*, who protest against the folly of the pretense, which is made in most other countries, at discriminating between "amateur" and "professional" racing cyclers, is to my mind conclusive and unanswerable. Almost any young fellow who likes to exhibit himself on the race track, and who has power to do any specially swift wheeling there, will accept pay, in one shape or another, from the maker of the machine which

his victories help advertise into popularity; and no set of rules which aim to make such acceptance put him at a social disadvantage alongside a less-lucky racer, whose swiftness is n't worth a maker's paying for, will command general support in a democratic community. If "international tournaments" are to exist at all, they *must* be promoted by "the trade." If cycle races are to be held on a scale large enough, and with business-management good enough, to challenge the notice of the outside public, they *must* be "professional" races in reality, no matter what they may be called. President Bates showed this truth clearly in saying (*Bi. World*, July 9, '86, p. 265): "It is the flying Get There who captures the money and enthusiasm of the American people. They want to see the fliers; they don't care a straw for the duffers. If bicycling wants to captivate the American people, it has got to parade the fliers. If the League wants to spread the glory of the wheel, it has got to beat the British records, and breed the fastest fliers in the world. That is one of the surest ways to make bicycling universally popular. Well, now, fliers don't grow like weeds. They have to be carefully cultivated from the hardiest stock. Somebody has got to pay for their cultivation. Hendee and Rowe and Weber and the rest can't beat the English unless they spend months of time and hundreds of dollars of expense in training and procuring the best wheels that can be manufactured. Not one in a thousand of the fliers is a rich man. The flying stock is usually derived from the ranks of labor and active business. Unless somebody foots the bills, you don't have fliers. Whether the club, or a manufacturer, or a wealthy promoter of the sport, pays the expenses, makes no difference with the result. It is the trained cracks who draw, and who always will draw." Of similar purport is the following extract from *Wheeling's* leading ed. of Sept. 15, '86, protesting against "the fearful waste of money sunk in useless prizes," and against the lack of logic and of wisdom in the rule which tempts racers into dishonesty by forbidding them to compete openly for cash: "Cycle racing is a sport the expenses attending which are so heavy, and the order of men patronizing which is proportionately so poorly endowed with this world's gifts, that the sentimentality of racing for honor has no real chance of general adoption. In many parts of England the amateur belongs absolutely to the working classes; but the great body of cycle racing men belong to the middle classes. They are clerks in merchants', stockbrokers', lawyers', and all kinds of offices; they are employed in warehouses, they are behind the counter in shops. Allowing for exceptions, their ages range between 17 and 24. Their wealth is not great, but their love of athletic sport, which is a national characteristic, prompts them to go in for cycle racing; and our contention is that, thanks to 'amateurism,' they do so under the worst possible auspices."

At the sixth annual general meeting of the League (July 2, '85), "a thunderous No!" greeted the motion of the Chairman of the Racing Board that the word "amateur" be stricken from the phrase defining the conditions of membership. His own "aye" was the only one given in its support; but the plan which he favored was not designed to abolish class distinctions in racing. On the contrary, he at the same time brought forward what he called "a very stiff law" to protect "true amateur racers" against further competition with "makers' professional amateurs," and it was adopted with a heartiness which showed that the League favored its strict enforcement. This "stiff law" was the definition quoted on p. 624, which has since been in vogue; and it is practically identical with the one which professes to govern the English racing men, and which some of them will attempt to abolish at the Dec. meeting of the N. C. U. Executive. During the latter half of '85, the Racing Board collected evidence that almost every prominent prize-winner known to American wheeling had accepted pay from some bicycle-maker, and they perfected a plan by which they could fairly expel from League membership, as "professionals," all such suspected ones as would not sign a certain form of certificate "which made it easily possible for every innocent man to clear himself." This plan was thoroughly approved by the Executive Committee, on Feb. 21; and the board then issued their manifesto,—printing a list of the "suspects" (*Bulletin*, Mar. 12, p. 214), with copies of the documents which they had forwarded to them for possible signatures. A month later (Apr. 16, p. 338) those who failed to establish their innocence, by supplying such signatures, were formally expelled; and the board's report to the seventh annual meeting named 28 men whom they had thus declared "professionals" during the year. This report (with the debate which

enthusiastically approved its adoption, and an attorney's written opinion that the acts taken had been strictly legal as well as just) covered pp. 538-42 in *Bulletin* of June 11, '86, and contained many instructive revelations of the difficulties which beset "amateurism." It showed that the clubs which are prominent as race-managers "were in favor of the amateur rule, but agin' the enforcement of it," thus: "One large club in Mass., of good standing in the League, filled the entry list of a race-meeting without personal communication with a single racing man,—every one of these 'amateurs' being entered by a dealer, and every entrance-fee coming from a dealer's till." I suppose that enterprising clubs of this sort took all possible pains to increase the torrent of abuse which the sporting papers, and most of the cycling papers, poured out upon the head of the Chairman of the Racing Board, as a sort of autocratic monster who had suddenly broken loose for the destruction of American racing interests. There was something very funny in the illogical fury with which these writers "pitched into" a man who was simply doing the duty demanded by his official position. His three associates unanimously agreed with him as to this duty, and their report thus formulated the evident truth about it: "We have acted under the rules of the League; and any criticism of our course reflects, not upon us, but upon the rules which you have given us to enforce." A reader who got his opinions solely from the cycling press, during the three months of spring, must have supposed that these rules had been forced upon the League by some sort of trickery; that they would be altered at the next annual meeting, so as to rehabilitate all the swift racers as "amateurs"; and that the Chairman of the Racing Board would be dismissed in disgrace. The round after round of applause which greeted him, in fact, as the most popular man of the occasion, when he related how effectively he had done the exact things which the League had ordered him to do, showed that the cycling papers had failed to reflect or to influence League opinion upon this matter. They had merely, as trade circulars, reflected the wishes of the dealers, who disliked to have their summer advertising interfered with; but all their talk and bluster represented such a pitiful minority of actual votes that not even an attempt was made in open meeting to change the well-established policy.

The League's steadfast-sticking to this honorable line of conduct gave good proof of exceptionally excellent moral fiber as a controlling element in its membership, and offered a notable contrast to the vacillating and irresolute action of the English N. C. U., which, after a few half-hearted attempts to exclude the "makers' amateurs," openly pleaded a fear of the libel-law, as an excuse for inability to enforce its own definition against them. The League's firmness of course won it great respect,—both from those who furiously denounced it for not adhering to the hypocritical English plan (*i. e.*, classing the men who are secretly paid for racing as socially superior to the men who professedly race for a livelihood), and from those who, like myself, believe it unwise for the League, or for any similar body, to encourage bitterness and bad-blood by setting itself up as a social censor between wheelmen. This firmness has shamed even the N. C. U. into plucking up a little courage for a new attempt to assert its rule; and if its recent edicts of ostracism against the best racers of England shall arouse public sentiment for the abolishment of that rule, the League may ultimately take some credit for such abolishment,—and I hope may be led by it to abolish its own rule, improbable as such act now seems. The logical line of demarkation which should be insisted on by those who favor a social separation between rich and poor in the cycling world (for that is all which their contention about "amateur" and "professional" really amounts to), is the line drawn between wheelmen who exhibit themselves on the race-track, and wheelmen who do not. The wealthy ones may be said never to race, because so many other pleasanter paths to enjoyment and distinction are open to them; while the young fellows who enjoy making a display of their speed would almost always prefer to earn a little money as an incident to such display. Almost every such one, at heart, resents the injustice of a rule which brands him as a "professional" if he competes for public money, or accepts a private gift from the maker of a machine which he has pushed to victory,—rather than some trumpery medal or costly gew-gaw, of no practical use to him, and which he is forbidden to sell. To my own mind, it is perfectly clear that the only legitimate legislative function for those bodies which assume the government of cycle racing is to so classify competitors that each shall be encouraged to develop his highest possible speed. Racers of similar records and

experience should be matched with one another, and those of evil repute should be ruled out; but no social stigma should be attached to any one for earning either public or private money by earning a victory, and no further use should be had in the cycler's vocabulary for either of those two tiresome epithets, "amateur" and "professional." The social position and value of each individual racer may well be left to the personal decisions of those who come in contact with him. Estimates of character are formed from such a great variety of circumstances and private prejudices, that no one has a right to complain because his own is not actively "recognized" as admirable by a given person or society; but I think complaint may rightly be made against any person or society for proclaiming a hard-and-fast rule which tends to impair a racing-man's social recognition because he is poor,—which assumes such infallible knowledge of every human heart as to say that a racer who makes money from his racing must necessarily be any less genuine and enthusiastic a sportsman,—any less honest and earnest a competitor for the glory of victory,—than the racer who strives for the laurel-wreath alone.

Returning, now, from the digression of the last paragraph, I resume my narrative at the end of the previous one, which left the friends of the expelled "makers' amateurs" listening in dismay to the roars of acclamation by which the League's general meeting (Boston, May 29, '86) showed that any attempt to reinstate them would be hopeless. Yet it was plain that if all these "American cracks" were to be excluded from the Springfield tournament, none of the English makers would send over *their* "amateurs" to give it an "international" attractiveness. Hence the manager at once brought forth "the American Cyclists' Union" as a device for getting around the difficulty,—18 other League men (from the Springfield, Lynn and Newton clubs) convening with him in a parlor of the Hotel Vendome to give it recognition and appoint the following officers: *Pres.*, H. E. Ducker, Springfield; *V.-Pres.*, J. H. Lewis, Boston; *Sec.*, A. O. McGarrett, Springfield; *Treas.*, G. F. Barnard, Lynn; *Ex. Com.* (in addition to the three first-named), T. A. Carroll, Lynn; W. E. Wentworth, Newtonville. These officers were confirmed for an annual term by a later and more formal vote, and the constitution and by-laws which they prepared were printed as a supplement to the *Wheelmen's Gazette* for June, together with a set of racing rules which were identical in most respects with those of the League. "This association shall consist of bicycle and tricycle clubs ($10), unattached amateur riders (50 c.), and cycling track associations ($20)." Their respective annual fees are the sums named, which are payable on Jan. 1 to the Secretary, and he on that day must mail a voting-blank to the two representatives whom each club or association has elected to the governing board (provided all their dues and fines have been paid); which representatives shall remail to him by Feb. 1 signed ballots showing their choice for the next year's officers, and the result shall be announced by the President between Feb. 15 and Mar. 1. The annual meeting shall be held in March; special meetings on written application of 8 representatives; and 10 representatives personally present at any meeting shall constitute a quorum, and have power to adopt such rules as they please for the guidance of racing. So long as they refrain from asserting this power, however, all such rules shall be at the discretion of the Racing Board,—consisting of the Secretary, *ex officio*, and four others, appointed by the President. He shall also appoint a membership committee of three, who shall count and certify to him the vote on Feb. 15; but they shall "leave to the decision of the Racing Board any question of suspension or expulsion which is due to the non-amateur standing of a member." The Pres. and Sec. may at any time take a mail-vote of the governing board upon any business matter (decision to rest with a majority of all the representatives); and constitutional changes may be made at the annual meeting, and changes in by-laws at any meeting, by a ⅔ vote,—provided 2 weeks' notice of every change has been sent to each member of the governing board. The continent is apportioned into racing districts as follows: (1, "Eastern") New England and Canada; (2, "Atlantic") N. Y., N. J., Pa., Del., Md., D. C., W. Va., Va., N. C., S. C., Ga. and Fla.; (3, "Central") O., Mich., Ind., Ill., Ia., Wis., Minn., Dak., Neb., Kan., N. Mex., Col., Wy.; (4, "Southern") Ala., Miss., La., Tex., Ark., Tenn., Mo. and Indian Ter.; (5, "Pacific") Mon., Id., Wash., Or., Utah, Nev., Ariz., Cal. The "chairmen of district boards," to whom application should be made by promoters of "race meetings under A. C. U. rules," in those respective districts, are as

follows: (1) G. H. Burt, Hartford, Ct.; (2) W. F. Coddington, Newark, N. J.; (3) J. S. Rogers, St. Louis, Mo.; (4) W. L. Surprise, Memphis, Tenn.; (5) S. F. Booth, jr., San Francisco, Cal. These names are derived from a vest-pocket pamphlet, printed by the Springfield Printing Co. (Aug., '86; pp. 20; mailed free on application to the Sec. of A. C. U.), giving constitution and rules but no other information and no statistics of membership. My request that the President supply me with the latter, brought the following response (Nov. 4): "I suppose that if you count individuals as members, we have nearly 1000; if clubs, about 11."

The A. C. U.'s earliest definition of "amateur" was designed to let the "makers' hired men" compete under that guise, in spite of the League's having branded them as "professionals"; but the hopelessness of persuading any of the English makers to defy the League, by sending their men across to race against the branded ones at Springfield, became almost immediately evident. However great their contempt for the N. C. U.'s ability to suppress evasions of its own rules, the English makers knew it would never tolerate the open violation thereof implied by having its "amateurs" compete with men whom the ruling government in a foreign country had declared "professionals." The A. C. U., therefore, submitting to the inevitable, changed its animus towards the League from hostility to friendliness, and, early in July, adopted a "strict amateur rule," in harmony with the League's, thus (the significant additions being italicized): "The standard of A. C. U. membership shall be determined by these rules: (A) An amateur is any person who has never *engaged in, nor assisted in, nor taught any recognized athletic exercise for money, or who has never*, either in public or in private, raced or exhibited his skill for a public or for a private stake, *or other remuneration*, or for a purse, or for gate money, and never backed or allowed himself to be backed either in a public or private race. (B) *A promateur is one who at any time or in any degree has violated his amateur standing as defined above, by receiving expenses or other remuneration for cycle riding or any other recognized athletic exercise.* (C) A professional wheelman is one who at any time and in any degree has violated his amateur *or promateur* standing as defined above. To prevent any misunderstanding in interpreting the above, the Union draws attention to the following explanation: A wheelman forfeits his right to compete as an amateur and thereby becomes a *promateur*, by *Receiving expenses or other remuneration for riding the cycle, or training or coaching others for cycle racing.* A wheelman forfeits his right to compete as an amateur *or promateur*, and thereby becomes a professional, by (A) Riding the cycle or engaging in any athletic exercise for a money prize or for gate money; (B) Competing with, or pace-making for, or having the pace made by a professional in public or private for a prize or gate money; (C) Selling, realizing upon, or otherwise turning into cash any prize won by him. (D) The Union recognizes as athletic exercises all the sports under the jurisdiction of the N. A. A. A. A. and the N. C. U., viz.: Running, walking, jumping, pole-leaping, putting the shot, throwing the hammer, throwing of weights, tug-of-war, and also rowing, boxing, sparring, lacrosse, polo, roller and ice skating."

The new word thus first formally proclaimed, in sanctioning this special class of riders, is a contraction for "professional-amateur," which, in the form "pro-amateur," is current in England, though the commoner term there is "maker's amateur," or "M. A." Of course, the League was indifferent as to how the "non-amateurs" should be classed or designated, so long as its own definition of "an amateur" prevailed. As it never assumed jurisdiction of trials outside the regular race-track, many of its members were glad to see the A. C. U. supply an authority for hill-climbing contests, and also give recognition to road-racing, by the following rules: "Road records, whether made in open competition or against time, must be made over a course so laid out that no portion of the road shall be traversed more than twice, provided, however, that in a 24 h. contest the rider may, if he choose, select at any point in his course a strip of not less than 50 m. and retraverse as often as time will permit. In a race against time the competitors must be accompanied the entire distance by a pace-maker. The board of review will receive and pass upon all claims for records, and, if required, claimants must furnish a statement from the judges and time-keepers of the meeting, together with a sworn statement from a competent surveyor certifying to the measurement of the track or road; and road records

must be accompanied by the sworn statement of a competent surveyor as to distance, or by a certificate that the distance has been measured by three certified cyclometers, the lowest measurement of which has been taken." (A "professional's" competition or pace-making at hill-climbing or road-racing spoils the status of an "amateur" there, the same as on a race-track.)

The autumn report of League's Racing Board (*Bulletin*, Sept. 17, '86, p. 299) said: "We believe there is room for the A. C. U. It will be no small gain for our sport when professional racing and road-racing are regulated; and, as we cannot do this, we should welcome the co-operation of any body which will take it in hand. * * We suggest that a clause be added to our amateur rule, so as to forbid a man to receive his expenses from a cycle manufacturer on pain of disqualification. We intend soon to consider a proposition to allow clubs to pay the expenses of a member, under special sanction of the Racing Board. Our 'Rule H' forbids this, without such sanction, and also forbids the acceptance of expenses from a manufacturer; and the mail-vote, just taken, decides that the rule shall stand. We have never in fact had occasion to expel a man for receiving expenses from his club; but, in the absence of our rule, a manufacturer might easily 'get up a little club to pay a lot of expenses.'" This attempt to rescind "Rule H" was made by the organizers of the A. C. U., as an appeal from the League's general meeting of May 29 to the sober sense of its officers individually; and the attempt failed by a vote of 78 to 21. Their attempt to have the League officers restore the expelled "professionals" failed by a vote of 85 to 15. It was understood that, if successful in these two attempts, they would abandon the A. C. U., and consent to see all American racing managed under the changed policy of the League. Still other attempts against destiny were made by the same men at the same time, and lost by about the same majority, thus: to change the constitution (81 to 19); to abolish all reference to racing in League by-laws (85 to 15); and to reverse the act of the League's President in deposing the A. C. U.'s President from the chief consulship of the Massachusetts Division (87 to 9).

The correspondence between the latter and the Secretary of the N. C. U., relative to the formation of "an International Alliance to control racing" was printed in *Bulletin* (Aug. 27, p. 209), together with letter from the League's Racing Board Chairman, assuring the English racing "amateurs" that the League "would not protest against the N C. U.'s granting them special sanction to enter 'promateur' events of the A. C. U. at Springfield, but that they could not in such case also enter amateur events." The final official reply from England, Aug. 12, which quenched the last despairing hope for "international" sport at the tournament, said: "It is perfectly clear that the N. C. U. cannot consent to English amateur riders competing against the 'promateurs' of the A. C. U., a class against whom the amateurs of the L. A. W. would not be allowed to compete." The actual "promateur races" of Sept., '86, between "teams" avowedly representing rival makers, did not please the American public; and press opinions seem pretty unanimous that this experiment at separating into two classes the men who make their livelihood at cycle racing will not be repeated. It proved that racers who are employed to advertise a given maker's bicycle upon the path can no more be depended upon to always ride their swiftest, than racers whose sole occupation is to compete for money prizes can always be depended upon to ride their swiftest when tempted to "sell out." As President Bates favored the "promateur plan," because he believed it would "help develop fliers and international competitions on a grand scale," I hope the failure of it may lead him to advocate the abolition of all hair-splitting subtleties about "amateur" and "professional." When those two hate-breeding words are banished from cycling nomenclature, a really honest "International Alliance" may be made by the N. C. U. and A. C. U. for the management of tournaments whose magnitude and squareness shall once again compel the popular respect.

The Canadian contingent of League membership when the first year ended (1654, May 31, '81) was greater than at any time since, for Ontario then supplied 24 members and the Province of Quebec 19. A pair of these, one from each province, were included among the following 8 enthusiasts who met at Toronto, Sept. 11, '82, and founded the "Canadian Wheelmen's Asso-

ciation": H. S. Tibbs, Montreal; R. H. McBride, Toronto; J. S. Brierley, St. Thomas; P. Doolittle, Aylmer; F. Westbrook, Brantford; J. H. Eager, Hamilton; W. Payne, London; and J. K. Johnston, St. Catherines. All except the first-named were residents of Ontario, and that province supplies ⅔ of the present membership. Arguments were offered in favor of organizing as an Ontario Association, and as a Canadian Division of the L. A. W. (*not* of the English C. T. C., as might have seemed probable), but the plan of an independent national body, to represent the entire Dominion, finally prevailed; and a committee of 4 were appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and submit the same to the ratification of the clubs. About a dozen of these were represented in a meeting of some 50 wheelmen, at St. Thomas, Sept. 11, when the committee's work was adopted and a provisional government was formed to serve until the first regular annual meet and election, at London, July 2, '83. The parade, then, attracted 250 riders; a year later, at Toronto, there were 350; the third meet, in '85, at Woodstock, had nearly 400,—"the most representative gathering of cyclers and the largest crowd of spectators ever seen at a wheeling event in Canada"; and the fourth, in '86, at Montreal, was the greatest social success of the series,—though there were only 165 paraders, of whom the local club supplied 53, because the meeting-place was more distant from most members' homes than had been the case in previous years. The provisional president of the C. W. A. was J. B. Boustead, Pres. of Toronto B. C., and the Secretary-Treasurer was J. S. Brierley. As he declined to serve longer, the first regular election made by the directors conferred the office upon H. B. Donly (b. Jan. 4, '61), of Simcoe, editor and proprietor of the weekly *Norfolk Reformer*, and the subsequent boards have unanimously re-elected him each year. In '86, an annual salary of $200, payable monthly, was attached to the office, and an allowance of $150 for the past year's services was also granted. The President and Vice-President are chosen at and by the annual meetings of July 1 (Dominion Day), and are ineligible for second terms. The four elections have resulted as follows: '83—R. H. McBride, of Toronto, and P. Doolittle (b. Mar. 22, '61), of Aylmer; '84—H. S. Tibbs, of Montreal, and J. S. Brierley (b. Mar. 4, '58), of St. Thomas; '85—J. S. Brierley, of St. Thomas, and W. G. Eakins, of Toronto; '86—W. A. Karn (b. June 27, '57), of Woodstock, and J. D. Miller, of Montreal.

Of the 8 districts into which Canada is divided for the government of membership, 5 belong to Ontario. Each is entitled to elect a Chief Consul and a Representative (also one additional Rep. for each 50 members beyond the first 50), on ballots which must be sent out by the Sec.-Treas. before April 10, be returned to him before May 10, and be counted and reported to the President (by 3 scrutineers whom he appoints) before May 20. He declares the result as soon as practicable; and the new officers organize on July 1, immediately after the annual meeting, and elect the Sec.-Treas., who becomes, *ex officio*, a member of their board and of every standing committee. The officers must meet at least once a year, not less than two months before the annual meeting; and they may be ordered to meet at any time by the President, or by 5 members of the board; and a quorum of the board shall be constituted by 5. Each Chief Consul shall appoint a consul for every town or village, and their terms shall expire Dec. 31, but they may be removed for cause by the President. He may also remove any officer of the board for misconduct, and he shall remove any officer at the written request of 15 members of his district who charge misconduct against him. Such act of the President may be revoked by an appeal to the board, if a ⅔ vote can be gained at one of their meetings, or if a majority of a mail-vote can be gained. The Pres. and Sec. may order a mail-vote at any time, and so may a minority greater than two, at any board meeting, when they wish to give any defeated motion a second trial. The board of officers also may order a mail-vote of the members in general; and, in case of a proposed change in constitution, a majority of votes thus cast shall decide. Otherwise, such changes must be made by ⅔ vote, at the annual meeting; and, in either case, a fortnight's notice must be given. The Racing Board shall be formed of the Chief Consuls, each having charge of his own district (its chairman is now F. J. Gnædinger, of Montreal); the Membership Committee shall consist of the Sec.-Treas. and two other members of the board who live most convenient to him; the Committee on Rules and Regulations shall consist of 3 members of the board; but the Transportation Committee may be appointed from the general membership.

"Any amateur wheelman in good standing may become a member of the C. W. A." by procuring from the Secretary an application-blank, and returning it, signed, with $1 enclosed, together with the introductory signatures of 2 members, or of 3 reputable citizens of the place in which he lives. A provisional certificate is at once sent to him, and if no protest is raised within a fortnight after his name appears in the monthly "official organ," a full-membership card is sent, covering the period until July 1 following,—except that the tickets of those who join after Apr. 1 extend to July 1 of the next year. Clubs of 5 or more whose rules require every club-member to join the C. W. A. may be admitted at 50 c. per member; and their renewal fees shall also be at the same rate, though others' renewals cost $1. Renewal fees are payable a year in advance, on July 1, and membership ceases in the case of those whose fees are not paid by Sept. 1. The parade at each annual meet shall be arranged and commanded by the captain of the oldest local club; and clubs shall have precedence in the order of their joining the C. W. A. At the same date and place shall be held a race meeting, for championship prizes of the C. W. A. Its motto is "*A pas de Geant*," and its badge is a wheel, the same size as the League's, with the three initials in relief, but it has a maple-leaf in the center, and above this a beaver. Specimens in gold ($3.50) and silver ($1.50) may be had of the Sec.-Treas.,—who designed the badge in Dec., '83, and has sold 110 in all. He also supplies, at 40 c. per yd., the special make of dark gray Halifax tweed which was adopted for a uniform in '85, and which is said to have given great satisfaction for its wearing qualities on the road. My next chapter (p. 669) explains how the *Canadian Wheelman*, which began in Sept., '83, has been mailed each month since Nov., '85, to every member of the C. W. A.,—the net cost for the first year being estimated at $120. The accounts of the Sec.-Treas., July 1, '86, as published by the two auditors whom the President must annually appoint to examine the same, show $331 received for membership fees, $206 for profit on the races of the annual meet, and a balance on hand of $319, or $48 more than on July 1, '85. The year's expenditures were $500, whereof the largest single sum went to the *Wheelman*. That paper of Feb., '85, gave a table of membership, showing 662 men, assigned to 29 clubs in 27 towns, except that there were 11 non-club men. In its issue of Sept., '86, the Sec.-Treas. printed a statement showing 27 unattached members in a total of 566, assigned to the several districts. The numbers, names, limits, membership, and officers of these stand as follows,—the Chief Consul being mentioned first in each case: 1st, "Huron"; the counties of Elgin, Middlesex, Perth and Bruce and the others west to the lake; 113; W. M. Begg, of London; J. S. Brierley, of St. Thomas; R. M. Ballantyne, of Stratford. 2d, "Niagara"; the counties of Norfolk, Haldimand, Welland, Lincoln, Wentworth, Waterloo, Oxford and Brant; 138; W. E. Tisdale, of Simcoe; S. Woodroofe, of Woodstock; H. C. Goodman, of St. Catherines. 3rd, "Toronto"; the counties of Halton, Peel, Wellington, Dufferin, Grey, Simcoe, York and Ontario; 92; C. Langley (b. May 31, '56), G. H. Orr, H. Ryrie, all of Toronto. 4th, "Midland," the 8 counties of Durham and Victoria to Frontenac, inclusive; 84; W. P. Way, R. H. Fenwick, W. E. Foster, all of Belleville. 5th, "Ottawa"; the remaining counties of Ontario; 27; F. M. S. Jenkins, W. C. Blythe, both of Ottawa. 6th, "Quebec," the entire province; 97; F. J. Gnædinger, W. G. Ross, both of Montreal. 7th, "Winnipeg"; Manitoba, the North West territories and British Columbia; 10; S. B. Blackhall, J. S. Housser, both of Winnipeg. 8th, "Maritime"; the provinces of N. B., N. S. and P. E. I.; 5; C. Coster, J. M. Barnes, both of St. John. In a letter to me of Oct. 26, the Sec.-Treas. says the membership has almost reached 700 again, and will increase to 1000 in the spring, and take another sudden drop in Sept., '87, because of failures to renew. Hardly more than 20 fees of $1 come to him in a year, for the club men pay only the 50 c. rate. Even this sum will ensure 17 months' membership, if a man joins on March 31 and declines to pay a renewal fee.

The C. W. A. defines an amateur as "a person who never competed (*a*) in an open competition, (*b*) or for a stake, (*c*) or for public money, (*d*) or for gate money, (*e*) or under a false name, (*f*) or with a professional for a prize, (*g*) or with a professional when gate money is charged;" and its "explanation of the definition" is verbally identical with the one printed each week in the League's *Bulletin*. "Rule D" of its Racing Board says: "No competitor in amateur events shall accept from his own club, or from a club or any person promoting sports at

which he competes, or from any cycle manufacturer or from any such source, any payment for his expenses." The complete racing rules occupy 11 pp. in the new "C. W. A. Guide," and are generally similar to those of the L. A. W. and A. C. U. The constitution and by-laws, as amended at the officers' meeting of Feb. 19, '86, and adopted by mail-vote in May, occupy 13 pp. in the same book, and road-reports extend from p. 27 to p. 109, followed by an 8 p. index to all the towns named, a 5 p. list of hotels and 20 pp. of adv. The foregoing matter was all printed in mid-autumn of '86 (ed. 1250), and the editors were about to print the 16 pp. of introduction (containing lists of consuls, free r. r. lines, wheel literature, and the like) and put the complete book in the members' hands by the end of Oct., when a mail-vote ordered that its publication should be postponed until Mar., '87, on the theory that it could then be used more effectively for attracting recruits. A new book at the opening of the riding season, when most of the new men join, is believed to be a better magnet for membership than an old one. In a previous chapter, I have described (p. 330) and made many extracts from the excellent 1st ed. of this guide ('84); and no one should think of attempting to ride in Canada, without first sending 50 c. to the Sec.-Treas., at Simcoe, Ont., and procuring a copy of its enlarged and improved successor. The question of preparing a 2d ed. of the road-map is still under discussion (Nov., '86).

"Minor," as an adjective applied to a club "the size of which the annals of sport have never previously known," might be resented as misapplied, were I not to restrict its application to the American Division thereof, which I believe numbers little more than 800 men. At Harrogate, Eng., on May 5, '78, was organized the "Bicycle Touring Club"; and I think that five years elapsed before the first word in its title suffered the regrettable change to "Cyclists'." It is now known and alluded to, in every part of the cycling world, only as "C. T. C."; and its former initials also had popular vogue instead of its name. Hardly 100 men belonged to it in Mar., '79, when I first mounted the bicycle, though the 1st and 2d eds. of its "hand-book" appeared in July and Oct. of that year, and its note-size *Monthly Circular* began to be sent to members as early as Oct., '78. The number of these, on Dec. 31, '84, had increased to 16,625, whereof America supplied 534, or nearly half of all outside the United Kingdom (1106), Germany ranking 2d, with 177; Austria 3d, with 80, and France 4th, with only 52. A year later the "outside" contingent, which is supposed to give an "international" color to the C. T. C., had increased to 1600, whereof the U. S. supplied 669 and all other countries 931,—the chief quotas standing thus: Germany, 300; Austria-Hungary, 115; Holland, 71; France, 60; Canada, 56; Denmark, 23; Belgium, 21. The government of the club is vested in a Council of about 125 men, known as Representative Councilors and Chief Consuls,—the latter being appointed by the former, who are elected by the 37 Divisions. A Division which has less than 200 members can elect 1 R. C.; 200 to 399 members, 2 R. C.'s; 400 to 799 members, 3 R. C.'s; 800 to 1499 members, 4 R. C.'s; 1500 to 2499 members, 5 R. C.'s; 2500 to 3499 members, 6 R. C.'s; 3500 to 4499, 7 R. C.'s, and so on. At the end of '85, the largest Divisions were the 11th (Middlesex, Essex and Suffolk, 3687) and 12th (Kent, Surrey and Sussex, 3275), which divide the city of London between them and include the s. e. corner of England, from Yarmouth, its easternmost town, to Portsmouth, on the s. coast. The combined membership of the two (6962) comprised much more than ½ that of the entire C. T. C., which was reported as 19,053, at the annual meeting of May 8, '86, when the Secretary said he "expected it would regain the 20,000 by June, and hoped it might reach 25,000 by Dec." The Nov. *Gazette* gave the accessions of '86 thus: Jan., 333; Feb., 688; Mar., 972; Apr., 970; May, 995; June, 1044; July, 927; Aug., 658; Sept., 347; Oct., 192; Nov., 64,—a total of 7190 new members in the 11 months; and, as there were 15,095 renewals from '85, an entire membership of 22,285. The Divisions ranking next in size to the two which surround London, are the 4th (Lancashire, 1510) and 3d (Yorkshire, 1383), which lie well to the n., and contain Liverpool and Leeds. The 14th Div. includes the s. w. corner of England; the 15th and 16th, Wales; the 17th to 20th, Ireland; the 21st to 27th, Scotland; the 28th, the U. S.; the 29th, all the rest of the world except the 7 countries which comprise the other foreign Divisions: 30th, France;

31st, Germany; 32d, Belgium; 33d, Holland; 34th, Austria-Hungary; 35th, Canada; 36th, Denmark; 37th, Switzerland. "It is desirable that R. C.'s shall reside within the limits of the Divisions they represent; and that their residences shall be widely separated, in the case of Divisions having more than one R. C.; but non-residence in a particular district shall not disqualify a candidate for election there, nor for service as its R. C." The hand-book of Apr., '86, showed that, in fact, residents of Great Britain serve as R. C.'s for 5 of the foreign Divs., and that for the other 5 (including U. S. and Canada) none had then been elected or appointed.

"The number of R. C.'s to which the several Divisions are entitled shall be set out in each Jan. *Gazette*; and any member may be proposed and seconded for R. C., by two members of any Division, who shall file with the Secretary (before Feb. 7, on a blank obtained from him) the name, address and description of such member, with his written statement that he is prepared to undertake the duties of R. C., if elected. The March *Gazette* shall contain a separate voting-paper for each Division, naming the candidates who seek its suffrages. Each member may vote for as many R. C.'s as the voting-paper shows his Division is entitled to; but the vote shall be invalid unless the Secretary receives the paper within 8 days after its original despatch by him. The votes shall be counted by 5 scrutineers, appointed by the Council, to whom they shall report the result. The R. C.'s thus chosen shall come into office Apr. 1 and form a provisional Council, whose first meeting shall, if possible, appoint a Chief Consul for each Division. It is distinctly provided that they shall be at liberty not to re-appoint any C. C. who may previously have held office; but any C. C. so superseded shall have power to appeal to the next general meeting. The completed Council (R. C.'s and C. C.'s) shall appoint any gentlemen of eminence to the posts of President and Vice-President of the C. T. C., for an annual term; and shall then elect from their own number a Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Council, and also (from their own number or from the members at large) an Honorary Treasurer of the C. T. C., as follows: Candidates for either post may be nominated by two members of the Council (on forms to be had of the Secretary, and to be returned to him by May 1); and a voting-paper, naming all such candidates, shall be sent to each of the Council by May 7, and be returned by May 14 to the Secretary, who shall keep such papers sealed until the Council-meeting immediately preceding the annual general meeting. He shall then hand them to the Chairman of the Council, who shall cause them to be counted and the result forthwith to be declared to the meeting. The three officers so chosen shall serve from the end of the annual general meeting to the end of the annual general meeting next ensuing. This shall be held each May, at a place and date fixed by the Council. They shall also fix a place and date for a half-yearly general meeting, and may call an additional one at any time. On requisition of 200 members, the Secretary shall call a special general meeting, at place and time requested, provided this be not less than 10 days after usual date of issue of *Monthly Gazette*, in which particulars of the meeting and names of the conveners shall be announced; and the Secretary may call a meeting of the Council at any time, on 14 days' notice. Regular meetings thereof shall be held on the second Saturday of each month. The quorum at Council-meetings shall be 5, and at general meetings it shall be 50; and precedence in taking the chair shall be in this order: President, Vice-President, Chairman, Vice-Chairman, according as those officers are in attendance. In case one of them dies or resigns, the Council may either order a new election or appoint a *pro tem.* deputy. If a Division fails to elect a R. C. to whom it is entitled, or if its growth entitles it to an additional R. C. after the election, the Council may fill the vacancy by appointment. They shall have power to remove any officer by a ⅔ vote of those present at any Council meeting, provided the Secretary has given 7 days' written notice of their intended action to the officer concerned; but he may appeal to the next general meeting. They shall appoint the Secretary at such salary and upon such terms and conditions as they may think proper [the present salary is $1500]; and they may also appoint an Honorary Secretary for the conducting of any special business. They may expel a member who ceases to be an amateur, and they shall expel any member who fails to resign after being so requested, when such request is based upon the examination of charges which have been brought against him in writing, by any two Councilors or any other ten members. The lending of membership ticket shall be sufficient cause for expulsion; and the Council are also bound

to investigate the case of any member who is expelled from a cycling or athletic club. Expelled men may appeal to the general meeting. Members' annual dues (62 c.) are payable in advance, Jan. 1; and the fact of non-payment by Feb. 1 puts an end to membership. The Secretary must then forward to the C. C. of each Division a list of the names and addresses of all residents in that Division whose membership has thus lapsed; and he must also cause to be printed, in book form, Division lists of the entire renewed membership of the club. [The '85 book had 76 pp. and about 14,000 names, whereof the U. S. supplied nearly 400.] He must admit immediately to the *Gazette* any document about club business which is signed by 50 members. He must receive all moneys and deposit the same with the club bankers; must attend all meetings of the Council, and conduct all club business under their direction; and, in case of temporary inability to act, may appoint a member as deputy, subject to their approval. The Hon.-Treasurer shall make all payments, under direction of the Council's Finance Committee; and his accounts and those of the Secretary shall be audited at least once a year, by a professional accountant engaged by the Council; and, after confirmation by them, shall be printed in the *Gazette*, prior to the annual meeting. Chief Consuls shall have power to appoint in their respective Divisions, Consuls, *pro tem.* Consuls, and C. T. C. hotels, and to revoke such appointments; but any one who feels aggrieved by such action may appeal to the Council through the Secretary; and no *pro tem.* Consul shall receive a full appointment until he has been seen and approved of by a member of the Council or by the Secretary. No alteration can be made in the club rules, except at a general meeting, after notice of such alteration has been given in the *Gazette*." This final rule (the 70th) declares also that the club's regulations, "shall, as far as possible, be held to apply to lady members," of whom there are "many hundreds."

Foreign cyclers are by the C. T. C. "accepted as amateurs according to the rules in force in their own country, provided they have not at any time been guilty of breaches of the amateur laws of any country when riding in such country"; but "the definition applicable to natives of, or residents in, the United Kingdom, shall be that of the N. C. U., and a copy thereof shall be printed upon the back of each form of application for membership." This definition is as follows: "An amateur is one who has never engaged in, nor assisted in, nor taught any athletic exercise for money, or other remuneration; nor knowingly competed with or against a professional for a prize of any description, or in public (except at a meeting specially sanctioned by the Union). To prevent misunderstanding in interpreting the above, the Union draws attention to the following explanation: A cyclist ceases to be an amateur, and thereby becomes a professional by—(*a*) Engaging in cycling, or any other athletic exercise, or personally teaching, training, or coaching any other person therein, either as a means of obtaining a livelihood, or for a staked bet, a money prize, or gate-money; (*b*) Competing with, or pace-making for, or having the pace made by a professional, or person under sentence of suspension, in public, or for a prize; (*c*) Selling, realizing upon, or otherwise turning into cash, any prize won by him; (*d*) Accepting, directly or indirectly, any remuneration, compensation, or expenses whatever, from a cycle manufacturer, agent, or other person interested in the trade or sport, for cycle riding." The Secretary sends application-forms gratis to all who ask for them, and each candidate when he returns to the Secretary a signed form must enclose with it an entrance fee of 25 c., in addition to the 62 c. which will pay for membership until Dec. 31 ensuing. If he be not a member of a recognized amateur cycling club, he must obtain the signature of two introducers who are officers in such a club, or members of the C. T. C., or from one introducer who belongs to the Council. In the case of the American and other outside Divisions, it is convenient to have the Chief Consul supply such signature, and thus the applications and cash are commonly sent by him directly to the Secretary. All names thus reaching the latter by the 25th of each month, are printed in *Gazette* one week later, and a copy thereof is mailed to each candidate; and each one against whom no member makes an objection within a week to the Secretary, is then declared elected, and receives from the Sec. a signed membership card, and a copy of the 70 rules, which he has promised in advance to obey.

My next chapter gives an account of the *Gazette*, which is sent to each member, and of the club's other publications (see pp. 687-91); and I have already quoted its arrangements about

transportation (p. 598) and hotels (p. 607). Its uniform is of a special make of gray cloth, "upon which no braiding, epaulettes or trimmings shall, under any circumstances, be permissible"; and "no local club shall adopt this uniform as their own unless all the members join the C. T. C." Of course, no one is obliged to purchase either uniform or badge, but members are requested to wear the latter upon the left breast. The badge in use for 7 years or more was a simple shield of silver or silver-plate, with the club's name spelled upon it in square, raised letters. Copies in gold were also made, for use on the scarf or watch-chain. Badges for Consuls had red enamel; those for the Council had blue enamel, with "R. C." or "C. C." added in gilt; and that for the Secretary had green enamel and gilt. "The Octopus" thus announced a change (*Wheeling*, Sept. 8, '86): "The C. T. C. mountain has been in labor, and has produced the most ridiculous mouse, in the shape of a badge, that it has ever been my lot to see. After all the talk, froth, and gas that appeared in the *Gazette*, I expected something very special; but, if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, the L. A. W. ought to feel proud over this exact fac-simile of its design." Three weeks later, the same writer added: "It is a most truly ludicrous thing. Ever since Oct., '84, Messrs. Tanner, Hills, and R. E. Phillips have been considering the question of the badge; and now, after nearly two years, they present a design which has been duly registered, and which is neither artistic or novel,—being simply a wheel, with three wings upon it, dangling by chains from a bar. The act of 'invention' could not have taken very long, for the L. A. W. design has been almost exactly copied, and the 'patenting' could not have been a mammoth undertaking, for Mr. P. is a patent-agent of experience; but the committee seem to fancy that they have done something very clever, as this is what they say about themselves and their work: 'In concluding our report, we would point out that the matter we have had to deal with has been one of no ordinary caliber, and has received at our hands an amount of attention in accord with its importance.'" With similar complacency, the ed. of *Gazette* remarks (Oct., p. 382): "None of the many comments called out by the wood-cuts of the badge, in our last issue, can be considered other than satisfactory. It is generally conceded that the new article is graceful, symbolical and appropriate, and there appears to be little doubt as to its ultimate popularity." He then explains that, as the certificate of membership (changed in color or design each year) is to be framed in the wheel and show only on the reverse side, the badge is necessarily swung on chains from a bar-brooch, "to avoid the trouble of removing it from the coat whenever a member desires to prove his identity at a hotel headquarters,—which necessity arises on an average 2 or 3 times a day." This little circular ticket will hereafter be issued to *all* members, as a receipt for their fees, instead of the larger angular one of former years, but no one will be obliged to enclose it in the badge-locket, if he prefers some less-secure mode of carrying it, whenever he wishes to prove that "its details are readily decipherable" by country inn-keepers.

The "burning question" of C. T. C. hotel arrangements is discussed by no less than 21 correspondents in this same Oct. *Gazette*, occupying a sixth of its space (pp. 390-97); and all that I have said, in Chap. 35, condemning the childish folly of every such petty plan for "getting something for nothing," is amply confirmed by their remarks. "We are not *all* paupers," says Edward Easton, "and I can't understand how it was ever expected to get members of all classes, and of different purses, to patronize the same hotels. Let C. T. C. men *ask for no reduction*. Let the present plan be entirely abolished, and a list of recommended houses substituted. Let the C. T. C. issue a paper of suggestions for the guidance of those landlords who wish to cater for its support; and let every such landlord exhibit his tariff (inclusive of all charges) where it can be readily seen on entering his hotel." Mr. E.'s notions thus very nearly coincide with my own recommendations as to League policy, but he seems as unable as the other 20 writers to realize that the only dignified and proper function of the C. T. C., in reference to hotels, is that of persuading their owners to give special welcome to *all* who travel with cycles, and not to its own members simply. He resents, however, the sacrifice of self-respect implied in haggling over a few pence with boorish publicans "to whom one must prove his membership," and tries to get around the difficulty by this impracticable suggestion: "It should not be left to the landlord to define the C. T. C. members, but the members themselves should boy-

cott those who do not show their current certificate." Another complainant also "doubts whether it is the C. T. C.'s mission to attempt lowering the too-dear hotel-rates of England, since this is more likely to be done by the excellent coffee-taverns, rapidly springing up and improving in every direction," and says: "What the late-and-weary tourist wants, is to know beforehand of some decent inn where he can find a welcome for himself and room for his machine. I altogether object to going *in forma pauperis*, ticket in hand, to the hotel bar (occupied by half-a-dozen loungers, smoking and drinking), and then having to inscribe my name, address, and number in a big book,—the operation to be repeated at every fresh hotel. This savors too much of the foreign police system. One of the charms of travel is to pay your way unchallenged and unnamed. Our C. T. C. plan falls between two stools. On the one hand, when a hotel reduces its rates at all to accept the tariff, it does so not very graciously; and, if it does not take it out of you in other ways, shoves you in a corner. On the other hand, the majority of decent country hotels charge less than the tariff, until injudicious consuls force it on to them." Other writers relate how the cheap hotels, in little places where the C. T. C. merely "recommends" instead of "appointing" them, quickly raise their rates ("for C. T. C. men only") to match the tariff of the "appointed" inns. "Hence, hundreds avoid entering a C. T. C. house, when touring, because of the alleged high charges." "As tastes differ, and appetites differ, I fear this discussion will have no lasting results; but I firmly believe the tariff is too high for 90 per cent. of our members, which is why so few of them use C. T. C. houses. In asking new men to join, I never mention the tariff among the advantages, for I have found that that information makes a bad impression. Let us put an end to this arrangement for gratuitously advertising these houses." "For Ireland, the tariff is altogether unsuitable, as most of the hotel rates are far below it, and I rarely produce my ticket when touring, because it would only lead to increased expense." This last is from R. J. Mecredy, ed. *Irish Cyclist & Athlete*.

Other writers testify as to the other side of the dilemma, thus: "It is notorious that few, if any, *first-class* hotels will accept our tariff; for this is practically a 'commercial' tariff, and we cannot, therefore, expect better accommodation than the first-class *commercial* hotels afford. The suggestion that all hotels should agree to allow our members a reduction of say, 20 per cent. on their usual charges is evidently unworkable, for it is very unusual to find an hotel in this country which exhibits a fixed scale of charges, and they are not likely to begin to do so to please the C. T. C. In such a case the discount would inevitably be put on before it was taken off." "My experience of C. T. C. hotels is that they are, as a rule, places to be avoided, and as regards comfort and quality of food, most of them might well have written over their doors, '*Hasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate.*' The few good ones only prove their general unsatisfactoriness. * * At one of the largest towns in Kent, we were given 'gamey' chops for supper, and our bedrooms, at the top of the house, had not even decent doors to them, while the beds themselves had plenty of vermin. * * I have noticed that C. T. C. hotels take it out of one in the way of drinks,—charging 10 c. for milk-and-soda, instead of 4 c. charged at temperance inns." "At the very last cycling inn I slept at my experience included the following: A very high-smelling chop for tea: a shabby attic-bedroom, with a rough door worthy of a cottage outhouse, and a dilapidated blind which would n't pull down, a specimen of *pulex irritans* stuck on the tallow of my uncleaned bedroom candlestick, presumably by a former customer, and a sleepless night from the combined attack, in front and rear, of the animal which Mark Twain calls the 'chamois.' It is true that this was at a 'recommended' inn, a term which I understood was applied to those inns in small towns which were the best in the place, but where the charges were below the tariff. This particular inn, however, was (1) by no means the best in the place, and (2) it charged very scrupulously the full tariff. This is my last, and I must admit, my worst, experience, but I have had others which approximate to it. I feel sure that this fixed tariff is acting injuriously by raising the charges for cyclists, inasmuch as the smaller village and roadside inns get to know of it, and try to bring their charges up to it directly a cyclist appears on the premises. The suggestion I would make is this: In the hand-book, give the names of *all* the comfortable inns with their tariff, distinguish with a star those specially worthy of commendation, as Baedeker does; and print all those in italics which are willing to make 20 per cent. reduction."

Reviewing the testimony of "the immense number of letters received,—the great majority of them averse to the present system,"—under the impulse of a previous correspondent's thoroughgoing condemnation of it, the *Gazette's* editor admits that "he was wrong in believing the matter would be voted a mere sea-serpent discovery," and he says, with wonderful sublimity: "The Council have already decided that this dissatisfaction must, as far as possible, be removed. In their opinion, the remedy lies in the adoption of a second tariff, applicable to the houses now on the recommended list." This shows that the penny-wise, pound-foolish policy is to be persisted in, after the fatuity of it has been exposed,—the only attempted reform being an endeavor to prevent the meanest inns of England from cheating their "C. T. C. ticket beggars" by charging the "full tariff" which has been laboriously arranged with those other inns that are a trifle less "cheap and nasty"! The executive feebleness of a government which thus potters along in a rut,—from lack of leaders intellectually competent to grasp the idea that a radical change is the only cure for the troubles and contempt brought upon itself by meddling with a task beyond its powers,—is pitiable enough; but language fails me when I try to express my notion of the folly of those busybodies who, in this country, ignorantly plead "the C. T. C. example" as a reason for their lamentable endeavor to commit the League to a similar policy. That example is really a most dreadful warning against departing from our wise and generous American plan of advertising those hotels which are "the best," and which give their best treatment to touring wheelmen, without regard to "rates." The editors of *Wheeling* supply me with this final bit of testimony (Sept. 6, '86): "The countless scribes of the *Gazette* are in full cry upon the tariff question, and how long they have suffered in silence is evidenced by the bitter wail which they are now raising. Our own principle in connection with C. T. C. headquarters has been always, 'Avoid them!' Last year we went to the C. T. C. house at Hastings, and upon mentioning the club's name were conducted to the roof—the inner side of it certainly, but still the roof—though the house was half empty. The cyclist is regarded at many of these houses as a dangerous speculation. He may break up the home or play the key-bugle in the silent watches of the night, or he may not. And your hotel-keeper is no respecter of persons. The generic title 'cyclist' covers 'Arry and Algernon."

"Co-operative Tailoring Concern" was an interpretation of the club's initials which "Faed" originated, and which *Wheeling* has proved the substantial accuracy of by exhibiting (Mar. 24, '86, p. 395), a half-page tabular-view of the C. T. C. finances for '85, from the Council's annual report in the *Gazette*, "as compiled by a cycling friend to whom the manipulation of figures is a delightful recreation." Without such help, few who look upon the undigested mass of official figures would have patience to study out for themselves the following significant summaries: C. T. C. gross profit on trading accounts, $6613,—comprising $4609 on uniforms, $1183 on badges, $392 on handbooks, and $429 on discounts. This profit was nearly all absorbed by the net cost of *Gazette*, $6438, whose total cost ($11,317) consisted of $6804 for printing, $4027 for postage, and $486 for adv. commissions,—the adv. receipts (besides $680 due Dec. 31) being $4879. The "general expenses" (including the Secretary's salary of $1500, but excluding the adv. com. just named) were $8031, to which must be added $2793 for office stationery, and $1640 for postage,—a total of $12,454, or almost as much as the revenue from membership-dues, $12,740. The sum of $250 was appropriated to the "N. C. U. reserve fund," and $55 was spent for "danger boards,"—making, with net cost of *Gazette*, the club's total expenses $19,197. Its revenue exceeded this by $294,—nearly half the excess being derived from interest on deposits, $138, which sum, added to the membership-dues and trading profits already specified, raised the total to $19,491. In addition to this, the entrance fees amounted to $2123, and were all, by rule, appropriated to the "reserve fund." The gross receipts on the trading transactions, which yielded a profit of $6613, were $38,157; and, as payments on *Gazette's* account were $11,317, the whole amount of C. T. C. cash handled during the year was considerably in excess of $50,000. "Those who consider that the club is of use to the wheel world should support its finances by purchasing through its agency," remarks *Wheeling*, "since but for this it has no vital spark. Without the large profits secured on its trading, it would practically fall to the ground." At the annual meeting of May 8, '86, the Treasurer likewise said that each mem-

ber annually cost the club 87 c., or 25 c. more than his annual dues. He reported that the monthly amount of checks drawn by him on the C. T. C. bankers often reached $7500. The Secretary reported that the club had been represented at England's first road conference; had distributed some 200,000 pamphlets on reform in road-repairs, and had arranged with the N. C. U. to lay a specimen road in Birmingham. The Council voted to establish life memberships at $26; and one of their 7 rules about the same provides that all receipts therefrom shall be invested as a special fund under 4 trustees. The scheme appeals to sentiment rather than economy, however, as shown by the fact that a man who should put $25 in the P. O. Savings Bank would receive 62 c. a year, by which he might pay his annual C. T. C. dues and still retain ownership in the $25. Mention was made at the same meeting that "the club's attempt to get incorporated without the word 'limited,' had not been successful before the Board of Trade"; that the club's long-delayed road-book of Great Britain would be issued in the spring of '87; and that the club was also engaged upon a road-book of the Continent, "which would be incomparab'y in advance of anything hitherto attempted in that line,—its indefatigable compiler, S. A. Stead, C. C. of the General Foreign Division, having been complimented on his work by foreign members, as knowing more about their own countries than they did themselves." The Secretary also reported that Council meetings had been held at Manchester, Edinburgh, Carlisle, Harrogate, Dublin, Shrewsbury, London, Newcastle, Leicester, Bristol, and Liverpool, respectively, with an average attendance of 14§ per meeting; and that this perambulatory plan would be persisted in. The weakness of it was pointed out long ago (in Dec., '84, I think) by *Land and Water*, which said that, as regarded the last 12 meetings, 22 of about 75 Councilors had attended only once, 23 twice and 15 thrice,—so that only about a dozen had attended a third or more of the year's meetings: "Yet each Council-meeting is supposed to be supreme; and one great fault is that each, instead of keeping itself to the business arising in its own district, passes resolutions affecting the most remote districts. The consequence is that sometimes a resolution passed at one Council is disowned at the next. There is no power of appeal, except under very special circumstances, to a general meeting. The confusion which has thus arisen is very extraordinary. Councilors, not being watched by any executive, do acts to which there is grave objection. *E. g.*, at one Council-meeting it was resolved that no Councilor should participate directly or indirectly in any contract which the Council issued, yet within a few weeks another Council gave a contract worth nearly $2500 a year to the partner of one of their body who was present at the time. Evidently, the leading members of the club have not been able to frame a sufficiently elastic constitution to meet its present growth." At present these evils are intensified, for there are 22,000 members, nominally governed by 125 Councilors; yet any three of the latter who may happen to form a majority in a quorum of five, can commit the entire C. T. C. on any question or policy not expressly forbidden by its 70 rules. Of course, under such an irresponsible system, the Secretary must needs be the real executive chief.

The influence of the C. T. C. upon American wheeling is, of course, a purely social and sentimental influence,—since the League controls all practicable arrangements that can be efficiently worked for the encouragement of bicycle touring in this country. I recommend every League member who wishes to get a journal which can tell him most about foreign tours and tourists, at least expense, to join the C. T. C. simply for the sake of its *Gazette*. I call this an interesting and valuable paper, in spite of all the fun poked at it by the rival trade-circulars which chiefly cater to the racing men, and in spite of all the drivel and commonplace which it prints for "filling." Every American who plans to do any riding abroad should likewise join the club for the sake of the introduction which its ticket will give him to the verbal civilities of the consuls who may be found in nearly every large town. Besides these two reasons, membership in the American Division offers the social reward implied in attending its annual convention and parade, and there forming the acquaintance of a somewhat select body of cyclers,—"select" in the sense that most of them are enthusiasts enough to pay an annual tax in support of the mere sentiment of "international good-fellowship," in addition to paying loyal tribute in support of the League at home. I assume that most of them are League men, though I do not know the exact proportion,—my assumption being partly based upon the League membership

of their 15 State Consuls, whose geographical distribution is as follows: *N. H.*—W. V. Gilman, Nashua. *Mass.*—F. A. Pratt, 3 Somerset st., Boston. *R. I.*—A. G. Carpenter, 2 Westminster st., Providence. *Ct.*—F. A. Jackson, 608 Chapel st., New Haven. *N. Y.*—F. J. Pool, 3 Broad st., N. Y. *N. J.*—L. H. Johnson, East Orange. *Pa.*—F. S. Harris, 718 Arch st., Philadelphia. *Md.*—S. T. Clark, 2 Hanover st., Baltimore. *O.*—Alfred Ely, 873 Prospect st., Cleveland. *Ill.*—L. W. Conkling, 108 Madison st., Chicago. *Mo.*—W. M. Brewster, 309 Olive st., St. Louis. *Ia.*—S. B. Wright, Oskaloosa. *Wis.*—B. K. Miller, 102 Wisconsin st., Milwaukee. *Col.*—Geo. E. Bittinger, 608 Harrison av., Leadville. *Wyo.*—C. P. Wassung, Rock Springs. These State Consuls nominate local consuls and they also supply application-blanks to those who send stamped and addressed envelopes. Each candidate who signs such a blank sends it with $1 to the Acting Chief Consul (C. H. Potter, 99 Superior st., Cleveland, O.), who transmits the same to the Secretary in England; and the renewal-fee of later years, if sent in the same way, is 75 c., instead of 62 c. These facts are announced in each week's *Bi. World*, together with the names and addresses of officers just given; and the candidates for membership are similarly mentioned there, before being advertised in the *Gazette*. This plan has prevailed for more than two years, and a very few additions have been made to the list of State Consuls during that period. Previously, the *Wheel* called itself the club's "official organ in America" (June 6, '82, to Feb. 29, '84), but did not regularly print names; and the *Canadian Wheelman* has inserted a similar "honorary adv." of itself, as "official organ of the C. T. C. in Canada," ever since Oct., '84. The slight hold which the club has gained upon that country is chiefly due to the absence of any such enthusiast as the one who pushed it into recognition in the United States: namely, F. W. Weston (b. July 14, '43), an Englishman long resident in Boston, an architect by training, and originator of the *Am. Bi. Journal*, in '77, as detailed in the next chapter (see pp. 655, 676). He was the earliest Chief Consul on this side the ocean, and still nominally retains the position, though a serious illness in the summer of '85 caused a transfer of its duties to C. H. Potter (b. May 20, '55), Capt. of the Cleveland T. C. and Sec. of the Cleveland B. C., who has since acted in his stead. I believe Mr. P. was the earliest American R. C. of the Division,—his predecessor having been Lacy Hillier, of London, while E. R. Shipton and H. Sturmey served in previous years.

The two just named "conjointly devised a reciprocal scheme whereby membership in the L. A. W. should entitle the holder *ipso facto* to the benefits and privileges of the C. T. C. when on a visit to England, and *vice versa*. The premature alteration of the amateur definition in the U. S., however, dealt the project its death blow ('82), and I do not know that at the present time of day I am in favor of recurring to the principle for which we then contended. Yet I believe that a great future lies before the C. T. C., in the U. S., if only an efficient corps of workers can be obtained to define some feasible method adapted to the peculiarities of the country." These words of Mr. S. in the *Gazette* were reprinted by "Faed," as the text for a long article (*Bi. World*, May 15, '85, pp. 33-35), which aimed to show that, "instead of the mere sentimentalism which now prompts 500 Americans to pay small annual fees to the C. T. C.," a practical plan might be devised for levying larger amounts, "so that as much as $250 a year might be retained by the Division for the promotion of American touring, without actually being a drain upon the parent body in England." Of the same date (May 13, '85) was the report of the Division's treasurer, showing that $62.25 had been subscribed by 15 members, for the erection of "danger-boards" at all the bad hills of the American continent, and that one such board had in fact been erected, at a cost of $5.27. The comicality of this attempt to "do something" seems intensified by the fact that the "parent body," with a revenue of more than $20,000 in '85, appropriated an even smaller sum ($55) for the erection of "danger-boards" in England. Furthermore, the League has an efficient system of supplying stencils for sign-boards, and whoever may wish to spend money in that way can spend it most economically under League auspices. "But it is a mistake for the League to pattern after the practices of a small country like England, where dangerous hills are exceptional,"—just as it is a mistake for the League to copy the "cheap and nasty" hotel-policy of the C. T. C., and thus give vogue to the wrong idea that American tourists are a beggarly lot, who prefer the inferior food and lodgings implied by

"reduced rates." The compiler of the League's "Penn. Road-Book" rightly says: "The natural conditions render cycling sign-posting impracticable in this country. A few dangerous hills on the most traveled suburban roads, and a few forks and turns where habitual mistakes are made, may be labeled with advantage; but, in general, considering the immense area to be covered by a small number of riders and volunteers, the placing of League sign-boards is far less desirable than the publication of good road-books." The same writer also gave vigorous warning, in the 1st ed. of his book, that any endeavor, by the Boston managers of the C. T. C., to advance it beyond the stage of mere social recognition, and use it as a practical instrument "to usurp the government of touring relations in the U. S.," would be resisted to the uttermost. The *Bi. World*, having called this a "cowardly attack, which must bring upon the author the contempt of every fair-minded man," because "the country has ample room for two such societies," he responded by quoting from its columns the "creed" which formed the final paragraph in the report written by Chief Consul Weston to the annual Division-meeting at Cleveland, May 18, '85, thus: "A legislative cycling club should be a national club; but a merely national organization for touring purposes is a waste of power. A touring organization to be thoroughly efficient must be international. This little world of ours is not large enough for more than one such organization, and that organization is and should be, everywhere and always, the C. T. C." After this elegant extract, the League's defender nailed up, as an opposing "creed" the following neat paraphrase: "A legislative cycling club should be a State club with a national backing. A touring organization to be thoroughly efficient, must be a State organization with national oversight. This little America of ours is not large enough for more than one organization, and that organization is, and shall be, everywhere and always, in its own territory, the L. A. W." These words seem to me to formulate the almost universal belief of touring wheelmen in America, and I think they put an effectual quietus on the visionary schemes of those who professed to believe that no arrangements to help such touring could be "thoroughly efficient" unless supervised by some shadowy authority in London. However hard it may be, for an American who has much sense of humor, to accept such professions as seriously intended, it is a matter of record that Mr. Weston devoted most of the long report just mentioned to explaining his scheme for a "reformed C. T. C., composed of self-governing Divisions, and really embracing the world" (*B. W.*, May 29, '85, p. 80). As one of a committee of 5, appointed at a Council-meeting at Leeds, in Aug., '83, "to consider such changes in its laws as might enhance the international features of the club," he said the committee had delayed reporting, to await the action of the American Division, and he urged it to act at once. How the advice was followed is shown by this extract from the *Bi. World*'s review of the year, Jan. 1, '86: "A committee was appointed in May, to devise a plan for some systematic C. T. C. work in America, but has not yet met. The sign-board fund is now $56.98, the same as then." I do not think the fund will ever grow any larger, or that any further attempt will be made to "develop" the C. T. C. in America, outside the strictly social lines to which the nature of things confines its growth. Whoever sincerely wishes to help the cause of touring here can work most effectively through the League; and no attempt to supersede this by an inferior foreign machine for going over the same ground and accomplishing the same results, will ever be supported by practical Americans.

"The B. T. C. Handbook" of Apr., '82, mentioned S. A. Auty, of Bradford, as Secretary, and I believe his immediate predecessor was W. D. Welford, of Newcastle, but the earliest of all was S. J. A. Cotterell. One of the committee of three who prepared the '82 book was the present Sec., E. R. Shipton, who I think assumed the office in Sept., '82 (see p. 691). The present Hon. Treas. is W. B. Gurney, of Bradford, re-elected. The handbook of Apr., '86, catalogued the Council, whose annual term began then, as consisting of 61 Representative Councilors (with none named for 7 Divisions) and 54 Chief Consuls. These officers were arranged in two lists and in the order of their Divisions; but I present them now (except 2 C. C.'s since resigned) in a single alphabetical list, together with 5 additional R.C.'s, and 5 C. C.'s named in the Oct. *Gazette*. The 34th rule, which says the R. C.'s "shall appoint a C. C. for each Division," is modified somewhat by Rule 63, which allows the Council to appoint addi-

tional C. C.'s and R. C.'s; and they have this year appointed additional C. C.'s for each of 10 Divisions (sub-divided by county lines), thus raising the total from 37 to 57. In the following list, the star is prefixed to C. C.'s, and the bracketed Division-numerals to those 6 English R. C.'s who stand for Foreign Divisions. Towns outside of England are followed by italics. According to precedent, the great majority of this Council will be re-elected and re-appointed in '87 and later years:

*Adams, T. S., Mold, Flint; Allbutt, (Dr.) H. A., 24 Park sq., Leeds, *Scot.*; *Andrews, C. H., 42 Brandenburgh rd., Gunnersbury; Atkinson, Jasper, Woodland Grove, Newton rd., Leeds; *Bartram, G., Thornhill Park, Sunderland; Bashall, H. St. J. H., 21 Holland Villas rd., Kensington; *Bingham, C. H., 29 Catharynesingel, Utrecht, *Hol.*; *Bradney, J., 6 Oak st., Wolverhampton; *Brooke, (Lieut.-Col.) C. K., 66 Kimbleton rd., Bedford; Bryson, R. S., 7 Warrender Park, Crescent, Edinburgh, *Scot.*; *Buik, E. G., West Park, Wick, *Scot.*; *Burn, John, Victoria Park, Forres, *Scot.*; *Burnett, W. Kendall, 123½ Union st., Aberdeen, *Scot.*; Caldcleugh, C., 38 Silver st., Durham; Close, J. C., 5 Lavender rd., Barbourne, Worcester; Cook, R., White House Farm, Chelmsford; Cooper, F. G., Southwick Lodge, Woodvale, Forest Hill; *Cooper, (Rev.) E. B., Uffington Rectory, Stamford; Couch, R. P., 21 Chapel st., Penzance; Courtney, G. H. W., Rutland House, The Grove, Stratford; Cousens, H. J., Buckhurst Hill, Essex; Craigie, (Maj.) J. H. S., 22 The Terrace, York Town, Farnborough, Hants; Crawshay, De Barri, Rosefields, Sevenoaks; *Curtin, J. F., Mucknish Castle, Oranmore, *Ire.*; Davies G., Lake Vale, Alderly Edge, Cheshire; *De Baroncelli, A. (b. Apr. 5, '52), 18 Rue Roquépin, Paris, *Fr.*; *De Ligne, Ernest M., 38 Boulevard du Jardin Botanique, Brussels, *Belg.*; *Edwards, A. W., Gl. Kongevej, Copenhagen, *Den.*; Evans, G. H., 8 Alma rd., Sheerness-on-Sea; Evans, J. A., Lennard rd., Penge, Surrey; Farrar, (Dr.) J., 8 Queen's Terrace, Morecambe; *Farrington, Thos., 4 Waterloo pl., Cork, *Ire.*; Feldtmann, R. W., Fernlea, Kelvinside, Glasgow, *Scot.*; Frazer, H., 30 Wellesley rd., Liverpool; *Fuller, A. E., Shelburne Villa, Lansdown, Bath; Gadd, H. E., Coalbrookdale, Iron Works, Shropshire; *Gibb, F. W., Drumearn Terrace, 53 Grange Loan, Edinburgh, *Scot.*; *Groom, Clement, Fairfield, Wellington, Salop; Harris, E. C., 6 Endless st., Salisbury; *Hart, L., 5 Rue Dupetit-Thouars, Saumur, *Fr.*; Hay, A. Hermitage, Restalrig rd., Leith, *Scot.*; Heard, Stanley, Deronda House, Swansea; *Herbert, (Rev.) G., Cowlam Rectory, nr. York; *Hesketh, W. T., 267 Moss Lane East, Manchester; *Hildebrand, jr., Th., Operngasse, 2 Vienna, *Aust.*; *Hills, A. J., Market sq., Biggleswade; Hinchcliffe, B., Alma Villa, Uttoxeter New rd., Derby; Hogg, J. R., 10 Alma pl., North Shields; *Hughes, O. R., 362 High st., Bangor; *Illingworth, A., 4 Merton rd., Bradford; [33] Ingall, G. D., 11 Burlington Gardens, Acton, London, W.; Johnson, John, 24 George sq., Glasgow, *Scot.*; *Johnson, R., 28 Trinity Coll., Dublin, *Ire.*; *Jones, E. L. R., 91 Ledbury rd., Bayswater, London, W.; *Jones, W. W., Mantua House, Festiniog, Merioneth; Kenworthy, J. W., Hurst Hall, Ashton-under-Tyne; *Knight, J. N., Market pl., Wells, Somerset; Knox-Holmes, (Maj.) F., 110 a., Grosvenor rd., Pimlico; Laing, J. H. A., 19 West Claremont st., Edinburgh, *Scot.*; Leeson, A. J., 185 Aston Lane, Birmingham; *Lennox, J., Eden Bank, Dumfries, *Scot.*; *Locket, G. C., Thornton Lea, Nicoll rd., Harlesden, London, N. W.; Logan, W. T., 4 Park Terrace, Crosshill, Glasgow, *Scot.*; *Luke, J., 21 Merchiston Pk., Edinburgh, *Scot.*; [34] Maddox, C. R., Lynton Holmdale rd., West Hampstead, London, N. W.; Mason, S. B., 76 Lowgate, Hull; Mecredy, R. J., Marlborough rd., Dublin, *Ire.*; [31] Meyer, H., 11 Copthall Court, Throgmorton st., London, E. C.; [37] Mills, F. W., Thornleigh, Huddersfield; *Mitchell, G. T., 4 Donegal sq., East, Belfast, *Ire.*; *Monk, R. Rugg, 26 Frankfort st., Plymouth; Morley, (Dr.) F., 45 High st., Portsmouth; *Morris, C. Outram, Tain, *Scot.*; Nunn, C. H., 24 Westgate st., Bury St. Edmunds; *Oliver, C. E., Elms House, Derby; Ord, W. E., 33 Bairstow st., Preston; Pattison, J., 3 Castle Terrace, High Wycombe; Perkins, A. B., The Forge, Bradford; [32] Peterkin, E., Linlithgow, *Scot.*; Petter, S., Eason Terrace, Yeovil; Phillips, R. E., Rochelle, Selhurst rd., South Norwood, London, S. E.; Potter, C. H., 99 Superior st., Cleveland, O., *U. S.A.*; *Powell, (Dr.) F. Hillbank, Red Hill, Surrey; *Ranken, (Rev.) C. E., St. Ronan's, Malvern; Robbins, C., Dunkerque House, South Gate, Gloucester; *Roberts,

H. Croydon, Boyne House, Notting Hill, London, W.; Roberts, R., 12 Victoria Chambers, Leeds; *Robinson, T., 36 Waterloo pl., North Shields; Roylance, F. W., 21 Cannon st., Manchester; *Rumney, A. W., Keswick; [30] Rutter, G. H., Glenhyrst, Prince's av., Liverpool; *Saveall, W. J., 37 Marsham st., Maidstone; *Savile, (Maj.) A. R., Royal Military Coll., Farnborough Station; *Searle, G. F. C., St. Peter's Coll., Cambridge; Sherriff, E. J., Holly House, Mortlake; Sherriff, H. H., Holly House, Mortlake; Sider, C. J., 123 George st., Edinburgh, *Scot.*; Simpson, (Col.) R., Salisbury, The Orchard, Portishead, Somerset; *Smith, Albert, Wilton Park Farm, North Walsham; Stacpoole-Westropp, (Dr.) W. H., Lisdoonvarna, Ennis. *Ire.*; *Stead, S. A., 19 Tabley rd., Holloway, London, N.; Stoner, C. B., 145 Western rd., Brighton; Stoney, Gerald, 9 Palmerston Pk., Dublin, *Ire.*; *Thomas, J. M., 3 Market st., Penryn; *Thomson, A. Scarlett, The Lilies, Upper Richmond rd., Putney, London, S. W.; *Tibbs, H. S., 26 Union av., Montreal, P. Q., *Can.*; Tobias, H. A., 25 Ullet rd., Liverpool; *Townson, T. W., Hutton Dene, Bowdon, Cheshire; *Turrell, W. J., Turrell's Hall, Oxford; Ure, W. P., Cairndhu, Helensburgh; Varley, J. L., 52 Holgate Terrace, York; Wade-Gery, A. J., Compton Grange, Shefford; Walker, (Capt.) E., Rock House, Cromford, Derby; *Walker, T. H. S., 87 Zimmer-strasse, Berlin, W., *Ger.*; Warner, F. H., The Laburnams, Redditch; Waymouth, H., Flora Villa, Hanwell; *Wenley, R. M., 10 Hamilton Pk. Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow, *Scot.*; *Weston, F. W., Savin Hill, Boston, Mass., *U. S. A.*; Whatton, J. S., 9 Somers pl., Hyde Pk., London, W.; *Wigglesworth, J., Long Row, Nottingham; *Woods, J. C., 1 Worcester pl., Swansea; Wright, John, 118 Stone st., Newcastle-on-Tyne; *Young, J. B., 2 Teviot Terrace, Kelvinside, Glasgow, *Scot.*; Young, T. S., 97 Buchanan st., Glasgow, *Scot.*

"The National Cyclists' Union," according to an official leaflet dated Jan., '85, "is the ruling body in all branches of cycling throughout the United Kingdom. It is intimately allied with the C. T. C., the Am. Athletic Ass'n, and the Swimming Ass'n of Great Britain. The work of the Union is carried on by a Council of Delegates, which is elected by the members, and meets quarterly; and by an Executive Committee, which meets weekly, and whose action is fully reported in the press each week under the heading: 'N. C. U. Executive Report.' It has, throughout England and Scotland, branches—or Local Centers—which afford to each district the advantages of local self-government, subject to the guidance of the General Executive, and it already possesses a membership of many thousands. The 11 Local Centers, with the Sec.-Treas. of each, are named alphabetically as follows: *Birmingham*, J. P. Derrington, 53 Union Passage; *Brighton*, H. J. Gimblette, 106 Church rd., W.; *Bristol*, Geo. Ashmead, Glenthorne, Alma Vale rd., Clifton; *Devon and Cornwall*, F. Blanchard, 33 Bedford st. (Plymouth); *Dorset*, R. R. Case, Dorsetshire Bank (Bridport); *Edinburgh*, J. Drummond, W. S., 16 Duke st.; *Glasgow*, R. M. Wenley, 10 Hamilton Park Terrace, Hillhead; *Liverpool*, H. Holt, 21 Mulgrave st.; *Manchester*, T. Marriott, Halliwell Terrace, Trafford rd. (Salford); *Newcastle*, J. Wright, 118 Stone st.; *Nottingham*, S. Morley, Houndsgate." Several of these have doubtless chosen new officers in the two annual elections since held. Thus, according to "Young's Cyclists' Guide" (June, '86), L. Fletcher, of the Grange, Edge Lane, is now Sec.-Treas. of the Liverpool L. C., which has a total membership of about 1050, comprising 22 clubs and about 100 of the unattached. For some years past, the President of the Union has been "the Rt. Hon. Viscount Bury, P. C., K. C. M. G., of Quidenham Hall" (b. about 1835), the Secretary, Robert Todd (b. 1847), and the Treasurer, A. R. Sheppee. In June, '82, those respective offices were held by G. F. Cobb, W. P. English, and T. E. Scrutton,—the Pres. and Treas. both belonging to the Camb. Univ. B. C. Of the 16 men then serving on the Executive Committee, only 2 (shown by *) were elected to the present board, who are named as follows, in the order of votes received (Jan. 28, '86, ranging in number from 92 to 61): M. D. Rucker, J. S. Whatton, H. H. Griffin, E. S. Wallis Roberts, J. H. Price, (Maj.-Gen.) L. R. Christopher, W. F. Sutton, G. H. Green, G. P. Coleman, R. E. Phillips, F. G. Dray, A. Prout,* R. L. Philpot, E. R. Shipton,* H. R. Reynolds, H. E. J. Irons. At about this time, the central office of the

Union, in London, was moved to 57 Basinghall st., E. C., from 17 Ironmonger Lane where it had been for at least 4 years. The club was founded in '78, as the "Bicycle Union," and adopted its present name June 14, '83, after absorbing the "Tricycle Association," in Mar., '82. The latter should not be confounded with "that abortive butt of cycling politics known as the 'Tricycle Union,'" whose brief history was detailed by "Faed" in the *Wheel World* (Dec., '84), showing how certain elderly malcontents of the T. A., who objected to its absorption by the B. U., started the T. U., in hostility to the latter, with the hope of robbing it of all jurisdiction over tricycling. The earliest notable act of the T. U. showed an animus which ought to make its memory hateful to all liberal-minded wheelmen,—for it sent a deputation to the officer controlling the London parks, praying that tricycles be allowed the privileges thereof, but that bicycles should be excluded. Yet the B. U. was at the same time trying to get equal rights granted there for all cyclers, without regard to the style of wheels they used; and this effort succeeded in '83. The T. U.'s first president was Lord Bury, "who consented to serve for the avowed purpose of bringing about an amalgamation with the B. U."; but when he had got the name of this changed to N. C. U., the T. U. refused to "tumble"; and so he gave it up in disgust, and became the former's president. Dr. B. W. Richardson, who was secured as a successor, showed no special sympathy for the T. U.'s hostility to bicycling, and, after some vague talk about exalting it by "higher aims," soon brought forward a scheme for merging it in "a high class association for scientific study," to be called "The Society of Cyclists." Rather than see the T. U. die outright, its luckless founders (who did not care to face public ridicule any longer) consented to the transformation; but few actively allied themselves to the "scientific gents, whose subsequent proceedings interested them no more." *Wheeling* of June 9, '86, mentioned briefly and rather scoffingly that, during the past week, Dr. R. had presided over a "congress" of his society, at Colchester, "where a series of most interesting and instructive papers were read."

The N. C. U.'s "objects" are thus defined in the leaflet already quoted: "(1) To ensure equitable administration of justice as regards cyclers' rights on the public roads. (2) To watch the course of any legislative proposals in Parliament or elsewhere, affecting cycling interests, and make such representations as the occasion may demand. (3) To obtain a more reasonable tariff for the conveyance of cycles by rail, and greater security. (4) To frame definitions and recommend rules about cycle racing, and arrange for annual race meetings at which the amateur championships shall be decided. (5) To watch and urge the action of the road authorities, with a view to the more efficient supervision and maintenance of the roads throughout the United Kingdom." This fifth "object" has been added since '82, and I quote its formula exactly, though condensing the verbiage of the previous ones. "The Union offers aid in all matters relating to rights of way, unlawful obstruction, gate-tolls, assaults, and other legal matters. It takes active steps to have dangerous sewer-gratings put in order or removed. In cases where local authorities are proposing to pass restrictive by-laws, the Union gives local riders every assistance in having those by-laws rendered as little burdensome to cycling as may be." "Copies of the N. C. U. racing rules may be obtained gratis, on application to the Sec., and all amateur cycling races must be held in accordance with them." "The Union shall consist of cycle clubs, unattached riders, individual club members, makers of cycles, and such other interested persons as may be willing to join. Each club shall be entitled to a Delegate, and to a second one if it have 50 members, and to a third one if it have 100 members, and so on. The manufacturers shall be entitled to 2 Delegates, elected on voting-papers arranged by the Executive. The other members shall be entitled to a Delegate for every 25 who combine for such representation. All subscriptions paid between Jan. 1 to Apr. 30 shall constitute membership till Apr. 30 of the ensuing year,—the clubs paying 25 c. for each of their men, and all others paying 62 c. The Delegates form a Council (the Chairman and Secretary of each Local Center also being members of it, *ex officio*), and elect a President and a permanent committee called the Executive, consisting of Sec., Treas., and 16 others, of whom 5 may form a quorum, and whose meetings shall be held weekly. Council-meetings shall be held on the second Thursdays of Mar., June, Oct. and Dec.; and any one of the Executive who shall be absent from all its meetings between any two Council-meetings (*i. e.*, 3 mos.), shall thereby vacate his seat. The Executive shall fill its

own vacancies, after due notice to each member, subject to the approval of the next Council-meeting. Extra meetings of the Council may be called, at a fortnight's notice, either by itself, or by the Executive, or by requisition of 10 Delegates; and the Executive may, at a fortnight's notice, order the omission of a regular meeting. Any person may attend these meetings as a spectator, provided there be room, and provided the Council does not vote to exclude all but Delegates. Twenty of these shall form a quorum; and, in the absence of the President, each meeting shall elect a chairman, who shall have unlimited authority,—no appeal from his rulings being possible except to a special meeting,—and who shall have the right to speak and vote on every motion, and shall also have a casting vote in case of a tie. Any person aggrieved by action of a Local Center may appeal to the Executive, and from it to the Council. The Executive shall have full power over all proceedings of the L. C.'s, including their dissolution if necessary, subject to an appeal to the Council. The Sec.-Treas. of each L. C. after receiving from the clubs and unattached belonging thereto the Union membership-fees shall retain half for local use, and remit the rest to a designated member of the Executive, for general use by the Union. Each L. C. shall elect at least 2 Delegates to the Council, and an additional one for every complete 50 members beyond the first 50,—but the clubs thus represented of course surrender their original right of electing Delegates directly; and these need not be members of the clubs or L. C.'s which elect them. A L. C. may be voted a money-grant by the Executive after a week's written notice to each of its members. Each L. C. is expected to supervise the race meetings of its district, increase the membership, erect danger-boards, and work against repressive legislation by local authorities; but all legal cases, and questions as to 'amateurs,' must be referred to the Executive." The amateur definition has already been given, on p. 63[8].

I have condensed the foregoing from an official pamphlet (Iliffes, 28 pp.) dated June, '82; but it is not likely that any of the quoted rules have since been essentially changed. A writer in *Wheeling* of Dec. 11, '84, declared that the N. C. U. work had grown too large to be carried on much longer by honorary officers, without salaries, and added: "I am one who has long foreseen the eventual amalgamation of the C. T. C. and N. C. U., and consider that the wheeling world would benefit considerably thereby;" but no movement in that direction seems yet to have been attempted. The same paper of Mar. 24, '86, said: "The N. C. U.'s financial statement for the year '85 is eminently satisfactory and creditable, showing a balance of $2809, including the reserve fund of $1480. The Local Centers also have balances as follows: Birmingham, $129; Brighton, $27; Bristol, $37; Glasgow, $76; Liverpool (incl. grant of $125), $152; Manchester, $14; Newcastle, $92; Nottingham, $9; Portsmouth, $18; Yorkshire, $23. Only the Edinburgh L. C. appears on the debit side ($43), though the Devon and Cornwall L. C. does not appear to trouble about accounts." Six months later, *Wheeling* sings a different song, thus (Oct. 6, p. 406): "The N. C. U. is penniless. That is the *bonne bouche* of a fact which the Executive has just presented to us in the shape of an announcement stowed away in a corner of the current issue of the *N. C. U. Review*. The championships of '86, instead of resulting in a handsome profit to the Union, as they have done in previous years, and as they should have done this season, have been the means of involving that body in a loss of no less a sum than $750,—thus swallowing up the annual subscriptions of 3000 club-men. The reserve fund still remains [$1743]; but there has been gross mismanagement somewhere. The idea of $750 loss, on such racing as we have had this year, is too wicked for words. As proof that we speak by the book when we say that this conversion of income into loss is unnecessary, we hereby offer, on behalf of Harry Etherington, to pay to the Union $500, in consideration of his being allowed to farm next year's championships of the N. C. U., with the same men to ride, and all the nonsense and flummery of the past season, with its twelfth hour suspensions, swept away." Thus is introduced an argument to prove that the Union must either abandon its pretended function of social censor,—must cease giving any further support to the roaring farce called "Amateurism,"—or else must be torn in pieces by the horns of an unavoidable dilemma. "At the very moment when the hearty support of all the clubs will be necessary to help the Union out of its difficulty, the Executive find themselves forced by the pressure of public opinion to throw aside their long sloth, and deal with their so-called 'amateurism,'—thus raising a

storm at once, and rendering it unlikely that the necessary funds will be forthcoming. If the Union is to be respected, it must publish its edicts and not shrink from its responsibilities. For this purpose, it must be thoroughly backed, financially and morally, by its *clientèle*. And here's the rub. There are too many crying evils, interesting to the non-racing thousands of the Union, to justify their money being thrown away in fighting perhaps a firm naturally incensed that the promateur in their employ has been taken, and the promateur in another employ left." This latter phrase alludes to probable libel-suits, brought in behalf of "suspends," whose names may be officially "pilloried for the sentimental and certainly not moral offense of promateurism." *Wheeling* says that if the N. C. U. Executive would only have courage enough to suspend and publish the names of racers who have "roped" (*i. e.*, sold out for bets) or "swindled clubs out of entry fees," with the connivance of the Local Centers, "it would gladly start a defense fund" to protect them from the libel-suits of such sinners; but that, if they get into trouble by trying to bolster up so sorry a fraud as "amateurism," "it will strenuously oppose the voting of any money for them from the reserve fund,"—a fund laboriously accumulated by voluntary subscriptions, "to enable the Union more effectually to take legal proceedings for the protection of riders, and for other purposes." *Wheeling* will also oppose any attempt to increase the membership-fees from 25 c. to 62 c., "for many of the clubs are themselves run on fees of only $1.25"; and urges that a proper device for raising money is to establish a racing register, with an annual entrance-fee of $1.25, and thus force all the racers to help pay for the trouble taken in their behalf. It says that this has been done, hitherto, only by the "fliers," whose presence at the championship meetings has produced the gate-money which has kept the N. C. U. alive; and it condemns the special meanness of enforcing the "amateur rule" against these men at the end of the season, after "playing them for all they were worth" before the public, instead of at the outset of the season, when the proofs of their offenses against "amateurism" were just exactly as complete and well-known.

"At the spring Council-meeting of '86, all parties were agreed that a time had arrived when one of two roads must be taken;—that the existing anomalies of amateurism must come to an end—that the law must either be enforced or abolished. By a practically unanimous vote, the Council declared in favor of enforcing it; and undertook the impossible task of transforming a sham into a reality. Why, then, did they re-instate all the suspected riders within a week after suspending them? Because they absolutely did not dare to face the consequences of a rigid adhesion to their edicts. If they are suspending men now, it is only because, having served their purpose at the championships, the racing season is over, and they imagine that before another season comes round 'something may turn up' to smooth and allay the irritation which they know their action will create. The members of the Executive are not fools; they are probably the ablest men the cycling world can boast of; but they have a problem before them that the brightest intellect in their midst will not solve. If they stand still, amateurism is a joke and the Union a by-word; if they go forward, they must suspend every man of note and begin next season with a host of men the public would not walk a yard to see, besides having to fight against a combination of the enormous attractions they will have tossed away. Why should they do it?" Such is the dilemma as stated by J. R. Hogg (*Wheeling*, Oct. 6, '86), in the first of a series of full-page articles which prove, by relentless logic, that the only real remedy for underhand evasions and open defiance of the "amateur law" is the utter abolition of that law. He says: "We want to see the Union legislate for cycling as a whole, to recognize it as a great sport, and not as a class distinction. We want them to act with a firm hand upon the real evils, which are only too apparent, and not to manufacture others. We want them to give up the ridiculous task of forcing the nature and requirements of the racing world into harmony with their laws. We want them to shape their laws in harmony with the racing world. * * The members of the Executive must surely know that as long as the maker is willing to pay for a riding adv. in the amateur ranks, there always will be those who are willing to accept the payment. Is it reasonable to suppose that the maker will ever be blind to the splendid adv. of a man winning races all over the country on his machine? Is it reasonable to imagine that the average champion will insist on paying his own expenses, and despise a substantial addition to

his ready money? Time will prove all things; but to us it appears as clear as daylight, that suspensions of makers' amateurs in '86 will clear the way for a new crop in '87 and suspensions in '87 will make room for more paid men in '88. The prospect is not an inviting one. There is no state more intolerable than to be incessantly at variance with our fellows, in whatever sphere of life it may occur. The Executive is setting out on a policy of discord, of enmity, and of bitter and acrimonious strife of which no man can foresee the end." Similar to this was *Wheeling's* advice of Sept. 16. "We say to the Union 'Abolish the definition!' but we also say, pending that abolition, 'Do not be so unjust as to suspend a score of crack riders for committing a sin which only a trifling minority of your clients consider a sin; and do not be so impolitic as to ruin your exchequer for next year by suspending the men whose grand performances bring the public to your championship meetings.'" The contempt which the general outside public must needs feel towards this "whole silly-Billy business,"—of pretending to maintain impossible social distinctions, under the guise of "regulating the sport,"—was shown fairly well by a sarcastic article in a London satirical weekly (the *Bat*, Oct. 6) from which I quote the following: "Perhaps the natural snobbery of the British middle classes has never been more thoroughly exposed than by the institution of the extraordinary sentiment known as 'Amateurism.' The origin of it is lost in obscurity; but the fact of its existence has been made patent of late years principally by the total disregard of its laws by those popularly supposed to be its devotees."

"Issued under the authority of the Executive, and edited by Wm. Cole, Ass't Sec.," is the *N. C. U. Review and Official Record*, whereof there lies before me the second number (Oct., '86; 24 pp and blue adv. cover of 4 pp.; 7½ by 10 in.), the first having appeared in June. It is designed as a quarterly, to be sent to each Delegate in advance of the four regular Council-meetings, and to contain the reports and *agenda* which are to be brought before those meetings. Doubtless it is also mailed to the unattached or independent members, in recognition of their paying 62 c., instead of the 25 c. fees paid by the club-men; but this is left to inference, and no price is named at which outsiders may subscribe for it. A few might gladly do this, for it is neatly printed, and has a serious and dignified air not attaching to other specimens of cycling journalism. "The Repair and Maintenance of Roads," an article specially written for it by W. H. Wheeler, a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, occupies 16 columns in this Oct. number, and probably the piece "On the Legal Aspects of Road Repair," by Mr. Glen, in the June number, was of similar length; for both are "soon to be re-issued, in pamphlet form, for general distribution, at a minimum charge." I assume that the same will prove true in regard to the article promised for the Jan. *Review*, by a legal member of the Executive, "giving a summary of all the by-laws enacted by local governments for the regulation of cycle traffic." The pamphlet of Union rules may be obtained at 50 c. per doz., and entry-forms for race-meetings, at 62 c. per 100, plus postage. The reference library, at 57 Basinghall st., may be freely consulted by all wheelmen, 10 A M. to 5 P. M. "A list of its books, maps and other material, with notes as to desiderata, for the guidance of those willing to aid in completing the collection, will be issued as soon as possible. A classified catalogue will also be prepared in ms., and kept up to date, for readers' use; and this will be printed whenever the size of the collection justifies such a step." An appeal from the librarian, R. L. Philpot (*Wheeling*, Jan. 27, '86, p. 251), names ten classes of desirable contributions,—including not only complete sets of all cycling journals, and complete eds. of all books and pamphlets which concern the sport, but also maps, atlases, plans, charts, itineraries, guides, gazetteers, local histories, geographies, books of travel, ancient and modern road-reports, acts of Parliament, works on road-construction and repair, highway law, railway statistics, training and general athletics, athletic hygiene; "trade lists, catalogues of cycling exhibitions, programmes of cycling sports; photographs, engravings and drawings of well-known cyclers, machines, and views of places of interest; and, finally, newspaper cuttings and scraps relating to any of the above subjects, for preservation in the library albums." The Union has never issued a badge or even a membership ticket; and the Oct. *Review* urges that something of the sort should be done, as a means for attracting recruits, and for reconciling present supporters to such an increase of fees as will be necessary to solve the present pressing "question of finance." It prints on p. 26 a picture of the "record medal,"

the size of a half-dollar, for which a die has lately been cut; and a list of 8 awards of it for "breaking records," between May and July, '86. On the back of each medal are inscribed the names of the winner and of the club or individual presenting it. A tabular-view of the winners of all N. C. U. championships, '78 to '86, covers p. 25; and on p. 22 is a list of "16 danger-boards, erected since last quarterly report," with names of the persons and clubs erecting them, and notices of the hill-tops where they stand. Throughout the whole of Great Britain, after 8 years' combined effort, of N. C. U. and C. T. C., both of whose names are put upon each board, "the number now standing is 183." "These malleable iron placards are obtainable, gratis, at 57 Basinghall st., or through any of the N. C. U. Local Centers, by any riders or clubs who will undertake their erection, and, preferably, bear the trivial expense involved in so doing." So says the *C. T. C. Gazette* (Oct., '86, p. 419), beneath a reduced fac-simile of the "board," which is a rectangle, inscribed in large capitals: "To Cyclists. This Hill is Dangerous." A somewhat sarcastic suggestion as to the impracticable nature of the device was offered thus by "The Octopus" (*Wheeling*, Oct. 13, '86): "As these boards or tins (under the paternal care of F. G. Dray) are generally placed behind hedges, in fields, or at a considerable distance from the road, whilst the paint is carefully knocked off, it is only fair to assume that they are erected under the supervision of the local doctors and undertakers who object to trade being spoilt."

On the Continent, the largest club of the sort is the "Deutscher Radfahrer-Bund" (German Wheelmen's Union), whose fortnightly organ, the *Radfahrer*, was sent to 7187 members Oct. 1, '86, when its whole ed. was 7700. This shows that the membership has increased 916 in 3 mos., and has more than doubled in 18 mos.,—for the revised list of Apr. 1, '85, had only 3327 names. The society was founded at Leipzig, Aug. 17, '84, by the amalgamation of a pair of earlier ones, whose officers and delegates convened for that purpose, and thus amicably put an end to the two years' factional rivalry between the Cycling Unions of the North (org. Oct. 22, '82, at Hanover) and the South ("German-Austrian," org. May 29, '82, at Munich). At the close of '83, according to Walker's "Jahrbuch" (pp. 104, 108), the latter comprised 49 clubs, with about 1100 members, whose annual fee of 50 c. included the price of a monthly "organ"; the former comprised 16 clubs with 242 members, paying 25 c. fees, and 115 of the unattached, paying 75 c. A catalogue of their respective publications may be found on p. 697. Since that was electrotyped, the *Radfahrer's* office has been changed to 87 Zimmer st., Berlin, W. Its ed., T. H. S Walker, was one of the founders at Hanover in '82, and got his paper (then called the *Velociped*) adopted there as official organ. He is an Englishman, and a chief consul of the C. T. C.; and the same may be said of C. H. Bingham, of Utrecht, the first president of the "Nederlandsche Velocipedisten Bund" (Dutch Cyclers' Union), founded July 1, '83, who perhaps still holds that office. Its publications, and the official organ of the Belgians' Union,—"Fédération Vélocipédique Belge," founded at Brussels, Jan 21, '83,—are mentioned on p. 700. The "Union Vélocipédique de France" was founded at Paris, Feb. 6, '81. De Baroncelli's "Annuaire" of Jan., '83, mentioned 8 leading clubs in 7 cities as supporting it; and, a year later, gave a list of its chief-consuls and consuls in 29 towns. The general officers were as follows, at both those dates: *Pres.*, E. Varlet, 90 av. Niel; *Sec.*, H. Pagis, 111 av. de Villiers; *Treas.*, L. Viltard, 4 rue de la Zone (Charenton). Mention was made in Feb., '86, of a "Consul General," Mr. Jacquot, as in the act of preparing a road-book of France. The Sec. is ed. of the oldest French cycling journal (the *Sport Vélocipédique*; begun '80; weekly, 12 pp., $2.40); and his ride from Paris to Vienna, several years ago, attracted much notice as the first long-distance tour on the Continent. His paper is the official organ of the Union. The ed. of another one, the *Velo Pyrénéen* of Pau, was spoken of scoffingly, in the summer of '85, as trying to form an opposition society, the "Alliance Vélocipédique de France," and put himself at the head of it; but I think nothing was really done. Switzerland is the fifth continental country known to me as possessed of a cyclers' government,—the "Union Vélocipédique Suisse" having been founded in '84. I take this from De Baroncelli's "Annuaire" of '84, which mentions the clubs of ten towns as supporting the Union.

DeB.'s '84 book also names the "N. Z. Cyclists' Alliance (org. Oct. 30, '82)" and the "Australian Cyclists' Union (org. Feb. 6, '82; 2000 members)." The *Melbourne Bulletin* of Mar. 19, '84, reported a council-meeting of the latter, as having arranged for a parade in April and for races in May; but I think its name must very soon have been changed to "Victorian Cyclists' Union," for all the wheel legislation which I have seen mentioned since July, '84, in the colony of Victoria, has been thus accredited; and three of the other colonies have similar governments, which seem to recognize no superior or central authority. In Sept., '86, the sec. of the V. C. U. was F. W. Moody, of the Prothonotary's Office, Melbourne; D. Tough was treas., and Geo. Spicer was official handicapper. "His Honor, Mr. Justice Williams," accepted the presidency of the Union in May, '85, and doubtless still holds it, as well as the presidency of the Melbourne B. C., which he was holding in '83,—though I infer that his relation towards each is a purely complimentary one. The "New South Wales Cyclists' Union" was alluded to as early as July, '84, as an old-established affair, with James Martin, of Sydney, as president; and I presume he still keeps the position, for he was re-elected at the annual meeting of June 1 (8), '85, by a vote of 53 to 38, after an attempt to render him ineligible, by adopting a rule that no one in the cycling trade should hold office, had been defeated 70 to 10. At the same time, C. W. Chambers was chosen sec., and E. H. McRae treas. The "South Australian Cyclists' Union" is younger, for its first "annual parade" was on Jan. 20, '86 (attracting 144 riders), and its first race-meeting was held Oct. 2, in Adelaide. The project of forming a branch of the N. S. W. C. U., for the colony of Queensland, was discussed at the annual meeting of the Brisbane B. C., Apr. 16, '85, and a committee was appointed to confer with other clubs upon the subject. In Aug., '84, the treas. of the "New Zealand Cyclists' Alliance" sent me a copy of its rules and recommendations, printed in the shape of a broadside or poster, 16 by 24 in. Of the four officers named at the top of the sheet, I think these two may still be in service: Pres., W. H. Wynn Williams, of Christchurch; sec., E. H. Burn, of Dunedin. The annual fee is 62 c. (or 50 c., when an entire club joins), and life-membership may be had for $5; but the sheet gives no token as to the number of members. I suppose this must be small, though there are nearly 100 riders in the two clubs at Christchurch (the chief city, pop., 30,000), and sizable clubs exist at a dozen other towns of the islands. My only knowledge of the "Tasmanian Cyclists' Union" is an allusion to it in a letter of June 2, '85, from R. O. Bishop, who said he founded it, after coming to Hobart in '84, and was its first secretary. I suppose its activity is slight. The same is probably the case with the three Unions on the continent, for neither of them has attempted to issue an "official organ"; and not even the V. C. U. has been given much mention in the *Australian Cycling News*, whose history may be found on p. 696. Its editor and proprietor, W. H. Lewis, in announcing its discontinuance, Sept. 25, '86, said he had "conducted it for three years as a hobby, and must now bid farewell to cycling and to journalism, because of the incessant demands of the practice of his profession,"—presumably that of law. The "Irish Cyclists' Association" has for an official organ the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete* (fortnightly, begun May 20, '85; $1.35), and the ed. thereof is its Secretary, R. J. Mecredy, who successfully conducted a touring party of 30 from Dublin to the Lakes of Killarney, early in Aug., '86. "When, in the autumn of '84, some emissaries of the N. C. U sought to establish a Local Center in Ireland, they urged as a reason that the I. C. A. was essentially a Dublin body, which only roused from its torpor once a year to hold the championships, and then went to sleep for another season. Though the effort failed, because of Irish antipathy to 'English importations,' it had the valuable effect of stirring the I. C. A. into vigorous action,—resulting in an increased and more representative membership. That body has since created an agitation upon the roads question; and, at the C. T. C. Council-meeting of Mar. 13, a vote was passed giving $125 to the I. C. A., to assist its prosecution of the demand for better-kept highways." Thus reported the *C. T. C. Gazette*, of Apr., '86, p. 124.

Other "institutions" deserving a record are the expensive club-houses which have been erected in several large cities. Those of New York and Boston have been described on pp. 96, 105; and I intended to give an account here of the fine mansions more recently built by the clubs of Baltimore, Washington, Phila. and St. Louis. But the chapter is too long already.

XXXVII.

LITERATURE OF THE WHEEL.

"By whatever means the dissemination of information upon cycling matters may be accomplished, it cannot fail to aid our purposes and benefit our business. Therefore, although this catalogue is essentially and strictly a business document, it will not be out of place if we commend to our readers the perusal of the columns of the cycling press. To some it may be news, that in England, on the continent of Europe, and in far Australia, as well as in this country and Canada, some fifty or more regularly issued periodicals are entirely devoted to cycling matters. The fact is significant in demonstrating the intelligence of the class from which we obtain our customers, and the permanence of the interests with which we are identified."

Such were the words with which the editor of the Cunningham Company's eighth annual catalogue (Boston: Feb., '84) introduced its most prominent page, in giving a free advertisement there to the names, prices and publishers' addresses of the chief journals in the trade. I commend the wisdom of that example to every cycle dealer who issues a catalogue or price-list; and I urge him to improve upon it by adding similar facts concerning this book of mine, and every other wheeling book known to be in the market. I urge upon the authors and publishers of all such books to adopt the same policy,—assuring them that there can be no rivalry, but rather that the sale of each helps instead of hindering the sale of all the others. Though I cannot assert this as a reason why each journal should freely advertise every other journal, I yet believe it would be good policy for them to do so; and I am certain it would be a profitable policy for them to give such treatment to all the books. A fine-type list of these (naming publisher's address, price, date, and number of pages) would occupy but a very small space, and would be likely to prove "interesting reading matter" to some new patron of the paper, every time it was inserted; and the same may be said of a list of cycling journals. I call this system "free advertising" merely to show that it involves no payments of money, and no making of contracts; but it is in fact a system of informal exchanges, under which each beneficiary is likely, in the long run, to give just about as much as he receives. Since the journals' editors often bargain with one another, and with book-publishers, for the exchange of a certain amount of "advertising space," in which to proclaim their names and prices in large type, why would it not be just as business-like on their part to adopt the plan which I recommend, of giving at stated intervals a modest mention (without display, or puffery or criticism of any sort)

of the essential *facts* about every book and journal devoted to the trade? Suppose that a few stupid and short-sighted publishers do for a while refuse to reciprocate the favors thus shown them? Such lack of intelligent selfishness on their part will prove nothing against the wisdom of the system; and they will ultimately be shamed into adopting it under pressure of public opinion. Even the most hoggish of mortals will finally get tired of feeling that people despise him for withholding his fair share of support from a scheme which plainly brings him benefit. I insist, furthermore, that the support, by any or all of its beneficiaries (of my suggested scheme for freely giving the widest possible publicity to a condensed advertisement of all the wheel literature in the market), will in no way diminish the amount of money expended by publishers for "display advertisements" of the usual florid type. Those who believe that such displays are effective will not think that the investment to secure them is any less necessary or profitable because of the line or two of "free ad.," which is tucked away in some obscure corner; while those who disbelieve that such displays are worth their cost will not have their action influenced at all by knowing that no "free ad." is granted.

The following list of 22 cycling journals, giving date of first issue of each, is believed to include all those which are now (Aug. 1, '86) regularly published in the English language: The 11 not otherwise designated are weeklies: (1) *L. A. W. Bulletin*, July 2, '85; Philadelphia, Pa., 506 Walnut st.; circulation is 10,000, as a copy is sent free to each member of the League. (2) *Wheelmen's Gazette*, Apr., '83; monthly; Springfield, Mass.; a published summary of its subscription-list showed 13,912 copies mailed to 1557 towns, Nov. 20, '84, and 15,205 copies mailed to 1678 towns, Feb. 20, '85. (3) *Bicycling World*, Nov. 15, '79; Boston, Mass., 179 Tremont st. (4) *Cycle*, Apr. 2, '86; $1.50; Boston, Mass., 22 School st. (5) *Wheel*, Sept. 25, '80; New York, 12 Vesey st. (6) *Recreation*, July 3, '86; illustrated; $1.50; Newark, N. J., 755 Broad st.; "sworn circulation of at least 2500 copies." (7) *Southern Cycler*, Nov., '84; monthly; Memphis, Tenn. (8) *Bicycle South*, Dec., '84; monthly; New Orleans, La., 116 Gravier st. (9) *Star Advocate*, Mar., '85; monthly; East Rochester, N. H. (10) *American Wheelman*, Aug., '85; monthly; St. Louis, Mo., 516 Olive st. (11) *Vermont Bicycle*, Apr., '86; monthly, 25 c.; West Randolph, Vt. (12) *Canadian Wheelman*, Sept., '85; monthly; $1; London, Ont.; sent free to each of the 900 members of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association. (13) *C. T. C. Monthly Gazette*, Oct., '78; London, Eng., 139-140 Fleet st.; sent free to each of the 21,000 members of the C. T. C. (whose annual dues are 2 s. 6 d.); "this magazine has incomparably the largest and most *bona fide* circulation of any wheel paper in the world." (14) *Cyclist*, Oct. 22, '79; Coventry, Eng., 12 Smithford st. (15) *Bicycling News*, Jan., '76; London, Eng., 98 Fleet st.; "the oldest cycling paper." (16) *Wheeling*, April 30, '84; London, Eng., 152 Fleet st. (17) *Cycling Times*, May, '77; London, Eng., East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars st. (18) *Tricycling Journal*, June 15, '81; London, Eng., Hammersmith Printing Works. (19) *Wheel World*, '80; monthly, 6 d.; London, Eng., 98 Fleet st.; "the only illustrated magazine of cycling." (20) *Irish Cyclist and Athlete*, May 15, '85; fortnightly, 5 s. 5 d.; Dublin, 40 Lower Sackville st. (21) *Irish Cycling and Athletic Journal*, Nov., '85; weekly; Dublin. (22) *Australian Cycling News*, May 11, '82; fortnightly, 7 s.; Melbourne, Vict., 47 Queen st. The American papers all cost 5 c. each, and their annual subscription is $1 for the weeklies and 50 c. for the monthlies, except in the four cases otherwise specified. The five London weeklies cost a penny each, and their annual subscription is 6 s. 6 d. This is increased to $2 when papers are mailed to the United States, but *Wheeling* and the *Wheelmen's Gazette* are both mailed for $2, in case the money is sent to the latter at Springfield, Mass.

The following is a list of American books and pamphlets concerning the subject (in the market

Aug. 1, '86): "Lyra Bicyclica: Sixty Poets on the Wheel" (2d ed., Mar., '85, pp. 160, cloth); mailed on receipt of postal-note for 75 c., by the author, J. G. Dalton, 36 St. James av., Boston, Mass. "Wheel Songs," poems of bicycling, by S. Conant Foster (July, '84, pp. 80, nearly 50 illustrations, cloth, $1.75); N. Y.: Outing Co., 140 Nassau st. "Wheels and Whims: An Outing," a cycling novel (by Mrs. Florine Thayer McCray and Miss Esther Louise Smith; pp. 288, cloth, illust., $1.25, Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co., July, '84); 2d ed., revised, May, '86, paper covers, mailed for 50 c., by J. S. Browning, 91 Oliver st., Boston. "Rhymes of the Road and River," by Chris. Wheeler (Nov., '85, pp. 154, cloth, $2); Philadelphia, Pa., E. Stanley Hart & Co., 321 Chestnut st. "A Canterbury Pilgrimage, ridden, written and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell" (Aug., '85, square 8vo, paper, 50 c.); N. Y.: C. Scribner's Sons, 743 Broadway. "In and Around Cape Ann," wheelman's guide (Aug., '85, pp. 100, eleven engravings, cloth bound, about 30,000 words); mailed on receipt of postal-note for 75 c., by the author, John S. Webber, jr., Gloucester, Mass.; revised ed. in preparation for '87. "Road Book of Long Island" (Apr., '86, pp. 90, cloth, $1), tabulated statistics of the best riding within 50 m. of N. Y. City, with through routes, and special maps of various riding districts; mailed by the compiler, A. B. Barkman, 608 Fourth av., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Canadian Wheelmen's Ass'n Guide" (Apr., '84, pp. 128, cloth, 50 c.); a revised and enlarged edition, with maps, to be published in Oct., '86, by the secretary of the association, H. B. Donly, Simcoe, Ont. "Cyclist's Road Book of Boston and Vicinity" (2d ed., May 20, '86, pp. 42); 55 routes given by streets; mailed for 15 c. by the compiler, A. L. Atkins, 17 West Walnut Park, Boston, Ms. "Wheelman's Hand-book of Essex County" (3d ed., Aug., '86, pp. 74); mailed for 20 c. by the compiler, Geo. Chinn, Beverly, Ms. "Wheelmen's Reference Book" (May, '86, pp. 183; 49 lithographic portraits; 50 c. in paper, $1 in cloth; ed. 5000); Hartford, Ct.: Ducker & Goodman. "Star-Rider's Manual" (2d ed., Mar., '86, pp. 117); an instruction book on the use of the American Star bicycle; mailed for 75 c. by the author, E. H. Corson, ed. of *Star Advocate*, East Rochester, N. H. "A. B. C. of Bicycling" (Apr., '80, 36 pp., 10 c.); instructions for beginners, by H. B. Hart, 811 Arch st., Philadelphia, Pa. "Bicycle Tactics," a manual of drill for clubs (Apr., '84, 20 c.), by T. S. Miller, 162 Washington st., Chicago. "Club Songs" (20 bicycle songs set to popular airs; 25 c.), by A. S. Hibbard, Arthur Young and T. S. Miller. More important to the tourist than most of the above-named are the elaborate road-books published by the several State Divisions of the League, and sold (at $1) only to League members of other Divisions. The roads of Penn., N. J., Md., O. and Mass. have already been tabulated thus; while Conn., N. Y., Mich., Ill., Ind. and other States have similar books in preparation. More interesting to the general reader than any cycling book now in existence, will be Thomas Stevens's "Around the World on a Bicycle," to be reproduced in '87 from the series of illustrated articles which *Outing* has published monthly since Apr., '85. More voluminous than any other is "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle," (Apr., '87, $1.50), for it contains a greater number of words than all the above-catalogued books and pamphlets combined. In order the better to advertise this fact, the publisher of it will give an electrotype of the present list to any one who will agree to print (in trade-catalogue, book, pamphlet or paper) this brief summary of all the wheel literature now in the market. Requests for such electrotype should be addressed to the University Building, New York City, D.

Of the prints which are no longer in the market, the earliest mention belongs to the *American Bicycling Journal*, which made 14 regular fortnightly issues, Dec. 22, '77, to June 22, '78, and four later ones in '79, dated Jan. 25, Aug. 9, Oct. 18 and Nov. 1. "It will be published every other Saturday, and mailed post-paid for 10 c. a copy, or $2.50 a year, and all communications should be addressed to the editor, 178 Devonshire st., Boston." Such was a part of the formula which stood unchanged through the entire 18 numbers (and one of its other phrases for the first half-year was, "As soon as the demand will warrant it, we propose publishing each week"); but announcement was made in the 14th number that "the paper will now become an irregular instead of a regular noun, its future dates of issue being somewhat erratic, regulated in accordance with the best judgment of the proprietors, keeping in view the best interests of the bicycle movement, with which their own interests are, of course, identified. They do not seek

to shirk any necessary outlay, but they do desire to avoid waste and make their loss as small as possible." No names were ever printed; but the proprietors were Cunningham, Heath & Co., the earliest firm organized for the importation of bicycles into this country, and the editor was their junior partner, Frank W. Weston (b. July 13, '43). He afterwards used the signature "Jack Easy" for many articles in the *Bi. World*, and his standing as a pioneer is proclaimed by the nickname "Papa," applied by his familiars of the Boston B. C., on whose original roll of founders his name was signed sixth. Its pages measured 9 by 12 in. (a standard-size which has been adhered to by the *Bi. World* and most of the later journals,—thus rendering it easy to file and bind them together) and were numbered from 1 to 16 in each issue,—the last 2, 3 or 4 of them being given to advertisements. An index to these 288 double-column pages was printed as a supplement to the *Bi. World* (June 26, '80, p. 289), whose initial number gave admission to the *Journal's* illuminated heading, in order that the editor might deliver his valedictory beneath it,—declaring his intention to fill unexpired subscriptions with the new paper and also to serve as one of its regular contributors. This heading was designed by C. W. Reed, and it depicts a bicycler gayly whirling away from Father Time on a bone-shaker. A scroll or ribbon, clumsily piled up between the two, exhibits the four words of the title, in black capitals of surpassing ugliness; but the main figure in Scotch cap, velveteen jacket and white flannel breeches has always been endeared to me, as conveying an admirable notion of the airy ease and gracefulness which render the sport so alluring. The first number contained a card from Cunningham, Heath & Co. (whose advertisement covered the final page, whereof the price was named as $25, "or $13 a half-page"), saying that a signature-book had been opened at their office for such as might wish to join the proposed Boston B. C., and urging them to sign promptly and ensure for their city the honor of having the earliest American bicycle club. The same number also said: "There are now published in London two weeklies, one monthly and three annuals devoted entirely to the bicycling interest; and a single London firm sold 60,000 machines last year." A large share of the *Journal's* matter was reprinted from these English papers, and from the Boston dailies, whose columns contained many argumentative and descriptive articles written by the enthusiastic local pioneers of wheeling; but it also published considerable fresh material. My own earliest road-report appeared here ("Bicycling in New York," Oct. 18, '79), and alongside it a list of 23 clubs then existing; while the issue of Jan. 25, '79, gave an alphabetical list of about 250 riders, with their addresses, "though we have reason to believe that it does not represent more than half the bicyclers that are scattered over the land,—whereas a year ago they could almost have been counted on one's fingers." This list was afterwards reprinted in the *Bi. World;* and the publishers thereof for several years advertised the sale ($4) of bound files of the *Journal*, which will always remain an interesting memorial of the manner in which wheeling first won recognition here.

Another notable monument in the journalistic cemetery is that made by the 15 monthly numbers of the *Wheelman* (Oct., '82 to Dec., '83), an illustrated octavo magazine of 80 double-column pages, handsomely printed by Rockwell & Churchill, who took oath (Boston, Apr. 27, '83) that they had issued "three editions of No. 1, two editions of No. 2, and 20,000 copies of No. 9," and that their "arrangements with the publishers required the printing of never less than 10,000 copies monthly." The publishers were the "Wheelmen Co.," of 608 Washington st., Boston, who announced the following editorial board: S. S. McClure, editor-in-chief; J. F. McClure, managing ed.; J. S. Phillips, literary ed.; Charles E. Pratt, contributing ed., and P. B. Lansing, advertising agent. Its cover, of reddish-brown paper, had a circular picture exhibiting ten cyclers in rather awkward positions; but this was superseded in six months by greenish paper and a medallion design which lasted a year. Proclamation was made in No. 15 that there would be a consolidation with "*Outing*, a magazine of pleasure-travel, outdoor sports and the general field of recreation, which was begun in May, '82, and has steadily improved in quality, influence and prosperity, with each successive issue,"—having been published at 53 N. Pearl st., Albany, by W. B. Howland (b. June 10, '49), editor of a paper near there,—and that "the new monthly, *Outing and the Wheelman*, will combine the resources of both." The pagination and style perpetuated the latter rather than the former, continuing its series (No. 4 of Vol.

3, Jan., '84) as the 16th monthly issue of an 80-page octavo; and this size was retained until the 30th number (Mar., '85), completing the fifth semi-annual volume. The cover bore the double-name during all this interval (though the inside heading was simply *Outing*, after Mar., '84), and exhibited, in place of the original editorial board, the following formula: "Published at 175 Tremont st., Boston, by the Wheelmen Co. (incorporated Nov. 7, '83); Chas. E. Pratt, president; Wm. B. Howland, treasurer." The president's name appeared for the last time in July, '85, and the treasurer's in Dec., when rumors began to appear that the magazine would be sold to a new company in New York. The editorial work had presumably been divided between the two—the treasurer assuming most of it, until the summer of '85, when he became editor of the *Cambridge Tribune;* and I believe the work was thenceforth done in succession by Sylvester Baxter and Charles Richards Dodge, though no names of editors were ever printed after the *Wheelman* series ended in Dec., '83. The issue of Feb., '86, simply said: "The Outing Co. (limited) will hereafter be the publishers, at 140 Nassau st., N. Y.;" and announced as editor Poultney Bigelow (b. Sept. 10, '55), a Yale graduate of '79, whose previous journalistic training had been given by the *Herald.* The printers are Fleming, Brewster & Alley, a new firm, at 31-33 W. 23d st.; and the chief stockholder in the Outing Co. is reputed to be Theodore Roosevelt, a Harvard graduate of '80, whose sketches of ranching and shooting in the West have been the leading feature of the magazine under its present ownership. The number of pages was increased from 80 to 128 in Apr., '84 (when the name *Wheelman* and the medallion of a pair of bicyclers were removed from the cover, and all pretense was abandoned of claiming any support for *Outing* except as a general "magazine of recreation"), and the price was increased from 20 c. a number to 25 c.—from $2 a year to $3. The semi-annual volumes, bound in cloth, are advertised at $1.50 each, for the first five (480 pp.) and $2 each for the later ones (768 pp.), a title-page and a contents-table being supplied in every case; and in addition an analytical index for the first 12 numbers, at the end of the second volume. Those first two volumes, or possibly the first three, may well be purchased and preserved by recent converts to cycling, as an exponent of the highest standard ever reached by its journalism,—or ever likely to be reached. This is not to say that a high standard was uniformly maintained, however, for both the artistic and literary contributions varied greatly in merit, and much trashy material was used for "filling"; but the best of its pictures were certainly far superior to the best ever given in the London *Wheel World* (which has continued the only illustrated magazine in the trade, since the *Wheelman's* "consolidation" at the end of '83), and the best of its letter-press was fairly well-written. A list of President Bates's contributions may be found on p. 506 *ante.* Even the "poems and stories" were not as bad as usually result from the struggles of amateurs to build such things "on the wheel"; and I doubt if any of the English trade journals ever printed so natural and unaffected a "bicycling romance" as M. H. Catherwood's "Castle Trundle," an entertaining little sketch of an imaginary night-adventure upon an Indiana road (Vol. 3, pp. 139, 193, 265). In presenting a summary (pp. 473-484 *ante*) of Thomas Stevens's report, "Around the World on a Bicycle," which has been a feature in *Outing* since Apr., '85, I have praised it warmly, for I think it alone worth the price of the magazine; but little or nothing else has appeared therein during this interval which is of any special interest to a cycler.

I suppose that the earliest suggestion of such a magazine as the *Wheelman* was contained in the Pope Mfg. Co.'s advertisement of a "literary and artistic competition" (*Bi. World*, July 29, '81) for "two full-nickeled ball-bearing Columbia bicycles of any size and style,"—one to be given for "the best article on the uses of the bicycle," the other for "the best series of sketches of bicycling, suitable for wood-engravings." Competitors were to send in their matter to the editor of the *B. W.*, not later than Sept. 15 (signed by an assumed name, and accompanied by real name in a sealed envelope which was not to be opened until after the award); and the decision of each prize was to be unanimously agreed upon, not later than Oct. 1, by the following judges: John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the *Boston Pilot;* H. D. Weston, clergyman, now of Norwalk, Ct.; and W. F. Halsall, marine artist, of Boston. The essay was required to contain "not less than 4000 words nor more than 8000," and "truthfulness of matter and dignity of treatment are qualities to be considered as well as literary excellence." The sketches were

required to be 4 by 6 in. in size, and not less than 4 nor more than 8 in number. In each case the accepted material was to become the property of the prize-givers, without further payment; and the unsuccessful matter was to be returned to such owners as enclosed stamps for the purpose. A brief paragraph of Oct. 7 (in *B. W.'s* "personal" column, p. 266) said that the literary prize had been given to C. E. Hawley, of Washington, and the artistic to C. W. Reed, of Boston; but nothing more was heard concerning the matter for a year, when the *Wheelman's* first number (Oct., '83, pp. 22-29) printed the successful essay, "Uses of the Bicycle," comprising about 6300 words,—the first 21 pp. of the magazine being given to a reproduction of C. E. Pratt's illustrated "Wheel around the Hub," whose original appearance (*Scribner's*, Feb., '80) may be considered as the first formal introduction of the bicycle to the reading public of America. He also wrote a little story, called "A Race for a Ribbon" to "fit" the series of five pictures which earned the prize for C. W. Reed, and which served to illuminate the opening pages of the *Wheelman's* third issue. The pages immediately following gave a reprint of my own essay "On the Wheel" (which I had meanwhile sold to *Lippincott's Magazine* for $54, after its failure to win the prize bicycle); and the same issue contained another unsuccessful piece on the "Uses of the Bicycle" (signed "Major," pp. 203-208); while the next number gave still a fourth competitor for the prize a chance to air his rejected article: "Some Cursory Views of Bicycling" (signed "A Senior," pp. 271-275). During the previous year the Pope Mfg. Co. had also offered prizes for short essays by clergymen in the religious press; and I presume it was a result of this competition that the *Wheelman* was able to show in its earliest issues so many clerical contributors: S. L. Gracey, C. E. Bristol, J. L. Scudder, S. H. Day, L. A. Bosworth, J. B. Hamilton, H. F. Titus, O. P. Gifford, A. O. Downs, J. H. Houghton, M. D. Buell, "A Country Parson," "Reverend," "B. B." and others. The first-named won the first of these prizes "for the best paper upon the bicycle for the use of ministers" (about 1300 words, in *Christian at Work*), and the *Wheelman* reprinted it in Dec., '82, p. 213. In addition to reprints from English journals of the utterances of London riders who were medical men,—H. Belcher, A. W. Blyth, B. W. Richardson and B. W. Ward,—pieces in favor of the wheel were presented from American physicians: J. A. Chase, J. E. O'Brien, S. M. Woodburn, G. E. Blackham, G. E. Corbin, C. A. Kinch, and J. F. Baldwin,—the last four contributing to a "Medical Symposium" (Aug., '83, pp. 358-366), consisting of reprints from four medical journals; and I think likely that the original preparation of these articles was promoted by the Pope Mfg. Co.

The plain inference from the foregoing facts is that the Popes supplied the money by which the "Wheelman Co." published the magazine, and that they had previously spent considerable in getting together a body of seriously-written articles, by whose help an imposing start might be assured. Their legal adviser, whose name was printed as "contributing editor," has said (p. 504 *ante*) that he "was midwife for the *Wheelman*," and I presume he may have recommended this policy of trying to discover how respectable a literary capital could be accumulated in advance, by thus interesting the clergymen and doctors and newspaper men and artists, in such sort of competition. I think the actual time of issue might have been later, however, except for the appearance on the scene of S. S. McClure, who swooped down upon Boston from the prairies of Illinois, in the early summer of '82, bringing with him the freshly-won A. B. degree of Knox College and an inexhaustible fund of youthful enthusiasm and energy. He carried in his pocket an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages, called "A History of College Journalism" (edited and published by himself, in his capacity as "President of the Western College Press Association," which he had been instrumental in organizing), and he trusted that an advertisement of Columbia bicycles, impressed upon the blue cover of that pamphlet, would be the humble means of introducing him into some sort of employment in the Pope Mfg. Co. His persistency and sanguine good-nature forced the president thereof to "give him a chance," and this was improved so well that in a few weeks he recommended himself as a proper person to be managing editor of the proposed *Wheelman*, with his younger brother, J. F. McClure, as assistant, and a college classmate, J. S. Phillips (formerly "literary ed. of the *Knox Student*," and afterwards a graduate of Harvard in '85), as writer of the book notices. These young collegians (especially the first named, who is now the manager of an "authors' syndicate," at 140

Nassau st., N. Y.) supplied the needed element of "push" and audacity, in drumming up subscribers, contributors and advertisers—while the fine Roman hand of the "contributing editor" could be depended upon to tone down their exuberance, and give an air of sedateness and dignity to the general result. I presume it was his pen which traced these words, introducing the second semi-annual volume (Apr., '83, p. 68): "Since the *Wheelman* is not a venture for financial gain, and since the literature demanded for its pages is such that, for the most part, only wheelmen can furnish it, the voluntary aid of those qualified to write for its pages is absolutely necessary for its success in the future. The company has already spent several thousand dollars on the work of publication, and is prepared to spend $100,000, if necessary, in establishing the *Wheelman* upon a self-supporting basis. It is expected that this edition of 20,000 copies will reach every library and every important city in the United States and Canada."

The latter phrase suggests a mention of my belief that, of the usual monthly edition of 10,000, quite as many copies were given to libraries, reading-rooms, hotels, barber's-shops and other resorts, as were sold to subscribers. In other words, the magazine was an elaborate illustrated advertisement,—an enormously expensive trade-circular,—which was hurled monthly at the heads of the American people, in the hope of waking them up to the merits of cycling as a new aid to health and locomotion. Every trader in America who has profited by that awakening is indebted to some extent for this free advertising which the *Wheelman* gave him; and I ask every such one to remember the fact, when he hears any silly talk about "monopoly," and to ask himself where "the trade" would have been to-day, in the absence of a controlling corporation, wealthy and intelligent enough to stake large sums for remote results which necessarily confer an incidental benefit upon every one of its rivals? I don't suppose Col. Pope was very sanguine that the *Wheelman* could ever be made self-supporting, and I 'm confident he never intended to risk $100,000 in trying to accomplish anything so visionary. It seems more likely that, at the end of the first year, when he found perhaps a tenth of the sum named hopelessly sunk, he may have called his merry men together and told them that the experiment, having accomplished its purpose in arousing a new and serious-minded set of patrons for the wheel, would now be discontinued. Such discontinuance would certainly have been the part of wisdom; but, at this assumed juncture, I assume that the syren song of the tempter came to him from the mouth of his legal adviser, recommending the acceptance of a "consolidation" as proposed by *Outing's* publisher. The familiar argument in all such cases is that, though each of two magazines may have lost money separately, money may be made when expenses have been lessened one-half by the combination. The fallacy consists in assuming that—instead of a proportionate lessening of receipts—"these convergent streams of good-will and influence will blend naturally and speedily into one." The quoted words are those of Charles E. Pratt; and, though he has done more than any other American to give decency and dignity to cycling journalism, the words show that he had learned nothing from the failure of his attempt in '81 to help the *Bi. World*, by burdening it, for six weary months, with an entirely unrelated department called the *Archery Field*. Much wiser was his earlier remark that "the literary assistance of enthusiastic bicyclers has been as essential to the success of the *Wheelman's* first volume as was the capital invested in its publication"; for, when they discovered that *Outing* had really swallowed the original magazine, their assistance rapidly dwindled away until it quite disappeared. A conclusive token of this, and of impending disaster, was given by increasing the size and price (Apr., '85), with the remark: "As a steadily growing influence and circulation have attended the combined magazine, *Outing's* field will henceforth include the entire range of topics within the domain of refined recreation." Having thus pushed the enterprise to a thoroughly ideal and ethereal position, where it was quite beyond the reach of support or sympathy from any single pastime, its originator quickly returned to his original vocation of running a weekly newspaper; and Col. Pope, as soon afterwards as possible, "unloaded" upon the little band of wealthy New Yorkers who compose the "Outing Co. (limited)." The June issue said that "*Outing's* paid circulation has doubled since Jan. 1, in this country alone," and also advertised a "cable despatch for 5000 copies, from Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London agents of the magazine." A month later (p. 476), it gave the following "figures of circulation: Jan., 8000;

Feb., 10,000; Mar., 12,000; Apr., 15,000; May, 20,000." About a third of its 128 pp. are now devoted to statistical, editorial and miscellaneous matter in brevier, and the remaining two-thirds to more formal articles in coarser type. The pictures and letter-press of many of these are reprinted from various kinds of sporting books; and the avowed aim of the periodical is to be recognized as "the American gentleman's magazine of sport." When the American gentlemen who now own it have had sport enough, I suppose its publication will be stopped.

A very creditable little fortnightly was the *Philadelphia Cycling Record*, which made 26 appearances, on alternate Fridays, from Mar. 7, '84, to Feb. 20, '85, when its discontinuance was thus announced by the publisher, H. B. Hart (b. Dec. 18, '46): "I deeply regret the necessity of withdrawing the paper, which has been profitable and well-supported; but arduous and exacting duties in other matters leave me no time for the management of its business. The completed volume comprises 217 pp., containing over 350 columns of reading matter, of which over eight-ninths is original; and it includes three continued stories, five original pieces of poetry, and one of music, and much other material of interest." A few sets can still be supplied, at the original subscription rate of 50 c. (811 Arch st., Phila.). The editor was Melmoth M. Osborne. The paper was adopted as the "official gazette of Penn. Division of the League"; its typography was attractive, and its literary expression was unpretentious, good natured and decent. Contrasted to it in most ways was the poorly-printed *Western 'Cyclist*, "published semi-monthly for the good of the cause," at Ovid, Mich., from May 1, '84, to Dec. 1, '85, for 50 c. a year,—after making 12 monthly appearances, Apr., '83, to Mar., '84, for 24 c. The publishers were the Ovid B. C.; and the Mich. Division of the League early gave it a sanction as "official organ." W. C. Marvin (b. Jan. 15,'62; d. Apr. 13, '86) was named as managing editor, from the start till May 15, '85, and C. S. Reeves for the remaining months. The pages of each issue were numbered from 1 to 16, and the times of appearance was often, if not usually, several days or weeks later than the date. Much more creditable was the "official organ of the Ohio Division, published monthly by the Cleveland B. C., at a subscription rate of 10 c. for the half-year, Apr. to Sept., '84." Its name was the *Cleveland Mercury;* its editor was Alfred Ely, jr.; its pages (10 by 7 in.) were numbered from 1 to 88; and though its chief object was to advertise and promote the August races of the Division and the October races of the club, it made a specialty of road information, and printed many facts of value to tourists in Ohio. Its final number declared that a second volume would begin in Oct., as "*Cycling*, a monthly journal of cycling and the trade, at 50 c. a year, giving the latest wheel news and special attention to touring." In fact, however, "Vol. 2, No. 1," under the new title, and with page enlarged to 11 by 8 in., was dated Apr., '85, and the Sept. issue announced its absorption in the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, whose publisher agreed to fill all unexpired subscriptions, besides paying 50 c. for each name on the list. *Cycling* was well printed, and the Aug. issue, which was the last one that reached me, had a colored cover, bringing the total of pages up to 88. Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, could boast of the *Bicycle*, a semi-monthly of 8 pp., from July 15, '84, to Oct. 15, '85, with a subscription-rate of $1. Frank X. Mudd and J. C. McKenzie, the original "editors and proprietors," issued the first 6 numbers, and R. H. Polk the remaining 24. Advertisement was made in '83, by H. E. Nelson and C. H. Fisher, at Milford, Mass., of the *Cycle*, an 8-p. paper, devoted to the interests of bicyclers and tricyclers, and issued by them on the 15th of every month, at 35 c. a year; but I have never been able to secure a specimen, or extract any other information than that "the issue was confined to 6 or 7 numbers." The birth of the *Hamilton Wheel Journal*, planned as a monthly, was announced late in May, '85; but I never heard of a second number. Of the same date was the *Yale Cyclist*, designed to advertise the races of the Yale B. C. Similarly, the fourth annual parade and fall races of the New Haven B. C. were promoted by the *New Haven Bicycle Herald* (8 pp., Sept., '83, price 5 c.); and the *Elizabeth Wheelman* (8 pp., Dec., '84, circulation 5000) was issued in support of an exhibition by the enterprising club of that name. The Lawrence B. C. likewise issued the *Bicycler's Record*, Jan. and Feb., '84. The *Bicycle*, "Vol. 1., No. 1." (8 pp., illustrated, Feb., '81), was published by W. M. Wright, 160 Fulton st., N. Y., "for gratuitous distribution as an advertisement, nothing more nor less." The *Canadian Wheelman's* earliest page (Sept., '83) mentioned as

defunct the *Hamilton Bicycle*, which perhaps never reached a second issue; and even a first issue was never achieved by the *Maine Wheel*, which was projected in Nov., '84, at Bangor, by W. F. Stone. Perhaps I should add to the catalogue the *California Athlete*, "a weekly journal of Pacific sports and pastimes" (8 pp., $2.50),—also described as "devoted to legitimate sports, and published every Saturday by Ben Benjamin,"—which made nine appearances at San Francisco between Apr. 11 and Dec. 19, '85, and afterwards transferred its good-will and editor to the *Ingleside*. This is a well-printed weekly (16 pp., $3, June, '83), largely given to local political comment and light literature; and one of its departments, edited by C. A. Biederman, with the title "Pacific Sports and Pastimes," is called "the official organ of the Cal. Division of the League," and exhibits its badge and list of officers.

THE AMERICAN CYCLING PRESS OF 1886.

As my account of the *Wheelman* has shown that it was in fact a "trade circular," whose expensiveness caused its early discontinuance, the less-ornate and less pretentious cycling journals which still exist can lay claim to no higher title. Their sole reliance for support is the patronage of advertisers; for if they seek subscribers, by the offer of "news and other interesting reading matter," it is only to use the same as a basis for the sale of "advertising space." The two which occupy a commanding position in regard to this are the *L. A. W. Bulletin* (10,000 circ.) and the *Wheelmen's Gazette* (13,000 circ.), for each of them distributes more copies than all the other journals combined. Each can therefore afford to maintain high rates and to hold itself quite independent of any tradesman's favor or "influence." As the *Bulletin* is sent free to every member of the League, and as its printed mailing-lists of nearly 10,000 names are publicly accessible, the editor and publisher has no need of talking with advertisers about the genuineness of its "circulation." The problem before him simply is to offset the dry "official notices" with such an amount of interesting reading matter as shall convince them that the paper is in fact read. The problem before the managers of the other weeklies is to convince advertisers that a smaller circulation, as compared with the *Bulletin's*, is atoned for by greater readableness as well as lower rates. (Its history has been given in the chapter on the League. See p. 620.)

The object of the *Wheelmen's Gazette* is to advertise the annual tournament of the Springfield Bicycle Club, and the excellent typography of the Springfield Printing Company,—the editor and manager, Henry E. Ducker (b. June 27, '48) being president of the former and superintendent of the latter. Having thus a definite business-basis which the other papers lack, he is enabled to undersell them and attract an enormous mass of half-dollar subscribers,—estimated to outnumber theirs and the membership of the League combined. As these lists of names are constantly changing, they are kept in manuscript, but in such shape as to be readily accessible to any advertiser who wishes to assure himself as to the localities chiefly represented there. Occasional summaries are published, showing the number of towns and of subscribers that the paper is sent to in each State; and the other journals are challenged to make a similar exhibit. Their refusal to do this, or to allow the inspection of their subscription-books and mailing-lists by outsiders, carries its own lesson. The editor of the *Gazette* keeps on file the name and address of every American wheelman that he can discover, and once a year he sends to each a sample copy of the paper, with a request that the postmaster return it if undelivered. Names thus returned are set aside until correct addresses can be found, and the list is in this way kept fresh and trustworthy. It is arranged by States and towns, and is incomparably the largest and most authentic record of the sort in existence. The names upon it, Aug. 1, '86, numbered 28,423, but probably included no more than half the wheelmen of the country. The owner of this list, though freely exhibiting it, will not allow copies to be taken, but he will agree to send tradesmen's catalogues, circulars, and the like, to all the addresses mentioned, or to any desired proportion of them, at a stipulated rate. He had hardly more than 8000 of these addresses when he distributed the first issue of the *Gazette* (Apr., '83), "published monthly by the Springfield B. C., to call attention to its tournament in Sept." His valedictory of that month said: "There is hardly a corner of the globe where the paper has not been read,—70,000 copies having been printed. By carefully interlarding our business announcements with 'good

reading,' we succeeded in making an advertisement which could not escape attention. We have not stayed long enough to wear out our welcome, and we are confident that we should be kindly received if we should ever come again." The first four numbers each had 16 pp.; the other two were a third larger, and all were given away, in spite of the imprint, "Price 10 c." The reading matter occupied the inner half of the paper, in triple columns of leaded brevier, and the advertisements were restricted to 8 or 10 of the outer pages. "Vol. II., No. 1" (May, '84) proclaimed that the *Gazette* would thenceforth be a permanent monthly journal of cycling, entered for second-class mail-rates at the post-office, sold for 5 c. a copy or 50 c. a year (30 c. to clubs of 20 or more), and printed from plates formed on a new font of type. The reading matter of the 12 numbers was paged regularly from 1 to 212, and the numerous advertising pages were sandwiched between in such a way that, in case of binding, they may all be removed without disturbing it. The reading matter of the 3d vol. was also paged to 212, exclusive of the advertising pages which were interspersed as before, but it came to a sudden end with the 11th number (Mar., '86), on account of a claim raised by the Overman Wheel Co. that its title-page could not be sold to any other patron. Rather than submit to such a view of their contract, the *Gazette's* publishers voted to dissolve partnership, put a legal end to the paper, and arrange with H. E. Ducker to fill all unexpired subscriptions with a new monthly *Wheelmen's Gazette*, whose first number appeared in April. The removal of the adjective *Springfield*, which belonged to the original title, rather improves the looks of the head-line; otherwise, the new issue is the counterpart of the old,—the size of page (9 by 12 in.) having remained unchanged from the start,—but it is called "Vol. I." instead of "Vol. IV." Since Apr., '85, the plan has been observed of having the outside pages or cover vary in color, from month to month,—thus rendering easy the selection of different issues when piled together. Portraits, pictorial initials, lithographic or wood-engraved cartoons and illustrated advertising supplements also help give variety to the *Gazette*. It accepts half-yearly subscriptions for 25 c., but the rate is doubled on all copies mailed abroad, because of increased postage. The American News Co., of N. Y., is its agency for supplying the trade; and it has an arrangement with the publisher of *Wheeling*, whereby that English weekly may be mailed from London to any part of the United States, and also the *Gazette* from Springfield, on payment to the latter of $2 a year, which is the price of the former alone. In Jan., '85, its Canadian subscribers exceeded 800, England supplied nearly 200, and other foreign countries 50; though I suppose that the rest of the American wheel papers have no outside circulation whatever. The typography of the *Gazette* is not only handsomer than that of any other journal produced by the cycling trade in any part of the world, but it is much more accurate,—being in fact the only one printed from electrotype plates, after careful proof-reading. The three volumes of the first series, bound in paper covers, with the advertisements omitted, are supplied at 50 c. each, though no index or contents-table has been printed for either of them. The editorial work is all done by the manager in person, outside of office-hours; and, while there is no pretense of maintaining a high standard of literary excellence in regard to this, or in regard to the correspondence and contributions admitted, the general effect is pleasing and satisfactory. The main purpose of the paper, to compel the wide world's attention to the annual Springfield tournament, is never lost sight of; but this does not prevent the appearance of a vast deal of interesting reading-matter whose character is more general, and of much good writing. Indeed, for any carefully-written article, designed to influence cyclers, the *Gazette* is now the most attractive and effective medium,—for the *Bulletin's* space is more limited and the other papers run mostly to short paragraphs. Publication day is usually about the middle of the month, though it varies, according to circumstances, from the 5th to the 25th.

Perhaps it is because of the brightness of early associations that the first volume of the *Bicycling World* (442 pp. in 26 fortnightly numbers; Nov. 15, '79, to Oct. 30, '80; $2.50 a year or 10 c. a copy) seems to me superior to any which have succeeded it. At all events, I think the cycling trade in this country has never since been represented by—and is never likely again to be represented by—so well-edited and decent a newspaper. The publication office was at 40 State st., Boston, until Oct. 28, '81; then at 8 Pemberton Square (see p. 104) until the destruction of the building caused a removal, Feb. 26, '86; since which time it has been at 179 Tremont st., over-

looking the Common. The later volumes (dating from Nov. 12, '80) have each consisted of 26 weekly numbers, paged as follows: II, 420; III, 320; IV, 316; V, 320 (numbered from 317 to 636); VI, 316; VII, 350; VIII, 362; IX, 446; X, 490; XI, 608; XII, 500. The set of 12 vols., bound, may still be procured for $15, or single bound vols. for $2, though only a few of the first four are left. Each is supplied with a title-page and contents-table (except Vol. III), and the series deserves a place in every reference-library which desires to possess the best connected history of the growth of American cycling for the period covered. The annual rate was $3 during the second volume, $2 for the next five years, and on June 4, '86, was reduced to $1, —single copies being priced at 10 c. until May 13, '81; then 7 c. until June 7, '84, and 5 c. since. The *B. W.* had 16 pp. during the 10 c. period, 12 pp. during the 7 c. period, and 16 pp. to 24 pp. since, with occasional additions to each of those sizes. The shape has always been 9 by 12 in., and the paper of a pale lemon tint. The printing has been done by Alfred Mudge & Son, except that the first volume was from the press of Rockwell & Churchill. Double-columns were used for the first 20 numbers, giving a better typographic effect than the triple-columns since in vogue; and the earliest heading, which was of simple block-letters and lasted about as long, seemed superior to the more ornate one now current. This was adopted Aug. 7, '80, having "*& Archery Field*" attached, and, when the latter excrescence was removed (May 13, '81), an arrow was left sticking in the initial of *World*, as a reminder of it. Between the dates mentioned, 2 or 3 pages of each issue were given to archery, and "*and Archery Field*" was the headline of every right-hand page. Announcement was then made that a separate sheet of that name would be issued fortnightly at $1 a year; but I suppose the archers soon let it die. (Its *post-mortem* "good-will" attached to the *Archery & Tennis News*, which I describe later as dying in the arms of the *Cyclist & Athlete*; and this in turn passed the "good-will" along to the archery column of its successor, *Recreation*.) The name of Charles E. Pratt (b. Mar. 13, '45), as sole editor and manager, appeared at the head of the *B. W.*, from Nov. 15, '79, to Dec. 31, '80; then for 7 weeks, "C. E. Pratt and Louis Harrison, editors"; then from Feb. 25 to May 6, "L. Harrison, editor; C. E. Pratt and Will H. Thompson, editorial contributors." Here ended the archery foolishness and the volume, to whose clumsy double-heading had been attached the repulsive legend "A Weekly Journal of Polite Athletics." Hardly less sickening than this to the heart of a true wheelman, was the phrase which had disfigured the otherwise simple heading of the first volume: "A Journal of Bicycling, Archery and other Polite Athletics;" but, since the beginning of the third volume, the *B. W.* has kept its title clear from all such irrelevant matter. Only 8 issues of that volume carried the name "L. Harrison, editor," however; for on July 1, after a half-year's service, he printed a valedictory, introducing as his successor "Wm. E. Gilman, president of the Chelsea B. C., an enthusiastic wheelman for over three years, and a journalist of considerable experience, having conducted a suburban newspaper and reported for one of the Boston dailies for several years." He in turn offered a farewell, Feb. 23, '83, naming his successor, J. S. Dean, as a "valued assistant to the paper almost from the first number,"—his name having in fact been regularly printed from Jan. 13, '82, as "editorial contributor," which title was thenceforth accredited to C. W. Fourdrinier, until Jan. 23, '85. Meanwhile, beginning with Feb. 15, '84, "Abbot Bassett, managing editor," had been printed alongside the other two, ranking second; and on Jan. 30, '85, the style became "J. S. Dean and A. Bassett, editors." This lasted but three months, and then A. Bassett was named as sole editor, May 8, '85, to Mar. 19, '86, when he withdrew to start a paper of his own, the *Cycle*, Apr. 2. On that date the editorship was resumed again by C. W. Fourdrinier and J. S. Dean (joined by F. W. Weston, who retired May 7).

The plan of printing the names of editor and publisher as a part of the heading was last observed Dec. 7, '83; since when they have appeared on the editorial page only. "The Official Organ of the League of American Wheelmen" formed a part of the heading from Nov. 11, '81, to May 25, '83, and "Devoted to the Interests of Bicycling and Tricycling" has since stood in place of it. Though advertisements were allowed to intrude upon the title-page as early as the ninth number, they did not take entire possession of it until July 22, '81, and they were restricted to the outer pages for two years following; but on Aug. 3, '83, all pretense of typographical

attractiveness was abandoned, by adopting the plan which has since prevailed, of interpolating such advertisements into the body of the paper, and "displaying" them with enormous black type. Hence, the *B. W.'s* appearance is that of a collection of tradesmen's handbills, stuck together by a few columns of letter-press; and this description applies about as well to nearly all the other trade-circulars which make up the cycling journalism of America and England. "Published every Friday by E. C. Hodges & Co." was a formula of many years' standing, which gave place, on Apr. 2, '86, to "by Bi. World Co.," which had been the formula during the first year. I suppose most of the money has always been supplied by Mr. Hodges (one of the founders of the Boston B. C., and a long time its president), who, in his earlier days as a broker, supplied it "for fun," to gratify his enthusiasm in helping spread the gospel of cycling, and who now, as a stockholder in the Overman Wheel Co., thinks the paper worth the cost of continuance, as a sort of advertisement of this company's wares. Announcement was made, Sept. 12, '84, that "the *B. W.* has been sold to J. S. Dean and A. Bassett"; and again, May 1, 85: "The partnership existing between J. S. Dean and A. Bassett has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. D. will still continue with the paper, as editorial contributor and writer on special topics, and the business will continue under the same firm name as heretofore." As this firm name remained "E. C. H. & Co.," instead of "D. & B.," during the period of the alleged partnership, the inference is that the purchase money was never paid,—the editor preferring to draw his certain salary rather than grasp at the uncertain profit of actual ownership. A dissolution of partnership, under the firm name "Bi. World Co.," between E. C. Hodges, C. E. Pratt and F. W. Weston, was announced Jan. 7, '81, and at the same time the association of the two former, with L. Harrison, under the firm name, "E. C. H. & Co." Mr. Pratt's editorial valedictory (Apr. 29, '81), giving a short history of the paper, said it was "projected in Aug., '79, but was delayed three months for the acceptance of a liberal offer for the purchase of the fugitive but enthusiastic *Am. Bi. Journal*. The genial promoter of that harbinger of our literature was associated with us as publisher until last January, though at the same time connected with a wheel importing house; but, with that exception, there has been no connection, of publisher or editor, with any manufacturer, importing house or agency." A fortnight later the paper said: "Mr. Pratt has removed his office to the salesrooms of the Pope Mfg. Co., and will attend to the legal business of that corporation. He will not, however, relinquish his general law practice, but will give attention as heretofore to patent and general law business." A year later (May 5, '82), the Popes withdrew their advertisement, which had been a feature of the *B. W.* from the outset, because its publisher refused to insert their reply to the criticisms of a correspondent, "except as a paid business notice"; and they did not resume patronage until Sept. 21, '83 (the "special Springfield number").

From the time of this rupture, the tone of the paper has been uniformly hostile towards its first editor, the Popes' attorney. His wheeling autobiography may be found on p. 503, and similar reports from his two latest successors on p. 525. This pair of quondam partners are at swords' points, and the *B. W.* continually attacks Mr. Bassett, whose circular announcing the *Cycle* (a 16-p. sheet, which has been issued every Friday since Apr. 2, from the same press of A. Mudge & Son) was as follows: "After an experience of 5 years in the editorial chair [and business department] of the *B. W.*, I am obliged to give up the position because the future policy mapped out for that paper by the proprietor is not one that I can endorse. I have determined to start an independent weekly, which will have no interest for or against any manufacturer or dealer. I shall give all the news, but I shall let the courts decide matters in dispute between parties in litigation. I recognize more than any one else that the field of cycling periodicals is already overcrowded, but 'there's always room at the top,' and that's where I want to be. I shall have a full corps of able correspondents, many of whom follow me into my new home, and I can safely promise a readable and an instructive paper." The manager of the *B. W.*, having made a formal attack on him, because of this, in the *Bulletin*, he replied in that paper as follows (May 21, p. 450), first explaining that the three words which I have bracketed were omitted from the circular by a printer's error: "I joined the force of the *B. W.* in '81 and was with it within a few months of 5 years. So long as Mr. Gilman was editor, I had little, if anything, to

do with editorial work. When the *B. W.* found its income reduced by its fight with the Pope Mfg. Co., Mr. G. had to retire to save expense, and I became editor in fact, though not in name. Mr. Dean was better known as a cycler than I was and his name was put forward as editor, though all his manuscript went through my hands for correction and revision. When Mr. D. accepted the position of attorney for the Coventry Machinist Co. he was discharged from the *B. W.* because as attorney for that company he was opposed to the Overman Wheel Co., who were pressing the Coventry people on the Burn patent. From the time of Mr. D.'s dismissal I was both editor and editorial writer, though I was forced to publish articles that did not meet my approval. With this statement of the case I have done with it. I leave my friends of the League to decide whether or no I have played the honorable part. Had I been allowed to conduct the paper according to the dictates of my conscience and good business policy I should have been in my old chair to-day." The *Cycle* is published at 22 School st., and has advertisements and reading matter on alternate pages. As its rate is $1.50, the reduction from $2 to $1 by *B. W.* seems intended to crush the new competitor, whose size is a third smaller and price a third larger. Its best chance of longevity inheres in the fact that the Pope Mfg. Co. may feel disposed to prevent its obliteration by the old-established trade-circular of the opposition concern.

An example of Mr. Bassett's industry as a compiler was given in the "*B. W.* special number" (Jan. 1, '83) and "special number supplement" (Oct. 1, '83), which contained League constitution, lists of club officers, racing records, tables of best times, and other statistics not easily obtainable. The *B. W.* has also occasionally published wood-cut portraits and cartoons; and has never been sparing of extra pages when important news needed to be chronicled. Of its "illustrated special midwinter number" (Jan. 14, '81), 20,000 copies were printed. From the foundation of the League until May 25, '83, it served satisfactorily as its "organ" (as detailed on p. 618), and since then has regularly printed the lists of American applicants for membership in the English C. T. C. Though professing still to favor the League, and to have no fear of its *Bulletin* as a business competitor, the writer of any hostile comment concerning either is always sure of a welcome to its columns. Mr. Dean was catalogued as a special student at the Harvard Law School, in '83-4, and has since practiced that profession at 28 State st. He has taken two or three trips to Europe, and he figured somewhat on the racing-path, in the earlier days of the sport. His connection with the *B. W.* has been that of a free-lance. He seems to enjoy playing with the paper, when nothing more important is at hand; and his pen seems most effective when pointed with satire and sarcasm. Mr. Bassett, on the other hand, belongs to the steady-going, "heavy-respectable" type of writer, and I believe he is the only man in America who has earned a livelihood for as much as five years by exclusive devotion to the business of cycling journalism. The *B. W.* represents the expenditure of more hard work, and more money, than any of the other younger trade-circulars which compete with it; and much mismanagement will be required to destroy the traditional prestige thus won as an enterprising and decently-written newspaper. It is quoted more frequently than the younger prints, and (in proportion to its circulation, about which the proprietors have always kept silent) is probably read more carefully. Its present chief editor, Mr. Fourdrinier (b. Mar. 24, '54) is a native of Hanley, Staffordshire, Eng., and is engaged in the insurance business, as for years past, though he has always done more or less writing for the press.

"In the fall of '80, three enthusiastic cyclers were sitting in the office of Wm. M. Wright, bicycle dealer, at 160 Fulton st. One was a practical printer, another a newspaper writer, and the third a business man. The talk was, as usual, about bicycling, and it finally drifted upon the subject of bi. literature. The proposition to start a fortnightly, at $1.25 (half the price of the fortnightly *B. W.*, the only paper then in the field) was snapped up at once, and our three worthies were soon racking their brains in search of a suitable title. Finally the *Wheel* was selected as a name. Shortly after its fourth issue the associate editor was laid up for a long time, and his connection with its columns unavoidably ceased. Its business manager was obliged to leave the country, and the burden fell upon the practical printer, who has from that day to this controlled its columns." I quote the latter's words from a historical sketch of the paper, introducing its fifth year and seventh volume, Oct. 3, '84. The first number (Sept. 25, '80) announced "Fred

Jenkins, ed. and proprietor; M. Lazare, associate ed.; C. Otto Manny, business manager." The latter name did not again appear, and the second was last printed with No. 8. "Julius Wilcox, associate ed.," appeared with No. 15, and continued for just a year, or till Apr. 12, '82. He usually signed "J. W." to his writings, which were of a serious and argumentative sort; and he has since printed considerable in the *B. W.* concerning the Facile bi., for which he is the American agent. The first issue after his withdrawal put forward the new style, "Edited and published by the Wheel Publishing Co., at 38 Cortlandt st." (the office of the paper had been there for the first three months, then at 75 Fulton st. for eleven months, and then at 187 Broadway), and contained a farewell editorial from F. Jenkins (b. Jan. 20, '59), saying: "As we have gone into the wheel business, in the capacity of manager for the Cunningham Co.'s N. Y. office, we hardly think the best interests of bicycling can be preserved by our remaining at the head of this paper." His name was put at the head again, however, five months later (Oct. 4, '82), when the third year and volume began with the formula, "issued every Wednesday morning at 22 New Church st., at $1.50 a year"; and the name of C. E. Pratt was printed alongside it as "editorial contributor" until May 4, '83. C. J. Howard and A. D. Wheeler were named as "artistic contributors," from Jan. 24, to Nov. 9, '83; and N. M. Beckwith and W. V. Gilman as "editorial contributors," from June 1, '83, when the *Wheel* became "the official organ of the League," to Feb. 29, '84, when Mr. J. ceased to be its corresponding secretary. Meanwhile, the name of Edwin Oliver, as business manager, was printed from Dec. 6, '82, to Feb. 7, '83, after which the firm-name "Oliver & Jenkins" took the place of "Wheel Publishing Co.," for a year, and was followed (Feb. 15, '84) by "Cycling Publishing Co." until superseded by "Central Press & Publishing Co.," Mar. 5, '86, when the length of the columns was reduced a half-inch. The size of the present page when trimmed is only about a half-inch longer and broader than the regular 9 by 12 in. untrimmed page of the *Wheel's* first five volumes. From Apr. 4, '84, to Sept. 25, '85, it was an 8 p. sheet, of 11 by 13½ in., set in four columns; and the pages were then narrowed an inch, increased in number to 12, and set in three columns, which had been the style from the time the paper became a weekly. It adopted an ornamental heading then, which lasted only six months, the present one dating from Apr. 6, '83. Its two annual volumes as a fortnightly had double columns and a plain heading, and were paged from 1 to 208. Their typography pleased me better than that of the weekly, which was paged from 1 to 8 or 1 to 12 only, until at the end of '84 the paging was entirely abandoned. No contents-tables or indexes have ever been printed. Friday was first noted as publication day on Apr. 6, '83. Its price was reduced from $1.25 to $1, July 6, '81 (after *B. W.* reduced to $2); raised to $1.50 when weekly issue began, Oct. 4; reduced to 75 c., Oct. 5, '83, and raised again to $1, Mar. 7, '84. Advertisements early appeared on the title-page of the fortnightly but were kept off that of the weekly till the close of '85; and the rule banishing them therefrom was again adopted June 25, '86. Otherwise, the paper is, like the *B. W.*, a "sandwich circular," with handbills and letterpress alternating. Vaux & Co., of 27 Rose st., were named as printers, June 1 to Nov. 2, '83; then B. W. Dinsmore & Co., of 15 Frankfort st., to Mar. 28, '84. The publication office was changed to 21 Park row, on May 30, '84; and then to 12 Vesey st., May 15, '85; and the printing has since been done there by W. N. Oliver & Co. (the junior partner being F. Jenkins), and the "Central Press & Publishing Co.," which was adopted as a firm name Jan. 22, '86. A fortnight later, the simple announcement was made: "Mr. Fred Jenkins on the 1st instant resigned his position as editor of the *Wheel*, and severed his connection with this journal." Since then he has established himself at 322 W. 59th st., as dealer in cycles, and manufacturer of the Excelsior cyclometer (which he introduced to the public in the *Wheel* of Nov. 20, '80), and he also finds time to send a weekly "manifold" letter to the *Bulletin*, *Cycle* and *Sporting Life*. No name has been printed as editor of the *Wheel* since Mar. 7, '84; but the practical work of editorship has been performed since Apr. 3, '85 (except Oct., '85, to Mar., '86), by Francis P. Prial (b. Nov. 22, '63), who had been similarly employed by the *Cyclist & Athlete* from June, '84.

At the time of the tournament of '83, in order to give greater vogue to the "Springfield number of the *B. W.*," the publisher thereof suppressed the *Wheel* for two weeks, by the trick of persuading the authorities at Washington to "investigate" its right of circulating in the

mails at the second-class rate of postage accorded to registered newspapers. The withdrawal of this right would have been ruinous, because the payment of third-class postage would have swallowed up the narrow margin of profit on the contract for supplying the paper to the League. Of course, the right was not withdrawn; but the "investigation" served the purpose of annoying each member of the League by delaying two copies of his paper. The *Wheel* explained the matter, Oct. 12, and the *B. W.* defended its act, Oct. 19. It gave another proof of affection for its rival, Feb. 29, '84, by publishing the following "strictly confidential" circular, under pretense that the fact of its being printed on an official letter-head showed an "evident intention to use the League to bolster and give color to this scheme": "In order to extend the utility of the *Wheel*, it is proposed to incorporate the Cycling Pub. Co., under the laws of '48, and issue 200 shares of stock at $25, to form a capital of $5000. Half of this stock will be issued to Oliver & Jenkins, in payment for the good-will, subscription-list and advertising contracts of the *Wheel*, and the remaining 100 shares will form a working capital of $2500, which we consider ample. The publishing expenses are moderate and can be kept at a low figure. Mr. J. will be retained as editor and manager, at a weekly salary of $25, and Mr. O. will superintend the advertising business on a commission. As he will be on the road all this year, the advertising can, no doubt, be largely increased, and the paper enlarged to 16 pp. From the business of last year, we feel that we can almost guarantee a dividend of from 10 to 12 per cent. Should you care to enter into the scheme, we will submit figures, showing the net profits under past management. Upon subscribing, 25 per cent. is to be paid, and the balance in three equal monthly payments. Your answer will not be considered as a subscription, but it is necessary to ascertain the feeling in the matter before placing the stock on the market and incorporating the company, E. Oliver, F. Jenkins, N. M. Beckwith, W. A. Bryant, and others, incorporators. Address replies to F. J." How much of a "working capital" may have been raised in this way I am not aware, but I presume it was all worked out when the "Cycling Pub. Co." made its last appearance, Feb. 26, '86. The *Wheel* called itself the "Official organ of the (B.) C. T. C. in America," from June 6, '82, to Feb. 29, '84; and its year's experience as League organ has been detailed on p. 619. The chief advertiser during the fortnightly period was the Cunningham Co., after which the Popes took the lead; and it was during the period of rupture with the *B. W.* that their attorney, Mr. Pratt, figured as "editorial contributor" to the first 31 weekly issues of the *Wheel* and helped persuade the League to adopt it as organ. An obituary of S. C. Foster (d. Mar. 8, '85, æ. 31) mentioned him as having suggested the paper's name and contributed much to its earlier issues. Boston news was sent to it in those days by "Handy Andy," the present manager of the *B. W.* Perhaps its most persistent contributor was Frank A. Egan, president of the Ixion B. C., who never used that signature, but preferred to print his paragraphs beneath the figure of an owl, standing on a bicycle's handle-bar, with a pen in his claw. This appeared Apr. 6, '83, and pretty regularly for a year and a half following; while longer articles by the same writer were signed "Selah" and "The Owl." The pictures furnished by C. J. Howard and A. D. Wheeler formed an attractive feature during '83; and a few portraits and other designs had illuminated previous issues. The *Wheel's* "special number" of Apr. 3, '85, giving an illustrated programme of the "Big Four tour," was also a pronounced success. The policy of its manager was always favorable to giving a "free boom" to whatever seemed of interest to cyclers,—in contrast to the *B. W.* plan of carefully rejecting all "gratuitous advertising," in the hope of forcing a sale of its columns for "reading notices." The present publishers make a specialty of "clubbing rates" with other journals, so that subscribers who send in their money to 12 Vesey st. "in effect receive the *Wheel* free." An offer to mail the *Wheel* free to each of the 1600 League members of the N. Y. Division, for the sake of the advertising patronage as "official organ," was made at the Division meeting of June 29, '86, and "declined with thanks."

In describing the League's unfortunate and unbusiness-like refusal to continue in '84 its connection with the *Wheel*, which had served it well for a year, I have said that the resulting "organ" was a shabby-looking affair (p. 620); but no such remark could apply to the first number of the *Amateur Athlete*, published by Oliver & Jenkins, Apr. 4, '83, which was a 12 p. sheet of the same size and typography of the *Wheel*, and whose plan probably implied the

transfer of much matter from one paper to the other without resetting. It was advertised as a $2 weekly, "official organ of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America, the Amateur Athletic Base Ball Association, and the Intercollegiate Athletic Association," with F. Jenkins as editor, and a half-dozen officers of the associations as editorial contributors. A call for subscriptions appeared as late as the June issue of the *Wheelmen's Gazette*; but I think a suspension took place about that time, as money was steadily lost on every number. Several months later, W. F. Coffee, jr., revived the sheet as a fortnightly; and after he had also lost enough money (at the end of a half-year, I think) a transfer was made to Baird & Co., who turned it into a weekly in season to offer it as a bait for the "League organship." This began with the issue of June 12, '84, which was designated as "No. 25 of the *Amateur Athlete* and No. 44 of the *Archery & Tennis News*," and which had as a sub-title, "Official organ N. A. A. A. A. and National Archery and Tennis associations; contains the official gazette of the League of American Wheelmen." The latter could be had separately on an 8 p. sheet, headed *Cyclist Edition of Amateur Athlete*, for 65 c. a year, while the conglomerated paper of 16 pp. cost $2. It was the 8 p. sheet that, by contract, was mailed to each League member, for ½ c. per copy,—unless he chose, by the individual payment of $1, to have the 16 p. mongrel sent to him instead. Of the *Archery & Tennis News* it may be said that 43 numbers were issued independently, the final one (June 2, '84), which announced absorption by the *Athlete*, being called "Vol. 3, No. 7." I have already explained that it was a sort of continuation of the *Archery Field*, which began as a $1 fortnightly at Boston, in May, '81, after having existed nine months as a department in the weekly *B. W.* This third experiment, the *A. & T. News*, was planned to appear monthly for the first half of each year and semi-monthly for the last half, at a subscription of $1.50, and was well printed and edited,—the proprietor being A. H. Gibbes and the editor J. W. Auten. In less than three months, the latter got tired of tending to the *Athlete's* archery column, and so spoke his farewell on Aug. 21. On Apr. 23, '86, the paper was revived with the reversed title of *Tennis & Archery News* ("Vol. 6, No. 17, whole No. 138"), as a 4 p. supplement to the *Athlete*, and it kept that shape for two months, or until transformed into departments of *Recreation*, the successor of the *Athlete*. Meanwhile, Jan. 1, '85, the name of this had been changed to *Cyclist & Athlete*, and the style of the firm to Baird Brothers, who announced the suspension of the concern Oct. 30, '85, and said that, if they failed of persuading any one else to continue it, the amount due for unexpired subscriptions would be refunded. Three weeks later, "D. M. Kurtz, editor and manager, and J. W. Barnes, treasurer," revived the paper, at Newark, N. J., reducing its price to $1 and its pages to 8, though these were afterwards increased to 12 and 16. On Mar. 26, it was announced that D. M. Kurtz had withdrawn from and E. R. Collins joined the staff; that the office had been changed from 800 Broad st. to No. 755; that a stock company was being incorporated to act as publishers; and that C. L. Meyers would continue manager of the branch office at 125 Chambers st., N. Y. City. No further change was noted until the paper reached the end of its semi-annual volume, June 25, and no notice was given then that this 126th number was the final one; but, on the following week, there was issued, from the same office, "*Recreation*, an illustrated journal of outdoor life, Vol. 1, No. 1, published every Saturday by the Cyclist Printing Co., at $1.50 a year." The illustrations of this first number were taken from the Stevens series in *Outing*, and from *Texas Siftings*; and, in combination with a well-drawn heading, and the banishment of advertisements from the title-page, they helped make it an incomparably better-looking paper (20 pp., 5 c.) than its predecessor had ever been. The *C. & A.* of July 3, '85, the first issue after the expiration of its contract for supplying the League an 8 p. gazette at ½ c. per copy, printed its offer for continuing the contract at the same price, but allowing 2½ pp. of reading matter (or double the allowance of the first contract) and charging $3 a column for extra space, instead of $5 as before. The League having rejected this, in favor of printing its own *Bulletin*, the publishers then addressed themselves to the chief consul of the New York Division, with an offer to send the 16 p. sheet to each member for ½ c. per copy. A "mail vote" of the 1300 members brought only 186 replies, but as only 30 of these were negative, a trial-contract was made,—lasting from Aug. 7 to Jan. 1, during which the *C. & A.* called itself "official organ of the Division." At the an-

nual meeting of the Division, Sept. 12, the sentiment was unanimously hostile to the "organ" but the contract was not canceled. The vote against renewing it (taken by mail in Mar., '86) was 216 to 11; and this probably had an influence upon the Division officers, three months later, when they declined to recognize any "organ" whatever,—even though the *Wheel* offered to mail 1500 copies gratuitously, each week. "The weekly circulation of *Recreation* is guaranteed to be at least 2500 copies,"—a statement to that effect being printed at the head of its editorial columns,—and it is widely distributed by the American News Co. among the dealers. Its chance for commanding a respectable sale at the news-stands seems better than that of the older trade-circulars, because its pictured front-page is more attractive, and its well-chosen title is calculated to conceal the predominance which cycling still holds in its letterpress. The archers, and tennis players, and patrons of what Mr. Pratt used to call "other polite athletics," and lazy people who covet a reputation for being interested in reading about "breezy, outdoor life,"—are all likely enough to be beguiled, at times, into squandering 5 c. on the casual purchase of a good looking picture-paper with so comprehensive a name as *Recreation;* whereas none of them would admit to their houses a mere "advertising sandwich" with so restrictive a title as *Wheel* or *Bi. World*, or so obtrusively brutal a title as *Cyclist & Athlete*. "Bad-will" rather than "good-will" was what the originators of this title sold to the men who revived the luckless sheet at Newark in November; and though the new owners very soon improved the quality of the reading matter, and increased the circulation to "2500 or more copies each week" (certifying to the same by affidavit), they seem to have finally found themselves sinking beneath the weight of their top-heavy title. Its "*ist*" and its ill-repute were like a blight and an incubus upon their best efforts at reform. The death of that wild Western print in Michigan—the only other one in America which had presumed to court popular contempt by calling itself *Cyclist*—perhaps helped to strengthen the popular desire that this second "*ist*" should be buried also; for the very sight of it was apt to arouse a sort of resentful memory of its two bad bargains with the League. The happy thought of wiping out old scores, and beginning over again as Vol. 1, No. 1 of *Recreation*, is to be accredited to J. W. Barnes (b. Jan. 28, '57), the secretary of the stock company who are the owners and publishers. He is a graduate of Lafayette Coll. in '80 (a brother of Prof. S. G. Barnes, of Iowa Coll., whom I have quoted on p. 323), and has been the leading spirit in the enterprise since its transfer to Newark. E. R. Collins, of Summit, and C. H. Townsend continue associated with him in the editorship, though no names of editors are printed. *Recreation's* best chance for financial success seems to me to lie in the direction of reproducing pictures enough to make the paper sell at sight from the news-stands. The use of old cuts which belong to *Outing*, the *Wheel*, *Puck* and other papers, can be had at slight expense; and, if selections are judiciously made, they will be just about as efficacious as new ones in attracting the patronage of a new generation of readers.

"The official gazette of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association and of the C. T. C. in Canada" has been a sub-title of the *Canadian Wheelman* since the beginning of its second volume (Oct., '84); but only since the beginning of the third volume (Nov., '85) has it been directly "published by the C. W. A., monthly, at 420 Talbot st., London, Ont., and supplied to all members; subscription price to others, $1." The editing during this latter period has been done by the president of the association, J. S. Brierley (b. Mar. 4, '58), of the *St. Thomas Journal*, assisted somewhat by the secretary-treasurer, H. B. Donly (b. Jan. 4, '61), of the *Simcoe Reformer*, though their names have not been printed as editors. The first volume (Sept. '83, to Aug., '84; pp. 112) named W. Kingsley Evans as editor, and he announced in June the purchase by himself of the interest of J. B. Dignam, who was named as business manager during those first nine numbers. A rather florid heading, which depicted a bicycler in grotesque costume and attitude, served during that period, and was then superseded by the more dignified design which has since been in vogue. The 2d vol. was paged from 1 to 184 and published by "the Wheelman Co., composed of 24 of the most prominent members of the C. W. A.," with J. S. Brierley as secretary-treasurer, H. B. Donly as Association editor, and W. K. Evans as chief editor, with H. S. Tibbs, of Montreal, and W. G. Eakins, of Toronto, as assistants. They announced in September that they were "considerably out of pocket by their year's engagement to provide

the C. W. A. with an organ. Subscriptions have been insignificant in number, compelling the company, in justice to its advertisers, to send out many free copies. Apathy and indifference have been shown by the general membership. The *Wheelman* will not cease to exist, but will no longer be published under the same auspices." Its issue had been semi-monthly from May to August, and London had continued the publication-place, as from the outset. Its cost for the year had been about $600, and its receipts $100 from subscriptions, $250 from advertisements and $96 from grant of C. W. A.,—showing a loss of about $150, to be divided among its 24 publishers. The latter declined to continue it another year, even for an increased subsidy of $200, and argued that the C. W. A. might for that sum (or at most $250), send the paper direct to each member,—its annual cost being reduced to $500 by the omission of the four extra numbers of summer, and its advertising receipts increased by the fact of its assured circulation among nearly 1000 wheelmen. Accepting this argument, the C. W. A. decided by mail vote to be its own publisher, and the result was shown to be satisfactory by the report at the annual meet of July 1, '86, proving the net cost to have been only $120. The paper is well printed and has 12 pp., of standard size (9 by 12 in.), though the rule for the first seven issues was 8 pp. The editorial work has been done with decency and soberness—small space having been granted to quarrels or personal puffery, or sensational paragraphing—and contributors have been encouraged to supply solid facts of advantage to tourists and road-riders. The official report, showing that only 100 subscriptions were paid during the second year (when the editors worked gratuitously, when the C. W. A. gave official sanction, and when no competitor was known in the whole Dominion of Canada) has a suggestive interest to those who reflect upon the probable support given to such trade-circulars in the United States.

Southern road-riders and tourists found their earliest effective exponent in the *Southern Cycler* (monthly, 16 pp. 50 c., begun Nov., '84), of Memphis, Tenn., edited and published by W. L. Surprise (b. Dec. 9, '59), chief consul of the League in that State. Its well-engraved ornamental heading was assumed with No. 7,—previous to which a block-type design had appeared,—and the first four numbers comprised only 12 pp. each. The paper excels its former rival, the *Bicycle*, of Montgomery, in respect to typography; and it presents fresh reports from local roads and excursions, each month, instead of "filling up with general reprint matter," as that did. Similar praise for good typography and proper attention to local interests must be accorded to the *Bicycle South* (monthly, 16 pp., 50 c., begun Dec. '84), published by Hunter & Genslinger, at 116 Gravier st., New Orleans. The issue of July, '86, prints the valedictory of the man who had served as editor for 15 months, W. W. Crane, captain of the N. O. B. C., saying: "From an 8 p. sheet taken up by me in May, '85, this paper has grown to 12 and then to 16 pp., and I now withdraw from the management, leaving it a sturdy, healthy and paying institution." His predecessor was G. D. McNathan, and his successor is to be Sam M. Patton (b. July 17,'57). Its proprietors are E.W. Hunter (b. 1846) and Chas. H. Genslinger (b. 1855), who are selling-agents for the caligraph and whose advertisement says: "Edited and published by wheelmen; official organ of the Louisiana Division of the League; circulated and read in every Southern cycling community; live, progressive, entertaining, and 50 c. per year. A miniature bale of cotton, souvenir of the N. O. Exposition, sent to each new subscriber." I am told that they profess to circulate 1800 copies. Of the initial letters in the paper's heading, the "B" is outlined by a falling bicycle; and another one, ridden by a devil, forms the lower part of the "S,"—its upper half being represented by the tail, which curves over his head.

New Hampshire roads and tours get a fair amount of attention in the *Star Advocate* (monthly, 8 pp., 50 c.; begun Mar., '85), of East Rochester, N. H., in so far as any space can be spared from its main purpose of advocating the American Star bicycle as the crowning triumph of mechanical genius. This type of safety machine, having the little wheel in front, seems to be a better "coaster" than any other; and the *Advocate's* neatly-designed heading represents a rider of it descending a steep mountain-grade. I presume this is designed to commemorate the exploit of July 16, '83, when "the only successful coast down Mt. Washington" was taken by the editor and publisher, E. H. Corson (b. Oct. 26, '48; see p. 525). By the exclusion of advertisements from the title-page, this paper ensures itself a more attractive appear-

ance than the larger and more pretentious trade-circulars can boast of; and its existence is a more remarkable proof than theirs of the genuineness of the cycling enthusiasm, inasmuch as its entire literary support must come from men who are zealous for this special sort of cycling. The strong sympathy which all wheelmen have with one another is curiously shown by this fact that a single class of them take pride in such a medium, through which they may tell each other how much better a machine the Star is than all its rivals; and though I presume the H. B. Smith Machine Co. supply more cash to the *Advocate* than all its other subscribers, the list of these is larger than one might suppose, considering the limitations of the field from which they must be drawn. Yet the issue of July, '86, admits the failure of the attempt to increase them greatly by trying a semi-monthly issue at 75 c. during the first quarter of the second year; and says, rather despairingly: "We now resume the monthly, and, if properly supported, we shall keep on; but if not—good bye, *Star Advocate*." The editor issued in Jan., '83 (1st ed. 500 copies, 50 c.), the "Star Rider's Manual, an instruction-book on the use of the American Star bicycle," for the sale of which he is the chief New England agent. The 2d ed. (1000 copies; Mar., '86; 118 pp. of 28,000 words, weight 3 oz.) is double the size of the first and sells for 75 c.; and the most readable thing added to it is the story of "the coast down Mt. Washington," which asserts that the St. Louis trio, who afterwards attempted the same trick on ordinary bicycles, necessarily failed of covering the entire distance, because of inability to remount on the steepest pitches where headers were taken. The book contains 20 wood-cuts illustrating the Star, with portraits of the author, and of the inventor, G. W. Pressey, who gives a history of the machine and incidentally offers the opinion that "ball or roller bearings in use on bicycles are simply frauds and deceptions" (p. 12). Before the *Advocate* was started, Mr. Corson printed several touring reports and other sketches in the *Mechanic*, "a monthly journal of mechanics, science, and literature," published at Smithville, N. J., to advertise the various products of the H. B. Smith Machine Co. Its issue of Sept., '83, was the 566th ("Vol. 13, No. 8").

The monthly *American Wheelman*, of St. Louis, has sent two specimens for review, in answer to my request. Its initial number (Aug., '85) was a single sheet, 13 by 20 in., priced at 10 c., but I infer that all the later ones have been double sheets, priced at 5 c., for that is the description of the Jan. issue. It differs in shape from the older circulars of the cycling trade, for its general appearance is that of a country newspaper, of coarse typography, with five long columns to the page,—the final one being given to advertisements, in letters about an inch high. The publication office is at 516 Olive st., and the price 50 c. a year. It announced L. C. S. Ladish as editor, and J. T. Smith as business manager, though the latter's half-interest was purchased in July, '86, by J. S. Rogers (b. Aug. 19, '64), chief consul for Missouri. Its salutatory said: "To a large number of wheelmen we are already personally known as a journalist. * * That we shall be thoroughly successful in our endeavor is already assured. * * Our paper is not, and never will be, an advertising sheet, nor is it in any way connected with bicycle jobbers, or anything of a similar character. * * One regular feature will be portraits of our fast or eminent riders, and pictures illustrative of interesting touring papers." The touring papers in the January number were reprinted, without credit, from the *Bi. World*, for which Cola E. Stone wrote them in '83. The quality of the editorial paragraphs may be shown by the following specimen: "In the course of our journalistic experience we have met with all kinds of free-advertising fiends, but must admit that for consummate gall Karl Kron can give them all a handicap and still come in winner. We don't object to giving 'literary fellows' a little encouragement, but we draw the line at free advertisements 'to be kept standing indefinitely.' The combination of gigantic gall and refreshing *naiveté* which prompts Karl to write that 'it costs us nothing' is amusing. Space, dear Karl, is a newspaper man's real estate, and if you want any of ours you must pay for it at our regular and unvarying rates. You may mention in your book that we are 'over seven.'" This was in response to my general request (which nearly all the other trade papers complied with), that the names and prices of *all* cycling books in the market should be occasionally announced as a matter of news and good business-policy, for the same reasons urged at the opening of the present chapter. The final words of the quotation allude to my suggestion that I desired to print here the exact ages of all the cycling editors. [Since the

foregoing was put in type, I have seen several notices of the paper for Aug., '86, complimenting its improved typography and its change in shape to the standard 9 by 12 in. page. It is also reported to have "absorbed" both the *Southern Cycler* and the *Bicycle South*. Rumor from California says that a new monthly, the *Pacific Wheelman*, is about to appear at San Francisco. Springfield, Ms., also sends out in Sept. the *Bicycle Herald* (monthly, 4 pp., 35 c.), ed. by Rev. H. A. King, to herald his new safety bicycle. It is "pub. by the *Evangelist* Co."]

The *Vermont Bicycle*, "devoted to good roads, healthful recreation and the wheel interest," is of the same size and shape as the St. Louis sheet first described, though its "hand-bill type" is rather more pronounced. The seven monthly numbers, Apr. to Oct., '86, are sent for 25 c.; and I suppose the plan is to supply seven similar issues in '87 and later years at the same rate. "A copy is mailed to every post-office and every League member in the State; and a column advertisement, 17½ by 2½ in., costs only $3." It is issued at West Randolph, Vt., by L. P. Thayer, dealer in cycles, who also publishes the weekly *Herald & News*. The praiseworthy continence of Chicago, in failing to foist a representative journalistic bantling into "that large and struggling family called the American cycling press," is probably due to the early adoption of a local weekly, the *Mirror of American Sports*, as "official organ of the Illinois Division." In June, '86, this paper succumbed to the weight of its name, and, though briefly revived in July, as the "*Pastime Gazette*, a mirror of American sports," its suspension sufficed to cause a transfer of the "League organship" to its hated rival, the *Sporting & Theatrical Journal*. The editor of this, Sam Miles, is an enthusiastic wheelman, and he celebrated the happy event by adding "*and Western Cycler*" to the heading of his paper, though the full title is not repeated on the running headlines. Of the 12 pp. (13 by 18 in.), about 2½ pp. are given to cycling, in the specimen copy from which I write this notice. I have never seen a specimen of the St. Louis weekly, the *Spectator*, which is said to give much space to wheeling. "*Table Talk*, a Western weekly society and family journal, and official organ for the Iowa Division, L. A. W.," advertises itself thus, for $1.50, at Ottumwa; and I have previously alluded to the *Ingleside*, San Francisco, as "organ of the California Division." The *Sportsman*, of Pittsburg, the *Sporting Life*, of Philadelphia, the half dozen sporting weeklies of New York, and the similar prints in several smaller cities, have regular departments devoted to cycle racing; and a "cycling column" is also a fixture in many of the special Sunday papers, and in several of the prominent dailies at stated intervals. A long "exchange list of journals, thus giving prominence to the wheel" was kept standing through many issues of the *Western 'Cyclist*, and it was about the only original feature in that defunct handbill which I can record to its credit. The great amount of space accorded by the outside press to the pastime seems to ensure that the literary quality of its special trade-circulars should always be weak and diluted. There can never again, it seems to me, be any such concentration of effort and enthusiasm as would suffice to produce so good a journal as the *Bi. World* of '79-80 or the *Wheelman* of '82-83.

American Cycling Books and Pamphlets.

Among books which are no longer in the market, the most important is the "American Bicycler: a manual for the observer, the learner and the expert," some account of which has been given on p. 504, by its author, C. E. Pratt (b. 1845). The 1st ed. (Mar., '79; 2000 copies at $1; 60,000 words) had 211 pp. and 19 wood-cuts, together with a heliotype of the Columbia bi. The latter, and the wood-cut frontispiece, were omitted from the 2d ed. (June, '80; 3000 copies at 50 c.), whose appendix of new matter raised the total pages to 261, but which was otherwise identical with the first. The 2d ed. was "printed for the author by Rockwell & Churchill," whereas the first bore the imprint of the Riverside Press, though the electrotypes were made by C. J. Peters & Son. A little picture on p. 126 gives a fairly good idea of the author's appearance on the road. His money-profit on the 5000 books was less than $200, but the circulation of so great a number rewarded him at least with the consciousness of exercising a definite influence upon the "tone" of wheeling. It was a very fortunate thing for the dignity and respectability of the pastime in this country that a man of some little scholarship should thus at the outset compile a manual with such care and good judgment as to render it an authority, and

thereby prevent the production of trashy and slip-shod books by incompetent hands. The distribution of several hundred copies among the newspaper offices and libraries, by the Pope Mfg. Co., made it possible for every writer on the press to have a well-indexed standard of reference within easy reach; and this fact helped greatly in fixing "bicycler" as best American usage, in preference to such forms as "cyclist" and "wheelist," which the slang-loving Englishmen have given currency to, and have even persuaded some careless "dictionary-revisers" or, as they would say, "revisists") in this country to bolster up by their "authority." In America, every person who looks upon cycling as trivial, ridiculous or contemptible is sure to stigmatize the practicer of it as a "cyclist"; and every jockey, gambler and "sporting man" is sure to show a like verbal preference,—for the same indefinable reason which makes him take pleasure in calling a walker a "walkist," a skater a "skatist," a swimmer a "swimmist," and so on. Of course, there are some of our educated writers who join forces with the mob of ill-trained and ignorant ones, in giving vogue to the hissing "ist" termination, instead of the more euphonious and dignified "er,"—and perhaps the tendency to "imitate England, right or wrong," may at last result in a semi-suppression of the better form. This, on the other hand, is gaining some little currency in England, by the usage of writers whose ears are fine rather than long; and our American "wheelman" has driven "wheelist" almost entirely from that island, though "wheeler" is sometimes used as an alternative form. Since the vehicle ridden may be called a "two-wheeler" or "three-wheeler," however, some confusion might result from calling its rider by the same word, which is otherwise a good one. "The American Bicycler," with many other claims to a place in every reference-library, is also worthy of honor as our earliest road-book. Its chapter on "roads" detailed 39 routes in the region of Boston, and the 2d ed. appendix tabulated 46 others in remoter regions. Several of these were from reports which I myself prepared for the *Bi. World*, in response to the author's general request to all record-keeping tourists; and his book may hence be considered, in a certain sense, the earliest inspiring cause of my own. The serious and methodical method of its composition, as compared with the scrappy and sensational style of J. T. Goddard's "The Velocipede" (published just a decade earlier, and described by me on p. 402) serves as a very significant illustration of the difference between the flighty "velocipedist" of the '69 furor and the sober-minded bicycler of to-day.

"Over the Handles, and other cycling sketches: the wheelman's annual for '81" (190 pp. of 60,000 words), and "Whirling Wheels: the wheelman's annual for '82" (135 pp. of 40,000 words) were published by J. P. Burbank, at Salem, Mass., for $1 each in cloth binding or 50 c. in paper. Both had a neat typography, with advertisements at the end,—the second issue using a larger page and type. The "cycling romance" which gave a title to this '82 book was by "Ixion" (24 pp.), "President Bates" contributed a sketch which was widely copied (see p. 506). "Telzah" described the "water bicycle," several other noted riders supplied "specifications for an ideal wheel," and I think the rest of the matter was mostly original. The editor supplied a review of the "mechanical and literary novelties of the year,"—and asked allowance for errors, "on account of having done the work of compilation entirely at night, amid the distractions and confusion of the busiest business months." His preface of '81 also expressed regret that the limited time which could be given to the book forced him to form it mostly from reprint matter, taken in great part from the English press. There were 19 pieces of prose and 15 of verse, including the "Bicycle Boom" (*Puck*, Mar. 17, '80, p. 19), whose Tennysonian swing seems to me to show the spirit of cycling better than any other metrical attempt which has come to my notice. Mr. Burbank's review mentioned, as the most notable cycling book issued in '81, "A Bicycle Tour in England and Wales, made in '79 by the president, A. D. Chandler, and captain, J. C. Sharp, jr., of the Suffolk B. C. of Boston; with an appendix, giving information on the use of the bi., both in Eng. and the U. S.; also 4 maps and 17 illustrations (Boston: A. Williams & Co.)." Most of the material of the book, if not all of it, seems to have been contained in four short pieces which Mr. C. printed in the *Bi. World* (Jan. 14, 21, Feb. 4, 18, '81), covering about 10 pp. of that paper,—the editor of which, in a eulogistic mention of the volume (June 10, p. 51), alluded to its "brevity as its gravest fault" and to its "superb illustrations as placing it in the front rank of all books of foreign travel." These albertype pictures account, I suppose,

for its high price and restricted sale. The *Wheelman* of Oct., '82, advertised it at $3, but dropped the rate to $2 in Jan. As regards the earliest book of American cycling verse, "Lyra Bicyclica," by J. G. Dalton (b. 1828), the author's own descriptive advertisement may be found on p. 505, in connection with his wheeling biography, but his address has been changed, since that page was printed, to 36 St. James av., the new home of the Boston B. C. Postal notes for 75 c. should be sent to him there by those who wish the revised ed. of '85 ("Sixty Poets," pp. 160), though he can also supply it in flexible binding for 50 c., and the original ed. of '80 ("Forty Poets," pp. 110) for 20 c. E. C. Hodges & Co. are the nominal publishers. The book is electrotyped and printed in attractive shape by Rand, Avery & Co., and is well worth its price to any wheelman who has a taste for literary curiosities. The worst thing about it is a prefatory remark that "the incorrect termination, as in cycl*er*, was too common to rectify in all the plates, but it does not occur in the later pieces;" for this shows that, though the author originally had a true ear for euphony, he lacked the courage to defend it in his 2d ed.,—simply because there had meanwhile appeared a "revised dictionary," into which some case-hardened hack, who knew nothing about the prevalent American usage, had carelessly interpolated "cycl*ist*" as the correct kibosh. More ornate than the unique collection of this elderly Boston bard, whom the shadow of a dictionary "revisist" so thoroughly scared, was the "elegant quarto volume, bound in blue silk cloth, with side-stamp in gilt and silver" which a sprightly young New Yorker issued in July, '84, with the title, "Wheel Songs; poems of bicycling." The 80 pp. carried nearly 50 engravings, many of which had appeared in *Outing* with the accompanying text, and the advertisements described this as "sentimental and humorous." The price was $1.75, and the publishers were White, Stokes & Allen, of 182 Fifth avenue, who, in offering me the electrotypes (Dec. 11, '85), at a very low rate, said the volume was then entirely out of print. I see, however, that copies are still advertised for sale at the office of *Outing*. The author was S. Conant Foster (d. Mar. 8, '85, æ. 31), known among his friends as the "poet wheelman," who learned to ride the bicycle in '79, was manager of the original wheel agency at "No. 791" during the Wright ownership, and was then, for the four years ending with his death, in the employ of the firm who make the Otis elevators. Another notably elegant volume, which, as a specimen of the typographic art, stands far superior to anything yet projected in the shape of cycling literature in any part of the world, is "Rhymes of the Road and River, by Chris. Wheeler" (pp. 154, $2), printed and published at Philadelphia, in Nov., '85, by E. Stanley Hart & Co., printers of the *L. A. W. Bulletin*. The pages are gilt-edged, 7 by 8¼ in. in size, and of a luxurious sort of paper, almost as thick as cardboard. There are no disfiguring advertisements, and no illustrations, but there is an ornamental side-stamp, of gold and black, upon the cover, which is of olive-green muslin and is beveled, and it exhibits the following subtitle: "Bent Oars and Broken Spokes, bent and broken on both sides of the Atlantic." The title-page also shows that the "rhymes" are classed under these four divisions: "Lays of Lancaster Pike; Songs of the Schuylkill River; Bent Oars and Broken Spokes; Cycling Bab Ballads." The preface, dated Sept. 20, holds the author's friends responsible for the production of the book; and the editors of the cycling press, to which many of the pieces had been contributed, gave it a friendly welcome. The author's real name is Arthur Henry Mac Owen (b. 1861), whose first five years were spent in Boston, and who has been a Philadelphian only since '81, the intermediate or educational period being accredited to Dublin; for his parents are of Irish-Scotch ancestry. He has written many pieces in advocacy of the pleasures of touring (using the signature "Ninon Neckar" as well as "Chris. Wheeler"), has printed "Steel Wings, a romance of the road, in ten chapters," in the *Phila. Cyc. Record*, and he supplies a page of "jottings" for each monthly *Wheelmen's Gazette*. The latter journal also printed in advance (May, '85) a specimen chapter of "In and Around Cape Ann: a hand-book of Gloucester, Mass., and its immediate vicinity, for the wheelman tourist and the summer visitor, with eleven illustrations, printed at the *Cape Ann Advertiser* office." The volume contains 100 pp. of about 30,000 words, is well printed and neatly bound in cloth, and is mailed for postal-note of 75 c. by the author and publisher, John S. Webber, jr. (b. Feb. 1, '58), consul of the C. T. C., and for the past eleven years book-keeper and clerk of the Cape Ann Savings Bank, 51 Main st.,

Gloucester. A pioneer rider of '78, he had printed many newspaper sketches about wheeling before he began writing this guide-book in the winter of '83-4. Resuming work upon it in the winter of '84-5, he completed the task in July and published in August. The edition was 1250 copies, and the sale was so good that, though not electrotyped, a new and greatly enlarged ed. is to be issued in June, '87. Unsolicited orders for 300 copies were received before the book appeared (chiefly as a result of the specimen chapter, before mentioned); about 100 were given away to newspaper editors and others; and a large share of the edition was sold to summer visitors at G. The 10 pp. of advertisements brought in $183. I am indebted to this author for freely advertising my own book upon his labels and circulars; and my list of "other cycling publications" was also impressed by him upon 1000 of the latter. In regard to "Wheels and Whims," catalogued on a previous page, *Outing* spoke as follows (July, '84, p. 307): "In this, the tricycle scores its first novel. It is an animated little story of four young women on a tricycle trip from Hartford to the ocean, with many moving girlish adventures by flood and by field. A good deal of romance is interwoven, and it ends in a double wedding in the most blissful style. It is not the work of a skillful writer, and the illustrations are saddening; but it is an amusing story notwithstanding. * * The experienced wheelman will of course not rely upon the reported roads, which are in fact too sandy for the excursions which the author's imagination has made over them." The *Bi. World* said (July 4, p. 152): "The book is very breezy and the story is well told. The illustrations detract from the excellence of the work."

"Wheelmen's Reference Book" (May, '86; pp. 183 and adv. pp. 17; price 50 c. in paper and $1 in cloth; published by Ducker & Goodman, at Hartford, Ct.), has pages almost exactly the same size as this present one and is also manufactured by the Springfield Printing Co., from the same brevier type used in my earlier chapters. The superintendent of that company is one of the publishers, and the other is Henry Goodman (b. Nov. 27, '60), widely-known as the inventor of the patent cycling score-cards which are sold at all the chief race-meetings. A wood-engraved portrait of Col. Albert A. Pope covers a page at the front of the book, and is followed by a brief biography; and the heads of eight other men connected with the trade supply material for two pages of tinted lithographs. There are ten such lithographed sheets inserted, but each of the other eight exhibits five heads,—the frontispiece being given to League officers: C. E. Pratt, N. M. Beckwith, A. Bassett, F. P. Kendall and C. H. Potter. The "tourist page" shows T. Stevens, H. J. High, B. B. Ayers, C. A. Hazlett and W. W. Stall; the "professional page," R. Howell, J. S. Prince, F. Wood, W. M. Woodside and R. A. Neilson; the "English amateur page," P. Furnivall, R. H. English, M. V. J. Webber, R. Cripps and R. Chambers; while four pages are given to "American amateurs": (1) E. P. Burnham, C. E. Kluge, A. B. Rich, F. R. Knapp and J. G. Hitchcock; (2) G. M. Hendee, E. F. Landy, F. R. Cook, N. H. Van Sicklen and W. C. Marvin (d. '86); (3) F. F. Ives, W. H. Huntley, D. E. Hunter, L. D. Munger and W. A. Rhodes; (4) W. A. Rowe, L. B. Hamilton, W. E. Crist, G. E. Weber, and L. A. Miller. Pictures and descriptions of 19 machines which have a leading place in the American market occupy as many pages, and are followed by the League racing rules, and a "club directory," which names 313 clubs, alphabetically by States and towns, and the secretary of each. An alphabetical list of 554 Americans who have competed in races gives the residence of each, and is followed by brief biographies of 167 of them, and of 28 others who are prominent as tourists, League officers or tradesmen. These biographies cover 44 pp. and exhibit the subject's birthday in nearly every case. The next 20 pp. give my own sketch of the League and a list of "free railroads." "Chronology of '85," a hodge-podge calendar of slight value, covers 12 pp., and is followed by "Comparative Cycling Records," 14 pp., of fine type, carefully tabulated. The final feature in the book is a list of 390 "agents and dealers in the U. S.," arranged by States and towns. "Touring" and "training" are treated of very briefly by B. B. Ayers and C. L. Meyers; and there are 25 pp. of "filling," called "opinions of leading men" (copied from the Popes' advertising scrap-book), which exhibit in brief paragraphs the various advantages of cycling. A well-drawn lithograph of a wheelman, gliding through the wildwood, is impressed upon the cover in blue and orange; and a page of "additions and corrections" forms the appendix. The preface says that less than half the 600 racing men filled

out the blanks which were sent to them, requesting statistical details; and that only 60 dealers took the trouble to make returns,—which ensured them a free advertisment,—though blanks were sent to 423. The book weighs 7 oz. and has no index. It was planned chiefly for sale at the racing meets, alongside of the "official score-cards," which have proved quite profitable to the publisher; and a circulation of 5000 was guaranteed to the advertisers, who were charged $75 a page. The trade price to dealers is 30 c. a copy.

Another notable issue of May, '86, is "My Cycling Log Book: a memorandum of the number of miles traveled by ———, with such notes of roads, routes, occasions and incidents on the way as may be convenient or interesting for reference by the owner. Method by F. W. Weston. Boston: C. H. Whiting, publisher, 168 Devonshire st.; price, $1.25." This is bound in flexible leather, weighs 8 oz., is ½ in. thick and 7½ by 5 in. in size. A printed heading for "daily record" runs lengthwise across the edge of each left-hand page, and the ruling is parallel to this, giving a sheet 10 in. long, with 32 lines to write upon. There are 72 of these blank sheets in the book, and at its end is a page ruled to contain monthly totals and another to contain yearly totals, "by the echelon method," from '77 to '90 inclusive. In order that there may be no mistake about using these blanks, "filled" specimens are printed at the opening of the book, with a few words of directions, preface and dedication. "The exclusive right of advertising in the first 5000 copies has been purchased by the Overman Wheel Co., who beg to call your attention to the last page." This phrase stands opposite the title, in small type; and the last page, in larger type, exhibits the following: "The Victor bicycle is the most popular, because in running it is the easiest, in construction it is the most costly, and yet—in price it is the most reasonable. Whether the machine justifies these superlatives we leave without fear to our customers. Send for our new illustrated catalogue to 182 Columbus av., Boston." I am glad thus to give a "free ad." to the man whose appreciation of my own toilsome effort to put money into the pockets of every bicycle dealer in America was shown by his offer to pay a monthly subsidy of $35 if the *Wheelmen's Gazette* would simply refrain from printing any allusions to me or the progress of my book; and as regards Mr. Weston's own effort to render the keeping of wheel records more easy and attractive, I only wish it was in my power to compel every rider in the country to buy a copy of the "log," post it at the close of every ride, and mail to me a copy of its monthly table at the close of every year! Supplementary to the foregoing—or, if need be, a substitute for it—is "Batchelder's Record Book," for immediate use upon the road. It was issued in Mar., '84, at Lancaster, N. H., by C. D. Batchelder (b. Nov. 22, '57), who began riding Aug. 17, '82, as the pioneer tourist of the White Mtn. region, and whose mileage was 4000 at the close of '85. It weighs 3 oz. and has 48 leaves, of which every second one is ruled on the left to contain a tabulated memorandum; and special directions for using this, with convenient abbreviations for roads and weather, are printed at the outset. Each leaf is the size of a postal-card, and such cards with the tabular ruling printed upon them are furnished by the publisher for 2 c. each. In recommending this excellent little pocket book to the attention of every rider, I urge in particular that long-distance tourists, who wish to put their friends (or, let me say, certain cycling editors) in prompt possession of an authenticated record of the country gone over, should buy a lot of these cards to use with the book. The latter's daily table could be copied upon a card, each night, with but a minimum of trouble, and sent off by the first mail. The book is bound with a lap to protect the edges, and its price is 30 c. in cloth; 50 c. in roan leather (with pocket and pencil loop),—a discount of 10 p. c. being given on orders for 6 or more. The publisher says: "A page, when properly filled, gives the names of all places visited; cyclom. at starting and stopping; distance between the places; time of starting and stopping; time of wheeling from one place to any other; length of rests and stops by the way; time spent at each recording place; condition of roads and weather all along the route, etc. At a glance are shown total distance, total time, total rests, and net riding time. Blank pages interleaved give ample room for remarks. One book is large enough to record a month's touring, and will serve a season for most wheelmen." Somewhat cheaper than this, and having the advantage of official sanction, is H. S. Wood's "Blank Road-Book, as adopted by Penn. and N. J.; designed for the combined uses of correspondence and publication," which contains 125 blanks of the same

size as his road-book, and printed directions for filling them, illustrated by two specimen pages from the book. The *Bulletin* (July 9, '86, p. 27) says that copies will be mailed for 28 c. by T. H. Wright, Box 1619, Philadelphia, and "recommends all tourists to use this form of road-reporting, which is now adopted by most of the leading Divisions." The book is bound in flexible cloth, and I presume the inner edges of the blanks are perforated, for easy removal. The John Wilkinson Co., of Chicago, advertised in the *Bi. World* of May 30; '84, "Wheelman's Record Book (copyrighted), 52 pp., leather bound, 50 c.,"—the size of the paper being 2½ by 6 in., or a trifle narrower and longer than Batchelder's, and not quite as long as Wood's. "The Wheelman's Log Book for '81" (N. Y.: F. Jenkins, 322 W. 59th st., 32 pp., 25 c.), if I rightly remember, had a page fully as large as Weston's log, and would serve for years later than '81. I presume this may still be procurable, as well as the Chicago issue,—though the demand for such things is, unfortunately, too small to justify much advertising. "A bicycler's score-book" was announced for possible publication in Mar., '81, by J. P. Burbank, who asked, in the first issue of his "annual," that riders should send in suggestions and advice as to its make up,—which no one seems to have done, for no book was issued.

Among official road-books, the earliest was that of the Canadian Wheelman's Association (Apr., '84; pp. 128; 940 copies, 50 c.), which I have fully described on p. 330. A new ed., of a different style and design and almost entirely rewritten, is to be pub. (see p. 636) in spring of '87, at Simcoe, Ont., by the C. W. A. secretary, H. B. Donly (b. Jan. 4, '61). The "first annual" issue of the Massachusetts Division of the League (July, '84; 36 pp.; 25 c.), described on p. 111, has not yet had a successor; though a vote was passed Feb. 6, '86, authorizing the chief consul to "issue a very small book containing a list of officers and local consuls, if it can be done at an expense not to exceed $25." The 1st ed. (May, '85; 160 pp.; $1) of the "Penn. & N. J. Road-Book, L. A. W.," is described on p. 177, and the 3d ed. (Apr., '86; revised and enlarged to include the Maryland Division), on p. 589. "Bull & Bowen's Road-Book of Western New York" (June, '85), the little pamphlet described on p. 221, is now out of print and will not be reissued. I should have credited its compilation to W. S. Bull, who will recast its tables for the coming book of the New York Division. The second "Hand Book of the Ohio Division" (May, '86; pp. 136; T. J. Kirkpatrick, Springfield) is sold to League members only for $1, and has a page of the League's standard size (6¾ by 3½ in.), like the L. I. and Penn. books, but is upright instead of oblong, as they are.

The first Ohio book (Mar., '85; pp. 62) was a vest-pocket affair, 5 by 3 in., cloth-bound, containing League and Division constitution and officers, and racing rules and records, but nothing about the roads. Of the same scope, shape and appearance, but issued in Dec., '85, and having 82 pp., is the "Hand Book of the Missouri Division" (St. Louis: E. M. Senseney, chief consul). The League's early and unnamed handbook (Sept., '81; pp. 104; paper covers, 50 c.), described on p. 625, now has a certain historic value; and its "Official Programme of the Seventh Annual Meet" (May, '86) was an illustrated pamphlet of 32 pp., with an ornate cover of unique design. The 2d ed. of A. L. Atkins's "Road Book of Boston and Vicinity" (May 20, '86; mailed for 15 c. by the author at 17 West Walnut Park) is better printed than the 1st ed., described on p. 111, and exhibits 55 routes instead of 42. It weighs 1½ oz., and advertisements cover 26 of its 64 pp. What was called the 2d ed. of the "Wheelman's Hand-Book of Essex County" (described on p. 112) differed from the 1st ed. only in having 10 pp. of additional advertisements interleaved, on colored paper, and 2 pp. of "Addenda"; but the 3d ed. (Aug. 1, '86; pp. 74; mailed for 20 c. by the author, George Chinn, Beverly, Mass.) has been recast and to a great extent rewritten,—its final feature being an abstract of these present statistics of mine about American wheel literature. Contributions to the Mich. road-book, which it is hoped may be issued early in '87, should be sent to the chief consul, J. H. Johnson, 107 Spruce st., Detroit. It will contain no advertisements; will be furnished free to Division members, and its price to others will not exceed 50 c. The Conn. road-book is in preparation by C. G. Huntington, chief consul, at Conn. River Bank, Hartford, for issue in April, '87, to League members only. All matter received by him up to Dec. will be tabulated after the Penn. book pattern. A. B. Barkman, chairman of the touring committee of the N. Y. State Division,

writes a similar report to me (Aug. 5) as to the prospects of the N. Y. road-book: "Jan., '87, is the probable date of publication. Copies will be given to Division members and sold to other League members at $1. Penn. tabular model is followed, but there will be letterpress also and maps. No adv's admitted. Contributions should be sent to me at 608 Fourth av., Brooklyn, N. Y. My L. I. book has not yet paid cost of printing, as 200 copies remain unsold. I hardly expect to issue a 2d ed., for all essential L. I. facts will appear in N. Y. book."

Many paragraphs were current, during the first half of '85, to the effect that the Kenton Wheel Club, of Covington, would soon publish a book of 200 pp., describing all the roads of Kentucky and those of Ohio, near Cincinnati. The compiler was P. N. Meyers (b. Sept. 16, '66), who thus reported to me Jan. 26, '86: "The boys did not take up the scheme with much alacrity, and it has fallen through for want of support. The ms. exhibits many fine routes in O. and Ky., and I will present it to you, if you can use any of it in your book." "The A B C of Bicycling: an instruction-book for the tyro" (36 pp. of vest-pocket size, 10c.), was written and published by H. B. Hart, 811 Arch st., Phila., and commended thus by *Bi. World* (June 12, '80, p. 264): "Its half-dozen illustrations are carefully drawn and aid well the text, which sets forth, unpretentiously, but with practical wisdom and lucid suggestion, just what the incipient learner needs to know." R. Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, published in '84, or earlier, "Amateur Bicycle Repairing; or, every rider his own repairer" (18mo, flexible leather, 25 c.), by Col. Horace Park, who is a practical mechanic and gunsmith and an old mountaineer, being also author of the "Sportsman's Hand-Book" (16mo, $1), and who says that "a careful study of this little manual will enable any person of ordinary mechanical skill to make his own repairs, at a very slight expense, and greatly prolong the life of his bicycle." In a list of publications recommended by C. E. Pratt, in Apr., '84, I find the following: "Suggestions for Choice, Care and Repair of Bicycles and Tricycles; by an Old Wheelman (2d ed., 36 pp., 10 c.)"; but I never saw a copy, and do not know when or where it was printed. A little pamphlet of somewhat similar scope, "Instructions to Wheelmen" (designed to warn them against those special sorts of negligence and risk which threaten to strain, bend, break or otherwise injure their machines), is in preparation for the spring of '87, by C. M. Richards (b. Feb. 10, '60), who has been for the last three years connected with the Popes' New York office, at 12 Warren st. Many of his leisure hours during '85 were devoted to compiling road-reports (solicited from correspondents in the South and West, at the request of the editor of *Outing*), for monthly publication during '86 in that magazine. Its sale to new owners, who give no space to cycling matters, took place just about at the time when his bulky manuscript was ready for delivery; and he tells me it was lost in the transfer. F. Alcott Pratt, sec. of the Mass. B. C., informs me of his intention to compile a list of roads explored by members of the club in Mass. and beyond, as a sort of club guide, as soon as he may have leisure. The imprint of W. L. Mershon & Co., Rahway, N. J., is the only local hint of its origin given on a pamphlet (16 pp., Feb., '86) entitled, "The Advantages of Cycling, with practical suggestions on learning and riding; by 5678." I suppose it is no secret that the numeral stands for L. H. Porter, president of the Orange Wanderers, who has frequently signed it to pieces in the *Bi. World* and *Cycle*. The pamphlet refrains from naming any particular machine, and it seems to have been issued for distribution among his friends, and "for the good of the cause."

"What and Why: some common questions answered" (72 pp., 6 by 4 in.), compiled and copyrighted by Chas. E. Pratt, printed by Rockwell & Churchill and circulated by the Pope Mfg. Co., is designed to recommend the latter's wares, but it does this unobtrusively, and it is packed full of facts and opinions well calculated to interest the public in cycling. Issued in Apr., '84, its 3d ed. of a year later was called "the 100,000th"; and its final paragraph announced the free distribution, by the same publishers, of a 48 p. 8vo, named as follows: "Letters of Interest to All Wheelmen, Present and Prospective; containing much experience gathered from many points." This is a well-printed collection of testimonials in favor of the Columbia machines, and is not disfigured by advertisements. The same can be said of "What and Why," and of the "no-name scrap-book" (32 pp., 8vo, May, '86), also given away by the Popes, as a help to their business and to that of every other dealer in cycles. The covers of this represent a repro-

duction in miniature of the title-pages of the chief American dailies, weeklies and magazines, artistically grouped; and a double column of extracts (credited to these and other sources, and printed in various sizes and styles of type) cover each page and look like veritable clippings pasted on sheets of brown paper. Praise of the Columbia wheels of course abounds in these "scraps," but at least half of them give testimony for cycling in general; and the same rule was observed in putting together the "Columbia Calendar for '86," on whose central pad (2½ by 4 in.) a new label for each day in the year brings to light a bit of similar testimony. The calendar-card itself (9 by 11 in.), lithographed in gilt and colors, is formed of three attractive cycling pictures, and the trade-mark of its publishers is quiet and inoffensive. A very small fac-simile of the ornamental title-page to their ninth annual catalogue (52 pp., 8vo, Rockwell & Churchill, print.) was included in the group on the scrap-book cover, just mentioned, and was the only hint there given of its origin. The catalogue was reproduced bodily, from electrotypes, in the *L. A. W. Bulletin* (Feb. 26, '86, pp. 133-162), and the latter's printer took oath that more than a ton of paper was required for the 7500 copies. The Overman Wheel Co., in similar fashion, reprinted their fourth annual catalogue (32 pp., 8vo) in the *Bi. World* (May 26, '86, pp. 29-46). Stoddard, Lovering & Co. seem to have set the example in this sort of enterprise, however, as the *Spr. Wh. Gaz.* of Mar., '85, gave 16 pp. to their catalogue; and in Feb., '86, they made another notable contribution to the trade's literature, calling it "The Agent's Guide, or how to make money by selling the Rudge bicycles and tricycles." The book is compiled by their manager, H. D. Corey (b. Jan. 25, '64), from material collected abroad and in this country, and from four years' experience in the business; and it includes chapters headed as follows: "The present want in the cycling trade; where to commence and how; about hiring,—the safest plan; second-hand machines and exchange; repairs—what shall we do with them; advertising—when and how it pays; sundries, and how to select them; best machines for sale and hire." A 2d ed. was announced in July, the first 5000 copies having been exhausted.

An earlier scheme in the trade was that of the Cunningham Co., who in '82 issued sheet music ("may be sung in public without payment of any fee"), having their illustrated advertisements upon the second and last pages. The first of their proposed "seven cycling songs at 30 c. each" (and the only one I ever saw, though "Over the Garden Wall" was named as No. 2) bore the title, "All on account of Eliza; air from the opera of Billee Taylor; words by 'Ouila'; dedicated to the Boston B. C." At the top was the legend, "As sung by (possibly) Kol Kron, and other lesser luminaries,"—suggested, I suppose, by my Pinaforic chant at the Newport dinner of the League in '80. In July, '80, was advertised "Mister Tobias Isaias Elias, a rollicking bi. song; words by S. Conant Foster; music by H. N. Sawyer; price 40 c."; and the words were reproduced in the '84 vol. of "Wheel Songs." The *Bi. World* (Sept. 4, '80, p. 370) acknowledged the receipt, from Lee & Walker, of Philadelphia, of "Bicycle Glide, a sheet of instrumental music, by W. Diederich, prettily illustrated with a scene from Fairmount Park"; and the *Bulletin* (Mar. 5, '86, p. 183) speaks thus of the illustrated title-page to the "League Waltz, dedicated to the L. A. W., by Geo. Fred. Brooks," of the Albany B. C.: "Behind the folds of the L. A. W. banner, is an oval scroll, on which are crowded grotesque masks, mostly in profile, and among them is seen the full face of the worthy composer, 'No. 2908,' in riding cap and spectacles." I have never seen either of the two little books published by T. S. Miller, ex-Capt. and ex-Pres. of the Chicago B. C., "Bicycle Tactics" (Apr., '84, 20 c., a manual of drill for clubs), and "Club Songs" (set to popular airs, 25 c.); but I am told that more than 1000 of the former have been sold, and that the latter's 1st ed. was chiefly composed of the Milwaukee B. C. songs which A. S. Hibbard printed in the *Wheelman* (Dec., '82, pp. 187-90), and that to them were added (in the 2d ed., July, '85) the St. Louis songs printed in the same magazine (May, '83, pp. 140-43) by Arthur Young, and a few Chicago songs by Mr. M. "Bugle Calls, adapted for wheelmen from the manual of the U. S. Army" (5 c.), and "Bicycle Primer, by J. R. Heard, illustrated by J. C. Clark; a humorous alphabet of the wheel" (10 c.) are sold by the *Bi. World*, which advertised the latter as early as '82, though possibly it originated in England. A Newburyport correspondent of that paper, W. C. Johnson, recommends (May 29, '85, p. 87) as the best attainable tract on the subject of road-making and road-repairing, the closing

pages of "Agriculture of Massachusetts, second series, 1869-70," an annual report officially published by the State at Boston; and the implication is that the League ought to circulate a cheap reprint thereof for the general good. "The World on Wheels" was the title of a bulky octavo, issued in the centennial year, "by a practical carriage builder," whose name and publisher I forgot to take note of when I saw the mighty tome appealing for help in a second-hand bookstore. The author-builder dismissed cycling quite curtly in a single page, as a subject unworthy of so practical a personage as himself; and he evidently considered that in giving pictures of its two representative "toys,"—the *véloce* of '68, and its prototype, the *draisine*, of a half-century earlier,—he was doing the last act of history for this despised corner of the "wheel world."

"The Road and the Roadside," by Burton Willis Potter (b. Feb. 8, '43), a lawyer of Worcester (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 120 pp. of 30,000 words, cloth, $1), is a well-written and neatly-printed book which ought to be owned by every American wheel club, and read by every rider. Its preface, dated May, '86, says: "The laws as herein stated are the present ones of Mass., relative to public and private ways, and therefore may not all be applicable in other States; but inasmuch as the common law is the basis of the road law in all the States, it will be found that the general principles herein laid down are as applicable in one State as in another. These chapters were written and read as a lecture before the Mass. Board of Agriculture, in Dec., '85, at Framingham, and have since been pub. in the 'Report on the Agr. of Mass. for '85.' They are now given to the public with the hope that they will exert some little influence in promoting good roads and the love of rural life,—two things which I sincerely believe are essential to the lasting prosperity of any people." The author's enthusiasm for open-air progress is that of a pedestrian simply, but it shows such a hearty sympathy for the true spirit of wheeling, that I hope he may soon decide to attach the bicycle's wings to his feet. His book wholly ignores the tiresome legal verbiage of the statutes and judicial rulings, but gives the gist of them in simple and clear-cut phrases which are pleasant to read and easy to remember. He deserves the thanks of all wheelmen for putting in their reach so compact a statement of the defence which the common law offers them against "repressive local legislation," aiming at interference with their equal rights upon the road. He demonstrates that there, as elsewhere, the one essential thing for them to remember is the ancient axiom (which, except for my dislike of a Latinized title-page, I should have adopted as a motto for this book): "*Sic utere tuo ut non alienum lædas.*" That maxim is only a Roman amplification of the sturdy Saxon phrase, "Mind your business"; and those three words, when rightly interpreted and obeyed, seem to me a sufficient rule for ensuring to any man an honorable progress along the great highway of Life.

An authoritative biography of Col. Albert A. Pope (b. May 20, '43), written by John N. McClintock, editor of the *Massachusetts Magazine*, covers the first 8 pp. of its June, '86, issue (Boston, 25 c.), and is fronted by a wood-cut portrait and fac-simile autograph (the same block being used also in "Wheelmen's Reference Book"), copied from the lithographic reproduction of a life-size crayon sketch (July, '85; sheet 19 by 24 in.; 25 c.), published by Root & Tinker, Nassau st., N. Y., as No. 6 in their series called "Men of Mark; library edition." Another ornament for a club-room wall is a colored lithograph of a cycling scene (Jan., '85; 12 by 24 in.; 15 c.), which has no other suggestion of advertisement about it than the word "Columbia," half-hidden in the tessellated pavement of the foreground. On Feb. 14, '85, the owners of the same trade-mark distributed among their patrons many thousands of a "Columbia valentine,"—a card 6 by 8 in., lithographed in gilt and colors with scenes of "morning, noon and night," and having appropriate verses upon the back. As an advertising novelty in '86, they issued a "slate" (18 by 24 in.) on whose black surface the "Columbia records" were apparently chalked in white; and they promise that the pictorial calendar now in preparation for '87 shall surpass all previous issues in magnificence. An early picture of Col. Pope can be found in *Bi. World* (July 22, '81, p. 129), accompanied by biographical sketch. Mention may be made of the "*Clipper* Almanac" as a repository for the race-records of cyclers and other athletes, which is often quoted as an authority by "sporting men." The Gov't Printing Office, by authority of the Secretary of War, issues "Official Table of Distances" (8vo, 304 pp., Apr. 13, '85), for the guidance of disbursing officers of the Army charged with payment of money allowances for travel.

ENGLISH BOOKS, MAPS AND PAPERS.

"The Roads of England & Wales; an itinerary for cyclists, tourists and travellers: containing an original description of the contour and surface, with mileage, of the main (direct and principal cross) roads of England and Wales, and part of Scotland; particularly adapted for the use of bicyclists and tricyclists; together with topographical notes of the chief cities and towns, and references to the antiquities, natural curiosities, and places of interest along the various routes; also a list of hotels and inns in each town, suitable for cyclists. By Charles Howard (Wanderers' B. C. and C. T. C.). Fourth edition. London: [Mason & Payne, 41 Cornhill, E. C., successors in '86 to] Letts, Son & Co., Limited. 1884." So reads the long-drawn-out title-page of the longest and most laborious book ever put together for the encouragement of cycle touring, in advance of this present volume of my own. The author has supplied some little account of its various editions, and of himself, to my 550th page; and I supplement it by saying that whoever intends to do much riding in England should study this standard work at home, and then carry one of the author's shilling "route-books" in his pocket for actual service upon the road. The index of towns, in triple columns, covers the last 40 of the 437 pp. in the book (exclusive of 34 adv. pp., some of which are interpolated among the reading matter), and names about 9000 of them,—giving page-numerals in all cases, and also in most cases mileage-numerals which show the town's distance from London by direct road. The typography is compact and clear, though not elegant, and the style is strictly statistical,—no personal narrative whatever being indulged in. The preface says that "the mileage is based upon that given in 'Paterson's Roads' (18th ed., 1826), with some few corrections from the Ordnance Survey and mile-stones" mentions that "'Cary's Roads' as well as Paterson's ran through many editions between 1780 and 1830, the heyday of the coaching period," and gives a brief review of "roads," "maps," "r. r. rates for cycles," and the "C. T. C." County maps are objected to by the author "because of their difference in scale; irregularity of their relative position; inexactness of finish, and want of coincidence at the boundaries, whereby the tracing of roads from one county to another is made difficult; then again, they seldom show the hills well, some not at all; and 46 such maps are needed to cover England and Wales." On the other hand, "the sectional map of the whole may be had in 110 sheets (24 by 35 in., 1 m. to 1 in.), at 62 c. each, though for nearly all the country n. of the Thames valley it may also be had in quarter sections, at 25 c. or 37 c. each. It is issued by the Government Ordnance Survey, and, though some parts of it are more than 50 years old, it forms the basis of all the privately-published maps. The hills and elevations are shown by shaded lines,—dark and sharply defined where the slopes are high and steep, but engraved lightly for moderate undulations. Every main road, by-road and lane is distinctly given, and dotted lines show where they cross commons or heaths. Distances, mile by mile, are marked on most of the main roads, and in many places the elevations are given in feet. Every town, village, park, wood, and most residences and farms are noted. The map is thus an interesting study for home reference, but (even on this smallest scale used in official issues,—1 m. to 1 in.,—to say nothing of their several larger scales) it is too cumberous and costly for pocket carrying and long-distance touring. The new Ordnance Survey (begun a few years ago and not yet ['82] completed) offers us a sectional map, which is to comprise 360 sheets, 13½ by 11½ in., at 25 c. each; but in this, unfortunately, lines of contour elevation replace the old hill-shading. A fac-simile of this, reduced by photography to 4 m. to 1 in., has been issued at 12 c. a sheet, but I hardly think it will find favor. The so-called Reduced Ordnance map, 2 m. to 1 in., has 65 sheets, 20 by 24 in., at 37 c. each; but it is really older than the Ordnance Survey, though corrected from it. Another series, 4 m. to 1 in., has 14 sheets, 25 by 19 in. (*i. e.*, 100 m. by 80 m.), at 37 c. each; and it is really reduced from the 1 m. Ordnance. I recommend this 4 m. scale map, which shows by-roads as well as main roads, as most suitable for tourists. The prices named do not include mounting or folding." (The Letts ed. of this map is advertised in sheets of 30 by 22 in., covering about 100 m. by 70 m., at 50 c. folded in cloth cover, or 62 c. mounted on linen.)

Opposite the title-page of the book whose preface has just been quoted, is inserted a "key map (13 by 17 in., 28 m. to 1 in.) to Letts's bicycle map in 65 sheets," with a marginal note that "any part of the country embraced within the squares drawn can be had, on the scale of 2 m. to

1 in., 27 by 21 in., with roads colored, in stiff cover, at 37 c. per square (or 62 c., if mounted on linen)." I have before me No. 13 of these squares, which shows the south coast from Hastings to Brighton and beyond, and it seems as perfect a guide as a wheelman need ask for. It is backed with cloth, and jointed into 21 parts, 2½ by 4 in., so as to fold into a pasteboard cover of that size, and its weight is 4½ oz. The same publishers have also sent me their "cycling map of 50 m. round London," 4 m. to 1 in., the sheet being jointed into 32 sections, so as to fold into a cloth cover 4 by 6 in. ($1.25, or 62 c. without the linen back; weighs 4½ oz.); and this has blue circles drawn at 5 m. intervals from St. Paul's, and bright red marks for dangerous hills. I likewise have their "France, compiled and reduced from the Government maps, and colored in departments, railways and roads, 28 by 26 in., 28 m. to 1 in." (62 c. and $1.25), the main-roads being shown in yellow. In cloth cover, 8 by 4 in., without linen backing, it weighs 3½ oz.; and I should recommend this cheaper and lighter edition of all their maps as quite durable enough for any ordinary usage. Their "cycling map of England and Wales" is on more than double the scale of "France," being 12 m. to 1 in., but though it covers a sheet 37 by 32 in., it weighs only 1 oz., as the paper used is of the "bank-note" quality,—thin and tough. I speak of the edition which is supplied at 25 c. as a supplement to "Howard's Roads" (whose cost, bound in blue cloth, limp, is otherwise $1.25), but 62 c. is charged for it, if it be bought, separately from the "Roads," in a pasteboard case of its own. I should say that this map alone would be amply sufficient for the wants of any American long-distance rider in England; and to indicate its excellence by comparison, I call it far superior to the lithographed map (34 by 34 in., 8 m. to 1 in.) which accompanies the '86 ed. of the League's Ohio road-book, though the latter's scale is one-third larger. Two other more expensive editions of the same chart (thick paper at $1.25, linen backed at $2.62; weight of the latter, 12 oz.) are offered the tourist who isn't content with it as found in Howard's book; and in these the best cycling roads are marked yellow and the dangerous hills red, with a special dot showing the more dangerous side of the road. The same publishers supply for the "C. T. C. Handbook" (5th ed., Apr., '86) its colored "divisional map of the British isles" (13 by 19 in., 40 m. to 1 in.) with county boundaries dotted, and rivers and mountain ranges shown, but no roads; and from their advertising list I announce the following: "Scotland" and "Ireland," each 21 by 27 in., 12 m. to 1 in. (25 c. or 62 c.), "showing the road, rail and water communication, with mountains, hills and lochs"; "Kentish Watering Places, Herne Bay to Dover, 24 by 24 in., 1 m. to 1 in." (12 c. and 25 c.); "Environs of London," 39 by 30 in. (25 and 50 c.), "showing each r. r. system in distinct color, and all the parks, streams and landmarks in bold style"; and "County Maps" (46), 17 by 14 in., (12 c., 25 c. and 50 c.). Four of these maps form a monthly part (25 c.) in "Letts's County Atlas," and besides their showing of best cycling roads in yellow, dangerous hills in red and distances from town to town, a great deal of special and statistical information is appended to each. Their "World's Atlas" ($10 to $25) has had a very large sale. I repeat the new firm-name and address (Mason & Payne, 41 Cornhill, London, E. C.) of the men who have succeeded to the old-established map business of the Lettses, for the sake of saying that they not only advertise to supply "maps, atlases, globes, guide-books and all standard works of travel," but have shown their sincerity by subscribing for ten copies of this book of mine,—the largest order which has come to me from beyond the United States. A lesser number have been bespoken, however, by Geo. Philip & Son, of 32 Fleet st., who express the hope that they may "want more," and who send for my review a "map of Surrey" (2 m. to 1 in., with London in n. w. corner), saying that, as all their 46 "county maps for cyclists" (25 c.) are on sheets of the same size (21 by 15 in.; stout paper, weighing 2 oz. in cloth cover, 6 by 3½ in.), the scale decreases in the larger counties, the lowest being 5 m. to 1 in. The main roads are distinctly colored; red arrows of varying designs indicate (1) "hill to be ridden with caution," (2) "put on brake," (3) "dangerous—dismount"; red capitals show, "(C), consul of C. T. C.; (H), recommended hotel; and (X), repair shop"; and on the back of map is an alphabetical list of towns naming the "(H)" hotels. I can hardly imagine a tourist wanting a better guide than this. Copies with linen backs can be had at double-price (50 c.), and that sum is also charged for "Lancashire," which covers a double sheet. The same publishers advertise "handy county atlases" (crown 8vo,

cloth 87 c., leather $1.50) as follows: "England," 43 maps; "Ireland," 33 maps; "Scotland," 32 maps; "Wales," 16 maps (62 c.); together with a great variety of tourist maps of the British isles, and of various localities and districts therein (indexes being promised with many of them), and a series of 38 pocket maps (22 by 27 in., 25 c.), comprising nearly all the other countries.

L. Upcott Gill (170 Strand, London) advertises (*Wheeling*, July 14, '86) a 30 c. "route map of England and Wales, linen-mounted and cased in cloth, showing clearly the main roads, distances between towns as well as mileage from London, and having 30 of the most interesting tours specially marked in red." The same adv. also names, as an eighth annual issue, "Bicycles & Tricycles of '86, a chronicle of all the new inventions and improvements of the present season, designed to assist intending purchasers in the choice of a machine" (illust., 25 c.), by H. H. Griffin, formerly ed. of the *Bi. News*. Wm. Collins, Sons & Co., Bridewell Pl., London, E. C., pub. a cycling map of England and Wales, in 15 sections (each, in a case, 50 c. or 62 c.; 4 m. to 1 in.), which the *Cyclist*, of June 11, '84, called "of an extremely useful nature, more accurate than many, and with main routes clearly marked in colors." Jarrold & Sons, Norwich, were recommended by *Wheeling* (July 28, '86) as pub. a series of cheap but well-printed county maps; and T. Coventry & Co., Moss-side, Manchester (Aug. 4, '86), as pub. these local maps: "Forty Miles Round Manchester," "Yorkshire," "Lake Districts," "North Wales."

Some account has been given on p. 549 of A. M. Bolton, the youthful author of "Over the Pyrenees on a Bicycle" (167 pp. of about 58,000 words; 25 c., Strand Publishing Co., London, '83), which is a fairly readable story of "adventures among the Spaniards," though all the practical information as to roads and distances is compressed into three pages at the end. P. 550 may be consulted for R. E. Phillips's description of his "Guide to Machines and Makers" ('79-'80), "Pocket Road Guides" ('81-'86), "Things a Cyclist Ought to Know" ('82-'86, 25,000 sold at 2 c.), and "Abridgment of Velocipede Specifications" (Iliffes, '87, by subscription at $5.25). The paper "On the Construction of Modern Cycles" which he read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers (Oct. 26, '85, at Coventry) was published by the same in a pamphlet which *Wheeling* characterized "as profusely illustrated and invaluable for reference"; while the *Bi. World* repeated this complimentary adjective and many others in devoting its entire editorial page to a description and review of the book (Mar. 5, '86). His "Pocket Guides" cost only 4 c. each (1 c. being added for postage on every 12), and the whole set of 160, in a case, with key index, $5.25; while his "key index, with skeleton maps, from which any desired route may be selected, containing also the description of the contour, and the surface of the roads," is mailed separately for 14 c.,—his home address being Selhurst Road, South Norwood, London, S. E. "Self Propulsion and the Rise and Progress of Velocipedes and Manumotive Carriages," by W. M. Morris (b. Dec. 20, '59), Consul of C. T. C., is a book of 89 pp., exclusive of 9 adv. pp. and a half-dozen inserted lithographs of queer machines that preceded the bicycle. There are 30 pictures in all; and the last half of the letterpress is divided between "advantages and statistics," and "practical hints and instructions, useful either for a novice or an adept" (board covers, 6 oz., 25 c.). The substance of the compilation was read at two evening sessions of the "Pontypridd Mutual Improvement Class," early in '85, and publication was made at their request by Morris Brothers, of Cardiff, South Wales, manufacturers of the "Cambrian" cycles and dealers in all sorts of cycling specialties,—whose price-list of Jan., '85, covers 60 pp. and says "established in '72." I have received from Fred. Warner Jones (b. 1843), "A Treatise on the Theoretical & Practical Construction of the Tricycle" (Iliffes, '84, pp. 76, 4½ oz., 37 c.), a carefully written and neatly printed pamphlet, with 21 illustrative diagrams, accompanied by the following autograph letter, responding to my enquiries (Sept. 26, '85): "I was educated at the Exeter Grammar School, where, at 15 years of age, I took first mathematical prize among 170 boys; and, after becoming civil engineer, I completed my studies in locomotive engineering by nine months' tuition at the Bow Locomotive Works. I first turned my attention to cycles in '78, when I patented the Devon tri. and the Devon Safety bi.,—the latter being now made in America by Gormully & Jeffery, of Chicago, as the patent has lapsed. I further invented and patented the tri. roller-saddle and swing-frame, which shift the rider's position according to the gradient; and, this year, the swing-framed safety bi. The Devon stop bell,

the tri. tug and the sliding spring for tricycles were also originated by me. Among my various contributions to the cycling papers, I may name articles on the adjustment of a rider to a tricycle and on the correct position and size of tricycle wheels; and my treatise, hereby forwarded to you, is the only work as yet published on the subject." From W. J. Spurrier (b. Apr. 29, '47), of 3 Queenswood Road, Moseley, Birmingham, there has come to me the following simple list of his pamphlet contributions to wheel knowledge: "Tourists' Guide," '81 (13th thousand in '84); "Cyclos, with road maps and descriptive routes and lists of dangerous hills," '82; "How to Ride a Cycle," '84; "The Cyclist's Touring & Road Guide," '84; "The Cyclist's Route Book, for England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, with map," '86. The last named is issued by the Iliffes at 14 c., and I presume the rest may also be published by them.

"The Coventry ring" is a title often given by opposition writers to this publishing firm of Iliffe & Son, whose printing-works are at 12 Smithford st., in that town, and whose London office is at 98 Fleet st. They apparently issue more cycling journals, books and pamphlets than any other firm in England,—or, possibly, than all other firms,—and perhaps this is the reason why others stigmatize them as a "ring." I do not know whether the term is restricted to them, or is designed to include the various cycle makers in their town whose wares they advertise and recommend; but I judge that familiarity has deprived it of most of its intended offensiveness as an epithet, for I notice that it is occasionally used, as a convenient descriptive phrase, by writers who are in the employ of the Iliffes, or at least on friendly terms with them. An interest in the firm seems to be owned by Henry Sturmey, editor of their chief journal, of whom I have printed some account on pp 548-9, and from whom I have vainly tried to coax the material for a complete bibliography and free advertisement of the firm's productions. The best he would do was to send (Nov. 28,'85) an undated list of these 9 books, with an assurance that it embraced all which the firm then had in the market: (1) "Tricyclists' Indispensable Annual & Handbook; by H. Sturmey; describes every machine made; profusely illust.; new ed. for '84, revised and enlarged; demy 8vo, 410 pp; 75 c. and $1.12. (2) Safety Bicycles: their varieties, construction, and use; by H. Sturmey; an indispensable handbook for nervous riders; demy 8vo, 18 c. and 30 c. (3) Health upon Wheels; or, cycling as a means of preserving and restoring the vital powers; by W. Gordon Stables, M. D., C. M.; crown 8vo, 125 pp; 28 c. and 50 c. (4) Tricycling for Ladies; by Miss F. J. Erskine; crown 8vo, 14 c. (5) Nauticus in Scotland; 2462 Miles on a Tricycle; with numerous illust.; demy 8vo; new ed. 56 c. (6) Training for Amateur Athletes, with special regard to Bicyclists; by Dr. H. L. Cortis; 2d ed.; crown 8vo., colored illust.; 28 c. and 50 c. (7) Complete Guide to Bicycling; by H. Sturmey; 3d ed.; crown 8vo, 100 pp. 28 c. and 50 c. (8) The Rights and Liabilities of Cyclists; a legal handbook, by John A. Williamson, solicitor; crown 8vo, 32 pp. 14 c." The 9th book on the list is F. W. Jones's treatise on the tricycle, which I have already described. The English prices, as translated by me into American currency and named first in each case, include a postage charge of from 2 c. to 12 c.; while the second and higher figures represent the prices for which the books are mailed by the firm's American agents, the *Bi. World* Co., of Boston. "Demy 8vo" means a page 5½ by 8½ in. and "crown" means one of about 5 by 7 in. All the 9 are in paper covers, and I suppose contain many advertisements. I think that No. 1 appeared in July, '84, and its two earlier eds. in '82 and '83. No. 2 came out in the summer of '85; and, in Aug., '85, No. 7, which the *Bi. World* adv. called "an improvement over the two previous editions, which have reached an enormous sale, for the work includes everything which can possibly be needed by the novice, and a great deal of value to the veteran." No. 4 was thus "reviewed" by *Wheeling* (Sept. 3, '85): "'Tricycling for Ladies' is out. Very much out. It's cheap, and there we draw the line. Whether or no one cares to pay sixpence, to wade through 54 pp. of news as old as Adam, we leave to the judgment of common-sense; so let's pass on." No. 5 was originally issued in cloth at $1.12, and an adv. of Mar., '85, announcing the cheaper edition, says: "The author, a retired naval man, laid down his 2500 m. tricycle tour so as to embrace the most interesting scenery in Scotland. Though giving valuable details as to roads, hotels and equipment, the record is so pleasantly written that it is in every sense a readable book. Interesting, instructive and amusing, it is also an accurate guide to the country. It has 31 taking illust. and a map." The author of No. 6 (b.

June 17, '57; d. Dec. 29, '85) was the first man who ever pushed a bicycle 20 m. within the hour, and was probably the best known and best liked amateur racer in England, being champion at all distances in '80. He died while practicing as a physician in Australia, leaving a wife and two children; and his brother printed there a formal contradiction of the story that racing was in any remote way a cause of the fatality. No. 8 probably appeared in June, '85, and is arranged under three heads: "As Cyclists in General," "As Tourists" and "As Regards the Betting Law." The *Bi. World* called it "an admirable work; for, although it treats matters of law from an English standpoint, it has much in it of value to Americans." Its appendix gives "the model by-laws approved by the local government board"; and its chapter headings are as follows: "Negligence; master and servant; the hire system; distraint; highways; by-laws and tolls; furious driving and footpath riding; law of the road; accidents; what to do in case of an accident; duties of innkeepers." No. 3 was issued in Feb., '85; and the same author published, through the same house, just a year later "Rota Vitæ: a guide to health and rational enjoyment," of which the adv. says that "among other highly interesting and useful matter it describes his long tricycle tour (1200 m.) through England and Scotland." I suppose it is a shilling pamphlet. Such, certainly, is "The Tricycle, in Relation to Health and Recreation," which appeared about the same time, though I think from another publishing house. It is a collection of articles written for the *Good Words* magazine, by B. W. Richardson, M. D., F. R. S., author of "Diseases of Modern Life," and other books, to whom I have ventured to dedicate a few verses on p. 63 *ante*.

There lies before me "The 'Indispensable' Bicyclist's Handbook, a complete cyclopedia of the subject; profusely illustrated; third year; eighth thousand" (Iliffes; demy 8vo, 285 pp. and 50 adv. pp., 25 c.), by H. Sturmey, whose preface, of June 30, '80, says, as a reason for omitting certain sections which appeared in the eds. of '78 and '79: "Whilst I do not wish to raise the price, I cannot again undertake the very great work of compilation at a positive monetary loss to myself, as has been the case with those two eds., notwithstanding their unprecedented success from every other point of view. This book is a practical guide for the selection and purchase of the bicycle, and some 360 makes are concisely described." A table of comparative prices is given, with list of manufacturers and an index. New eds. came out in '81 and '82; and the 6th ed., though promised for '85 (when all the old ones were out of print), did not appear till after '86. At that time, the *Bi. World* Co. offered to "close out the old stock of 'Tri. Indispensables'" (before described as issued by the same author in '82, '83 and '84), at 15 c. each, or 25 c. by mail, instead of $1.12. I mention this to say that the coming of a new ed. usually spoils the price of the old, without at all spoiling its value for ordinary use or reference. This "Indispensable" of '80 announced that "the Tricycle Annual, or indispensable handbook, will be ready in Aug." (though I believe it did not really appear till '82), and it also advertised the following: "Bicycle Road Book: a complete guide to the roads of Eng., Scot. and Wales, with a list of the best hotels and notable places on each journey," by Charles Spencer, author of "the Modern Gymnast" and "the Modern Bicycle" (London: Griffith & Farran, St. Paul's Churchyard; limp cloth, 50 c.), who rode a bone-shaker from London to Bath, Sept., '69; "Cyclist's Pocket Book and Diary, for reference and registration, 1880-1" (London: 170 Strand; roan, 67 c.); "The Golden Rules of Training," chiefly for cyclers (4th ed., 5th thousand, 5 c.), pub. at Weymouth by H. A. Judd, the present ed. of *Wheel World*; "Romances of the Wheel" (Iliffes, 28 c.), and "Hotel Charges Directory," by S. Fussell (Iliffes, 28 c.). From another source I learn that Spencer's "The Modern Bicycle," named above, was issued by F. Warne & Co., London, in '70, with a 2d or 3d ed. in '76; "but it is meager and relates to the bone-shaker." In Feb., '86, the Iliffes advertised these three additional books: "The Agents' guide; a complete introduction to the cycle trade, giving all the details that a business man would require" (crown 8vo, 28 c.); "Cyclists' Guide and Road Directory to the County of Nottingham;" by. W. H. Heath, C. T. C. (28 c.); "W. J. Spurrier's Cyclists' Touring Road Guide and best routes to or from any part of Great Britain and Ireland" (with map; 14 c.). I extract the above from "Land's End to John O'Groat's on a tricycle," by Tom Moore, ed. of *Tri. Journal* (London: H. Etherington, 80 pp. and 18 adv. pp.; photo. of T. R. Marriott; 12 c., 2½ oz.), which is de-

scribed on p. 554. "The Liverpool Cyclists' Pocket Guide and Club Directory for '85" (64 pp. and 40 adv. pp.; 8 c., 2½ oz.), third year, is edited and published at 2 Brunswick st., by Geo. E. Young, "official tailor and uniform maker to the C. T. C." and various cycling clubs. Its frontispiece is a photo. of G. B. Mercer, president of the Anfield B. C., who is distinguished as a long-distance rider; and its "long-distance register" gives details of 103 rides of 100 m. or more in 24 h., which were taken in '84 by men living in or near Liverpool. The fourth annual issue of the guide (July, '86) contains a photo. of G. P. Mills, who took the "J. O'G. record" in the wonderful time of 5 days, 1 hour, 45 minutes. "Tricycles and How to Ride Them," a series of penny reprints from the *Tricyclist*, describing the 8 following machines, are mailed for 3 c. each by the Iliffes: Humber, Coventry Rotary, No. 1 Challenge, Omnicycle, Premier, Quadrant, Rucker and Diana. These little tracts are "revised from the original by G. L. Hillier and H. Sturmey." Of similar size is "Cordingley's Penny Guide to Tricycling" (10,000 printed for 1st ed., Apr., '86), mailed for 3 c. from office of *Tri. Journal* named below.

A letter to me from the publisher of the *Tri. Journal*, C. Cordingley (Hammersmith Printing Works, London, W., May 27, '84), says: "I publish, every Feb., 'The Tricyclists' Vade Mecum' (30 c.), giving a history of the previous year's improvements, with a description of every tri. in the English market. Another annual of mine, 'The Wheelman's Year Book,' gives a chronology of the year's bicycling." The *Bi. World* recommended the "Vade Mecum" of '86 as "well worth the money." The dates given for the following half-dozen pamphlets are those of notices in *Wheeling*, whose opinions and descriptions I quote: "The Scottish A. C. Pocket Directory," compiled by H. Buchanan, Sec. Ayr C. C. (pub. at Ayr by A. H. Lang, 6 c.), gives a pile of information in its columns, including a complete directory of Scottish clubs, sketches of C. T. C. and N. C. U., the rules to be observed on Scottish roads, and the various railway rates (Oct. 8, '84). A valuable little "Guide to North-West Kent" (46 routes, 6 c.), by Edgar Neve, Sec. Facile B. C., can be obtained at the Eng. and Foreign Library, Blackheath, S. E. (June 10, '85); the 2d ed. (60 routes, 6 c.) has just been published at the Cycle Supply Depot at Blackheath (June 16, '86). We have received from James Lennox, of Dumfries, the well-known long-distance rider, a copy of his "Road Guide to the Southern Counties of Scotland." It is an admirably compiled little book, and is far in advance of any work of its kind that has ever fallen into our hands. No detail, however insignificant, that can be required by the tourist, has been overlooked by the compiler, while the work is got up in such a compact form that it can be carried in a coat-pocket without inconvenience. Pub. by J. Menzies & Co. of Edinburgh (Sept. 16, '85). An interesting little pamphlet, extracted from the *Church of Ireland Temperance Visitor*, entitled "From Holyhead to London on Tricycles," by E. MacD. C., has reached us, and provides good reading. Pub. by Falconer, Dublin (Feb. 3, '86). "The Tricycle and Tricycling" is the title of a neatly got up little handbook issued by the Ballantyne Press. It contains much valuable information and is worth the price (12 c.) and a bit more to a novice. The author is "B., C. T. C. and N. C. U.," which is a gratifying piece of information (June 9, '86). We have received a copy of the "Southern Counties Camp Handbook," which is a capitally gotten up little pamphlet, giving every information to the would-be camper, whilst the way in which advs. have been captured for the handbook reflects the greatest credit upon the business capabilities of the hon. sec., Jupiter Pearce (July 14, '86). "The Training Instructor," pub. from the *Sportsman* office, 139 Fleet st., E. C. ('85, cloth bound, 25 c.), is recommended to bi. racers by *Wheeling*, which also praised "The Song of the Wheelist," music by Harriet Kendall, words by "Rae Banks," Liverpool (London Music Pub. Co., '84). Among the books advertised for sale in the *Cycling Times* of Nov. 3, '85, at its office, East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars st., I infer that these two were published there: "British High Roads, arranged for the use of tourists; illust. by 41 splendid maps on a scale of ½ of a m. to 1 in. Part I., crimson cloth, 93 c.," and "The Bicycle Annual for '80 (a few copies only left), containing 170 road routes and an enormous mass of useful information, together with a photo. of the Anglo-American Professional Bicycle Team, 68 c." The similar annuals for '77 (ed. by C. W. Nairn, 100 pp.), '78 (portrait of J. Keen), '79 (portrait of F. Cooper, 111 bi. routes), '81 and '82, compiled by C. J. Fox, editor of the *Times*, cost 30 c., which

was presumably the first price of the '80 issue. Each annual differed in miscellaneous contents, and perhaps the series was prolonged beyond '82. "The Bicycle for '74" (8vo, 250 pp., 30 c.) was also followed by '76, '77 and '78 issues, differing in contents, having fewer pages, and selling for 15 c. It was published from the office of the *Bicycle Journal* (14 St. Bride st., Ludgate Hill), a penny weekly of 12 pp. which made a specialty of racing news, and died long ago. "The Cyclist's Guide to the Roads of the Lake District and Isle of Man" was issued previous to '84 by N. F. Duncan, of Carlisle. "A Canterbury Pilgrimage, ridden, written and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell" (London: Seeley & Co., Essex st.; July, '85; sq. 8vo, 25 c.), describes a three days' tour from London to Canterbury, taken in Aug., '84, on a tandem tricycle, by a Philadelphia artist and his wife. It was republished a month later by C. Scribner's Sons, of New York, at 50 c., and has been praised by the wheel press of both countries. The same happy pair will issue in Oct. a similar book, "Two Pilgrims' Progress; or, Italy from a Tricycle" (London: Seeley & Co.; Boston: Roberts Bros.), being a reprint of articles contributed by them to the *Century* (Mar. and Apr.,'86), called "Through Italy on a Tricycle." Longman & Co. announce in preparation a series of volumes, "designed as a standard library of sports and pastimes," whereof the book on cycling will be written by Viscount Bury and G. Lacy Hillier, editor of *Bi. News*. That paper of Feb. 12, '86, said: "'The Year's Sport' (Longmans, 550 pp.) has just made its first appearance; is carefully put together and readably written; and the cycling section is supplied by 'B.,'"—who is perhaps the viscount just mentioned, and also the author of the recent tricycling book, sarcastically alluded to by *Wheeling*, as quoted on the previous page. "My Cycling Friends, designed and compiled for collection of autographs," by C. Alan Palmer (London, A. Palmer & Sons; 100 pp., cloth, gilt, 50 c.), was advertised as early as Mar., '84, at $1, by the late W. C. Marvin, of Ovid, Mich., "sole agent for the U. S." It contains 300 spaces for autographs, with a picture and poetical quotation accompanying each; and it has been very well spoken of by the press. "A Pocket Manual of the Bicycle" (32 pp., 3½ by 5 in.) was issued by Hamilton, Adams & Co. in '78. "The Bicyclist's Pocket-Book and Diary for '78" (167 pp., 2½ by 4½ in., morocco, with pencil and pockets) was issued from the office of the *Country*, 170 Strand, and had "contents well-chosen and valuable." It appeared again in '79 and perhaps later. "The Wheelman's Year Book, Diary and Almanack for '82" (paper 30 c., cloth 60 c.; edited by H. T. Round, compiled and pub. by W. D. Welford, Newcastle-on-Tyne) promised in its advertisement to "contain 250 to 300 pp.," and quoted many favorable press notices of the similar book for '81, which was sold at same prices. Perhaps there were later issues. The earliest adv. which I have seen of a touring pamphlet was the following (*Am. Bi. Jour.*, Aug. 9, '79, p. 13). "A Bicycle Ride from Russia,—Eydkuhneu to Langenweddingen, near Brunswick,—by Wm. S. Yorke Shuttleworth, with miniature map, and photographs of pen-and-ink sketches by the author (London: I. Snow & Co., 2 Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row; 30 c.)." The *Cyclist* of June 11, '84, had an adv. of "Westward Ho! on a Sociable," by the Guard (Iliffes, 60 pp., 14 c.); and a review of "The Cycle Directory," by Chas. Spencer (London: Cassell & Co., 200 pp., cloth, 50 c.), devoted to names and addresses of clubs, hotels, machines, manufacturers, dealers and "wheelmen generally," no less than 5000 of the latter being alphabetized. Of the same date was the 2d ed. of Capt. Robert Cook's "Official Handbook of the Cycling, Cricket, Football and Lawn Tennis Clubs of Essex" (Chelmsford: Durrant & Co., 100 pp., 4 c.). The 10th ed. of the "C. T C. Handbook & Guide" (Apr., '86; 304 pp., 4 by 6½ in., no adv., limp cloth, 6 oz., 25 c.), "compiled and published annually by E. R. Shipton, ed. *C. T. C. Gazette*, at the club offices, 139 Fleet st.," is said to have been subscribed for in advance by more than a seventh of the 20,000 club members. It contains constitution and rules, lists of officers, local consuls, hotels, repair-shops, r. r. and s. s. charges for cycles, 64 pp. of blanks for a diary (Apr., '86, to Mar., '87), 16 pp of index to towns, and a colored map (13 by 19 in., 40 m. to 1 in.), "showing the chief consular divisions but not the roads." It says that the "C. T. C. Map and Road Book," for several years in preparation, will be issued in the spring of '87. The first two eds. of the "Handbook" were dated July and Oct., '79, and the first nine eds. had a page ½ in. narrower than that adopted in '86. "List of Renewed Subscribers for '85" is a pamphlet of 76 pp., 7

by 10 in., the same size as the *Gazette*, without title-page, or date, or price-mark; but I infer that it appeared in Jan., '86, and that copies may be bought of the secretary for 18 c. The introductory note says: "These names of those who renewed their membership by payment of the annual fee, when added to names of candidates published month by month in the *Gazette* (beginning with Jan.), will give the complete C. T. C. membership at any period during the current year." As each page contains 95 lines of fine type, in double columns, and as nearly every line contains the name and address of a subscriber, the total is about 14,000. The names are arranged alphabetically in 36 geographical "divisions,"—whereof 27 belong to England, Scotland and Ireland, and cover all but 5 of the 76 pp. Of the 9 foreign "divisions," the American is by far the largest, covering 2 pp., with nearly 400 names. "Goy's Athletic Club Directory for '82" (London: 21 Leadenhall st.) was mentioned in '83 by a French compiler, A. DeBaroncelli, as "giving the names and addresses of all the English cycling clubs"; and he also catalogued the following titles of English pamphlets, without any other details than those now reproduced: "The Whizz," pub. at the office of the *Bi. Times*; "On Wheels;" "Bicyclist's Handy Record;" "He Would Be a Bicyclist;" "Velocipedes," by Velox (illust., '69); "The Velocipede," by T. F. B. (25 illust., '69); and "The Modern Velocipede" (illust., '69). It seems likely enough, however, that the real original of one of these latter titles may have been J. T. Goddard's American book of similar name and date, described by me on p. 402. "Velocipedeia," by Jupiter, of the Rovers B. C., a burlesque extravaganza in 3 acts, was adv. in *Bi. News* of Apr. 4, '84, as "the only bicycling play ever performed; a few copies can still be had at this office, price 13 c." "The Guardians," by Ixion (pub. at *Bi. News* office, 12 c.), was catalogued in '79, by C. E. Pratt, as "a burlesque with parodies"; and he also recommended Knight's Mechanical Dictionary and the Encyclopædia Britannica for articles on "Velocipede" and "Bicycle" respectively.

British and Australian Journalism.

The seven journals now supported by the cycling trade in England may, very likely, represent more than twice as many others which have failed in the struggle for existence; though my own list of the dead exhibits only a round dozen of names. Birmingham's weekly, the *Midland Athletic Star and Cycling News*, and monthly, *Cyclos* (by W. J. Spurrier), both seem to have been killed by their titles,—the former being too long and the latter too Greek for "Brummagem popularity." Manchester also had a weekly, the *Athletic News and Cyclists' Journal* ($3), and Newcastle-on-Tyne a monthly, *Cycling*, which was mentioned in Mar., '79, as "16 pp., sm. 4to, illust., 6 c., managed by W. D. Welford," who, in Dec., '81, advertised for American subscriptions at $1. Appended to it, for some time, was the *Monthly Circular* of the B. T. C., whereof Mr. W. was then secretary. DeBaroncelli's list of '83 said, "*Cycling* was pub. in London, by C. J. Fox, at the office of the *Bi. Times*," which soon afterwards "absorbed" it; and the same list mentioned the *Bicycle and Tricycle Gazette*, without giving details. Another paper, the *Bicycle Gazette* (fortnightly, $2), was pub. at Coventry, by C. Drury, early in '79, and perhaps gave way to the present *Cyclist*, which began there Oct. 22, '79. An adv. of that date described the *Athletic World* (pub. by E. W. Allen, 11 Ave Maria Lane, London, $4) as "a representative weekly of bicycling and kindred sports"; also a 25 c. pamphlet by the same publisher: "How I Cured Myself of Nervousness, by Clericus,"—the "simple means of restoration" being presumably a bicycle. An adv. of Dec., '81, mentioned *Ixion* (12 c.) as "a new illust. monthly," issued from the *Bi. Times* office; though it began in Jan., '75, if I am to believe a chronicler (*Wheel World*, Mar., '85, p. 412) who says, "*Ixion* was the first cycling monthly and had but a short life." On the same authority, "the *Bicycle Rider's Magazine* was begun in June, '76, and ed. by T. Francis Garrett, a somewhat erratic medico, who preferred practicing with his pen, instead of in the orthodox manner, and whose attempts at facetiousness were particularly extraordinary." Perhaps there were two *Ixions*,—the "short-lived" one of '75, and the "new" and not long-lived one of '81. On this theory, I infer that the longest-lived of all the dead was the *Bicycle Journal*, which C. E. Pratt's list of Mar., '79, notes as "a 12 p. weekly, sm. 4to, making a specialty of racing news and selling

for a penny"; because he records that an annual called "the Bicycle" was issued from its office, 14 St. Bride st., Ludgate Hill, from '74 to '78. As this weekly presumably preceded the annual, it must have begun fully two years earlier than the *Bi. News*, which is the oldest cycling journal now living, and it may not have died until some years later than '79.

The competition of younger and more enterprising sheets seems to have brought the *Bi. News* itself to the very verge of the grave, when, in the autumn of '85, its original publisher and proprietor, Benj. Clegg, of 13 York st., Covent Garden, sold it to the Iliffes (*Wheeling* named $250 as the rumored price), who have since issued it from their London office, 98 Fleet st.,—beginning the new series, Oct. 9, '85, as "Vol. XI., No. 1," though the tenth annual vol. would not regularly have ended until Dec. 25. James Inwards was editor from Jan. 7, '76, till Oct., '82; then Tom Moore (who had been his assistant from Mar., '81) till Dec. 30, '84; then Harry Hewitt Griffin, till the change in ownership; since when he has conducted "the Club Chronicle, a permanent 8 p. supplement to the *B. N.*, for intercommunication between club members and the general public." The main paper, "edited by Lacy Hillier," has 12 pp. of letterpress (8 by 12 in., triple columns) and an outer advertiser of 8 pp.; and I think its typographic appearance rather neater than that of the other weeklies. Like them, it sells for 2 c.; though the price of the old *B. N.*, which had only 16 pp. (incl. 4 adv. pp.), was 4 c. Its date continues Friday, as from the outset. "Most valuable part is its correspondence" was C. E. Pratt's judgment of it in '79, when he called the *Bicycling Times and Touring Gazette* "particularly good for club doings and portraits of cycling celebrities, with sketches" (began May, '77, at East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars st.; weekly, 6 c., 20 pp. incl. 10 adv. pp.). I infer that its editors were C. W. Nairn and C. J. Fox, as they edited the "Bicycle Annual for '77" and following years, which was issued from the same office; and the *Cycling Times* is still printed and published there, every Tuesday, by the proprietor, H. A. Barrow, with Mr. Fox as editor, though his name is not announced. I do not know just when the "*Bi.*" was knocked off from its title; but a sub-head proclaims the fact that it is a continuation of the *B. T. & T. G.*, and also of the Newcastle monthly, *Cycling*. It now has 24 pp. (8½ by 13 in.), the outer half of them being adv.; and calls itself "an independent review of the sport and trade,—cycling events, topics, inventions, communications, and subjects of collateral interest." An adv. of '79 for American subscriptions to the *Times*, at $3.50 (and for purchasers of the "Sporting Annual for '79," at 50 c.) named Etherington & Co. as the publishers; and I presume the head of the firm may have been the same H. E. (b. Aug. 27, '55) whose career is sketched on pp. 546-9 *ante*, though no mention is there made of any such early connection with journalism. He says, rather, as if telling of a first attempt, "It was in '80 that I started the *Wheel World*, with G. Lacy Hillier; ran it with great success for 18 mos., then sold it well to Iliffe & Son, and contracted an agreement to publish it and the *Cyclist* at their offices, 152 Fleet st., for the London district. I did well by both journals, but in May, '84, dissolved all connection with the Iliffes, and started the weekly, *Wheeling*." I think that, at about this time, he may also have pub. the *Sporting Mirror*, which was dated from No. 152; and that the new London office of the Iliffes, at 98 Fleet st., was put in charge of Harry A. Judd (b. Aug. 16, '57), the present editor of their *Wheel World*, by whom the first 2 eds. of Sturmey's "Indispensable" had been pub., at Weymouth, in '78 and '79, with other books before mentioned.

"Edited by William McWilliam & Harry Etherington" was a phrase in the writers' facsimile autograph, printed beneath the large-script title, *Wheeling*, from the 1st to the 27th number of that Wednesday weekly (Apr. 30 to Oct. 29, '84); then the former withdrew, to accept a private secretaryship offered by the proprietor of the Rudge cycle works, and H. E.'s signature appeared alone until the 91st issue (though Tom Moore was his assistant during '85); while since Jan. 13, '86, the autographic style has been: "edited by Wm. McCandlish & F. Percy Low," surmounting the legend, in black capitals: "Sole Proprietor, Harry Etherington." The latter's visit to America in '79 somehow suggested to him the title (which seems to me by far the happiest one yet hit upon in the entire cycling press), but the existence of *Wheeling* itself is due to Mr. McWilliam, "who," said H. E., in parting with him, "persistently worried me into it, and I thank him most sincerely for his perseverance. But for him, I doubt whether I should have

essayed to rival the paper I had previously published." This was the *Cyclist*, issued every Wednesday since Oct. 22, '79, of which I have given some account on p. 548. It was at that time undoubtedly the most prosperous journal in the trade,—the issues of June 4 and 11, '84 (which are the latest ones I 've seen), each having 40 adv. pp., with central letterpress of 20 pp. and 26 pp. respectively, double-columns, as meat for the "sandwich"; and "all for a penny." Its sub-title is "Bicycling and Tricycling Trades' Review," and its final line reads thus: "Printed and pub. for the proprietors, W. I. Iliffe & H. Sturmey, by Iliffe & Son, 12 Smithford st., Coventry." Mr. S. is named as provincial editor, and C. W. Nairn as editor for the London district. The *Wheel World*, illust. monthly, with the same editors and publishers, is adv. as "companion magazine to the *Cyclist*"; and from July, '82, until Oct., '85, the Iliffes also issued (Fridays, 4 c.) the *Tricyclist*, "devoted to the sport, the pastime and the trade; edited by Lacy Hillier".

This had 12 to 16 pp. of neatly-printed letterpress, same size as *Bi. News* but double-columned, and an outer advertiser of 8 or 10 pp.; and I think that A. J. Wilson (see p. 534 for biog.) was employed as a regular contributor or assistant ed., though his name was not printed as such. Thus, "the Coventry ring" possessed the field, with these three eminently respectable trade-circulars of the "heavy literary" sort, when their quondam partner audaciously projected *Wheeling*, and sought to win a foothold for it by forcing as pointed a contrast as possible in regard to "style." He chopped everything up into short paragraphs, excluded all elaborate racing and touring reports, offered money prizes for brief articles on current topics, printed autographs and portraits, and adopted a "slap-bang, hurrah-boys," unconventional form of editorial expression, garnished with an abundance of that well-known sort of "American slang" which is never used in America. He was rewarded for this by immediate success, to which "the Coventry ring" promptly bore testimony by starting an imitation weekly (Friday, Oct. 7, '84), *Wheel Life*, "the cyclists' society paper, edited by W. McCandlish." It had 16 pp., the same size as *Wheeling* (9 by 13 in.), but better printed, with a supplementary "cartoon sheet" and only a few advertisements; whereas *Wheeling* had 12 adv. pp. in addition to 12 pp. of letterpress between them. *Wheel Life* devoted innumerable paragraphs and articles to ridicule and abuse of *Wheeling*, though without printing its name (and the latter adopted the same rule in its retorts, and also refrained from printing the names *Cyclist* and *Tricyclist*, and even the word, "cyclist"); but, nevertheless, *Wheel Life* and the *Tricyclist* both "lost money for their owners with great hebdomadal regularity," until, in the early autumn of '85, the Iliffes gave up all hope of trying to "run out" the hated interloper, and adopted a more prudent way of lessening the competition in an overcrowded field. In preference to a flat admission of defeat, they bought up the moribund *Bi. News*, as before related, for the sake of "consolidating" their two unfortunate ventures under the title of that "oldest cycling paper, estab. 1876," whose full heading now reads thus: "*Bicycling News and Tricycling Gazette* with which are incorporated the *Tricyclist* and '*Wheel Life*' (with Club Chronicle)." The phrase "edited by Lacy Hillier & W. McCandlish" was shortened to include L. H. alone when W. McC. withdrew, in less than three months, to become editor of *Wheeling*, taking with him F. Percy Low and E. A. Lloyd, of the *Bi. News* staff, and leaving there H. H. Griffin, A. J. Wilson, A. G. Morrison (see p. 535) and H. G. Kelly, who had worked for one or another of the three old papers. A portrait and brief sketch of W. McCandlish (b. Oct. 14, '60), appeared in *Bi. World* (Mar. 5, '86, p. 305), showing that he was born in Belleville, Canada, of Scotch parents, and that he uses "Agonistes" and "Junius Junior" for press signatures. His associate, F. Percy Low (b. Dec. 9, '61), is a native of London, and I think that "The Octopus" is a pen-name which belongs to him. His predecessor as "joint ed. of *Wheeling*," during '85, was Tom Moore (b. June 30, '60), who also preceded him as ed. of *Bi. News*, '81-4, and whose portrait and biog. appeared in *Wheeling*, Dec. 31, '84, when he began with that paper a year's engagement. In the course of this, he often used the signatures "Ubique," "The O'Flanigin" and "The Man with the Gimlet Eye"; and since Feb. 3, '86, he has been ed. of the *Tricycling Journal*, "the representative tri-newspaper; also devoted to amateur photography and kindred subjects; printed and pub. every Wednesday by Chas. Cordingley, Hammersmith Printing

Works, London, W." The latter's letter to me, May 27, '84, said: "The *T. J.* was estab. in May, '81; is ed. by Chas. Cordingley, and pub. by Cordingley & Sharp (20 pp., 8½ by 11 in.);" but the title-page of Vol. 1 reads thus: "*The Tricycling Journal and Manufacturers' Advertiser;* the Tricyclists' Advertiser, Vade Mecum and Guide to Cycling; June 15 to Dec. 7, '81; London: pub. by Alfred Gibbons, 172 Strand." Announcement was made July 15, '85, that C. Cordingley, jr., had assumed the editorship; and I suppose he succeeded his father then and held the place until Feb., '86. The ed. of the Photo. Dept. is Caleb B. Smith; and communications with reference to it should be addressed to him at 358 Coventry Road, Birmingham. Of the paper's 20 pp., 8 outside and 2 or 3 inside are given to adv.; and the outer sheet, which has an engraved heading more ornate than attractive (though by no means as ugly as the headings of the *Cyclist*, *Cycling Times* and *C. T. C. Gazette*), was formerly of colored paper,—blue, yellow, pink, and the rest. Much of its matter is reprint. The price has been 2 c., uniformly from the outset. *Teaparty Journal* is a nickname often applied to it by writers in other papers.

"This magazine has incomparably the largest and most *bona fide* circulation of any wheel paper in the world." Such is the legend printed at the top of each advertising page in the *Monthly Gazette and Official Record* of the Cyclists' Touring Club (founded Aug. 5, '78, as B. T. C.), whose 21,000 members receive it in part return for their annual dues (62 c., payable before Dec. 31, besides the first entrance fee of 25 c.). There are 20 adv. pp., of pink paper, in the issue of May, '86, which is called "New Series, Vol. V., No. 5," and 48 pp. of letterpress, 7 by 9½ in., in double columns; though I think the average number is somewhat less, since Vol. II., ending with Dec., '83, shows only 404 pp. *Monthly Circular* was the name adopted at the start (Oct., '78), and retained, I presume, until the end of the "first series,"—say Sept., '81. Indexes have been compiled only for the two latest vols., '84-'85, and are obtainable at 6 c. each. The back numbers of '84-'86 may all be had for 12 c. each, those of '83 for 18 c., of '82 for 25 c., of '81 for 50 c., and most of the earlier ones for 62 c. The *Gazette* is "printed for and published under official authority by E. R. Shipton, secretary and editor, at the chief offices of the club, 139-140 Fleet st., London." His portrait and biography appeared in *Wheel World* of June, '84, and in *Wheeling*, Dec. 10, '84; and his reply to my own enquiry as to personal wheeling statistics was printed thus (Apr., '86, p. 155): "You have received the family pedigrees of so many other nonentities on this side the water that we beg you to excuse our figuring in the list in the work you are compiling. We understand we were born on the 10th of April—our critics naturally believe it was the 1st—and that is enough for us." His offer to exchange photographs with members of the club (first pub. in Sept., '82) has brought upwards of 1200 responses; and the names of those added to his collection are printed in each monthly issue. He was a rider of the bone-shaker as far back as '68, helped originate the B. T. C. in '78, and became secretary-editor in Sept., '81 (at a salary of $1250, afterwards raised to $1500), when I think the new series of *Gazette* was begun. For some time previously, it had been issued as a supplement to *Cycling*, whereof his official predecessor, W. D. Welford, was editor, as before related. The correspondence and editorials of the *Gazette* always contain much matter of interest to touring wheelmen outside of England (as well as "much trash of doddering faddists," as the rival papers say); and I recommend all such tourists, as a simple means of getting a good representative trade-journal from that country at the least possible expense, to join the C. T. C. Every club library should take pains to procure the two indexes and "renewal-lists," for binding up with the *Gazettes* of '84-5, even if it cannot afford a complete set of the earlier vols.

Such libraries should also secure the present series of *Wheel World* (48 to 56 pp., 12 c.), "the only illust. monthly mag. of cycling," for the Iliffes offer its bound vols., cloth and gilt, at $2 each —the 1st, from July, '83, to June, '84, "containing 600 pp., 13 full-page portraits, and numerous smaller pictures"; and the 2d, from July, '84, to June, '85, "containing 558 pp., 13 portraits, 13 cycling scenes and 13 hill sections." The third year of the series, ending with July, '86, has been divided into semi-annual vols., "3" and "4," whose price, bound, I do not know. They have a page of the same size as *Outing's*, and a cover whose design differs from that of the two previous years, when the page was ½ in. wider. Both covers were drawn by Geo. Moore, as well as nearly all the pictures. He also supplied most or all of the 17 cartoons which decorated

Wheel Life; and the Iliffes offered (Nov., '85) the bound vol. of this (boards and cloth back, 388 pp.) for 94 c. They offered for $2.80 each the 2d and 3d vols. of *Tricyclist*, for years ending July, '84, and July, '85, bound in cloth and gilt, 790 pp. each; also, in same style, for $1.94, the 5th vol. of *Cyclist*, for year ending Oct., '84, 1000 pp. I presume that the 6th vol. is procurable at the same rate, and that all these journals are provided with title-pages and alphabetical lists of contents, the same as the *Wheel World*, and the semi-annual vols. of *Wheeling*. No names of eds. have been printed with the monthly issues of *W. W.*, I think, and none appeared upon the title-page of Vol. 3, whose ed. was really H. A. Judd; though the title-pages of the 2 previous vols. said: "Edited by H. Sturmey & C. W. Nairn." I have never seen a copy of *W. W.'s* first series, under H. Etherington and G. L. Hillier, but suppose it began in July, '80 (see p. 548), and had a smaller page and a more free-and-easy style. Such, at least, are the characteristics of the *W. W.'s* "Christmas annual of '80," a shilling 8vo, called "Icycles," with advertisements sandwiched thickly among its 224 pp. of paragraphs and stories and rough wood-cuts. As to the present series of *W. W.*, judging from the half-dozen specimens which have come to me, I should say that its lithographs and smaller pictures are distinctly inferior to the best of the illustrations which adorned the 15 numbers of Boston's *Wheelman* ('82-3); that its typography is less elegant, though clearer than that of any other English trade-journal; and that its average literary quality is, at best, no higher than the *Wheelman's*. In London, as in Boston, the editor of such an affair has a hard struggle to get enough suitable material from amateurs, and is constantly tempted to admit their "love stories," "poetry" and other trash, no matter how forced or flimsy its pretended relationship to "the wheel." I am afraid, too, that *W. W.* sometimes fails to accredit the original source of reprinted articles; and I can testify that my own contributions to it have been carefully "edited from Coventry," to the extent of printing "cycling" in place of "wheeling" which I wrote,—lest the appearance of that word should help to advertise the hated weekly, *Wheeling*. With all its faults, however, I should say that *W. W.* offers an American a smaller proportion of matter necessarily uninteresting to him, because of its merely personal and local significance, than any of the weekly trade-circulars; and I should recommend him to spend $1.50 for it rather than $2 for a weekly. I do not think, though, that *W. W.* is worth twice as much to him as the *Gazette* which he can secure by paying 75 c. to the C. T. C.

"The *Cyclist* and *Wheel World* Annual" (Iliffes, Jan., '84; demy 8vo, 250 pp., 30 c.; ed. by C. W. Nairn and H. Sturmey) was said to contain "the fullest statistical information concerning the racing of the past season; and over 500 illust. of the clubs of the world and their badges." It was out of print in Dec., when a similar book was announced in press for Jan., '85. Perhaps another appeared in '86; and there may have been earlier eds., as a sort of continuation of the "Bicycle Annual," put forth by the same Mr. N. from the *Bi. Times* office, '77 to '79 or later. In another sense, those supposed earlier eds. may have been a substitute for the *W. W.'s* Christmas "Icycles," whereof a second issue possibly appeared in '81. I presume that nearly all the other trade-circulars, living and dead, have habitually offered "special features" at Christmas time, after the custom of English weeklies in general; but I think no previous issue approached in elaborateness "Our Camp, the '84 Christmas Number of the *Cyclist*" (82 pp. and 57 adv. pp., 30 c.), with ornate cover, lithographed in gilt and colors, three double-page cartoon supplements (portraying racers, legislators and exhibitors; "see key in *W. W.* for Jan."), and 86 smaller cuts, drawn by G. Moore. This seems to have been a great success, for the copy which came to me in Mar. was marked "3d ed." The similar issue for '85 was called "The Great S——, or, A Journey through Cyclonia" (98 pp. and 61 adv. pp.—the latter of greenish paper, scattered throughout the book and cheapening its appearance), whose adv. says: "The illust. are far in advance of anything ever before attempted; the inventive genius of the authors being splendidly carried into effect by the facile pencil of G. Moore, who supplies 14 full page lithographs, comically depicting all manner of cycling episodes, and many smaller illust., including 43 portraits of typical racing cyclists, introduced as center-pieces of 43 medals of different designs. The text abounds in wit, humor, fun, satire, in both prose and verse; and there are two original cycling songs set to music, either of which is alone worth more

than the cost of the book, while 'Fadkiel's Comic Kalendar for '86' must not be missed by anybody fond of a hearty laugh." The joint authors of these two annuals are A. J. Wilson and A. G. Morrison (see p. 534), who say that "no previous attempt had been made to raise such pubs. out of the region of scrappy amateur literature, and give a connected narrative dealing with the various phases of cycling. All the detached contributions to this have been signed by their respective writers, as follows: 'Auphside Crank,' 'Junius Junior,' F. P. Low, 'Kris Marlowe,' 'P. B.' and 'Frank Severn.'" Accepting their work, therefore, as the best specimen of "funny business" which the printing-press of the cycling trade in England has been able to produce, it has a sort of independent value to the American student of social science, as a sign of the intellectual ideal possessed by the class of people among whom it is popular. The pp. are of same size as *Cyclist's* (8 by 11 in.), though numbered separately; and the sale of such large and expensive books for a shilling, like the sale of the weekly *Cyclist* for a penny, would not be possible except for the vast bulk of tradesmen's handbills attached thereto.

The same may be said of the "*Wheeling* Annual for '85-6," same price, whose typography and size of page (9 by 13 in.) correspond to the weekly issue, and whose tables of racing records are lifted therefrom, with chronology and other statistical matter. A half-dozen lithographed pp., showing 30 portraits of wheelmen, are the notable feature of this annual, though its cover is called "the most elegant ever produced in connection with the sport, by an American artist." The likenesses include those of the following press-men: H. Etherington and W. McWilliam, of *Wheeling;* T. Moore, of *Tri. Journal;* G. L. Hillier, of *Bi. News;* C. W. Nairn, of *Cyclist*, "the best-hearted rider in England"; C. J. Fox, of *Cycling Times;* C. H. Larette, of *Athletic News;* G. Atkinson, of *Sporting Life;* and H. E. Ducker, of *Wheelmen's Gazette;* also 17 English racers, and these 4 Americans: G. M. Hendee, E. P. Burnham, Dan Canary and J. S. Prince. *Wheeling's* first "Annual" (Nov., '84, 25 c.) was adv. as "the best wheel Xmas no. ever pub.; $400 value in prizes given away to holders of its coupons," and had no less than 170 titles of sketches, poems and essays. I suppose these were of the sort which the eds. of the Iliffes' rival annual stigmatize as "scrappy amateur literature"; and, though the collection had a very large sale (helped perhaps by the trick of stealing a month's march on "Our Camp," in respect to priority of publication), the success of the latter no doubt decided H. E. against making another resort to the scrap-basket, and led him to base his second "Annual" on the lithographer's stone instead. A third issue of some sort may be expected in due time, as shown by the following "notice," enclosed with *Wheeling* of July 14, '86, in place of the promised "art supplement": "We have to claim the indulgence of our subscribers in connection with this matter. We find that the supply of old plates worthy of reproduction has come to an end, and at the same time we doubt whether our readers would enjoy a constant supply of the same thing. Portraits of well-known wheelmen are played out, the line having been done to death, and pictorial cartoons depicting nothing in particular, and that as through a glass dimly, we cannot patronize. We are consequently at our wits' end, and propose to dispense with the supplements in future, and shall, in order to compensate them for any disappointment, place all our subscribers on the free list of our Christmas Number. Should any subscriber demur or feel aggrieved at this arrangement, we shall be happy to return him the balance of his subscription upon hearing from him." This amusing revelation of the hard struggle which the London editors have, in trying to outbid each other with "new and attractive features," alludes to *Wheeling's* offer of a monthly picture for each mail-subscriber, but not for casual purchasers at the stands. Four of these supplements were reprints of cartoons concerning the bone-shaker of 1819; and a fifth was the "*Wheeling* Waltz, by H. E." (12 pp., 10 by 14 in., 50 c. if bought of B. Williams, 19 Paternoster Row), "dedicated to the C. T. C., L. A. W., and N. C. U." At the end of '84, *Wheeling* had an advertiser of 12 pp., with 12 pp. of reading matter inside; a year later, the adv. had grown to 22 pp.; and since then, under H. E.'s undivided attention, it has regularly had 32 pp. (with 14 pp. of reading), and on one special occasion went up to 60 pp. The published rate per page is $20, and the circulation 10,000 copies. The *Cyclist* asks the same rate, and claims a "circulation of 30,000 per month, or more than that of all other cycling journals combined." In June, '84, it regularly had 35 to 40 adv. pp., and I do not know that *Wheeling's*

success has reduced their number. The *C. T. C. Gazette* says, loftily (Feb., '86, p. 43): "There are papers which exist solely by reason of the misrepresentation and effrontery of their proprietors, but no one has yet had the courage to point to them by name. The reason is obvious—the mere statement of the facts by an interested party would, in all probability, be deemed libelous, and few would care to be involved in a law suit with unscrupulous and penniless opponents. We shall, however, be much mistaken if the present enquiry—supplemented by revelations which are to follow—does not exhibit a hopelessly rotten state of affairs in cycling journalism. Whatever may be the result, however, the *Gazette* will be affected not a tittle. It has a *bona fide* distribution at the present moment of over 21,000, a number which completely swamps any of its compeers, and we can, therefore, await the verdict with equanimity." As there can be no doubt about the 21,000 members of C. T. C., the *Cyclist's* estimate would leave only 9000 a month for its four weekly competitors and *W. W.*, or say an average circulation for each of about 500 copies! Perhaps, though, it refuses to class the *Gazette* as a "journal."

The present editors of *Wheeling* announced, in taking control (Jan. 13, '86), that the proprietor had offered the position of joint ed. to each of them, in succession, 15 months earlier; that they joined the Iliffes' *Wheel Life* adventure, in the belief that it offered a better chance of stability; that, after the failure of this, their positions on the *Bi. News* were not altogether agreeable; that, as *Wheeling* had meantime become an established success, they accepted its owner's second proposal to take it in hand (their satirical attacks upon him having been understood, on both sides, to be "mere matters of business"); that their exodus from the "Coventry ring" was attended with the utmost good feeling on the part of every one except Lacy Hillier; and that they hoped hereafter to "act in friendly concert with the *Cyclist* and *Bi. News* both." In the introduction to the new series of the latter (Oct. 9, '85), a harsher policy had been proclaimed, thus: "We shall consider it our duty to the sport to point out, pillory, and pelt to the best of our ability the bad form, bad English, bad blood, and bad faith which, we unhesitatingly state, must, in the long run, if allowed to flourish unchecked as though tacitly acquiesced in, make cycling a sport which no man with the slightest pretensions to the description of 'gentle' can allow his name to be connected with. The abuses of wheel life shall feel the lash if the right hands of the *Bicycling Newsmen* have not lost the cunning enabling them to curl the quivering thong with a hiss in the all-too-deserving flesh—a bloodthirsty sentence, but the hopes of cycling salvation lie in the application of the lancet, and why should physicians hesitate?" The writer of these curious phrases seems not to have accepted the peaceful overtures of his former associates, for they say of him (*Wheeling*, Mar. 8, '86, p. 347): "The state of the cycling press just now is in many respects scandalous, and while we are ready at any time to hold out the right hand of fellowship to our contemporaries, and close the long-standing war, we must, of course, baited as we are by semi-authorized touts, and sneered at as 'sham cyclists,' etc., carry out a policy of reprisals, though it is distinctly not our wish to do so. Hence we may mention that the editors of *Wheeling* were active members of the Lombard B. C. when the great and practical Lacy Hillier was breeding cocks and hens and selling eggs in the good town of Chichester, where he was not thought to be nearly so big a gun as he has educated the public hereaway to consider him." Again (June 29, '86, p. 165): "This embodiment of egregious vanity, who, because he won championships in a second-rate year, continually, and years after, thrusts the fact down our throats, thought proper to refer to the private affairs of a set of men who chose to remain in their hotel instead of swaggering about Weston and playing the cheap showman. Because a few men chose to play cards with their own money in their own apartments, and to bet among themselves about the results of the racing, Sir Pecksniff, who earns part of his living on the Stock Exchange where the widow and the orphan fall victims to the 'bull' and the 'bear,' publicly raises his hands, and thanks high heaven that he is not as these men are." Still further (July 14, '86; p. 210): "We, on this paper, do not, we hope, profess much. We were n't champions in '81, and we 're only ordinary people in '86. We don't mind if other people please themselves as to how they spend their leisure time and spare money, but at the same time we don't run out a platform from the window of a stockbroker's office and denounce gambling, nor do we print without protest advertisements which we and all the world

know to be untrue. We leave that to the practical, the pure, and the Pecksniffian." A week later (p. 246), *Wheeling* reprinted the following commentary on this sort of talk, from a letter in *Land and Water:* "For acrimony and bitterness, commend me to cyclists. The special press which represents their interests is probably the smartest and most personal manipulation the spirit of journalism has assumed as yet on this side of the Atlantic. The various papers—and their number is as great as their lives are short—positively live upon each other's short-comings. The kingdom of the cyclist is one of unending civil war, and its various generals, to judge them out of their own mouths, interestingly eccentric individuals." Similar was the condemnation uttered in *C. T. C. Gazette* (Mar., '86), by J. R. Hogg, who watched the rivals of the "Coventry ring" and the "*Wheeling* crew" at the N. C. U. meeting, where he attempted to have the amateur definition abolished: "The state of amateurism may be bad; but the state of affairs between the newspapers is contemptible and disgusting." As *Wheeling* has chanced to make a happy hit in favoring America (see p. 547), the *Bi. News* goes to the other extreme and courts tory popularity by speaking with hostility and ridicule of this country. As all the other editors have subscribed for this book of mine, and have commended the "international" quality of it, and as *Wheeling* has taken the lead in drumming up English subscribers for me, the *Bi. News* has held aloof with disdain, sneering at the scheme as a catchpenny trick of a tiresome Yankee adventurer, who probably carries dynamite in his pockets, if the truth could be known. As *Wheeling* likes to pose for a "friend of democracy and equal rights," so it likes to taunt the *Bi. News* as a "toady to the Established Church and the aristocracy." This fact (like the curious interest which C. T. C. officers show in getting a few pence knocked off from country tavern bills) seems to me a significant token that the "heavy swells" of England have thus far given very little recognition to cycling. Americans of that stripe have certainly had nothing to do with it yet, though they are very quick to imitate the fashions of their London originals. What I have said on p. 446 *et seq.*, about the phenomenal obtrusiveness of the struggle to "get on" in England, could have no more perfect illustration than is given by its cycling journalism.

"The official organ of the Irish Cyclists' Association" is the *Irish Cyclist and Athlete*, "a fortnightly record of the sport and trade of bicycling and tricycling, edited in Dublin and the provinces." It is pub. on alternate Wednesdays by J. G. Hodgins, of Tralee (4 c. or $1.35), and dates from May 20, '85. The second half of the title was assumed later than the 4th number, which is the only specimen that has reached me, and which consists of 16 pp., 8 by 11 in., half given to adv. Its editor's address is 40 Lower Sackville st., Dublin; and I learn from *Wheeling's* congratulatory remark about the "sixpenny Christmas number" that his name is R. J. McCredy. The *Irish Cycling & Athletic Journal* (begun at Dublin in Nov., '85) I presume is a penny weekly; and I find in *Wheeling* of Aug. 4, '86, an allusion to *Irish Cycling & Athletic News*, though whether this is an old or new rival to the *Journal*, or a successor of it, I do not know. Older than either of these is *Sport* (2 c.), pub. Saturdays, at 83 Middle Abbey st., Dublin. The *Scottish Umpire & Cycling Mercury* (2 c.), pub. Wednesdays by Hay, Nisbet & Co., at Stockwell st., Glasgow, calls itself "the best adv. medium in Scotland for the trade," and allows about a quarter of its space to wheel matters; while the *Scottish Athletic Journal* gives them much less prominence. *Sports & Play* (begun Feb., '86, at 159 Edmund st., Birmingham) was welcomed by *Wheeling* as far superior to the long-named *Star* which made a vain appeal to the cyclers of that town, some years ago. *Illustrated Sports* is adv. as "the largest and cheapest illust. sporting monthly" (2 c.), being a sort of elaborate circular for proclaiming the goods of Goy, 21 Leadenhall st., London; and the numerous sporting weeklies of that city of course "recognize" the wheel, after their several fashions.

"Under the Southern Cross" was the title of an article, by Thomas A. Edwards, of Melbourne, Vict. (*Wheelman*, Feb., '84, pp. 355-8), which first gave Americans a clear idea of wheeling affairs on the island-continent beyond the Pacific, though E. H. Burn had previously told something about the wheel in New Zealand (Aug., '83, p. 333). Mr. E. was the editor of the earliest paper, the *Bicycle* (8 pp.), which appeared on 18 alternate Fridays, Jan. 19 to Sept. 14, '82, and then gave way to the *Australian Bicycling News* (12 pp.), which had been pub. on the same Fridays, beginning with May 11, and which has continued ever since as a fortnightly.

The "*Bi*" was cut from its title, however, Aug. 16, '83, when a new series was begun (16 pp.), and a transfer of ownership made from "the A. B. N. Co." to W. H. Lewis, whose name has ever since stood at the head as editor. His predecessor was not announced, but was generally supposed to be H.C. Bagot, local agent for the Coventry firm of Singer & Co. The heading says: "An impartial organ of the sport, the pastime and the trade; subscribed to by cyclists throughout the Australian colonies, and circulating largely in all up-country towns of any size; distributed gratis to the principal libraries, reading-rooms, hotels, etc., throughout the colonies." The price is 6 c. a copy or $1.87 a year to any part of Victoria; $2 a year elsewhere. The heading exhibits three groups of cyclers, and is followed by adv., to which 5 or 6 later pp. are given (8 x 11 in.), the rates per year, 9 mos., 6 mos. and 3 mos. being as follows: $250; $200, $150 and $90; ½ p. for similar periods: $150, $125, $90 and $50; ¼ p. for similar periods; $79, $65, $47 and $25. H. R. Reynolds's London tract on "Road Repairs" (4 pp., 85th thousand), with a special heading "To Victorian Rate-payers," was circulated as a supplement to the *News* of Feb. 13, '86,—its editor having become a candidate for the vacancy in the Melbourne City Council,—and the issue of May 22 contained a call from the "cyclists' committee, formed to improve the opportunity to make a bid for themselves, and cause their influence to be felt in behalf of better highways," saying: "Roll up and support Lewis, the proper repair of the roads and the progress of the wheel." Whatever the result may have been, this attempt at really practical politics seems significant and suggestive. The *News* is printed by C. Troedel & Co., and its office is at 47 Queen st. The *Melbourne Bulletin*, the *Australasian*, and the *Sportsman* each have a weekly department of cycling,—"Ollapod" (T. A. Edwards) having contributed 2 or 3 columns of matter to each issue of the former since the autumn of '82. "The Australian Cyclists' Annual," by J. P. Russell (Melbourne, Dec., '83; 60 pp., 25 c.) was mildly welcomed, as "the pioneer book from that region, of use and interest to beginners" by *Cyclist*, June 11, '84; but a local writer calls it "too English; for it lacks to a distressing extent in information pertaining to the wheel in Australia." *Australian Sports and Pastimes*, "edited by H. Stewart Bale, manager of the Melbourne Sports Depôt," appeared in Dec., '84, but was a mere give-away adv. circular, which never attained the dignity of a second issue. "Overland to Sydney on Cycles; by M. Thornfeldt; printed at the *News & Chronicle* office, Main st., Stawell," is the heading attached to a half-dozen single sheets, varying in size and undated, which came to me by Australian mail of Aug. 16, '86, and which were printed, on one side only, from columns of type used in six successive issues of that paper. The author, aged about 50, rode a tri., and his comrade (C. H. Lyne, of Ararat), a bi.; and the time of their tour was Mar. 8 to 24, '86. Though longer rides have been taken in Australia, I think no other has been reported at such length, for the story would make a good sized pamphlet, if recast in that form. "Rules and Regulations of the Melbourne B. C." ('83, 16 pp. neatly printed and leather bound) gives lists of officers and members, and also touring records of the latter and 100 m. runs. New South Wales was briefly represented in the field of cycling journalism by 7 issues of the *Australian Cyclist*, on alternate Fridays from May 16 to Aug. 8, '85 (16 to 24 pp., incl. 6 to 13 adv. pp.: 4 c.), ed. by J. Copland and pub. by the proprietor, P. Gornall, at the *Times* office, cor. Redfern and Botany sts., Redfern (a suburb of Sydney, the capital). New Zealand's only approach to the field is the *N. Z. Referee*, "a journal of sport, music and the drama" (12 pp., 6 c.), which has been pub. at Christchurch, on Fridays, since May, '84, with a regular column for cycling. Africa's sole contribution to my chapter takes the shape of this extract from *Wheeling* (Nov. 8, '85): "I have been reading in a Cape Town paper a report of a ride by two members of the Cape Town B. C., from their city to Port Elizabeth. They found poor roads but scenery magnificent beyond description. They kept a diary and intend publishing a detailed narrative in book form. This will follow somewhat the lines of Charles Hubbard's interesting account of a ride over the same route." [The *A. C. News* ceased pub. Sept. 25,'86. See pp. 558, 652.]

Continental Publications.

Of all the cycling prints outside the English language, the most important by far is the *Radfahrer* (begun July, '81; 16 to 20 pp. and 12 to 16 adv. pp., 8 by 10½ in., semi-monthly, $2),

whose guaranteed circulation is announced at the head of each issue. That of July, '86, with full-page picture of the French racers, Duncan, De Civry and Dubois, was 6900 copies, whereof 6271 went to members of the Deutcher Radfahrer-Bund (German Wheelmen's Union), whose official organ it is, and whose membership is said to increase 300 a month. The paper of June 1, '85, which is the latest one reaching me, had an ed. of 4400; that of Feb. 1, 3500, and even the latter was said to "exceed the combined circulation of all the other sporting sheets on the continent." The paper made 40 monthly issues as the *Velociped* ($1.25), ending with Dec., '84, and assumed its present name on becoming an organ, Jan. 1,'85. It has been ed. and pub. from the first at 18 Krausen st., Berlin, by T. H. S. Walker, Consul C. T. C., whose letters to me are fluently written in English, and whom I take to be an Englishman. He has also sent me "Velocipedisten-Jahrbuch, 1884" (pp. 160, 4 by 6 in., 4½ oz., cloth, 40 c.), whose first 76 pp. are ruled in blank for the keeping of a wheeling diary, and whose 20 adv. pp. are scattered among the statistics which follow. These show the names, dates and officers of clubs (alphabetized by towns), not only in Germany and Austria, but in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Switzerland and many other countries,—though the clubs of Eng. and the U. S. are called "too numerous for mention." There are officers' names of German and foreign Unions, with histories; German racing records and road-routes; a tabulated glossary of cycling terms in English, French and German; a list of German wheel literature; and a few short sketches of a humorous sort, in prose and verse. The 1st ed. was for '83 and had the same name; the 3d and 4th eds., for '85 and '86 (25 c.), have been called "Radfahrer's Jahrbuch." All four of these annuals contain the diary-blanks and are otherwise similar in contents but not identical. The fifth, for '87, will appear in Dec. An official "Handbook for Wheelmen along the Rhine" (Bonn: A. Kemmann; 40 c.), containing 38 touring routes, and many statistics about clubs, repair-shops and hotels, was welcomed in the *Radfahrer* of June 1, '85; and I judge it to be of about the size and shape of the "yearbook," just described. The latter's "literature list" mentions three other such books, and three papers besides the *Radfahrer*, thus: "Bundes-Almanach," pub. each Dec. by the German and German-Austrian Cycling Union (Munich: 4 Quai st.), at 25 c. to members who subscribe in advance, 37 c. to members who purchase, and 50 c. to non-members; "Handbuch des Bicycle-Sport," by Victor Silberer and Geo. Ernst (many illust.; $1.35), describing in detail the parts of the bicycle, with hints on learning to ride, and an essay on training; and "Bicycle-Buch," by Victor Silberer, pub. each Mar. (club lists and Union statistics, $1). The two latter are issued from the office of the *Allgemeine Sport-Zeitung* (Vienna: 17 Elizabeth st.), whereof Mr. Silberer is editor. This was started in '80, has 20 to 24 pp., appears every Thursday, is the official organ of many sporting associations and costs $7.50 a year. The German and German-Austrian Cycling Union (founded May 29, '82) began to pub. early in '83, the *Velocipedist* (Munich: 4 Quai st.; monthly, 12 pp., $1.10 to non-members), under the editorship of Carl Langer. The editor was to be elected yearly, and the paper was sent free to each member. This arrangement probably lasted till the end of '84, when the "organship" was given to the *Radfahrer*, which had previously been "organ of the North German Cycling Union (founded Oct. 22, '82)," though not in the sense of having each member for a subscriber. Perhaps the *Velocipedist* still flourishes, on a private basis, as its issue of Jan. 1, '85 (No. 1 of vol. 3, 8 pp., 9 by 12 in., $1.25), now lying before me, says: "pub. semi-monthly at 28 Fraunhofer st., Munich; F. M. Rittinger, editor." Of similar shape, but better printed and having 20 pp. (the last 4 pp. being adv., as in the previous case), is No. 1, or "trial number," of the *Velocipedsport*, dated Mar. 25, '85, at Berlin, and promising to appear on the 10th and 25th of each month, at $1.50. It is called "independent organ of the bi. and tri. sports interest, at home and abroad"; gives no name of editor or publisher, but is "printed at 30 Ross st., in behalf of A. Paritschke." Later numbers may have been issued, but I hardly suppose the paper is living now. It had an earlier existence at Strassburg (32 Alter Fischmarkt; 8 pp., semi-monthly, $1.50), beginning in Oct., '83, and lasting about a year. All these German journals have their headings illuminated by pictures of wheelmen, but none of them seem as well drawn as the title-vignette of the Hungarian "*Cyklista*, organ of the Cesky Klub Velocipedistu, pub. on the 15th of each month at Prague, No. 352 Smichov; Em. J. Schmied, editor." As the

number which reached me in Mar., '85, was the 6th of Vol. I., *Cyklista* doubtless began in Oct., '84; and it is so neatly printed (12 pp., 9 by 12 in.) that I wish it a very long life.

France, the true native land of cycling, now boasts of at least six towns where journals of the sport are regularly issued; and though its literature is less voluminous than England's, the chronology of it is more extensive,—representing almost every one of the 19 years, '68 to '86. "Le Vélocipède," pub. at Marseilles in '68, seems to have been the primary pamphlet of all, and it described the mechanics of the bone-shaker. Its author was A. Favre, of Voiron (Isère); and he issued, at Grenoble, from Jan. to June, '69, a monthly of the same name, the *Vélocipède*, the first journal of its sort in the world. (I say this in the belief that the 8 p. monthly, *Velocipedist*, pub. in N. Y. by Pickering & Davis, with W. Chester King as ed., did not come out until Feb., though perhaps one of its two numbers was dated Jan.) At Grenoble, also, in '69, A. Berruyer issued "Manuel du Véloceman," a 60 c. pamphlet, printed by F. Allier, 8 Grand st. At Paris, the *Vélocipède Illustré* put forth 162 numbers during the troublous years, '69, '70, '71 and '72 (*La Vitesse* being substituted as a title from No. 132 to No. 138). Its editor was L. G. Jacques, who also produced ('69; 20 c.) "Manuel du Vélocipède," a pamphlet of "etudes fantaisistes sur le bicycle," illust. by E. Benassit. This was pub. at the office of the *Petit Journal*, as were also the three annual issues, "Almanach des Vélocipèdes," for '69, and "Almanach du Vélocipède" for '70 and '71,—the latter being catalogued as "very rare." I presume Mr. Jacques may have edited the almanacs, for he blossomed out again in '72 as author of "Le Tour du Monde en Vélocipède" (2 vols., illust. by F. Regamey, $1.20); anticipating thus, in fiction, the actual "Around the World on a Bicycle" by Thomas Stevens. In '72, also, was pub. at Lyons, a little pamphlet by Marchegay: "Essai théorique et pratique sur le véhicule Bicycle." At Paris, in '69, appeared "Hygène du Vélocipède," by M. D. Pellencontre, edited by Richard, 11 Mazarine st.; and "Report of the Société Pratique du Vélocipède for '69"; and in '78, "Tricycle et Vélocipède à vapeur," by L. G. Perreaux, 8 Jean-Bart st.

In '74, there were pub. at Paris 33 weekly numbers of the *Vélocipède*, edited by B. Bonami, which was the third French journal of that name; and it was apparently the only one known in France during the interval between the death of its "*Illustré*" namesake in '72, and the establishment, in '80, of the *Sport Vélocipédique* (Paris: 111 Villiers av.; 12 pp., weekly, $2.40), managed by Henri Pagis, and named in '85 as "the official organ of the Union Vélocipédique de France." Next to it in age is the *Revue Vélocipédique*, which was mentioned in '83, as pub. in Paris, three times a month, at 114 boulevard National à Clichy (R. Rigoley, manager; E. Forestier, ed. in chief; $1), and in '84, as pub. at Rouen, "semi-monthly, but weekly during the riding season,"—the ed. retaining the same address in Paris, as before. I have received Nos. 90 to 97, dated Mar. 5 to Apr. 23, '85; and the inscription on them is: "Fourth year; pub. every Thursday, at $2, or 5 c. a copy; independent organ of French and foreign cycling clubs; F. Gebert, manager and publisher, at Rouen." The size is 11 by 15 in., and the pp. vary from 8 to 10,—the first and the last four being given to adv., of gigantic handbill type. Its appearance is inferior to that of any cycling journal in my collection, though I do not know whether the other French papers attempt a more elegant typography. I am not familiar enough with the language to say anything of its literary quality; but I see that much space is given to tours, inventions and practical information, as well as to race-reports, and I infer that gossip and short paragraphs may be made more prominent by its rivals. Lithographic supplements, called "Panthéon Vélocipédique," to its issues of Mar. 19 and Apr. 2 give portraits of Chas. Garrard (b. Nov. 12, '55, at London), racer and dealer, and of Adrian De Baroncelli (b. Apr. 5, '52, at Paris), tourist, author and publisher, of whom I shall speak later. Its issue of Jan. 22, '85, and many following dates contained: "Théorie du Vélocipède, by J. Macquorn Rankine, Prof. in the Univ. of Glasgow; translation of M. J. Viollet; reviewed by the Abbé Moigno." This is a learned treatise, with many mathematical formulæ; and De Baroncelli says ('84), "it was issued as a pamphlet, at Paris, in '70." If this date is not a misprint, the re-appearance of the matter as a serial, 15 years later, speaks well for its intrinsic merits as a mechanical essay on the two-wheeler. De B. also mentions ('83) the *Vélocipédie Illustrée*, as issued from the *Revue* office, at $1 a year; but I think it was short lived. The same office pub., early

in '84, "Almanach Illustré de la Vélocipédie pour '84"; and a similar one, a year later, for '85, the price of each being 30 c. I presume the '86 issue appeared duly, and that a fourth is in preparation for '87.

I have received from the author (who publishes the same at 18 Roquépine st., Paris), "Annuaire de la Vélocipédie Pratique," by A. De Baroncelli, Consul of C. T. C.; in 2 vols., 4½ by 7 in., bound in stiff paper and weighing 7 oz. each. The "First Year, 1883-4" (149 pp., 50 c.), appeared early in '83; the "Second Year, 1884-5" (167 pp., 55 c.), early in '84, and each have 30 adv. pp. of blue paper. The later book has for a chief title "Guide des Environs de Paris," and gives pp. 37-132 to 40 tabulated "routes for wheelmen,"—the introductory pp. being devoted to general information about roads, maps, r. r. and s. s. charges, distances, abbreviations and the like. Statistics of French and foreign clubs cover pp. 133-166; and the secretaries thereof are urged to send corrected lists of officers to the author, annually, not later than Feb. 1. The '83 book has a more varied contents: "practical information and advice for tourists" covering its first 57 pp.; then "routes" to p. 84; French club-lists to p. 105; facts about foreign clubs to p. 118; "bibliography, French and foreign," to p. 130, and racing records to p. 149. Much of the information in the first part of this '83 book was republished, two years later, revised and corrected, as a separate pamphlet (Jan., '85; 42 pp., 1 oz., no adv., 16 c.), "La Vélocipédie Pratique"; and the author mentions the existence of another one of the same name, by V. Léger (presumably pub. in Paris before '84); also "Le Guide en France," for the use of cyclers, as being "in preparation" by himself. The original title announced for this, when first planned in '83, was "Vade Mecum du Touriste Véloceman." I have not heard of the book's appearance, but I judge from the works before me that De Baroncelli is by all odds the most painstaking and "practical" writer who has yet attempted to popularize road-riding in France; and I should like to urge all Americans who may intend to wheel there, that they buy his books and study them in advance. No matter how great their ignorance of the language, they cannot fail to dig out information enough for doubly repaying the slight investment.

I am indebted to this fellow-compiler for most of the foregoing facts about the trade-literature of France, and to "Bibliopil" (*Velocipedsport*, Berlin, Mar. 25, '85, p. 11) for a list of its half-dozen existing trade-journals. Besides these, De B. catalogues the *Revue des Sports* (Paris: 28 Faubourg Montmartre; weekly, $2.40; F. Pagnioud, manager), though I suppose that cycling is only one feature of it; and the *Véloce*, begun as a monthly, Aug. 1, '82, at Pau (Basses-Pyrénées), whose manager, Tonnet, of Ecoles Pl., never issued No. 2. Pau, however, soon became the publication-place of the *Vélo Pyrénéen* (18 Cultivateurs st., 8 pp., 15th of each month, 80 c.), at end of '83 or beginning of '84, and I suppose it is still issued there. Another monthly, the *Véloceman*, "illust. mag. of the sport and trade," was begun at Montpellier (18 National st., 12 pp., $1.20), in Jan., '85, "upon the same lines as *Wheeling*, of London"; and it succeeded so well as to change to a semi-monthly on June 15,—retaining the same sub. price, but reducing that of single copies from 10 c. to 5 c. Its editor is Herbert O. Duncan (b. Nov., '62, at London), whose portrait appeared in the *Velocipedsport*, already quoted, with 3 pp. of biography; and it again appears, combined with heads of his fellow-racers, De Civry and Dubois, as a supplement to the *Véloceman* itself, Aug. 1, '86,—all three likenesses being called "very excellent" by *Wheeling*. Mr. Duncan is correspondent of several English and American sporting sheets. His partner, in founding the *Véloceman*, was L. Suberbie. A weekly, the *Véloce-Sport*, was begun at Bordeaux, Mar. 5, '85; was quoted from, two months later, and I presume still flourishes. At Le Mans (Sarthe), the "Legion Vélocipédique"—whose rooms are at 31 Republic Pl., and whose annual fee is 50 c.—sends a monthly organ, the *Vélo*, free to each member. Two weeklies which the *Revue* "recommends to cyclers" are the *Sport du Midi* (Bordeaux, 2 Cours de Gourgues, $2), and the *Tireur* (Paris, 12 St. George st., $1). A sketch of French cycling, from '67 to '74, was contributed by P. De Villers to the *Wheelman* of Jan. and Aug., '83 (pp. 307, 333); and an official road-book for the Union Vélocipédique de France was mentioned by the *Wheel*, of Mar. 5, '86, as in preparation by Mr. Jacquot.

The *Vélocipédie Belge* issued 21 semi-monthly numbers, in '81-2, at Brussels; and was followed, in Nov., '82, by a similar sheet, the *Véloce Belge* (45 Brouckère Pl., $1.30), whose title

was changed to *Journal des Sports*, on the 10th number. Its adv. of '84 named E. De Gline as ed., with office at 38 Boul. du Jardin Botanique. Perhaps it still flourishes; and so, I presume, does the *Cycliste Belge* of Louvain (18 Diest st., semi-monthly, $1.30), which began in Jan., '85, as "official organ of the Fédération Vélocipédique Belge." Three Italian towns belong on my list; for, in '83, the Véloce-Club du Rome issued an official organ, *Revista degli Sports* (125 via S. Maria Maggiore; 80 c.); and, at Leghorn, *Sport* was pub. by R. Basilone, of 2 Scali Manzino; while Turin now boasts of the *Revista Velocipedistica* (10 Corso S. Martino, illust. semi-monthly, $2), which finished its first year as a $1 monthly, not later than June, '84, when its manager was V. Fenoglio, and its chief editor C. Toscani, who, I suppose, are still in control, and still remain, as then, the only cycling journalists in Italy. "Statuto della Societa Ciclisti Itáliani," issued by the Turin Wheel Club, and exhibiting in 21 articles the objects, constitution and advantages thereof, was praised by *Wheeling* (Jan. 6, '85), as a "compact little thumb-book, of an excellence without parallel in England among wheel-club epitomes." A friend of mine who visited Christiania, Norway, in May, '84, found a cycling journal issued there, but failed to secure for me a specimen, or even its name. The Swedish wheelmen also have such a paper, *Tidning for Idrott*, pub. in Stockholm, at 13 Storkyrkobrinken, which the *Wheel* of Jan. 8, '86, noted as just begun; and I am told that the Spaniards support the *Velocipedo*, at Madrid. As for the Dutch, I have no later information than the following, which was written for me May 10, '84, by C. H. Bingham, an English resident of Utrecht, who is not only chief consul for Holland of the C. T. C., but also president of the Nederlandsche Velocipedistenbund (Dutch Cyclers' Union, founded July 1, '83): "The only cycling print in Holland is the *Maandblad*, a small monthly circular of official notices, which began in April. We have, however, pub. a map of the country, for tourists' use; and shall also pub., before this month closes, an official road-guide, containing descriptions of the surface of all our chief roads, with distances, names of hotels, smiths and cafés, and other information. This will be, I believe, the first official and complete route-book pub. in any country." (The "C. W. A. Guide" was really the first, having appeared before these words were written. See p. 330.) "Frankfort-on-Main is about to issue a new paper, the *Steel Wheel*," says the *C. T. C. Gazette* of Oct., '86.

General Guides.

Under this title, I hoped to specify many maps, hand-books, local histories and topographical publications which seem specially worth the attention of touring wheelmen, though designed for explorers in general; but as only a half-page remains to me, my list must be brief. First, for its newness, I name "The Book of Berkshire: describing and illustrating its hills and homes," by Clark W. Bryan (Great Barrington, Ms.: C. W. B. & Co., May, '86; 368 pp. and 30 adv. pp.; 40 illust.; 50 c. in paper covers, 75 c. in leatherette), which ought to be in the hands of every cycler proposing to visit that favorite touring-ground. It is accompanied by the excellent road-map of the county, and of northern Ct., which I have described on p. 112; and it gives the mileage of no less than 500 drives, starting from Pittsfield, Lenox, Stockbridge, Great Barrington, Sheffield, South Egremont, Adams, North Adams, Williamstown, Salisbury, Canaan and Norfolk. Early June and late Sept. are named as the best times for seeing the beauties of Berkshire. In nearly every public library may be found, "Picturesque America; or, the Land we Live In: a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists; edited by W. C. Bryant" (N. Y.: Appletons; 4to, I., '72, pp. 568; II., '74, pp. 576). There are some 60 chapters in this great work, supplied by 24 contributors, though its projector and real editor, O. B. Bunce, supplies 10. B. J. Lossing's "Field Book of the American Revolution" (N. Y.: Harpers, 8vo, '50, pp. 772, 842), and "Field Book of the War of 1812" ('68, pp. 1084), both profusely illustrated, are full of local lore for the tourist. The author drove his horse from N. Y. to S. C., 1400 m., and traveled 1400 m. further (Nov. 22, '48, to Feb. 4, '49), in visiting the battle-fields of 1777-81; and he also traveled 10,000 m. in collecting materials for his book of 1812.

XXXVIII.

THIS BOOK OF MINE, AND THE NEXT.

"But courage still! Without return or swerving, across the globe's huge shadow keep the track,
Till, unperceived, the slow meridian's curving, that leads thee onward, yet shall lead thee back,
To stand again with daybreak on the mountains, and, where the paths of night and morning meet,
To drink once more of youth's forgotten fountains, when thou hast put the world between thy feet."—*The Thankless Muse, by H. A. Beers.*

"MONEY" being a universal language, whose eloquence is appreciated even by the simplest and whose significance cannot be questioned even by the most sophistical, I aim to have the success of this book announced in golden letters large enough to be read by everybody. I argue that such sort of success must have a far more impressive effect upon the general public, in demonstrating the power and permanence of cycling, than any mere "literary" success could have; and I therefore, as a means of persuading my 3000 copartners to help me achieve it, feel bound to confide to them the inmost history of the scheme, the precise methods which seem most effective for working it out, and the reasons why I hope for their assistance. If I am wrong in assuming that six-sevenths of my subscribers will actively recognize the "copartnership," I shall be quite satisfied to address a smaller proportion of them. All I insist upon is that, as they have given a practical pledge of their friendly curiosity in me whose sincerity cannot be gainsaid, I have a right to suppose that at least a majority of them may be glad to read my personal story; and a right to remind the minority—as well as later purchasers of the book—who may care nothing for such details, that they should not censure the others for having an interest in them, nor me for trying to make money by catering to that interest. The wisdom of such attempt may be criticised, and the failure of it, if failure comes, may make it a fair mark for ridicule; but each reader is meanwhile bound to recognize that it is inspired by "business" rather than by vanity, and that his own perusal of these pages is in no sense compulsory.

Unique pecuniary ideal.

After all the materials for the previous chapter had been laboriously collected, the mere act of writing it occupied me from June 9 to Aug. 28 (275 hours' solid work, divided between 52 days; besides 16 h. of proof-reading); and I mention its extraordinary cost in order to emphasize the importance which I attach to exhibiting the difference between all previous attempts at wheel literature and my own. I wish to show clearly that this is not only incomparably more massive than any other, in respect to mere bulk of words grouped together, and unique in respect to the amount of painstaking effort devoted to grouping them, but that it differs essentially from the rest in respect to its pecuniary ideal. All other books and pamphlets—save those issued "merely for the fun of it" (*i. e.*, to gratify the author's vanity, or "for the good of the cause")—have plainly been copyists and rivals of the trade-journals: seeking to make money only from advertisements, and caring

nothing for readers except as a bait to catch this patronage of "the trade." To the outer world, therefore, all such prints seem simply devices of the makers and dealers, for increasing the cycle business. But an elaborate and expensive volume which can rise superior to all trade influences, and, by virtue of demonstrating its independence of them, can win profitable support from an unexampled multitude of readers, is a thing which must impress the imagination of the outer world with the power of cycling itself. I think each owner of this book will like it better because it nowhere affronts him with any block-type "adv.," or even with the picture of a bicycle; and I hope each "copartner" will have his pride in it so increased, by the knowledge that not a single line has been offered for sale or barter, as to render him eager to reward me, and paralyze a sceptical public, by helping force a speedy sale of 30,000 copies.

Germ and conception.

"An index of places" was recommended by me when the *Bi. World* drew near the end of its first annual volume; and the editor, in printing my argument (Nov. 26, '80, p. 36), said it had induced him to begin on such an index, but that the threatened bulkiness thereof seemed to render its completion and publication impracticable. The idea in that letter was the germ from which has grown this book; and when the *Wheelman* was started, nearly two years later, I talked over the same idea with its editor, and at last agreed to prepare for him an article, formulating my scheme for a series of such elaborate indexes as would "make the successive semi-annual volumes of his monthly magazine assume the character of standard guides to American roads." I wrote this in July, and it was printed at the end of the 2d vol. of the *Wheelman* (Sept., '83, pp. 458-463), with the title, "A Colossus of Roads." Having shown the reasons why this title represented my ideal of the *Wheelman*, and having urged the sort of indexing which would win it in fact, I concluded by offering the following confession: "There remains, however, the profound dictum of Benjamin Franklin: 'If a man insists on having a thing really well done, in this world, he must do it himself.' So, three months ago, as I reclined beside my bicycle on the green slope of the old battle-field at White Plains, though it was the centennial anniversary of the day (April 19, 1783; see p. 74) when Washington proclaimed the cessation of hostilities to the army at Newburgh, my mind was not wholly taken up with patriotic reminiscences. I bethought me at times of the promised production of the present article; and as I reflected on the impossibility of ever persuading another man to prepare an index exactly in accordance with my own ideal of it, the question gradually took shape before me, 'Why not publish a bicycler's road-book of your own, and index every proper name in it entirely to your heart's content?' To this question, when fairly formulated, I at once replied, 'I will'; and before I resumed my homeward journey I decided that the book should be called 'Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle,' and should be ready for publication in December, 1884."

Early notions and influences.

Simultaneous with this was the decision that a portrait of my beloved bull-dog should face the title-page, that his biography should form the chief "literary" feature of the volume, and that another chapter should describe "the queer house that I live in." The notion of writing something about these two unique subjects had possessed me for several years, but the improbability of finding any publisher, for such sort of sketches as I planned, had prevented the actual writing. On the fifth page of the previous chapter, I have explained how the Pope Mfg. Co.'s offer of a prize (July, '81) led me to produce the book's introductory essay, "On the Wheel"; but the incidents of my first long tour (500 m. in Sept., '80; see pp. 199-208) had previously decided me to attempt such an article, for *Lippincott's Magazine*, because I felt sure that I could write more amusingly than another contributor who had already been allowed to exhibit the bicycle in its pages. The Popes' offer simply hastened the execution of this long-delayed plan,—for I thought that my magazine article might as well take a preliminary chance at their prize (which, if won, would be better pay than the usual magazine rates); but the very general praise given to the article, by reviewers who noticed the June issue of *Lippincott* containing it, had a more important mental effect upon me, ultimately, than the winning of the prize could have had. Remembrance of it, when the idea of the book first took shape in my consciousness, made me confident that the essay would serve as a suitable introduction thereto; and I have mentioned on p. 519 that the hearty

enthusiasm of a certain Western tourist, expressing his pleasure in my series of statistical reminiscences about "No. 234," contributed to the *Wheelman*, was a definite factor in forcing my thoughts to drift bookward. On that historic 19th of April, when all these remote elements and long-gathering tendencies, culminated in the conception of the book, my riding record lacked more than 3600 m. of justifying the chosen title; but I have explained in the preface of my "Straightaway" chapter (p. 295) that I then anticipated an unusually active season of wheeling, as a means of regaining my impaired health, and laying up a supply of strength equal to the publishing scheme ahead of me,—though I had no idea that this was destined to develop into the extensive and tiresome enterprise I am now grappling with. Within a week from the 19th, in acknowledging an annual payment from the publisher of my earlier book, I took occasion to tell him briefly of the new plan, and to suggest that he make me an offer concerning it. His tender of the regulation reply, that he "should be pleased to consider my manuscript, when ready," at once convinced me that I must personally shoulder the whole affair if I wished to see it carried to success; and so I made no further effort to arouse any one's interest until Sept. 10, when (landing in Boston from my Nova Scotia tour; see p. 292) I called on the president of the Pope Mfg. Co., and talked the matter up.

Arrangement with Col. Pope.

Like every other crank who thinks he can "see a great light" for the advancement of American cycling, I had a natural curiosity to discover whether the man who holds the greatest pecuniary stake in that advancement could also be made to "see it." I found that he did not in fact believe there was any very promising field for such a road-book as I roughly outlined to him, or that its circulation would greatly help the cycling trade. He said that more than four years had been required for working off 4000 of Pratt's "American Bicycler," though a large proportion of these had been given away (to newspaper writers, librarians and others), for the sake of dispelling popular ignorance about the machine,—a function now not much needed in a new book. However, in spite of his slight enthusiasm, he would be willing to favorably consider any definite proposition I might make him when I got the prospectus of mine fairly formulated. This happened three months later (Dec. 3), and I then proposed that he buy at half-price 2000 copies of the $1 subscription-book therein described,—paying $500 for the first 1000 on publication-day, which must be within a year from date, and $500 for the second 1000 within a year thereafter. I reserved the right to retain this second 1000 or any part thereof, and I offered to leave the payment for even the first 1000 entirely dependent upon the purchaser's satisfaction with the actual book. I insisted that no advertisement or imprint of any sort should be added to the 2000 volumes purchased, and that none of them should be sold for less than $1. I agreed that the ed. should be at least 4000, and that I would not issue a new ed. without first offering to buy back at the purchase price any unsold copies of the 2000. This proposition was formally accepted by the Pope Mfg. Co., Dec. 19, '83; but, on Sept. 17, '84, when I met its president again at the Springfield tournament, I told him that I could not bring out the book within the specified time, and that, instead of being, as first planned, an affair of 300 pp. (capable of being manufactured, say, for 25 c. a copy), it was likely to be so large as to leave no decent margin on a contract at half the subscription-price. So, by mutual consent, our agreement was abrogated. I said I should probably offer him another chance, later on, to make money as a bookseller; but I did not do so in fact till June 3, '86; and I am glad, for reasons given hereafter, that he then declined it. (See p. 711.)

Moral support of prospectus.

My prospectus said, "The publication of the volume is made conditional on my ability to secure in advance the pledges of at least 1000 wheelmen that they will purchase copies at $1 each;" but it of course gave no hint of the fact, now first proclaimed, that double that number had previously been pledged for at half-price. I hope I may make the truth clearly understood that the chief value to me of this preliminary pledge was a moral value; for, in the absence of it, I should probably never have printed the prospectus at all. My feeling was that the Popes ought, as business men, to feel a thousand-fold the interest which any individual rider might, from mere sentiment, feel in the success of such a scheme; and that, unless I had the ability to persuade them to risk $1000 on it, I could not wisely assume the ability to persuade 1000 private men to each risk $1.

Having gained this first point, however, I was emboldened (Jan. 12, '84) to take to the printer the copy for my "prospectus of Dec. 3" and "circular to American wheelmen,"—dating the latter "Jan. 15," which was the day when I read the proofs and ordered 2700 impressions. On that day, too, the publishers of the *Bi. World* sent to me the following letter: "*Dear Sir*,—The prospectus is too much in the line of an advertisement to be admitted free. We are willing to help you all we can, but you are newspaper-man enough to know that if you have goods to sell you must advertise them and pay for the same. We are in the business not for the love of it, but to make money, and we cannot afford to give our space for nothing to those who have goods to sell to wheelmen. Respectfully, E. C. HODGES & Co."

A prophecy from Boston.

The above was in response to my suggestion that the *Bi. World* and *Wheel* (the only cycling papers then in the field) should be given a chance to make simultaneous announcement of the scheme, either on Jan. 25 or a week later, as they might agree; for I wished that neither journal should win exclusive credit by first bringing out an important piece of "news." On the 18th, I mailed to each a proof copy of prospectus and circular, and remarked to ed. of *B. W.* that I hoped, when he actually saw the same, he would think it contained much matter worth publishing,—especially as ed. of *Wheel* had notified me of his intention to give a liberal amount of space to it on the 25th. He replied on 23d, in friendly spirit, admitting that my argument had so far overcome his expressed objection of the 15th to "a free adv." that about a column and a quarter of my matter had been marked for insertion; and regretting that, by a printer's blunder, it had been held over for the next issue, Feb. 1. He added these memorable words: "And now, pray, let me draw a little from my experience. My opinion has not been asked, but I venture to offer a few hints regarding your road-book. I have been selling bicycling literature for nearly three years, and I know a little about the market. Let me say then, frankly, that you cannot sell 1000 copies of a bicycling work at $1 each,—no matter how good it is nor how much it commends itself. The market will not absorb that quantity of books. I place the outside limit of your sales at 300 copies, and I can't believe you will sell that number. You will say that the wheelmen have been crying for just such a book, and that the great majority ought to buy it. Experience will show you that, no matter how much the bicyclers may howl for a thing, they fail to come to time when asked to pay for it. * * * I don't desire to throw a wet blanket on your enterprise; neither do I desire to see you enter on a speculation without a full knowledge of the facts. I think your road-book will sell; but, if you *must* have an advance sale of 1000 copies, you will waste your time and money working on the thing."

How "300" fixed me for "3000."

This mistaken prediction is by no means quoted for the sake of discrediting the shrewdness of its author, but rather for showing clearly the antecedent probabilities of the case. The writer of those words was more competent than any other man in America to form an intelligent and dispassionate "business" judgment of the chances for making money by publishing such a book as my prospectus described. He was familiar with my writings and had a good opinion of them, and his warning was prompted by sincere good-will, and it deserved the respect always due to the opinion of an experienced and careful observer. Yet it supplied the best conceivable spur for driving me ahead,—as shown by what I at once (Jan. 31) wrote to the *Wheel*: "He believes that, as regards the assumed demand for a road-book, the cyclers of the country will 'talk taffy' everlastingly, but will not 'talk money' worth a cent. Nevertheless, if I really publish such a book, it will be with the intention of having it show on its very face that no less than 3000 of the 'taffy-talkers' have braced me up with their $1 bills, and thereby demonstrated that this theory as to their character was *wrong*." In the same letter, I suggested "X. M. Miles on a Bi." as a tolerable abbreviation for the long title of the book, and reported that almost 200 League members were subscribers to it, though only six days had gone since the *Wheel* made public the scheme. For that journal, much to my surprise, printed my prospectus and circular in full, together with a long editorial recommendation thereof,—giving nearly two pages of space in all, including its title-page. I was thus enabled without expense to make a "preliminary canvass of the League" (the *Wheel* being mailed to each member, as "official organ"); and I said, in

this first asking for pledges: "The number and character of the responses received will enable me to decide whether or not it is worth my while to attempt a canvass of outside wheelmen, by addressing circulars to them individually; for, if the League men ignore my appeal, I shall be convinced of the futility of carrying my scheme further, and shall waste no more time and money upon a road-book for which there is no real demand."

Success of preliminary canvass.

The enthusiastic "character" of the replies which promptly poured in upon me—vigorously urging that I "go ahead," and offering all manner of assistance—had quite as strong an effect upon my mind as the mere "number" of them; though this itself was extraordinary, for, on the twelfth day after the *Wheel's* first call to the League, my subscriptions exceeded 300, which was the "outside limit" that the Boston prophet had named (as probably unattainable), even for the final sale of the book. I embodied some of the more significant of these responses in a letter called "A Club-List as well as Road-Book," covering 2 pp. of *Wheel*, and I circulated 2000 copies of this, as "*Wheel* Extra of Feb. 22,"—though, by a printer's blunder in distributing the type, it never was really inserted in the regular issue. I also circulated 1000 copies of a 2 p. reprint from *Wheel* of Jan. 25; and I mention the fact to show the incidental advertisement ensured to that journal by its willingness to freely help my scheme. In a letter to its editor, May 8 (printed May 23), I reminded his readers that—"though he certainly never had cause to cherish any special good-will towards me, for I rarely extended any support to the paper beyond paying my annual subscription for it, and I never had occasion to show him any favors in private intercourse"—he had put in type every word I had sent him about the book. Hence, "I wish to bear testimony that for all this valuable service I have paid not $1 in money; I have given no promise of payment in the shape of engaging 'adv. space' for the future; I have subscribed for not so much as a share in the stock of the paper. The *Wheel* has had no other motive or inspiration in giving a boom to my book, than a broad-minded belief that the success of it would be a good thing for cycling,—a good thing for the League. The *Wheel* has not so much as attempted to make any immediate profit out of the project, but has been satisfied with the promise of its own proper share in the ultimate profits that must result from the increase of bicycling. Other papers, in various parts of the world, have had kind words to say in behalf of the scheme, and I hope I am properly grateful for the same; but the *Wheel* has certainly done more than all other papers combined to make my preliminary canvass a success, and I wish that my recognition of the fact should be put on record as impressively as possible. If a knowledge of the liberal aid extended to my book shall incline any hesitating League member to renew his subscription to the *Wheel*, I think it only fair that the paper should have the benefit of such knowledge. With this prelude, I invite the League's attention to my formal announcement of '*A Guide-Book without Advertisements.*'" (Then followed a full reprint of my circular so entitled, which was dated May 8, '84, and covered one side of a note sheet, 5 by 8 in. On the other side was reproduced my "prospectus and table of contents, as arranged Dec. 3, '83," except that, instead of naming "about 300 pp." for size, and "about June 15" for publication day, "about 400 pp." and "about Oct. 15" were now named.)

Formal promise to finish.

Hitherto, my work had been tentative and conditional. This circular (ed. 7000) was my earliest promise to push on to a finish. It said: "Accepting the 1200 subscriptions already pledged as an affirmative answer to my enquiry concerning the alleged demand for such a volume, I now announce my determination to conduct a formal canvass for subscribers until I secure 3000 of them, and then to print 5000 copies of the book. The profits on the sale of that number, at $1, will probably suffice to yield a fair compensation for the labor of bringing the scheme to success, though such success demands that my entire time and energies for a full year should be devoted to this single project. Dec. has been named as the latest allowable date of publication; but my best endeavors will be exerted to bring this book out early in Oct. The patrons who have been attracted to me by this preliminary canvass are residents of nearly 350 towns, and represent every State and Territory of the Union, except Fla., Miss., La., Nev., N. M., Ariz., Id., and Indian Ter. Thirteen towns of Ontario are represented on my list by 40 subscribers, and 7 towns of Nova Scotia,

by 30; while Bermuda, England, Scotland, Holland, Germany, and Australia send an aggregate of 20 names, scattered among a dozen towns, my most distant supporters being the captain and three members of the Melbourne B. C." The latter were won by circulars which I mailed at the very outset, in Jan.; and the editor of the earliest cycling paper of Melbourne wrote to me thus, on March 12: "An experience of some three years in Southern wheel life has permitted me to form, with tolerable certainty, an estimate of the mind of the average colonial cyclist. Consequently I can say: Be not sanguine of disposing of many copies of your book in this part of the hemisphere. If you obtain 12 subscribers I shall be most agreeably surprised. However, I shall do my level best to procure you what you desire." Yet, in fact, I obtained 112 there,—and 37 of them from a single town of only 35,000 inhabitants.

Attraction of English patrons.

As regards England, I waited till the end of Feb., when 600 names were enrolled, before sending my circulars to the editors of its cycling press. Nearly all of them subscribed, and recommended their readers to do likewise; but it remained for *Wheeling*, which was started a few months later, to really pick up the scheme and "run it" as a regular feature. On the first anniversary of my prospectus (Dec. 3, '84, p. 72), it printed a long letter of mine, showing that I had then obtained as many supporters from New Zealand as from England, and more from the whole of Australasia (31) than from the whole of Europe. I explained this by saying that, though I had from the outset kept vigorously at work in those remote regions, through the *Australian Cycling News* and private correspondents, "I had not yet begun any serious attempt for support among the clubs of Great Britain." My first regular broadside was fired in that direction Feb. 5, '85, aimed at 200 club-officers and other wheelmen of prominence. I sent to each a copy of the chapter on "Bermuda," as a specimen of my work, with a variety of circulars,—one of which said that my total list (2412) included 206 patrons outside the U. S., whereof 41 were residents of Great Britain. "I am afraid K. K. will be sadly disappointed" (wrote "Comus," in *Wheel Life*, Feb. 27, p. 233) "when he finds the 41 Englishmen on his books not greatly increased by this last bold adv. He is, I should say, a firm believer in the freemasonry of the wheel. It is a pity to cure him of his belief." In fact, however, the 41 were increased more than fourfold, by reason of this "bold adv." and later ones,—chief among which was *Wheeling's* offer to freely mail my circulars to all applicants, to announce through its "Ans. to Correspondents" all sub. pledges addressed to me at its office, and ultimately to acknowledge through the same medium all payments made to its publisher, as my agent, by actual recipients of the book. For these valuable services, it should be understood, there was never any sort of "private bargaining" or mutual agreement; but, as occasion offered, in printing thousands of new labels and circulars, I naturally took pains to reciprocate, by appending thereto a "free adv." of *Wheeling*. I did this the more readily because the act would at the same time help the *Springfield Wheelmen's Gazette*, whose adv. was combined with *Wheeling's*,—each paper seeking supporters in the country of the other, whereas the rest of the wheel press have made slight effort for such "international" patronage.

"Gazette" help at Springfield.

When the *Gazette* was revived as a permanent monthly (May, '84), it was by the editor's special request that I contributed thereto a specimen article designed for my book, with a full-page summary of my preliminary canvass; and if any of the later issues has failed to contain a similar article, or some sort of paragraph or advertisement about the scheme, the omission has been due to my own negligence in supplying copy. Whatever I have seen fit to write has been given full and free insertion. Concerning this liberal policy, a leading editorial of Feb., '85, remarked that it had been adopted quite independently of any interest which the editor might have in getting the contract for the manufacture of the book awarded to the Springfield Printing Co., of which he is superintendent. "The policy was adopted at a time when the contract seemed destined to go to New York; and, if it had gone there instead of coming to Springfield, the policy would have been adhered to, the same as now, on the simple score of giving a boom to cycling." My "Circular to Hotel Keepers" and sketch of "The Costs of Book-making" covered 4 pp. in the *Gazette* of Aug., '84, and I circulated 1000 reprints of the same. Then, Sept. 25, I pre-

pared a revised contents-table, called "The Great American Road-Book," which filled 2 pp. of Oct. *Gazette;* and I ultimately used 6500 reprints thereof, in a half dozen eds. The act of compiling this gave me my first definite idea as to the probable amount of material which I had agreed to "supply for $1." Finding that the 19 chapters then in existence comprised about 103,000 words, and estimating that as many more would be needed for the 16 unwritten chapters, I said: "As this will be more than four times the number of words in the 'Wheelman's Annual for '82,' which sold for $1, my present doubt concerns not so much my ability to pledge the 1060 names lacking for the 3000, as to make any profit in supplying so expensive a book at the specified rate. I 've therefore decided to increase its price to $1.50 for all purchasers after publication day." Two months before, I had announced that such buyers would have to pay $1.25; and even my May circular had said that an extra postage charge against them was probable. The Dec. *Gazette* gave a page to my "Pointer for 'the Trade,'" and the March issue an equal space to a summary of localities represented by the 2384 subs. enrolled at the close of Jan., '85. I issued 3500 reprints of both pages, and I was charged nothing for use of the electrotypes thereof, nor for others previously mentioned. I took pains, however, to append a marginal adv. of the *Gazette* and *Wheeling* to the later eds. of all these; and the *G.* adv. was also given 7500 impressions in a contents-table which I prepared in Jan., '85, for use as a final page to the specimen chapter on "Bermuda" (3500 copies, in 3 eds.), and which I used again with "Bone-Shaker Days" (Nov., '85, 1000 copies) and independently (3000).

Defense of the "Wheel's" free adv.

From May 8,'84, when I declared I would "print the book after getting 1800 more subscriptions," to July 4, '85, when "the 3000th" was really enrolled, nearly every week's *Wheel* contained something about the canvass,—varying from a two-line paragraph to a long letter. The longest covered five columns, Nov. 21, and was written (in response to the editor's request for "anything to fill up," at a time when he was disabled) for the same purpose as this present chapter: namely, to demonstrate that the "free advertisement" given my scheme, by the cycling press all over the world, is defensible on strict business principles, and forms no exception to the rule that nothing valuable can be had without paying the full price for it. Four months later, the ed. offered to mail his "special illust. *Wheel*" (Apr. 3, '85) to each one of my 2621 subscribers, and I therefore printed therein an address to them saying: "'Postponement' is not a proper word to apply to the delay in the arrival of my publication-day, for the dates named have necessarily been provisional,—expressive of my hope and belief rather than of knowledge. My present desperate hope is to finish in June; but I *know* nothing about it. Electrotypes of 80 pp. only have been cast. The contract is for 5000 books of 400 pp., ⅜ brevier and ⅝ nonpareil; and,even if this amount be not exceeded,the cost will come within $300 of the $3000 which I expect to get from subscribers. Hence, it is only by the prompt sale of the final 2000 at $1.50 each that I can hope to reap any reward for my two years' work and risk." Other correspondents of the *Wheel* having occasionally cried out against the editor's giving so much space to my tiresome statistics and arguments, I suggested in reply that he "was probably not a victim to the delusion that all these were of intense and universal interest," but that he "presumably printed them as an acceptable substitute for the 'padding' customarily employed by the other papers." I said, too, that the road information and general news, from various sources, which I incorporated into most of *my* "padding," ought to help "take off the curse" from the purely personal part of it; and that, as the latter could be easily skipped by "constant readers," they should not resent its presence as a bait for new-comers.

Press encouragement at Boston and elsewhere.

I believe the *Canadian Wheelman*, *Southern Cycler*, *Bicycle* (of Montgomery) and *Star Advocate* printed everything I ever wrote for them about the scheme, and I was more than once urged to "write oftener." The League's official weekly (during the year which elapsed between the departure from the *Wheel* and the establishment of the *Bulletin*) was such a small and meanly-printed sheet that I wrote very little for it,—especially after learning that its editor had been criticised for "helping a non-member of the League," by publishing a short note of mine,—but I think that all I did write was printed, except a long "Argument to Hotel-

Keepers," which finally filled three columns in the *Wheel* (Dec. 26, '84). I believe, too, that the *Bi. World* used almost everything I wrote for it, though the whole amount was small, because, as all the other papers were surely open to me, and called for more "adv. copy" than I could supply, I hesitated about risking time in a quarter where there was doubt of acceptance. An odd contradiction was represented by this doubt; for, while the other papers had no motive for favoring me except the general one before explained, the *Bi. World* might have been presumed, *a priori*, to be anxious to favor me, as an easy way of paying for the touring reports and other articles which I had contributed to its columns, almost exclusively, for the previous five years. I had never received a cent for these, though earning my livelihood wholly by newspaper writing during all that interval; and, as the *B. W.* would be advertised by having several of my chapters accredited to it, and as it had more than once cried aloud for some one to publish a road-book, I naturally supposed it would take the lead in helping my scheme along. There seemed a genuine Boston coolness, therefore, in its publishers' note, saying that even my preliminary circular, prepared merely as a scientific test of its own theory about the existing demand for such a book, was classed as "goods to sell to wheelmen," and would not be reprinted "unless paid for at regular adv. rates." The logic of events forced a quick change of this opinion, and space was really given for the circular (after the chapter-titles, the most readable and significant part of it, had been cut out!), as well as for later "advertising"; but the *B. W.'s* delay and "offishness" resulted in a public surrender to the *Wheel* of the entire credit for the brilliant success of my opening canvass,—which I had planned to have accredited equally to each,—and a gradual transfer thither of such "good-will" as may have attached to an exclusive use of my signature. I've never cherished any grievance against the *B. W.*, or thought of any one connected with it as being unfriendly to me; but its "Boston notion" of looking upon my many-sided scheme as possessed of no more public interest than "bicycling goods for sale," was adhered to so long that, rather than contend against it, I got into the way of sending most of my writings elsewhere. "New York shrewdness," on the other hand, must be attributed to the *Wheel's* editor for at once recognizing my prospectus as the most notable chance of the winter in cycling journalism. He may have erred afterwards, in allowing me to fill up so much space with a record of the scheme's progress (though the *B. W.'s* plan of "filling" with reprints about "crypto-dynamic gear," and the like, might have proved equally tiresome); but no one can question the wisdom of his judgment that the original publication thereof would prove generally interesting. The 238 subscription pledges which came to me within a week thereafter showed beyond dispute that my statements had been commended as "readable."

Ineffectiveness of "newspaper talk."

It seems proper to say here that no later appeal through any paper has compared in immediate effectiveness with this initiatory call for League support made through the *Wheel*. After the League had doubled in size, its *Bulletin* printed specimen extracts from the book, with footnote adv.; and the *Wheelmen's Gazette* has often done likewise (giving 2 or 3 pp. at a time, when sending out special eds. of 15,000 or 20,000 copies); yet, at best, I never got more than a dozen responses from any single adv. of that sort, and it was unusual for an ordinary letter, in *Wheel* or other papers, to bring a quarter as many. A half-column editorial in the leading daily of a city having 175,000 people, among whom cycling is popular, recommended my book by name, with price and publisher's address; and a similar "free adv.," though shorter, adorned both the daily and weekly issues of the chief "literary" journal in the metropolis. Each writer subscribed for a personal copy of the book, but the friendly "notices" of neither availed, so far as I could discover, to win a single additional patron! My earliest attempt to proclaim the scheme at all outside the cycling world was on May 15, '84, when I sent circulars to 100 papers, half of them representing colleges; but it was not until Dec. 10, '85, that I sought to call literary reviewers' attention to it as an accomplished fact. To 100 representatives of the general press of America, to 30 of the college press and 40 English and foreign journals, I then sent specimen chapters and circulars, with a special note saying, the book could be announced as "likely to appear early in '86." I don't suppose that many of them so announced it, or gave any sort of mention to it; but what chiefly surprised me was the refusal of the college editors to

"tumble," for I anticipated that most of them would be pleased by my undergraduate reminiscences of "Bone-Shaker Days." I have captured only a few collegians, instead of the expected many, and those few seem to have been won quite independently of the "notices" in the college press. If all the papers in the country, however, had taken pains to push my scheme as heartily as the cycling papers have done, I am sure they could never have sent 3000 subscribers to my list; and I am sure the cycling papers alone could never have sent 1000. I would by no means depreciate the value of their support,—for it was a notable phenomenon of my canvass, and an essential factor in its success,—but I wish to make clear the truth that its chief value was remote and contingent. My multitude of subscribers could never have been won except by the persistent personal efforts of hundreds of strangers whose enthusiasm I managed to arouse. I "worked the press" to arouse this, and to beat up the field in advance of these volunteer canvassers; but, in the absence of these, and of my own private work through the mails, all the "newspaper talk" in the world would not have availed to fill my roll. (Incidentally, this revelation may confer a benefit on the papers themselves, if their owners choose to point to it as a sign that "reading notices," secreted in the fine type of the editorial and news departments, are not really as effective, in commanding attention, as are the out-and-out handbills whose big type hoarsely howls its message from the regular advertising page.)

Indifference of "the trade."

The chief disappointment in my task has arisen from the apathy and indifference of "the trade,"—the men who have money to make by the spread of cycling, and whose support I confidently assumed would be given to any plan that plainly tended to increase such spread. When I sailed to Bermuda (see p. 353), for a short breathing-spell, after six weeks' steady strain and struggle in getting the scheme started, its final success seemed fairly assured by 622 pledges; and I devoted the voyage to putting up packages of circulars which I mailed homeward to 250 agents for Columbia bicycles. Their responses were hardly worth counting. Nine months later, when 2100 pledges were enrolled, I addressed a second argument to "the trade" (*Spr. Wh. Gaz.*, Dec., '84, p. 125), saying that if each dealer would at once pledge $2 for two copies, he could sell the same for $3, his name would appear in my "trade directory," the gap of 900 would close up, and the book itself might appear at the end of winter. Less than a dozen "saw the point" of this "pointer," and several of those were old subscribers. That issue of the *Gazette* was mailed by its editor to 225 cycling tradesmen of England, and he freely enclosed in each copy a special hectograph circular which I addressed to them, calling attention to the "pointer." One firm only was captured by all this effort. On July 4, '85, the day of enrolling "No. 3000," I mailed a second special note to 120 English dealers, with specimen chapters and circulars; but there were no more than a dozen responses. My final circular (Apr. 15, '86), "to tradesmen who want the patronage of bicyclers," reproduced the first and last pages of my alphabetical sub. list, to show there could be no doubt about the 3200 names, and their value for business purposes. It said that the book would have 700 pp. of 450,000 words and be pub. in June; that the first ed. would be 6200; that I aimed to force an ultimate sale of 30,000 more confidently than I had aimed at the outset for 3000 subs.; and that this was the "final chance to get two copies for $2 and have name inserted in trade directory." Mailing this to 100 of the men who regularly advertise in the cycling press, I got two replies, or possibly three; and so ended the luckless struggle. Hence, my "directory of the trade" is more significant because of its omissions than because of the names which really appear there. Many of those names belong to men who have pushed my scheme to the utmost, and who have expressed astonishment at the inability of other dealers to recognize in it a valuable help to "business"; but my conviction is that these enthusiasts would have helped me, all the same, even if they had not been in the trade. It remains to be seen whether cycling tradesmen in general will accept the actual book as worth selling for no other reward than the remote one implied in the chance that its circulation will increase the sale of wheels; but, after their surprising refusal to take any advance stock in it, or allow me to give them a "free adv.," I am not specially sanguine of persuading them to "help along their business by the act of helping mine." Their mental lethargy, in regard to improving chances at all remote, was significantly shown by the fact that though 423 dealers were offered

a "free adv." in the "Wheelmen's Reference Book," before described, only 60 took the trouble to fill out the blank form which ensured it.

Progress in writing and electrotyping.

My contract with the Springfield Printing Co. was made Jan. 19, '85, and plates for 15 pp. of 25th chapter ("Bermuda") were finished that month, from same type which had been used in putting the story into *Gazette* plates. Copy for first 7 chapters (reprint, with a few additions) was sent to printers Feb. 15; and I worked from then till Apr. 11, 105 h., in writing the 8th. The 11th was also an entirely new chapter, which cost me 54 h., and all the others to the 21st required laborious additions. The plates for the 21 were done by the end of June (except that the "last pages" of several chapters were held over for completion in Sept.); and these 293 pp. comprised all the material of the book which existed when its first prospectus was prepared. Chap. 28 was next electrotyped, in July (I wrote it just a year earlier, in 6 days; 49 h.); Chap. 27 in Aug. (10 days; 67 h.); Chap. 29 in Sept. (29 days; 167 h.); and I then printed 1000 of each as separate pamphlets. I gave 23 h. to proof-reading of these 3 chapters; and therefore their 82 pp., which contain no facts about "roads," cost me 306 h., and delayed the book about 2 mos. At this point my right hand gave out, and I began pen-practice with my left, which has done nearly all the later work. Chaps. 22 (10 days; 66 h.), 23 (17 days; 93 h.), 24 (11 days; 60 h.), and 26 (11 days; 61 h.) were then successively written and put in type; so that on Dec. 15, '85, the plates of book were complete from p. 1 to p. 472. I worked steadily from Dec. 5 to Feb. 10, in preparing copy for pp. 473-554, which comprise Chaps. 30 (116 h.), 31 (77 h.) and part of 32 (63 h.); and after printing these I put in type 39 and 40, containing the two sub. lists. These were arranged by other hands, under my direction, and the alphabetical list gave no special trouble; but after the slips of the geographical list had been pasted in provisional order for the printer, I myself was forced to work 84 h. in revising them and 39 h. in correcting proofs,—the whole process stretching through 2 mos., and ending May 7. Chap. 36 was meanwhile written, in Apr. (by request, for first use in "Wh. Ref. Book"), and finally enlarged and sent to printer in Oct. Chaps. 34 (7 days; 50 h.) and 35 (11 days; 67 h.) were mostly written in May, and electrotyped in July. Chap. 37, as already noted, absorbed me till the end of summer (52 days; 275 h.); the Preface (41 h.) during the first week of Sept., and this present chap. (21 days; 150 h.) until Sept. 30. I plan next to prepare Chaps. 32 and 40 (final sections), and 33, in the order named,—thus making the latter the latest part of the book, except its contents-table and indexes. This irregularity of construction will explain some seeming incongruities in the text,—such as statements of late and early dates in certain pages whose relative positions appear contradictory. I may say, too, that any such record as "writing a chapter in 61 h. on 11 days" should not be construed as excluding other work; for on those same days I may have devoted nearly as many more hours to correspondence, proof-reading and the like. The act of attaching my left-handed signature to 3368 "numbered fly-leaves, for the subscribers' autograph edition," required 36 h. during the four days ending with Feb. 19; and in reporting this to the *Spr. Wh. Gaz.* for Mch. ("Owed to Spring," p. 192) I announced that no more subscriptions would be enrolled except at $1 50, and that I felt fairly confident of publishing before the end of May.

Work of the Springfield Printing Co.

The earliest forms of the book were actually put to press Sept. 3, '85, and 224 pp. were printed within a month, 320 pp. by the end of Dec., and 544 pp. (first 34 forms) early in Apr.; but all the remaining press-work will be done after the completion of the final plates. Besides the regular ed. of 6000, there are 200 impressions, on heavy paper, designed for buyers who may wish to indulge in a handsome binding. These sheets, simply folded for the binder, cost the same as cloth-bound copies of the ordinary book; and they can either be mailed for binding elsewhere, or be bound on the premises for any one who may make a bargain as to style and price with the Springfield Printing Co. In regard to this establishment, it seems proper for me to say here, that I have employed it during every year of the last quarter-century in doing smaller pieces of work for me, and that I expect its manufacture of my book will be completed as satisfactorily as those previous things have been. I consider myself fortunate in the fact that its superintendent, H. E. Ducker (see biog. on p. 524), is enough of a cycling enthusiast

to take a personal pride in helping ensure the typographic excellence of this book which will exhibit the firm's work to cyclers everywhere, and to understand and make allowance for the stress of circumstances which has delayed the time of paying for it so far beyond the implication of the contract. I suppose that any metropolitan firm, capable of carrying so large a job, would have insisted on naming specific times of payment, instead of letting them stand related to an indefinite publication-day; and I am thankful to have escaped the troubles which any such cast-iron contract might readily have brought upon me. The anticipated disadavantage of giving orders and correcting proofs, through the mails, from a distance of 140 m., I have found to be largely imaginary. In April, as soon as the first 544 pp. were printed, I sent complimentary copies (special ed.) to English and Australian editors, who had subscribed, and to a few others, saying that the final sheets would be mailed at the same time with their bound books. I also put the sheets on exhibition with certain dealers in New York, Boston, Newark and Orange. About 20 advance copies were given out, altogether; and such printed notices as I have seen concerning them have been favorable. One of the English recipients, however, wrote to me thus: "I have casually glanced through the first portions of your book, and I much fear that, at any rate on this side of the water, its contents will be voted dull and uninteresting. This of course in confidence." His words recall the *London Examiner's* verdict on my "Four Years at Yale": "A dull, stupid, ill-written book, on a subject which might have been made highly interesting."

Col. Pope's reply to second proposal.

On June 3, I mailed the 544 pp. to Col. Pope (together with proofs of frontispiece, title-page and sub. list chapters), and proposed that the Pope Mfg. Co. subscribe for 1000 copies at $1 each. I argued that they could be quickly sold for $1500, by reason of the unexampled advertising already received; and I requested that a decision be made simply on the merits of the offer, as a business investment, promising a ready return on a slight risk. I asked nothing as a favor, and distinctly disowned any claim of inheritance or obligation under the '83 agreement about buying 2000 books at 50 c. each; but I felt confident that the offer would be accepted. The actual answer, dated Boston, June 5, was as follows: "*Dear Sir:*—It is now two years and a half since you proposed getting out your book, which was to have come out in the summer of '84. It has taken so long to get the book out, and you have made it so large and the type so small, that I think it has detracted largely from the interest it otherwise would have had, and from the benefit that we would have received. We appreciate your hard work, but we are sure we could never sell 1000 copies of your book, on which you think we could make $500. Even if we sold 1000, it would cost a great deal to make the sale. The book is just at hand, and I have put on my strongest glasses, and then find it difficult to wade through a single page, without my eyes watering and my nerves getting out of order. The book, it seems to me, will only be used as a matter of reference. If you had made it into about six volumes, with larger print, I should have enjoyed it better; and still better if you had boiled the whole thing down into one volume of coarse print. Do not think, because I criticise, that I do not appreciate your hard work, because I do, and have only the very kindest feelings towards you; and I shall be willing to send you a check for $250, and in exchange shall be satisfied to receive 25 volumes; or shall be satisfied to have you keep the $250, for the good you have done the cause, and we will take some books on consignment here, and in New York and Chicago, and sell them for you, if we can, without any commission. I think this arrangement will be just as profitable to you as though I bought the 1000 volumes.

With best wishes, I am

"Yours very truly, ALBERT A. POPE, Pres't."

Condemnation from competent judges.

The foregoing letter was a genuine surprise, but it also had genuine value to me as an "eye-opener,"—for it fixed my mind at once in regard to the methods upon which I must rely for forcing a sale of 30,000 books. By demonstrating the difficulty thereof, it supplied the best possible spur for driving me forward to "conquer the impossible,"—in the same way as another Boston man's friendly warning, that I could not get 300 subscribers, served as my chief inspiration in getting 3300. The contrast between the conduct of those cycle dealers who are *not* named in my "trade directory" (because of their unwillingness to pledge even $2 for my scheme,

though that investment would directly return $3), and the conduct of Col. Pope, in offering me a gift of $250,—merely on general principles of rewarding energy misapplied in a good cause,—is a contrast whose significance needs no comment. To me, however, the chief importance of the offer lies in its showing the sincerity of his belief that, from a business point-of-view my enterprise is entirely hopeless and visionary. This, be it remembered, is the opinion of the man most competent of all men in the world to pronounce an accurate and impartial judgment on its prospects,—the man who will be profited more than any one else, not even excepting myself, in case I succeed in demonstrating that that judgment was *wrong!* He stands at the head of the world's cycling industry because of the exceptional shrewdness of his foresight; because of his willingness to stake large risks on remote results; and because of his sagacity in promoting indirect and general advertisements which help the whole trade,—and help his own the most, merely because his share of the whole is the largest. For these reasons I expected, in spite of my failure to overcome the apathy of the lesser tradesmen, that he would be readily won to my theory, which accounts the three years' labor on the "subscribers' autograph edition" as an advertisement ensuring a quick sale for ten times as many books. But his letter shows the adoption of an opposite theory, which apparently is that most of the probable purchasers of the book have already been worried into pledging for it, or else have grown prejudiced against it because of the long delay,—so that there is no hope of forcing the market to "absorb" anything like an edition of 30,000. Similar to this is the opinion of another well-known member of the trade, C. R. Zacharias, of Newark (who has "made it a business as well as a pleasure to pledge 100 names to my list,"—or more than have been put there by any one else); for he "fears the field is less promising than three years ago," because the numerous road-books which have meanwhile appeared seem likely to diminish the demand for my own. Such, then, being the sentiments of representative men, who have manifested the sincerest desire to push my scheme forward, I record them here as an impressive proof that "the trade" in general look upon it as having not the ghost of a show of financial success. Its foredoomed failure, in the mind of every dealer who reflects at all about the result, seems as plain as a pikestaff.

Harmlessness of my "Columbia" adv.

My reply to Col. Pope's proposal admitted that it was, on its face, more advantageous to me than an out-and-out acceptance of my offer,—for his gift of $250 would just about equal what was then my prospective margin of profit in letting him have the 1000 books at the subscription-rate,—while the chance which I had thus offered him for making $500, by retailing them, would then accrue to myself besides. But I declined it, as inconsistent with my plan of seeking a profit solely from actual sales of the book; and said I preferred to supply him with 250 copies at $1 each, and to avail myself of his New York office only, as a distributing agency. He cheerfully consented to this, but the number of my pages so increased that, in Oct., when I saw there could be but a nominal profit in supplying them at $1, I threw up the bargain and arranged that the Pope Mfg. Co. should simply keep the books on sale for me, without commission, at its offices in Boston, New York and Chicago. I ask this same favor of every cycling agency in the country, no more and no less; and purchasers of my book at any such place may know that they put the entire profit into my pocket as surely as if they made a direct remittance. I prefer indeed that these agencies should be patronized, whenever practicable, as a means of avoiding the risk, trouble and expense of resorting to the mails; but I wish each one who thus buys the book indirectly would afterwards file with me his name and address, even though he may not care to send an expression of opinion also. Until the end of '87 at least, I shall be glad to have cash orders for books sent direct to Springfield Printing Co., instead of to myself; for books will usually be mailed from S., even when ordered from me in N. Y. On Feb. 4, '84, when the Cunningham Co. was the chief business competitor of the Popes, the following note was sent to me by the firm's junior partner, F. W. Weston: "Although your book seems likely—with its '234 Columbia' allusions—to be one of the most valuable free advs. they ever received, I feel sure its value in general will be none the less on that account, and I shall deem it a privilege if you will put me down for 5 copies." Quoting this in my "*Wheel* Extra of Feb. 22," as a means of urging other dealers to adopt the same liberal opinion, I said: "I never yet spoke a word, or

wrote a word, or printed a word, in praise of the Columbia bicycle, to the prejudice or disparagement of any other manufacture. I never intend to. When people ask my advice about the relative merits of different machines, I tell them it is a subject about which I know nothing and care nothing. As I lack the mechanical aptitude to form an intelligent and authoritative opinion on the matter, I never pronounce an opinion. All I say is that any kind of a bicycle is good enough for me, and that I naturally stuck to the first one which I happened to get astride of; but I do not recommend other people to follow my example in that respect, or in any other." The foregoing words are still true; and I wish to remind every tradesman who is disposed to begrudge the adv. which must needs accrue to the Popes from the fact of my having ridden a Columbia, that my entire inexperience with any other machine robs the adv. of power to injure any other, and reduces the value of the adv. to the lowest possible terms. My case is utterly different from that of a man who proclaims that, "having thoroughly tried all the rival makes, he settled down on a Columbia as 'the best,' and has already ridden it 25,000 m., at a cost of only 25½ c. for oil and repairs." On the contrary, this book proclaims the defects and repairs and necessary expenses of my machine, with a scientific exhaustiveness never bestowed upon any other; and a very plausible argument against the Columbia's reputation might be made by reproducing, outside of their connection, all the damaging facts recorded against "No. 234," on pp. 35-48. I feel sure, therefore, that if my 10,000 m. had been measured on an English bicycle, Col. Pope's support of my publishing scheme in '83, and his present offer to help sell the actual book, would have been just exactly as liberal; and so I ask the friends of all rival machines also to help sell it, on its merits as an aid to the spread of their business. I ask them to recognize its value as an honest advertisement of the superiority of bicycling to all other modes of travel; and to banish the false idea that it is planned for the praise of any style of bicycle.

Independence of all Popes and powers.

I have said on p. 47 that when my old wheel had become so worn by use and broken by accident as to discourage my plan of rebuilding, I decided to have another built as nearly like it as possible; and the makers were well aware that I intended to pay the full price for it in cash, just as I had paid in the first case. They had no motive, therefore, of "hiring me to ride a Columbia," or to be partial to their interests, when they accepted my offer to pay for the new wheel by presenting them with the old. They accepted it simply because old "No. 234" was worth more to them, for exhibition purposes, as a strictly legitimate adv., than the money I should otherwise have paid them for "No. 234, Jr." My pushing it "10,000 m. through 24 States and Provinces," and writing so much to arouse public curiosity in its individuality, had conferred upon it a factitious value; and I was quite justified in selling it at that value to those who could profit by it. I would n't have sold it to any one else for a dollar less. I would n't have sold it at all, in fact, without the assurance that it should be preserved for a public relic. As the first bicycle in America to traverse 10,000 m.,—as the first bicycle in the world to make a straightaway trail of 1400 m.,—it certainly has more value to the makers than the newest machine in their shop; and there rests on me not the shadow of an obligation towards them, by reason of this transaction, or by reason of any other. I am quite as free to speak my mind about the Pope of Boston as about the Pope of Rome. I have a sincere respect for each, as men eminently sagacious in discovering the side on which their own bread is buttered; but I humbly hope the success of my present scheme may be striking enough to show that, as regards the possibilities of the book-business, I have power to "give points" to both of them! When the 30,000 copies shall have been sold, if Col. Pope and the lesser leaders of the trade choose to publicly present me with a purse of $10,000, or $5000, or even $1000, "as a slight token of their appreciation of what its sale has done for them," they may rest assured I shall have no scruple about publicly accepting it.

Objections to gift-taking.

But, in advance of the fact, I consider any gift improper,—no matter how kindly and squarely intended. I believe it essential not only that I should be independent, but also that I should seem to be so,—even to the meanest and most sordid of minds. No one can pretend that the acceptance of either my '83 offer (which allowed a retail profit of 100 per cent., and was accepted) or of my '86 offer (which

allowed 50 per cent. for such profit, and was declined) could not seem worth considering, as an ordinary business chance; but, as I suppose there is about one man in 100 small enough to think that the offered gift of $250 was designed to fetter me in some way, I would refuse it on his account, if for no other. In similar spirit, let me confess for the benefit of any one who thinks my praises of the Lamson luggage-carrier may have been influenced by my accepting from the inventor thereof a free sample of each variety, that I did so accept them (for they were tendered to me under such circumstances that a refusal would have amounted almost to rudeness), though I paid for the third specimen which I now have in use. As regards my widely-advertised opinion of it, as "the best thing of the sort ever devised," the date, '82, ought properly to be attached,—for several other good devices have since come into the market, and I do not pretend to know anything against their comparative merits. At the outset of my Kentucky tour, in '82 (p. 225), another acquaintance of mine, with whom I had "shared my last lemon," two years before (p. 109), insisted upon attaching to one of my spokes a specimen of the McDonnell cyclom., for which he was the agent, "in order that I might give it a fair test with the Pope cyclom. on my axle." The test proved its worthlessness; but I have often recommended the McDonnell, since then, because of its low price and because of its maker's willingness to exchange defective specimens until a good one is finally found. If any one thinks my action in this respect has been affected at all by the worthless gift of '82, I grant him the liberty of that opinion. I specify these two examples, trivial though they seem, in order the more impressively to declare that I have taken no other gifts of any sort. Whatever things I have wanted in bicycling, I have bought and paid for; and such other things as have been tendered to me I have respectfully declined. I have twice offered to test new styles of cyclometers, and publicly report my careful observations (and I hereby make the offer a general one); but the two makers did not consent. A third style I tested, at the maker's request, and then returned it to him as unsatisfactory, though accurate. I am conscious, therefore, of no other motive or inspiration than a simple desire to tell the truth, in any words of praise or blame which I have printed in this book. In statements of fact, I have tried to be colorless, and I have suppressed nothing. In references to machines, I have mentioned the maker whenever known to me. In quotations from journals, I have given date and page. In all cases where a record of full name, address and price seemed appropriate or useful, I have taken pains to freely advertise the same.

Need of private help and criticisms.

My refusal to admit paid advertisements was a pledge of impartiality which seemed needed for the attraction of subscribers; but, besides its effect in convincing readers that I have written this book solely in their interest, I rely upon it to give them a sort of feeling of personal pride as "copartners" in the production of a volume whose handsome typography is unmarred by such vulgarities. By proving how my subscription scheme has been carried through without any sort of subsidy from "the trade," and how slight my hope is of help from the same in pushing future sales, I trust this truth has been shown: that the main chance of any reward coming to me, from three years' work and risk, now depends upon the amount of good-will and enthusiasm which the book may be able to arouse in its 3000 subscribers. I have served as their self-appointed agent in doing a thing which no one else in the world had power to do; and, if they shall decide that it was worth doing, I am confident they will individually take pleasure in helping ensure the enormous sale now needed to pay me for thus serving them. By exhibiting the volume to librarians, hotel-keepers and cycling acquaintances, they may advertise it in a more effective way than would be possible by any expenditure of printer's ink. I do not intend to sell through the bookstores, for the price has been put too low for the payments of commissions to middle-men, but I shall bend all my energy to the pursuit of direct buyers through the mails, —sending contents-table, preface and other specimen pages to thousands of cyclers. I shall also print for them "opinions of the press and of subscribers"; and this intention forms one of several reasons why I shall be glad to have any one write to me just what he thinks of the book, or of any part of it. I ask every such private reviewer to say what his preference is,—in case I publish any of his remarks,—as regards attaching to them his full name and residence, or his initials and club, or his League number, or no signature whatever. If his preference is

that I publish none of his remarks, even anonymously, I will respect that also; but I wish none the less to put them on file. I specially urge that errors and faults be called to my attention with the utmost freedom. I mean by these not only printers' blunders, misstatements of fact, and defects of execution, but everything which to the mind of a subscriber seems an error of judgment,—as regards omission, as well as commission. In other words, I shall feel thankful to any one who will formulate for me his ideal of what the book, or any part of it, ought to have been; because a general agreement of critics concerning objectionable points will give me a valuable warning of what to avoid in my next attempt to placate the same patrons. There are three questions in particular, which I should like to have a large vote cast upon, as a means of informing me whether subscribers think that the great size of the book atones for its long delay; that the three extraneous chapters are amusing enough to justify insertion; and that my attempt at persuading 3000 strangers to serve as volunteer book-agents is likely to succeed. As I have shown that the plates for first 21 chapters were finished in June, '85, I might have issued the book next month, with alphabetical sub. list as Chap. 22, and thus kept inside the limit of 350 pp. My first question, therefore, is: "Are you sorry that I did not stop short, and give you the book in that shape, at that earliest practicable date (July, '85), rather than give it to you now, so many months later, completed to more than double the size?" As I have shown that Chaps. 27, 28 and 29—which add 82 pp. without adding any road-information at all—cost 306 h. of work, and a delay of 2 mos., my second question is: "Does their insertion repay you for that delay, and does it seem likely to be effective as a trick for arousing outsiders' curiosity in bicycling?" Finally, I ask: "Are you interested in this present chapter's attempt to take you into my confidence concerning the origin and growth of the book, the plans for ensuring its sale, and my own personal history and philosophy, as connected with and affected by the same? Does the revelation impress you as possessed of any 'potentiality,' as an appeal to the special sympathy of cyclers, for putting money in my purse?"

Costs and conditions of road-book making.

My labor and risk as "publisher" are what I seek pay for,—not my writings as "author." These, in their original form, were almost all a free gift to the public; and it seems in the nature of things that the first preparation of road-reports should have no other reward than the sentimental one,—whether they are prepared for the cycling press, or for the League's official road-books, or for use by a private publisher like myself. The experiment which I am engaged upon aims to discover whether the editing and publishing of such reports, on an extensive and expensive scale, can be made to "pay." If it succeeds, I shall at once begin work on a second collection,—putting into shape a great mass of facts which I vainly hoped to insert in the present one, and inviting contributions of new material from all directions. By reason of experience and advertising already gained, such book can be put together with much less labor and expense, and can be kept within limits which will allow a fair profit even on an ed. of 5000. I trust it is clear that neither the present vol. nor its possible successor can compete or conflict at all with the official books of the League. The field is boundless and the sources of information are inexhaustible. No amount of industry can ever put into print all the facts which it is desirable to know about American roads. The task of editing such facts, even when prepared in tabular form, demands great self-sacrifice on the part of the League's unpaid officers; while my own plan of presenting them in narrative form, as actually observed by individual tourists, demands that the editor and compiler should "simply make a business of it," and not even attempt to earn his livelihood in any other way. The book of impersonal statistics, and the book of narrated observations connected by enough of the personal element to make it readable, each has its special function and value; and each supplements the other. I recommend every reader of mine to procure the local road-books and guide-books of all regions where he travels; and I feel sure that this vol. of mine will stimulate rather than discourage the production of such books. Their need of ignoring personal details, however, tends to deprive them of the aid of possible contributors; while, on the other hand, the transitoriness of publicity in the cycling papers almost forbids the writing of careful reports for *them*. A tourist feels, as regards the latter, that his story must capture all its readers within a single week, and hence can do very little permanent good to the cause;

while, as regards the former, his patriotism may not be equal to the strain of suppressing all incident and individuality for the greater glory of pure statistics. But even if tourists would write an abundance of good road-reports for a given journal, any attempt to print them, as an exclusive or controlling feature, would quickly prove fatal to its prosperity. My history of cycling journals has shown that they are all, of necessity, "advertising circulars, supported by the trade"; and, as trade policy promotes racing rather than touring, no journal devoted to the latter could make money. Races possess the element of "news," and tours do not. Hence, while the veriest tyro of the pen can fling together a race-report which will attract readers, nothing short of genius can fashion so prosaic a thing as a road-report into such shape as to be generally attractive. "When you talk to a man of touring, there is so little to say, that he regards it as a very dull pastime,—until he once tries it. I suppose there are a few writers who could make a report of a tour sufficiently interesting to rouse public interest; but such men are very scarce and should command big salaries." The quoted words are those of an enthusiastic tourist (B. B. Ayers, in *Am. Wheelman*, Aug., '86, p. 7); and I support their underlying idea by saying that, if one of those "few writers" ever did in fact prepare a touring sketch which could be called "readable" in a strict literary sense, I never had the happiness to read it. The power of compelling "the general reader," who is indifferent about cycling, to take an interest in such a sketch, is a power I do not pretend to possess; and I know of no one else who possesses it. I simply claim for myself that a quarter-century's training as "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," has given me a certain exceptional skill for editing and compiling road-reports, in a concise and instructive manner which is calculated to please bicycle tourists. If the cyclers of the country decide that that skill ought henceforth to be employed exclusively for their benefit, I had just as soon sell it to them as to any one else.

Proposals for "My Second Ten Thousand."

My painstaking style of compilation is shown in Chaps. 30-32; and I have said that those (pp. 473-554) cost me 2 mos. of 256 h., in addition to the enormous labor of collecting the material. I tried there to give each man's story in his own peculiar fashion, while at the same time largely recasting each, after a fashion of my own. I shall be glad to have each subscriber give me his opinion as to whether those three chapters repay him for the delay they caused the book. I may have been foolish in promising to insert such chapters, and in promising to prepare a history of wheel literature; but, after attracting, by those promises, a great quantity of mss., maps, pamphlets, papers and books (to say nothing of subscribers), I was in duty bound to fulfill them. A similar remark will apply to various other features of the book, which I never should have promised if I could have foreseen their cost. In fact, I should never have undertaken it at all, if I 'd had the faintest conception that it was to be so big. I simply could n't have lived through these three years, except for my unreasonable hopefulness; for this continually had power to deceive me as to my capacity for speed in "getting to the end." Yet even my actual speed would have been impossible, save under the inspiration of seeing my chapters go into type as fast as written, and of feeling the printers' prod always at my heels. There must needs be danger to an author in publishing his own book, and an especial danger in fixing a price for it, and beginning to print, before the whole is written; but it is evident that my own could have been produced in no other way. The bigness of it, too, seems a sort of business necessity, for an adv.; because, since I am debarred from praising the quality of my own work, there is need of a chance for proclaiming its quantity, as a fact extraordinary enough to command attention. Similarly, I felt forced to collect and print all the "wheeling biographies" within reach, in order to show that my own biography was put into the book as a mere matter of business, and not at all for vanity. I am thus enabled to declare that, even if all the pages which concern myself and my travels be disregarded, enough others will remain to make the vol. worth its price to any wheelman who cares at all about roads and tours and tourists. Hence, too, I plan to have my own travels and personality hold a much less prominent place in the next book; and to give it greater variety, by devoting most of its space to the lives and explorations of other pushers of the wheel. I plan to have it contain not less than 300 pp. (of same size as the present, but with little or none of the present fine type); to have it indexed even better than this book;

to exclude all advertisements; to issue it in 1890; and to sell it for $1.50,—except to those who give me 50 c. worth of "moral support" by pledging $1 in advance. Perhaps I may print an alphabetical list of such supporters; but I do not promise it, or promise any other "frills" which might get me into trouble. Every reader whom the present vol. pleases, enough to make him wish to encourage me in producing another one of similar style, is hereby invited to pledge $1 for "My Second Ten Thousand" (or, for short, "2 X. M."), as outlined above, with the understanding that he can revoke the pledge at pleasure, and that, if the actual book shall not please him, he can return it instead of paying for it. Thus, by incurring a merely nominal obligation, which any change of will must release, he can help me to decide whether it is worth while to attempt a second experiment as a publisher. I shall be glad to receive suggestions and opinions, as to what ought to go in or be kept out of the proposed book; and I specially want to know whether readers prefer larger type than the largest (brevier) used in the present one.

Request for personal statistics.

All persons who have kept a wheeling record by cyclom., during '86, in any part of the world, are requested to send the same to me, early in '87, no matter if it only amounts to 500 m. I wish to have their mileage given by months; an estimate of the year's "separate miles of road," as distinguished from miles of repetition on the same road; a report of all tours of 150 m. or more (with details, in cases of American roads not commonly traversed or described), and name of cyclom., with facts and opinions about its merits and faults. Indeed, of all cycloms., used in his previous years, I ask each reporter to tell every detail he can, good or bad, for I want to make an exhaustive chapter of testimony on that subject. The amount of it already contributed to these pages, by many observers, the index shows to be greater than exists elsewhere; and the reasons why such testimony cannot appear in the cycling press may be found in the *Bulletin's* report (Sept. 18, '86, p. 304) of the League officers' discussion which led them to reaffirm the policy of "avoiding trouble with advertisers," by excluding all mention of their wares from the literary columns of that paper. Every American who has ridden 100 m. of separate road in 24 h. (either straightaway or in a circuit), or 25 m. straightaway without dismount; or who has taken a tour of 500 m., or a straightaway tour of 250 m., or who has explored 100 m. of unreported roads, is requested to supply me with exact dates and details. On p. 485 and p. 497 may be found good models for touring reports,—their condensed statistics being given at the outset, and then their general remarks, with back references. Contributors of such special reports, and of general mileage records for '86, are invited to observe the following rules: Write on only one side of paper; begin first page with full name and residence, occupation or profession, and exact date of birth (place of it, also, when different from residence); give date of learning to ride, size and make of wheels ridden, and approximate mileage of each; also annual mileage previous to '86, or previous to the date of the event reported. The foregoing suggestions are in no sense complete or exclusive. In general, my wish is that each contributor should tell all that he thinks would interest other wheelmen; and a good way for him to decide about this is to reflect upon the facts and style of others' reports, in this book or elsewhere, which have been of chief interest to himself. My own aim, in describing a tour, is, as said in the Preface, to give just that sort of information about every point, which I myself would gladly have had in advance. The dates of tours are important because road-surface varies in different years and seasons. Condition of wind and weather deserves mention in reporting long straightaway stays in saddle or 24 h. rides. I value such things not as exploits, but as brief statements of the goodness of the roads. If a skilful rider can cover a given 25 m. of ground without stop, the same must be fairly ridable by every one. If he can cover a given 100 m. in 24 h., every one else can easily get over the same in 2 or 3 days. Hence, I shall be glad to be told of long stretches of country which *can* be covered without dismount, even though the reporter may not have done so in fact. So far as concerns reports of annual mileage, the older a man is, the more desirous I am of filing his statistics. I wish, by collecting a lot of these, to show about how much time the average man of 35 or 40, absorbed by business cares, gives to wheel exercise. Records of the younger and more active are also welcomed, of course; but I want to make clear the truth that a mileage need not be of exceptional size, or go up into the thousands, in order to serve my

purpose. So few riders use cyclometers, that there is no danger of my being overwhelmed by the multitude of replies. Men whose records appear in this book are urged to correct them for me at the close of '86, and give birthdays, if not already given. All correspondents who may refuse the latter request will please say "age declined," in order to show that the omission is intentional. All who object to having their contributions, or parts thereof, printed in cycling press, or in any particular paper, in advance of insertion in "2 X. M.," will please so specify. Otherwise, I shall feel free to put them to such preliminary use.

Hints to authors and publishers.

"Reciprocation," I trust, will be the rule adopted towards me by all to whom I have given a free adv. in the previous chapter. Whenever new books or eds. of theirs may offer the chance, I hope they will reprint the words of my title-page, and announce briefly the size, style and scope of my book,—even though they refrain from adopting the larger policy of giving similar treatment to all cycling books known to be in the market. Quite aside from this, however, I ask that each author and publisher named in the chapter should send me corrections of any errors made there, and should remedy omissions. Birthdays are also desired. I wish to receive advance announcements of all new cycling books and pamphlets, and the things themselves when issued. If my prospective adv. thereof, in cycling press and later eds., does not seem worth the trouble, I suggest that at least the title-page, and a statement of size, style and price, should be filed with me in every case. I offer a similar wish and suggestion to publishers of guide-books, maps and pictures which may be assumed to have a special interest to wheelmen. I assure every cycle dealer who sends me his catalogue or price-list that it shall be carefully preserved; but I hope nothing of the sort will hereafter be printed which does not at least freely reproduce the words of my title-page,—even though space forbids the use of my freely-offered electrotype, giving a condensed adv. of all the wheeling books and papers in the market (see p. 655). Adv. circulars of new cycling books, which are small and light enough to be easily folded in my own circulars without an increase of postage, I am willing to freely distribute thus,—and I shall be specially "willing" if a brief adv. of my own book be first printed on the margin. Writers who use pseudonyms in the cycling press are invited to help me compile a list thereof for publication,—appending to each the owner's real name, the date of his birth, the meaning of the *nom de plume*, if it has any, and the dates of its adoption and use.

The cycling press and its "free adv."

There are not many journalists-of-the-wheel towards whom, at this late day, it seems needful that I should shout the slogan of the Siddall's soap advertiser: "Don't be a clam!" There are not many whose minds run in a groove of such case-hardened impenetrability to new ideas as utterly to deny the existence of a "certain something" in my scheme which lifts it a little above the common, and demands for it a somewhat exceptional treatment. Yet it is fitting that I should formulate the logic of my position with a plainness that can leave no pretext for misrepresenting it,—even to the stupidest of mortals. Let me then declare, in the first place, that a vital objection to what is called "free advertising" (*i. e.*, an interpolation, amid a journal's ordinary reading-matter, of facts and opinions designed to further some private scheme or interest) is its usual lack of the "readable" quality. Readers are not interested in such stuff, because its boastfulness offends their sense of justice. They instinctively resent self-praise; and a covert attempt of Smith to wheedle them into the belief that his wares are better than the similar ones of Brown, is especially obnoxious. No one likes puffery or attempted deception; and I think tradesmen often make a mistake, even in their big-type advs., in trifling with the intelligence of possible patrons, by speaking too well of themselves. But no such mistake has been made by me in my three years' tiresome campaign as a free advertiser; and it will not be made in the future. I have tried to arouse public attention and curiosity by ringing all possible changes on the *facts* of the case; but I have printed not a line in praise of the scheme, nor have I sought to inspire such printing by others. Indeed, by preference, I would have suppressed certain flattery which others have volunteered to print. Sincere praise is always sweet to the object of it; but I do not believe that an uncritical promulgation thereof is good business policy. The Athenians got tired of hearing their great general and law-giver, Aristides, everlastingly called "the Just," though they

never questioned the truth of the epithet, and were quite willing to provide for the family whom he left without money enough to even pay for his funeral. Hence, though I shall be bound to circulate, as a bait for buyers, various favorable "press notices" which I assume this book has power to call out, I shall take good care to temper such praises by circulating alongside them the censures which may be pronounced upon it. These are apt to be more interesting, because more sincere and pointed and significant, than mere laudation. According to my conception of the human mind, incisive fault-finding and sharply-worded criticism of details, have greater power of provoking curiosity, and thereby attracting purchasers, than the most lavish use of commendatory superlatives whose glitter is entirely general. A conventional phrase of approval, like "the best book of its class ever published," falls on the ear with a dull, sickening thud, and is then forgotten; but a smart sarcasm, as to "the author's absurdity in devoting a large part of p. 21 to the 'mileage' of his various pairs of stockings," sticks to a man's consciousness, and helps worry him into a belief that he must ultimately look up that absurd page with his own eyes. Therefore, I say to cycling editors, as I have said to my subscribers, that a minute exposition of the book's faults will please me better than a vague mention of its merits; but I hope every such exposition will be accompanied by the remark (assuming the editor so believes) that, "in spite of these faults, the book is well worth its price." I hope each editor who quotes even briefly from the book will give exact credit, by title and page, in preference to an indirect acknowledgment; and will append price and publisher's address to long extracts, whenever the proprieties of the case allow. It will be seen that I have observed this rule in my treatment of the cycling papers; and I ask all publishers thereof, who have not yet adopted the plan of sending me complimentary copies, to consider the probable advantage to themselves of doing so. Every such journal which comes to me is carefully read, indexed and permanently filed for reference; and whenever occasion arrives for incorporating these references into an article, I give due credit. Thus, if *Wheeling* gets a more frequent free adv. in this book than any other English paper, it is because no other has been regularly filed for my use; but such adv. represents no partiality or puffery. It is given in the natural course of business; because I must needs employ the material nearest at hand,—and "all is fish which comes to my net." Publishers who may not care to supply me with complete files are invited to send me occasional numbers, containing special features which they think worthy of attention.

The doctrine of intelligent selfishness.

"Enlightened selfishness" is the sentiment which I wish should govern the cycling press in its treatment of myself. If the editors think this scheme of persuading 3000 strangers to sell 30,000 books for my private gain, is sufficiently preposterous to be of public interest, I ask them to proclaim the various tricks and devices which I may employ in pushing it,—*provided that my statement of those things be put together in a way considered "readable."* I ask that such writing of mine be judged simply on its merits for arousing people's interest,—the same as any other. If I have literary capacity enough to concoct an adv. which can amuse a paper's patrons, I say it is bad policy to deprive them of it, merely on the ground that their amusement may have the remote effect of putting money in my purse. I don't know that I have such capacity: I merely ask editors to judge whether I seem to have it in any specimen "free adv." which I may submit for their approval, and to let their approval depend upon that judgment. I insist that such approval cannot "establish a bad precedent." It cannot drive away "paying advertisers," nor increase their hunger for "reading notices." My scheme conflicts with no other, and discriminates against no other. The facts and incidents attending the progress of it may not be capable of presentation in such shape as to fascinate the entire wheel-world; but the chance that a section thereof may be interested therein, as much as another section may be interested in the record of how Jones beat Robinson on the race-track, is at least worth the editors' considering. They should consider, too, that I have refrained from trying to take the bread out of their mouths by selling any part of this book to advertisers, or by starting a rival trade-circular "devoted to touring." Still further, if I freely contribute to their columns road-reports and personal sketches which I have persuaded wheelmen to contribute for my second book, and which I have laboriously recast into proper shape for the press, is it not just that the

editors should help repay me by allowing an advertising tag tacked on to such contributions? Finally, as regards the official organ of the League,—since I have mentioned some hostility as once shown me there because of my non-membership,—it seems fitting to present a special argument which cannot apply to the other papers. Though I might plausibly claim that its "amateur definition" renders a "professional" like myself ineligible to membership, I prefer to urge the broader truth that my own inflexible rule, of refraining from membership in any human association whatever, is not a logical pretext for the League's departing from strict business principles in its treatment of me. If I had offered to "swap advertising space" with the *Bulletin*, page for page, no doubt I could have done so; but the business value to the League of the "free adv.," which I have preferred to give it instead, is not lessened at all by the fact of my position as an outsider, and the essential justice of repaying it is the same as under a formal contract. I have no fault to find with the *Bulletin's* past treatment of me, nor fears of unfairness in its future treatment; but I wish to provide in advance against any sentimental confusion of ideas about facts which have no connection. As a business man, I have an incomparably greater stake in the success of the League than any of its officers can ever have, and I am bound to use every chance in my reach to help increase its prosperity; but I wish each member to see clearly that the League, as a business institution, is bound to support me without any swerving from the rule of "enlightened self-interest."

How I got leisure for touring.

"Mister, you must be all-fired rich; ain't you, now?" is a question recorded in one of Kirk Munroe's canoeing sketches (*Wheelman*, Dec., '83, p. 220), as put by a specially blunt and inquisitive rustic to a young city man, who in fact earned a precarious livelihood at newspaper work. It was his ownership of a $150 canoe, in which he presumed to take a brief vacation voyage, that thus inflamed the rural imagination into glorifying him as a millionaire; and the glitter of a nickel-plated bicycle often has the same funny effect, in the backwoods, as suggested on p. 7. I call such misapprehension "funny," because cheapness is one of the distinctive recommendations of each conveyance,—because each is really a "poor man's pleasure-carriage." My sense of humor has therefore had great gratification in recognizing that innocently-written reports of inexpensive bicycle travels somehow caused people to look upon me as a creature of vast wealth and illimitable leisure. I have never been such a person in fact; but, on the other hand, I have always had enough of both those very desirable things to make me feel loath to sacrifice any of the latter in order to attempt an increase of the former. I have always been an industrious man, but have designedly limited my field of money-making,—as the only sure device for avoiding the danger of overwork. When I established myself here in the big city, on the first day of autumn in '76, I brought with me a long-considered plan for making a weekly appeal to college interests through the columns of some existing newspaper; and I very soon persuaded the editor of the *World* (who knew me not from Adam) to take stock in my scheme,—so that an engagement resulted which lasted a trifle more than 6 years. In every Monday's issue, I printed 2 or 3 columns called "College Chronicle"; and the vast and varied mass of correspondence and college journals which formed the raw-material for this, was all addressed to me, at my private abode, as "*World's* Coll. Chron." Hence, when I began to write about bicycling in '79, I varied this signature to "Kol Kron"; and when the *World* decided, in the autumn of '82, that it had no further use for any College Chronicler, I expanded the "Kol" to "Karl," and explained the change, with some detail, on p. 230 of Dec. *Wheelman*, which I think first printed the revised version. Now, my usual rule, as to this *World* business, was to work at it somewhat on 6 days of every week,—for it was a very laborious department, in spite of its limited size,—but I was never *obliged* to work on any given day; and, if I chose to do double work on a given week, I could win the following week for leisure. During the summer vacation of the colleges, in particular, when no letters or papers needed reading, I could easily shove my work 3 or 4 weeks ahead, and roam where I pleased for that interval. Hence it was that so unusual a proportion of my bicycling took the form of touring. I was freed from the local limitations of most workers; and so I was very apt to stay at least a day in the saddle whenever I mounted at all. But even in my most extended journeys, I was drawing a salary all the while,

and was earning it; for the good-luck in my case was merely an ability to so adapt the usual hours of work and play as to take each in large doses.

"World" experiences as a non-competitor.

I do not pretend to vouch for the truth of the philosophy which says that men are better-natured than women, "because they only hate those other men who are in the same occupation as themselves, whereas women, having only one occupation, all hate each other"; but the bitterness of men's business rivalries is a commonplace of every-day observation. Reflecting upon this, and upon the exceptional smoothness with which I have managed to get through life, I conclude that the reason for it must be attributed to my skill in steering such a course, amid the mass of my fellow-humans, as to keep out of competition with them. If I have always been wayward, my "way" has rarely had the ill-luck to cross or interfere with any one else's. Thus, as my weekly chronicle in the *World* was the only thing of its sort in existence, it could arouse the hostility of no other paper; and, as no standard of comparison was in reach of the office-editors, by which they could prove any relative failure in my work, they were forced to print every shred of copy I sent in to them,—as inexorably as if I were the editor-in-chief,—up to the limit that had been fixed for my special department. In those days, the *World* was a fairly respectable paper, as shown by its having a much smaller circulation than any other morning daily in the city; but all the office-editors abhorred my chronicle, because of its cast-iron clutch on two columns of their Monday's space,—restricting, to that extent, their power to publish genuine "news," of universal human interest: such as murders, hangings, robberies, rapes, assaults, seductions, scandals and all the rest. It is by a thoroughly business-like devotion to these demands of the popular appetite, that the new owner of the *World* has, in three years, pushed its circulation from the lowest to the highest notch, so that it is now far in advance of all the other daily police-gazettes which adorn metropolitan journalism. The limit of that advance, indeed, is in those shadowy regions which are penetrable only to the vision of the affidavit-makers who are kept busily employed in heralding it. I record these facts without any personal bias, for the change of ownership did not happen until a half-year after my own department of the *World* was suppressed, though I suppose such suppression was really a significant straw, showing that the money-losing policy of "trying to be respectable" was nearing the point of abandonment. I never cherished any illusions as to the relative importance of my chronicle, or assumed for it any attractive value outside the special class to whom it appealed. Whether the chance of placating this intangible sentiment of collegiate "good-will" were worth the price I put upon it or not, was a simple question-of-business for my employer to consider. After deciding it in my favor for 6 years, I had no cause for offense that, on the 7th, when a general change of policy was imminent, he should decide it against me. All this is a needed preliminary to saying that, though a general cry of heart-felt hilarity went up in the *World* office, over the long-hoped-for death of my much-hated chronicle, none of the men there had any particular hostility to the chronicler. They saw that my work did not compete with any other, that I was not in the line of promotion to any place which they wanted, and that I was not employed through favoritism,—because I led a life which was as much apart from my employer's as from their own. That he should persist so long in wasting so much space on such a thing as the chronicle, seemed to them an unaccountable freak; and they did all they dared to discourage it; but towards me personally they never felt any envy or ill-will. I suppose, though, that their impression of me contained a tinge of indulgent and good-natured contempt, "such as we instinctively feel on reading the obituary of a successful man-of-the-world who has just ceased to live." There was a sort of gratification to their self-love in contemplating the case of a worker whose toil brought so much smaller results than might have resulted if their own superior sagacity had directed the line of its operation. I presume that a similar sentiment towards me would be aroused in the mind of almost any "average business-man" who might take the trouble to inform himself, by a careful reading of the present chapter, as to the enormous amount of labor "needlessly and hopelessly wasted" upon this book. But I think that such reading must also convince any one that I am enough of an Emersonian to "rely confidently on that order of the universe which makes it always really worth while to do our

best, even though the reward may not be visible," and that I "have self-reliance enough to trust my own convictions, and my own gifts, such as they are, or such as they may become, without either echoing the opinions or desiring the more-brilliant gifts of others." I think, too, that if one who had known me familiarly since childhood were to try to convey his conception of me in brief phrase, he might well use the formula by which Andrew Lang characterizes Molière: "a man who sought for the permanent element of life in *divertissement*; in the pleasure of looking on, a spectator of the accidents of existence, an observer of the follies of mankind." I hope I may always be accredited with humor enough to laugh at my own follies also; but my ability to convince certain people that I *am* a looker-on, rather than a competitor in their struggles for existence, is the essential thing on which the success of this book seems to depend.

"Elective" honors of college.

Still earlier evidence of my willingness to let other men win all the high prizes around me was shown in the production of my book about Yale, which fulfilled very acceptably the function that I designed it for, and crowded out nothing else to make a place for itself,—though the chance had been waiting a quarter-century or more, for some one else to improve it. My four years' course of undergraduate study paid no attention whatever to the pursuit of "honors" offered by the Faculty, and I accorded no more respect to their "marking-system" than was necessary for simply "keeping in the class." I was quite satisfied to stand at the foot, by reason of studying after an "elective system," of my own, though knowing that the same amount of work expended for the capture of "marks" would have won me a respectable rank. In those days, 20 years ago, while I was of very small account in the official world of college, I had great repute in a certain still smaller world, as an authority on a certain small science called "philately." All well-read votaries of this, throughout England and Canada as well as the United States, recognized my initials as representing "the most eminent living writer on the subject of American postage-stamps." Now, this well-won but entirely secret fame, which interfered with no other creature's complacency, seemed much pleasanter to me than a certainty of capturing the highest prize could have seemed, if I had cared to compete with the midnight-oil-burning section of my classmates, who were "seeking reputation's bubble at the Prex's mouth." My pleasure was increased by knowing that even the existence of "philately's" world-spread science and literature was quite unknown to these learned instructors, who sedately recorded the grades of glory due to such ambitious youth as best "caught on to" their own professorial crotchets.

Illustrations from genealogy.

Similarly, the fascination attending certain explorations in genealogy, which I gave a good many off-hours to, during a half-dozen years, was intensified by knowing how incomprehensible it seems to most people, and how generally ignorant even the best-educated are in regard to the commonness of such investigations and the abundance of the material for them. I wished some one else had taken pains to collect my ancestral tablets in advance of me; and a belief that no one else would ever be likely to do it was what induced me to volunteer as family historian. Nothing can be sillier than the off-hand opinion of the unreflecting that the bent of such compilations is "undemocratic." On the contrary, they are the outcome of a strictly scientific spirit; and their most impressive lesson is the one hinted at on p. 79,—the utter fatuity of supposing that "a permanent family" can exist in any such shifting social structure as our own. Almost all the first settlers in this country, as in every other, were poor people who came here to take a more-or-less desperate chance of bettering their lots. No prosperous American of to-day, therefore, is likely to have his vanity vastly increased, by a mere ability to show his own exact line of descent from certain ones among those adventurous emigrants; but, in various other ways, such knowledge has value and interest. The study of genealogy may, on its sentimental side, be fairly considered as in the line of the Scriptural command, "Honor thy parents"; and, on its practical side, as enjoined by, "Know thyself." The man whose name I have inherited through six generations was among the earliest settlers in Springfield, where I was born; and the man whose name my mother inherited through six generations was one of the founders of New Haven, where she was born; and all my intermediate ancestors of those two names spent their entire lives in those two places. In general, the same may be said in regard to my ancestors of

all other names, during this period of 250 years,—I have discovered that they lived and died in one or the other of those two typical Yankee settlements in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Every person's progenitors of the 7th generation preceding necessarily represented 128 families, to which the degree of his relationship is just the same as to the one family whose name he bears; though, in common talk about such a case, the 127 families, or most of them, are apt to be ignored. Hereditary influences, however, pay no regard to nominal distinctions; and a man who wishes to generalize about them in his own case (*e. g.*, to estimate his chances of longevity) is bound to procure the vital statistics of *all* his ancestors in a given generation. The difficulty of doing this, in New England, straight back to its first settlement in the 17th century, is not so great as might seem; for the local records of births, marriages and deaths have been kept there with exceptional completeness; residences were rarely changed in the era before railroads; and the printed family genealogies which are accessible in public libraries give facts about nearly all the early population. Hence, though I am pleased with having assured myself that, as noted on p. 36, "I am a thoroughbred Yankee from Yankeeville,"—that I am a true son of the soil, if there ever was one,—the remark conveys no implication that thousands of others could not readily prove themselves likewise, if they chose to take the trouble. It amuses me to know that my father's family name, however odd or obscure, has flourished in England ever since one of William the Conqueror's assistant-pirates introduced it there in 1066; and that my mother's earliest American progenitor brought across with him in 1637 a connected record of many generations of Kentish ancestors. It amuses me to know that the only very remarkable thing ever done by a man of my name in this country was the act of one of my grandfather's cousins, who lived into his 102nd year. He lasted so long because, like myself, he preferred peace and a quiet life. He worked a little farm, in a remote "hill town" on the Vermont border, out of sight of a railway; and when I went there to visit him, for the first and last time, on his 97th birthday, his talk impressed my mind with the curious conviction that I myself had already lived much longer than he had (judging by extent and variety of experiences), though coming into the world almost 70 years later. It amuses me to know that the average age of all my ancestors for six generations was much greater than the average age of humanity in general, and that every one of them was younger at the time of marriage than I myself now am. But my pleasure in all these bits of knowledge comes not from their power to make me seem either better or worse to other people, but from their power to make me the more truly understand my own nature.

Preference for small and special tasks.

In compiling a list of all the people who have borne my name, I knew full well that it could interest only a few score of readers, even among those to whom the name belongs. I knew that my utterances about "philately" were quite "caviare to the general." I knew that my book about undergraduate life and customs could have no vogue except among Yale men. I knew that my exhaustive history of intercollegiate boat-racing would be hopelessly buried between the covers of a mighty tome never opened except for scientific research. I knew that my chronicle in the *World* would be scornfully skipped by all readers not of academic antecedents. Yet I took pains with all these matters, and was satisfied with them, because I felt that in each field—however small—I was supreme; that no one else wished to interfere with me, or could pretend to do the same work as well. So, now, as regards the present book: experiment only can decide whether it was wisely planned to please my special *clientele;* but no other human could have planned it, because none other has had my own peculiar experiences; and if the quick sale of 30,000 copies shall raise it to the plane of success, the actual or prospective prosperity of no other author or publisher can be at all diminished thereby. This notion may help explain my willingness to assume such enormous risks in trying to placate these people; for, if I can do it, I thus ensure a livelihood "without competition,"—without the need of crowding out any one else,—without the surrender of personal independence involved in habitual personal contact with "business men." If I can please my 3000 subscribers, they can put me in control of a new field which is fully my own, by right of original discovery. I had no idea of any such discovery while I was formulating my prospectus, three years ago. I intended soon to return to newspaper work, and thought that six months would suffice for publishing my existing

road-reports in book form, with a fair chance of $500 profit. I had spent great care upon them, and I rather hated to let them lie buried where first printed,—especially as there was an evident demand for a road-book, and no signs appeared of any other tourist or writer volunteering to take up the task. So, like the mariner in the old story, "I floated away for the Loadstone Rock."

Involved beyond my wishes.

This chapter's report of how my first very simple plan gradually expanded until, by imperceptible degrees, I found myself involved beyond all hope of returning to my former mode of livelihood, illustrates very well the uncertainties of human existence. It seems, therefore, like a sort of sarcasm of destiny that, in spite of the wish to confine my achievements to small things, "a great affair" has somehow got saddled on my shoulders; that, in spite of an indisposition to speculate or assume financial risks, I have perforce staked at least $10,000 worth of my time and money upon a chance which all the wise-heads consider visionary and hopeless; that, in spite of a preference for a quiet and obscure life, I am now driven to beat the advertising gong upon all the housetops of the cycling world, and make merchandise of my notoriety. The very perversity of such a fate gives it a sort of grotesqueness which is not unamusing to me; but I wish to leave no room open for doubt upon this essential fact: that my volubility as a book-agent (whether it shall prove effective or not) is as strictly inspired by "business" as is that of America's most eminent political talker, Senator Evarts. I account it quite unjust to call him "a sophistical rhetorician, intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity"; for sophistry has always been the lawyers' stand-by, since those early times when Demosthenes told about their making the worse appear the better reason. I never saw any signs of intoxication in his talk, or of inability to use the simple words of less-gifted people, when he cared to make himself comprehensible. When, for example, at the great mass-meeting of Jan. 11, '75, serving as the mouthpiece of this indignant metropolis in its demand for constitutional government at the South, he said, "The outrage on Louisiana was an outrage on New York and on every State in the Union," President Grant and his "senatorial group" knew just what was meant. They made no more experiments at organizing State legislatures with federal bayonets.

Anecdote of Gen. Grant.

It was during this Presidency, or soon afterwards, that Grant told a friend of mine an incident about himself which seems worth lugging in here, to point a comparison with, and also to preserve for its own sake. I am not aware that it has ever been printed, though I was strongly tempted to publish it at the time when a cracked-brained adventurer's shooting of President Garfield threw the *Tribune* into an unusually silly fit of its womanish hysterics. Though the Czar of all the Russias, commanding the unlimited resources of an absolute despotism, had just exemplified the utter impotence of the most elaborate precautions for preserving, in these modern times, a single human life which a single determined man is willing to risk his own to destroy,—the *Tribune* was actually weak enough to cry aloud that the executive chief of this democratic republic must henceforth be defended by a personal body-guard, with drawn swords and fixed bayonets! Something of this sort had been suggested to Gen. Grant, sixteen years earlier, in Apr., '65, just when the assassination of President Lincoln and the assault on Secretary Seward were causing people to dread lest the conquered rebels had plotted to bring confusion upon their victorious government by a general slaughter of its leaders. He was cautioned against going about the streets of Washington, in his customary simple manner, as needlessly exposing to peril what then seemed the most valuable life in America. Grant told my friend that he realized the possible peril, but that he also realized, and so assured his advisers, that it was a necessity of his position, and that it would only be intensified by any action of his which gave public token of recognizing it. "If political plotters or private fanatics have really determined to kill me," said Grant, "there is no certain way of preventing them. But the best way of discouraging them is to go about my usual business in my usual manner. If I thus show my belief that this government does not depend for perpetuity upon any single life, I shall help recall that truth to flighty minds which may temporarily have forgotten it." The sturdy wisdom of this decision endears Grant's memory to me quite as much as any saying I recall as accredited to him, for it shows what a really genuine American he was, and how thoroughly he appreciated—in spite of his incapacity to avoid rudimentary blunders in

political administration—the ultimate idea on which the greatness of this nation rests. People to whom I have mentioned the incident have sometimes praised its "courage"; but I do not consider that its important feature. Grant's courage was predicated on the fact of his willingness to become the foremost figure in a successful war; but, when this fact made him also a supremely attractive target for the assassin, the manner in which he faced such a chance had its chief significance in proving his downright sagacity and good-sense. I hope the story may not seem a too pretentious prelude to explaining why I think certain offered praise of my own "courage," for putting so many pages into this book, is misapplied. If I deserve the word at all, it is for making a beginning; but I have confessed that I never should have taken that first step if I could have foreseen the troubles which it was fated to lead me into. What I want to insist upon is that my later actions have been under the stress of inevitable necessity. When a man can't turn back, there is no particular "courage" implied in the steadfastness with which he goes ahead, though it may supply an interesting test of his physical capacity for endurance, and of his mental capacity for choosing the right road. In war-time, the imprisoned soldiers sometimes used to dig their way out through tunnels,—by concealing a few handfuls of earth each day, during the hour or two when they were left unwatched. As the tunnel grew longer, and the day of completing it grew nearer, their own dread of discovery increased in similar degree until, on the eve of trial, this dread became almost unendurable. To fail *then*, on the very verge of freedom,—to lose all that had been patiently won,—seemed so much more ignominious and heart-breaking than earlier failure could have seemed! Yet the self-control of these men, in keeping an unruffled front till the last, was something rather different from "courage."

Delay and worry caused by "side-issues."

My mental strain in this task has been similar to that of those tunnel-digging prisoners. I have never doubted that the chance of freedom ahead was well worth "making a break for"; but I have grown more and more nervous lest something should stop my preliminary digging before it reached the point where such break were possible. I have felt, time and again, as if my strength might not hold out to really publish the book in the exact shape which I deem essential for forcing a large sale of it. I have likened my position to that of the leading figure on the heading of the old *Am. Bi. Journal* (p. 656), and have feared that the Scythe-Swinger in the rear would at some point of the contest quicken his pace enough to mow me down. Approaching now within a few months of the exact age when my father killed himself by overwork, 34 years ago, I have been oppressed with the superstition that,—inheriting his inability ever to do things by halves,—I might be fated to pay the same penalty. Having always endeavored to profit from his example, by refraining from every scheme or entanglement large enough to excite or absorb me; having always reprobated the folly of risking present health and pleasure for any possible prize of the future; having always expected to quit the world without leaving in it any sign as to whether or not I might possess the capacity for money-making,—I now, at forty, find myself forced forward to do just what I believe unwise to do. I almost feel as if I were a sort of automaton, impelled to enact a grim practical joke! But besides these general disturbances of mind, there have been special ones, as unavoidable as unexpected, which caused delay. The building of a half-million words into a book is not quite so simple a process as the laying of that many bricks into a wall; and I should say, at a guess, that I have meanwhile written another half-million words, in advertising and pushing the scheme. In the spring of '85, one of the early friends of the book printed a carelessly-worded letter, saying that its prospective value had now vanished, because of the long delay, and "demanding a return of subscribers' money." As this conveyed the notion that I had been collecting cash, under false pretenses, I was forced to write two long series of letters to all the cycling papers,—explaining that my plan called simply for promises, not money, in advance. About a year later, a New Jersey cycling club, of previously good reputation, called the Orange Wanderers, issued a pair of formal manifestoes: the first (May 19) recommending the local government to enact certain illegal discriminations against "bicycles and tricycles," and the second (July 1) recommending wheelmen generally to submit to the actual enactments (which threatened them with "$5 fine or 30 days' imprisonment," for exercising their common-law rights upon the road) as "perfectly proper." This

unaccountable display of fatuity was reproved by me to the extent of three columns (*Bulletin*, July 23, p. 80) as vigorous language as my heart-felt indignation could inspire; and much other writing, public and private, was extorted from me by the later necessities of the case. These two "side-issues" of '85 and '86—such is the worry and annoyance and mental interruption which personal contentions of that sort cause—combined to knock a month's vitality squarely out of my life, and by at least that extent delayed the book; yet I simply could not go on writing it until those side-issues were settled.

A political interruption.

Similarly, in the autumn of '84, I had to sacrifice the equivalent of two months' progress, because of inability to maintain my usual attitude of unconcerned spectator, in the presence of what seemed to me a grave national peril. "Politics" of the common sort makes no more of a personal appeal to me than any other outside game, which I have no wish to share in. So far as votes are concerned, it is self-evident that the only significant ones are those cast by men who are independent of party dictation,—for all the rest simply form two inert masses whose sole function is to offset each other. Hence it seems to me that every citizen whose circumstances are exceptional enough to allow him to indulge in a mind of his own, owes a special duty to the public in formally registering his opinion at every election. For myself, it is quite impossible that I should have the slightest loyalty for "a party" as an abstraction or a superstition; and I find it hard to understand such a sentiment when shown by other people towards either of the "parties" which now nominally oppose each other, though really "without form and void." I judge "a party" in each election simply for its value as an instrument in expressing an idea, or bringing to pass a result; but I care no more for the name pasted on the instrument than for the color of the ballot-box into which my vote is cast. This is not by way of suggesting that I have no permanent political prejudices (for I am necessarily a bitter opponent of "the interference theory of government" in all its shapes and guises, and have no patience with any scheme which seeks to lessen individual freedom), but only by way of explaining that the trouble which delayed this book two months in '84 was quite disconnected from partisanship. That deplorable attempt to destroy an honest man's good-name somehow appealed to my personal sense of justice. It made me thoroughly angry, as no other public event had ever had power to make me, except the assassination of Lincoln. And so, according to the measure of my opportunity, I did what little I could to help the Honest Tricycler win the great Presidential race. His triumph may be made to teach various plausible "lessons," but the lesson which the philosophic historian of the future is sure to insist upon as the most significant is that one which is an omen of triumph for wheeling. The strife, in its ultimate essence, was between the old and the new,—between the veterans who "pointed with pride" to the rear, and the youngsters who insisted on pointing with hope to the front. A new generation asserted itself in that victory,—a generation which contains the bicyclers, and which can sympathize with their demands for better roads. Many of my subscribers no doubt "voted the wrong way"; but I hope no one of them really regrets a result which gave us a wheelman for chief ruler, and proved the potency of those new ideas and tendencies to which cycling makes its chief appeal.

The range of my acquaintance.

It is proper that I should say here, to prepare for a later remark, that I have had some sort of direct knowledge (irrespective of all printed reports) about the last seven Presidents and their cabinets and foreign ministers; the Supreme Court judges and lesser ones; the great railroad managers and their lawyers (who really rule this country); senators, congressmen, governors, mayors, and the political machinists who "work" those automatons in nation, State and city; the chief officers of the army and navy; newspaper owners and college executives; distinguished clergymen and physicians, merchants and bankers, travelers and scientists, historians and poets, novel-writers and artists, singers and actors. In regard to those Americans who have been most prominent during the last 20 years, I may say that I have talked with a good many of them, have watched with my own eyes a larger number, and, through my friends (who could trust my discretion in revealing their own experiences among such people), have been able to get a pretty direct judgment of nearly all of them, and form a fairly independent opinion as to how they conduct them-

selves and what they amount to when "out of harness." All this has happened in "the regular order of business,"—in the appointed drift of my life,—and not because I ever thought any of them worth "running after," or ever desired to boast of their acquaintanceship. As the atmosphere of feminine adulation in which a clergyman must needs pass most of his life, almost inevitably gives him that "certain air of condescension" which a man-of-the-world resents, so the general deference paid to all other "people at the top" is apt to get them into a mental habit which is ruffled a little by a new-comer who "begins business" without swinging any preliminary incense. I can't remember when I was ever young enough to feel the slightest awe in the presence of any human being; though, on the other hand, I have always been ready to accord whatever respect attaches to silence, when in the presence of a being whose manner showed an indisposition to encourage my talk on a plane of absolute personal equality. The idea of trying to "force a recognition" from anybody, never occurs to me; for my mind cannot grasp the notion of any value attaching to such "recognition." The proverbial cat that "may look upon a king," judges the king, as he judges the king's lackey, with sole and impartial reference to the influence which each has upon the comfort of himself, the cat; and, under similar provocation, he will purr for each, or will scratch each with equal claw. In the same way, the man-of-no-account, who sees as clearly as Burke did "what shadows we all are and what shadows we all pursue," can afford to laugh quietly in his sleeve when some particularly vain shadow-chaser presumes to adopt an arrogant air because of the superior bigness or popularity of the particular shadow which he himself happens to be running after. My own observation of eminent "fellow-shadows" is apt to impress me in much the same way as contact with one who declines to ride a bicycle for fear he may appear "undignified,"—I mean it recalls Rochefoucauld's shrewd definition: "Gravity is a peculiar carriage of the body, invented to conceal the defects of the mind." As an offset to my asserted indifference about the sort of "recognition" extended to me by such "persons of position" as I have happened to meet,—to my denial of "awe" and "patronage" as factors in my independent growth,—I wish to record here, very humbly, the genuine sense of gratitude I hold towards my family and my friends, for rightly shaping the development of any good traits which may belong to my character. If it owes exceptionally little to outsiders, to *them* it assuredly owes much. The pleasure of existence, indeed, lies largely in the certainty I feel that the men who have known me longest,—who, from almost a quarter-century's intimacy, understand most fully my faults and shortcomings,—are the men who like me best. I hate to think of "what might have chanced me, all these years, as boy and man," were there not a half-dozen such of whom I can sincerely say:

"The kindly hand has never failed me yet, and never yet has failed the cheering word;
Nor ever went Perplexity unheard, but ever was by thoughtful Counsel met."

"Literary" types and comparisons.

The foregoing admission forbids any one applying to me the characterization which Henry Clapp, jr., so aptly applied to Horace Greeley: "a self-made man who worships his creator." It shows too, that I have enough of the humorous sense to forbid my accepting seriously a grotesque nomination for the Presidency, against a successful general of world-wide fame, and then dying from disappointed vanity over the inevitable result. Clapp's obscure death, in a hospital, was not a very noble one; but it was less contemptible than that of the man whom he satirized,—a man whose inability to see his own limitations was fated to delay for a decade this nation's hope of a reformed civil-service. Even after death, "it is something to call a Greeley a Greeley," as Charles Astor Bristed used to say. There is some slight advantage in pointing out the public troubles which have resulted from the worship of a defunct popular idol, if only to help lessen the number of worshipers about the shrine of the next one. I doubt if the name of Mr. Bristed (d. Jan. 15, 1874, æ. 53) signifies anything to as many as 100 of my 3000 subscribers; and yet he was a sort of man whose life was worth more to the higher civilization of a country like this than a whole army of Greeleys. He was the only man of wealth whom I ever happened to know anything about as using it for the development of his own intellectual freedom, instead of for fettering it by the customary social and conventional shackles; and the only man of letters

who ever wrote a book that I should have been proud to have been able to write, because of its power, from first word to last, to reflect my own mind on the subject which it concerned. That subject was the trick of winning popularity by preaching the suppression of the individual for the flattery of the mass; and that book was in form a personal letter to our most admired apostle of mediocrity and commonplace,—our late "American Tupper," J. G. Holland,—"Concerning his Habit of Giving Advice to Everybody, and his Qualifications for the Task" (8vo, 45 pp., N. Y., '64). As regards my dislike for most "literary men," which my Preface alludes to, I suppose it is because I class them among the "show people" or "play-actors"; and because, as regards the stage, I agree with the remark of Fanny Kemble, whose life-long success there makes her opinion significant, that the theatrical business is "incessant excitement and factitious emotion, unworthy of a man; public exhibition, unworthy of a woman." If an actor amuses me, I am glad to applaud him; but I have no more interest in his personality, after the curtain falls, than on the "properties" which assist him to amuse me. My personal indifference to a novelist is almost as complete; though I must confess that I was glad to see Dickens, in '69,—for there seemed something really genuine about *him*. I by no means condemn any one for resorting to the stage, or to novel-making, if he does so because that happens to be, in his case, the most practicable chance for earning a livelihood. No more do I look with contempt upon any man who, for the same reason, elects to carry a hod. The law of necessity is a complete defense for every human occupation; and that is why I have brought it forward so often as an excuse for writing this chapter and publishing this book. I certainly should have done neither under any less powerful impulse. But I say of a man, who, for the mere gratification of vanity, spends a lot of time in trying to "hold the mirror up to nature," either on the mimic stage or the printed page, that I have no more sympathy for him than I should have for an amateur hod-carrier, who thought it funny to serve the public in that rough way, while a free life of his own could be had for asking. "If we really understand life, we should command it, reap its principal rewards, comfortably live it, instead of vaguely speculating about it." So says a college contemporary of mine, W. H. Bishop, whom I account quite as good a story-teller as any American of his age; and he also agrees with me in "sometimes thinking that the literary faculty, instead of strength, is a form of weakness." As illustrative of the same idea, I quote from a letter which the Russian novelist, Turgeneff, wrote, in his decrepitude, as to the vanity of certain "flattering notices." If I could assume that similar praises were coming to me from wheelmen of all countries, that the quick sale of 30,000 books had won me a decent competence, and that my health had meanwhile been broken down by the overwork involved,—I anticipate that my feelings would be exactly reflected in these words of his: "To say that this does not touch me would be untrue; but it would be just as false to declare that it greatly pleases me. All that is 'shadow of smoke.' For a few weeks of youth—the most foolish, impulsive, reckless, but youth—I would give not only my reputation, but the glory of being an actual genius, if I were one. What would you do then? you ask. I would be off with a [bicycle] for ten hours on the stretch, without stopping. Ah! that would be worth while, and that for me now is not to be thought of." There is thus no doubt of the answer he would have given to George Arnold's question, as to the relative value of repute and reality:

> "Ye who list Fame's trumpet-call; waste your lives and pleasures all;
> When your eyes in death are glazing, what are future glories worth?"

The significance of "society."

I have no possible quarrel with what is called "society," nor sympathy with the small satirists who affect to ridicule its rules. These are just as necessary as the rules of any other game, and the man who doesn't like them ought to seek some other game for his amusement. I myself should no more think of trying to play at "society" than at billiards or base-ball,—for any such cast-iron form of pleasuring is necessarily a bore to me; but I am happy to recognize that other people can enjoy it "because they are built that way." Society is a much older and much more generally interesting game than any of the less elaborate ones, for it has existed as long as the institution of property, on which it is based; and, as almost all people desire to get property, they are apt to

take an interest in the movements of those people whose amusement it is to display the fact that they have got it. Now, I blame no one for amusing himself thus, nor for adopting certain rules and conventions by which that display may be most conveniently and effectively made. I contend, however, that, as the sole object of "society" is amusement, the common habit of accrediting it with any serious purpose, or of assuming that there is any "duty" involved in "belonging" to it, is quite absurd. It is simply a game, and is to be judged by the ordinary laws concerning sport. A man pays money for going into it, just as he does for going into bicycling, either for the anticipated fun, or in the hope of making more money. The great number of these "professionals" who play at "society," though really bored by it as a game, help give color to the delusion that it has a serious side; but a moment's reflection will show that a man may be an exemplary citizen, and fulfill all the duties which he owes his fellows, without giving any more regard to "society" than to bicycling or rowing. The vast bulk of the race, indeed,—the people who do most of the world's work,—are inexorably barred out from it because they must always be poor. To rail at society for being "purse-proud," or "refusing to recognize a poor man," shows an odd misapprehension of its character. To denounce a pair of bicycle tourists as "heartless," because they refuse to adapt their pace to a pedestrian who wishes to enjoy their company, would be no more absurd. Substantial equality between the players, and a pre-arranged system of rules, are essential to the orderly movement of any game. As a scheme for enabling wealthy people to busy themselves in trying to outshine each other and arouse the envy of the less fortunate, "society" seems to me less objectionable than horse-racing or yachting; but it is more deplorable than those sports in this respect, that it continually tempts in the weak-minded, who can't really afford to play, and who therefore devote the energies of miserable lives to the "keeping up of appearances." To all such I commend the wisdom in the following inspired lines of a Western woman who calls herself "The Sweet Singer of Mich.," in a printed collection of her "poems," and who once on a time was publicly crowned with a laurel wreath, by her admiring fellow-citizens. No doubt, they felt, as I do, that these three lines alone were well worth the price of it:

> "Leave off the agony, leave off style, unless you 've got money by you all the while!
> If you turn and look around you, you 'll often have to smile,
> To see so many poor people putting on style!"

My personal relations with cyclers.

Count Tolstoi's recent book, "My Religion," shows that he ought to be a bicycler, if he is not one,—so heartily does he sympathize with the things which give its charm to wheeling. "Perpetual contact with nature" he thinks the first condition of human happiness. "Man must, like a plant, enjoy the sun, the fresh air, the spectacle of the earth. He must throw off his dependence on valets, coachmen and porters, who intercept all communication with his fellow-men, with vegetation, with animals. He must offset mental worry by doing physical work, which procures appetite and quiet sleep; and he must have some mode of *securing affectionate intercourse with all men.*" The bicycle's availability as an instrument for the purpose shown by the words which I have italicized, was what I chiefly praised it for when I wrote the essay of five years ago, which stands at the head of this book (see pp. 3, 14); and it is what I want to chiefly insist upon now, as an excuse for my elaborate showing of the various classes of men between whom and myself there can be no such intercourse. I hope, by contrast, the more impressively to exhibit why, between myself and the class of men who like to push bicycles through the country, I think there must exist an unusual amount of affection and sympathy. I suppose that a college-bred man is always mildly glad to learn that the winner of any notable prize in public life was also a graduate; that he is more pleased on learning that such winner graduated at his own college; and most pleased when the winner chances to be an acquaintance and classmate. There is a gratification in such cases of a not ignoble self-esteem,—the same which forms the basis of local public-spirit and national patriotism,—and I rely upon it as a factor in helping me succeed with this book. I think such success, if won, will stir a sort of generous pride in the hearts of wheelmen, for they will feel that whatever glory attaches to it must, in some degree,

be reflected back upon the sport, and so upon themselves as sharers in it. There is always a pleasure, when I come in chance contact with a stranger, in discovering that he is college-bred,—not because that fact makes him essentially better-bred or more interesting than the next man, but because it at once puts us on common ground, where we can freely exchange ideas, about a certain variety of topics, without any danger of treading on each other's toes. Similarly, for its power in breaking down the conventional barriers against intercourse, I value the bicycle; and I recognize the possession of one as—always and everywhere—a satisfactory introduction-card to my good-will. I am glad to have wheelmen make themselves known to me, while on the road, and jog along with me a few hours, if they choose to,—though any formal escort-business, by a large party, is not to my taste. If non-resident subscribers will notify me of definite hours and places decided upon by them for riding, while visiting the region around New York, I will try to join them, whenever practicable. Subscribers from a foreign country, or from remote regions in this country, or who have exchanged many letters with me, are specially invited, when they visit this city, either to make a riding appointment as above, or else to call on me at my chambers, between 4 and 6 P. M. I prefer not to be interrupted earlier, except by definite engagement; and even an afternoon call may be more certainly assured if notice be sent in advance. Considering how common the custom is among "literary men" to let the walls of their habitations be pulled down for the amusement of the populace, I hope no possible visitor of mine will feel affronted if I here give plain warning that, as regards self-advertisement, I "draw the line" at my own doorway. What a man may see, inside the same, I do not wish that he should report to others. Suffice it to say that my surroundings are comfortable and orderly, and that any proclamation of the exact nature of them is not consistent with my ideal of a private life. As to this, and as to the suppression of my family name, it is well to remember that "there is a great difference between having yourself discussed among your acquaintance, and having yourself discussed by the world at large, and discussed, too, against your will, when you have no desire for notoriety." Reports about upholstery and bric-à-brac seem to me more appropriately spread abroad by brilliant "operators on Wall st.," as a part of their game in stock-gambling. I recall that two of my former associates—both a trifle younger than I am—so distinguished themselves in this game, while posing as bank presidents, that one of them was sentenced to prison for ten years, while the other chose exile in Canada. Still a third "young Napoleon of finance" was casually known to me, years ago, before he began to tread the path of glory which has brought him to State's Prison. I think that, on one of the occasions when I met Gen. Grant driving, in the upper part of the city, this phenomenon (who brought misery to his last days) was on the seat beside him; but the notion never occurred to me that either one of them was having a pleasanter time of it than I on the bicycle. Indeed, as regards the entire trio of bank-wreckers,—whose villainies were monumental even in an era when betrayals of great trusts are common,—I had no more envy of them in the days of their "great financiering" (when the people whom they have ruined were bowing down to them, as to golden calves of uncommon splendor and productiveness), than I have to-day. Bicycling seemed then, as it seems now, a much pleasanter game to play; and it is in no spirit of personal exultation that I allude to the fate of these acquaintances who tried to play a more pretentious one. I use their example merely for its power to sharply point anew this underlying appeal of my book:

"Why struggle for fame or for riches? Why throw away health and youth's joys?
'With bold heart and a stout pair of breeches,' let 's wheel through the world, my brave boys!"

Sincerity and its compensations.

The interest which people feel in the "last words" of criminals about to be executed, is not entirely a morbid one, but is inspired somewhat by the belief that, on this ultimate occasion, they will probably say what they think. Similarly, if there be any literary quality in these words of mine powerful enough to attract the attention of readers who are not wheelmen, I presume it must be their quality of conveying the impression that the writer of them has got to the end, and does n't care. I think their tone of sincerity must be too pronounced to leave any chance for suspicion. At all events, if I knew these words were really the last ever to be printed by me, I would n't recall any of

them. In fact, I would n't care to recall anything I ever printed or wrote. It has been scoffingly said that a man who claims this for himself "is pretty certain never to have written anything which any one else cares to recall." I do not object to the implication; I simply urge that the fewness of one's regrets is among the rewards for "going slow." Sir Matthew Hale's rule: "Never speak ill of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment or for the safety and benefit of others,"—is a rule I have always tried to follow. Hence, such enemies as I may have in the world,—either on account of my plainness of speech, or on any other account,—must hate me in a sort of impersonal manner: not because they feel I bear them any malice, or have done them wilful injustice, but because I seem to embody a type of character which they recognize as in deadly opposition to their own. I suppose most observers of the outward circumstances of my life may have voted the same rather fortunate, but I think few can have magnified them to the pitch of exciting envy. People generally would not class me as "a successful man," because (although I never failed in anything I set out to do) I have never attempted anything of size enough to seem to them worth doing. Thus I feel free to tell my full story, in the belief that its very smallness and simplicity render it incapable of arousing resentment. My experiences have not made me *blasé*, neither is my mode of looking at life supercilious or *nil admirari*. Though my character is positive enough, many of my satisfactions have been negative. By keeping out of the fight, I have been saved from great troubles, and have been enabled to form a good-natured judgment as to the relative merits of the fighters. If the lottery of Fate has not happened to toss its capital-prize into my lap, I have, at all events, never experienced the bitterness of seeing some other man lug off the woman whom I wanted. Life may not have given me all the fun I hoped for, but I seem to have made as much as possible out of the chances in actual reach (like as the Indian "had all the time there *was*"), and to have been robbed of no chance by any one else. As for the might-have-been, my belief in the law of compensations of nature is strong enough to make me feel that any greater advantages would have been offset by proportionately greater troubles; that whatever is, is right. Thus I apply to myself the favorite poem of one of the Cary sisters (its prelude depicting a brilliantly attractive life, quite different from the life she had actually led):

> "Yea, I said. If a miracle such as this could be wrought for me at my bidding, still
> I would choose to have my past as it is, and to let my future come as it will.
> I would not have the path I have trod more pleasant or easy, more smooth or wide,
> Nor change my course, the breadth of a hair, this way or that, to either side.
> My past is mine, and I take it all: its weakness, its folly, if you please;
> Nay, even my sins, if you come to that, may have been my helps, not hindrances.
> So let my past stand, just as it stands, and let me now, as I may, grow old;
> My past is mine, and it is, for me, the best, or it had not been, I hold."

The pleasures of speaking squarely.

The surprise sometimes expressed at a man's willingness to put on the printed page, where every stranger may read them, those thoughts about himself which he never verbally reveals to his acquaintances, is not really justified. In talk, there is always danger of becoming a bore, "by saying so much about one's self as not to allow the second man a chance to say enough about *him*self." No one can be bored by the printed page, for he is under no compulsion to read it; while, as for the writer of it, he avoids the danger of being distracted and turned away from his ideal by the "leading questions" of a verbal interlocutor. He tells simply the story which he thinks worth telling; and he commands curiosity to stop when he is done. Still further, so far as an author's immediate associates are concerned, he realizes that, as Hamerton says, "familiarity has made him such a commonplace person in their eyes that they have only the slightest curiosity in what he prints about himself. Believing that they already know him perfectly outside of his books, they regard the latter as, in fact, only a sort of costume in which he performs before the public." For my own part, I am always ready to be a listener, if I can tempt any one else to reveal his character to me. It is the one thing in the world about which he inevitably knows more than I do; and, if he be a good enough talker to interest me at all, he

can surely interest me most in that, if only he will talk squarely. In this "if" lies all the trouble. The insincerity of a man's egotism is what makes him a bore,—not the amount of it. Few men are willing to discuss themselves in a scientific spirit. Nearly all wear a mask of some sort, and are in a constant worry lest any casual remark may reveal the cracks in it. Hence they weary us by the monotony with which the best foot is thrust forward for admiration; by the tiresome endeavor to make themselves seem better than they are. It is for the opposite reason that the egotism of unsophisticated childhood is so charming. It aims simply to reveal the truth; it has no scheme or theory to work off upon us. Now, the highest function of any really ennobling sport is to bring men back towards this condition of childlike simplicity, in their relations to each other, as votaries of it (see p. 14). In the presence of this idol, they have no ambitions or rivalries or concealments. They simply like to free their minds and exchange ideas in regard to its surpassing merits and attractions. Thinking of cyclers thus, I have assumed that they would take kindly to this "exhibition of my mental processes," as indicative of a character that (combining pride without ostentation, conceit without vanity, and enthusiasm without ambition) can be counted on to serve them squarely. I wish them to see that my mind—though it may not be very brilliant, nor very profound, nor very original—is at least my very own. If any are curious to know, beyond this, the statistical details of the life from which it has been developed, they may discover the same in the privately-printed graduates' biographies which are preserved by the college library at Yale. As for my "patient treating of small things as if they were large,"—my "acceptance of Emerson's maxim that no man can do any work well who does not regard it, for the time being, as the center of the universe,"—the business-basis thereof is a belief that those who are pleased by the resulting show will take pains to increase my gate-money. I shall proclaim to them, therefore, the exact costs of the enterprise, as soon as the same are known to me, and its exact prospects of profit or loss. Meanwhile, the risk I incur, in putting so small a price as $1.50 upon a collection of more than 500,000 words, may be guessed at by a comparison with the best-known of recent subscription-works, "Grant's Memoirs," whose 1232 pages contain only 300,000 words, though the price is $7. My chance of gain consists solely in the possible demand for large later editions, after the 1st ed. of 6000 shall have been disposed of; because those later eds. can be produced at slight expense from the "plant" already possessed,—whereas, in lack of such demand, these electrotype plates, which have cost me so much, will be no better than waste copper. I think the cycling world can be made to "absorb" 30,000 of these books; but the private profit and the public impressiveness of the process both depend upon its promptness. Desiring, therefore, to "get through" in 3 years rather than 30, I say to my assumed volunteer helpers, "Please be quick about it!"

Chances on the down-grade.

With his best ten years just in front of him, a healthy man of 25 is, to his own consciousness, practically immortal; and that may be his general feeling at 35, in spite of the death-darts which must needs meanwhile strike those near to him. But, at 40, a man has "climbed the peaks of Darien"; he has begun the descent; and, if at all reflective, he sees clearly what the end must be. I have no special apprehension of reaching that end in less than 30 years. My chances of filling the appointed span seem as good as a man's well can be; and I hope I may be able to keep fairly light-hearted to the last. But it is right that I should record certain events which have tended to give a serious tinge to my recent meditations. On the afternoon of my return from the printing-office, whither I had carried the first prospectus of this book (Jan. 12, '84), the breaking of an iron handle on the top of a Broadway stage caused me to fall thence to the icy pavement, at the very place, where, two years earlier, I had had a remarkably narrow escape from being struck by a runaway horse. A few hours later, while still pondering over this grim coincidence (for each event might well have been fatal), word came to me that a friend of long-standing had deliberately killed himself. He was the oldest man of the 200 in my college class, and I always looked upon him and took pride in him as its most representative man. He was a good comrade who appealed effectively to men of diverse tastes and likings. He had commanded a battery in the regular army during the civil war, and was of exceptionally fine physique. No one of us seemed more competent to quit himself well in the struggle for existence. He had faced Death in a hundred

forms, and never flinched; but when the time came for him to face Life, he would not do it! Reflecting on the terrible strangeness of all this, "his failure," as another friend wrote of it, "makes the greasy prosperity of small men hateful in my eyes." I recall, too, the death, from simple overwork in the effort to make himself a leader in Congress, of an academy classmate, who was the greatest physical giant I ever had personal knowledge of, and who seemed well-fitted to stand the stress when I last watched him shouting in the great national bear-garden at Washington. His voice was powerful enough to be heard through almost any uproar, and his mere physical mass, supported as it was by respectable mental gifts, gave him an enormous advantage over the ruck of Congressmen. Yet he had too great ambition; and it slew him. I recall that more than a dozen of the subscribers of this book have died during the progress of it,—though they were all younger men than myself, and with better chances of life, and presumably under a much smaller strain of anxiety and overwork. Finally, I recall and record my own narrow escape from destruction, June 22, '86, while riding from Flemington to Somerville, N. J., 16 m., before breakfast. It was about 9 o'clock, while on a r. r. crossing, 1 m. from S., that I brought my bicycle nearly to a standstill, in order to inform the driver of a wagon on my right that a part of the mowing-machine which he was dragging had fallen into the road, a short distance behind. At the same time, an omnibus was crossing the track, in the opposite direction, on my left; and the rattle of this, and of the mower, prevented my having the slightest warning of the fact that a third team was advancing in my rear. A spirited horse, attached to a light buggy, being rendered somewhat restive by the rattle of the mower, and by a boy's sudden leap from the same,—the driver of the horse took the reckless chance of trying to pass between me and the omnibus. He would have done this by a hair's breadth, if my course had continued straight, but the variation implied in "slowing up" brought my left pedal in range of his buggy; and my first hint of its presence was a crash which flung me forward right under his horse's heels. As I struck the ground, there was a confused sensation that the forward hoofs of the beast were in the air above and must hit hard when they came down; but, almost miraculously, I was not struck by them at all, nor by the buggy. Though covered with dust, I was not seriously hurt,—neither was the bicycle, which I drove home to New York, 36 m. further, before nightfall. The leather-covered palm of my left hand took the brunt of the fall, and was sore for a week or two, but my arm was not made lame. My head was not injured at all, though it might well have struck the iron rail, with fatal result. Altogether, it was the "closest call" that ever came to me,—not even excepting that earlier call offered by the mules of the tow-path (p. 44); and it suggested the enquiry as to my wisdom in violating the vow recorded on p. 388, after 16 months' adherence to it had rendered me doubtful of my ability to survive another summer without an occasional resort to the wheel. Inaction has its peculiar dangers as well as action. We can vary our choice of perils, but we can never escape the perilous conditions of our mortal environment. "We stand on a mountain-pass in the midst of whirling snow and blinding mist, through which we get glimpses, now and then, of paths which may be deceptive. If we stand still, we shall be frozen to death. If we take the wrong road, we shall be dashed in pieces. We do not certainly know whether there is any right one. What must we do?"

Straight words for the finish.

That quoted illustration of the whole mystery of human life was written by James Fitzjames Stephen, for his book on "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"; and as those three words well define the relationship which cyclers should everywhere hold towards one another, so the illustration is one which fits well with their own special experience. It attached itself to my memory, a dozen years ago, together with the answer which he printed to his question, as the final words of the book, and which I have decided to reprint as the final words of this chapter. However inadequate the words may seem as an answer, every one must recognize the value of their advice (the first injunction is that of Moses to Joshua), so far as it goes: "'Be strong and of good courage.' Act for the best, hope for the best, and take what comes. Above all, let us dream no dreams and tell no lies, but go our way, wherever it may lead, with our eyes open, and our heads erect. If death ends all, we cannot meet it better. If not, let us enter whatever may be the next scene like honest men, with no sophistry in our mouths, and no masks on our faces."

XXXIX.

THE THREE THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.

THE following persons have each subscribed $1 to ensure the publication of this book, and they are authorized to persuade as many other persons as possible to buy copies of it at $1.50 each. Numerals signify the order of enrollment upon the subscription-list, and town-names show where other details may be found by consulting the alphabetized lists of the Geographical Directory (XL.), in which the States stand as follows: Me., N. H., Vt., Mass., R. I., Ct., N. Y., N. J., Pa., Del., Md., Dist. of Col., W. Va., Va., N. C., S. C., Ga., Fla., Ala., Miss., La., Tex., Ark., Tenn., Ky., O., Mich., Ind., Ill., Mo., Ia., Wis., Minn., Dak., Neb., Kan., Ind. Ter., N. Mex., Col., Wy., Mon., Id., Wash., Or., Utah, Nev., Ariz., Cal. After these may be found Canada, England, the various countries of Europe and Asia, and the colonies of Australia. Italics are used in referring to all these regions outside the U. S. Foreigners are reminded that Baltimore is in Md., Boston in Mass., Brooklyn in N. Y., Chicago in Ill., Cincinnati in O., Philadelphia (shortened to "Phila.") in Pa., San Francisco in Cal., St. Louis in Mo., Washington in D. C., and that the name of the State must always be added to any address in the U. S. The only exception to this is the chief city of all, because (as it has the same name with the chief State of all, and lies within its borders) a duplication of "New York" is not necessary.

Aaron, Eugene M., Philadelphia 108, 2216-29
Abadie, E. R., New Almaden, Cal. 2012
Abbott, Edward G., Diss, *Eng.* 2939
Abel, P. L., Riverside, Cal. 2065
Aborn, Geo. P., Wakefield, Mass. 1848
Abrams, Edwin H., Croton Falls, N. Y. 3271
Acker, W. Wallace, Norristown, Pa. 2551
Adams, C. Franklin, Bordentown, N. J. 2274
Adams, C. M., Mansfield, Pa. 1782
Adams, D. C., Plainfield, N. J. 1338
Adams, D. C., Randolph, N. Y. 86
Adams, E. C., Battle Creek, Mich. 2863
Adams, Edwin W., New York 75
Adams, F., Newark, N. J. 2486
Adams, Frank M., Rockville, Ct. 333
Adams, Horace A., Willimantic, Ct. 756
Adams, J. Fred, Haverhill, Mass. 245
Adams, J. Howe, Philadelphia, Pa. 573
Adams, J. H., Yarmouthville, Me. 2646
Adams, L., Eastbourne, *Eng.* 2584
Adams, R. G., Henderson, Ky. 2324
Adams, Walter H., Worcester, Mass. 3158
Adams, W. E., Melbourne, *Vict.* 1710
Adams, William, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1671
Adcock, A., Hobart, *Tas.* 3214
Adelphi Library, Easthampton, Mass. 3201
Adriance, J. R., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 490
Aekison, J. D., Oakland, Cal. 3238
Affleck, Robert, Gateshead, *Eng.* 2784
Aiken, W. H., College Hill, O. 1933
Albee, E. D., Wakefield, Mass. 102
Albright, H. S., Orwigsburg, Pa. 3362
Aldrich, James, Spencer, Mass. 3152, 3153
Alexander, A., Liverpool, *Eng.* 2904
Allen, Add S., Summit Point, W. Va. 1437
Allen, jr., Chas. W., Cincinnati, O. 1305
Allen, F. H., Brattleboro, Vt. 1565
Allen, N. G., Athens, N. Y. 29
Allerton, jr., O. H., Pittsburg, Pa. 2958
Alley, Chas. K., New York 1683
Allison, Geo. F., Oswego, N. Y. 89
Allison, J. G., (Galveston, Tex.) 318
Allison, Robt., Greenock, *Scot.* 3079
Alm, H. A., Minneapolis, Minn. 2811
Alter, C. H., Homestead, Pa. 2115
Alvord, C. E., Detroit, Mich. 665
Alvord, Jas. Leslie, Philadelphia, Pa. 1369
American Hotel, Allentown, Pa. 1265
American House, Calais, Me. 2090
American House, Indiana, Pa. 1899
Ames, E. H., Titusville, Pa. 1302
Ames, F. V., S. Abington Station, Mass. 1289
Amis House, Pine Bluff, Ark. 2725
Amory, R. G., New York 1388

Anderson, D., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3061
Anderson, Robert W., Plainfield, N. J. 902
Anderson, W. B., New York 1382
Andrews, E. J., Rockford, Ill. 1833
Andrews, F. S., Augusta, Ky. 1163
Andrews, J., Hobart, *Tas.* 3213
Andrews, Richard, Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3062
Angell, Jas. P., Pine Bluff, Ark. 2358
Annable, Edwin W., Fitzwilliam, N. H. 3105
Anthony, Wendell P., Providence, R. I. 830
Anthony, W. R., New York 2403
App, W. A., Cleveland, O. 2015
Ardill & Co., John, Leeds, *Eng.* 2451, 2452
Ariel Touring Club, London, *Ont.* 1174
Ariel Wheel Club, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 701
Armaindo,(M'lle)Louise, Montreal, *Que.* 2462
Arming, G. A., Hobart, *Tas.* 3212
Armington, F. B., Providence, R. I. 829
Armstrong, R. L., Augusta, Ky. 990
Armstrong, T. H., Augusta, Ky. 1159
Arnold, H. B., New Britain, Ct. 1060
Ashley, L. L., Norwood, N. Y. 2648
Ashton, Frank J., Rockford, Ill. 1343
Atherton, E. H., Brattleboro, Vt. 1558
Atkins, Fred. E., Waterbury, Vt. 2114
Atkinson, Geo. H., Philadelphia, Pa. 219
Atkinson, W. J., Baltimore, Md. 218
Atterbury, Grosvenor, New York 1076
Atwater, Geo. S., Massillon, O. 3164
Atwater, Robert H., Orange, N. J. 160
Atwater, Wm. E., Brooklyn, N. Y. 798
Atwater, Wyllys, New Haven, Ct. 765
Atwood, L. L., Pittsfield, Mass. 3081
Augusta House, Augusta, Me. 1843
Auschutz, Louis F., Ansonia, Ct. 2622
Austin, E. K., Brooklyn, N. Y. 947
Austin, M., Brattleboro, Vt. 1566
Austin, W. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. 953
Auten, James W., New York 1147
Avery, F. C., Elgin, Ill., 1475
Axtell, W. C., Gardner, Mass. 477
Ayer, Ira, Morristown, N. J. 376
Ayers, Burley B., Chicago, Ill. 476
Aylsworth, Robert M., Milford, Pa. 3025
Ayres, H., Philadelphia, Pa. 2588
Babcock, G., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2439
Badcock, Joseph, London, *Eng.* 2533
Baetjer, J. Frank, Baltimore, Md. 555
Bagg, Ernest N., Boston, Mass. 1184
Bagg, Harvey D., W. Springfield, Mass. 1872
Bagg, John S., Springfield, Mass. 1421
Bagg, Lyman H., New York 2340
Bagg, Sam. F., Watertown, N. Y. 2078
Bagg, W. S., W. Springfield, Mass. 1240
Bagg's Hotel, Utica, N. Y. 2104
Baggot, E. P., Jersey City, N. J. 2377
Bagley, W. J., Rutland, Vt. 2170
Bagot, H. C., Melbourne, *Vict.* 2965
Bahmann, Wm., Cincinnati, O. 2990
Bailey, Herbert M., Portland, Me. 448
Bailey, L. Herbert, Baltimore, Md. 2913
Bain, Kenneth, Oamaru, *N. Z.* 1702
Baird, A. W., New York 2740
Baird, E. P., New York 1434
Baird, G. D., New York 2447
Baird, R. B., New York 3005
Baird, Wm. Raimond, New York 8
Baird, W. T., New York 3006
Baker, E. H., Cumberland, Md. 1615
Baker, J. E., Newark, N. J. 2670
Baker, J. O., Indianola, Ia. 2960
Baldwin, R. B., Covington, Ky. 2117
Baldwin, S. W., N. Y. 1675
Baldwin, W. L., Stamford, Ct. 27, 1720-21
Baldwin House, Hagerstown, Md. 1251
Ball, Geo. F., Bellows Falls, Vt. 2144
Ball, W. M., Boston, Mass. 225
Ballard, Clarence W., Chicago, Ill. 590
Ballou, John S., Boston, Mass. 263
Bancroft, George, Brooklyn N. Y. 1672
Baney House, Myerstown, Pa. 2077
Bar House, Brownsville, Pa. 1805
Barclay, John, Cincinnati, O. 1936
Bardeen, C. W., Syracuse, N. Y. 1682
Bardwell House, Rutland, Vt. 2294
Bardy, N. R., Rutland, Vt. 2165
Barker, John, Mirfield, *Eng.* 2680
Barkman, A. B., New York 1370
Barlow, Chas., Hobart, *Tas.* 3210
Barlow, F. G. F., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2337
Barlow, G. H., Corry, Pa. 2029
Barnes, B. G., Corpus Christi, Tex. 1036
Barnes, E. W., New York 2988
Barnes, Harry S., Orange Valley, N. J. 1373
Barnes, J. M., St. John, *N. B.* 1836
Barnes, S. G., Grinnell, Ia. 3230
Barnet, E., Canton, O. 1931
Barnett, E. G., Springfield, O. 1700
Barrett Hotel, Henderson, Ky. 2384
Barrick, C. M., Washington, D. C. 875
Bartholomew, C. C., Ogdensburg, N. Y. 2752
Bartlett, Geo. F. H., Buffalo, N. Y. 1929
Bartlett, J. Kemp, Baltimore, Md., 1920
Barton, John M., Rome, N. Y. 2485
Barton, Lewis N., Winchester, Va. 1546
Barton, O. M., Rutland, Vt. 2166

Bassett, Abbot, Boston, Mass. 828
Bassett, C. F., Pittsfield, Mass. 3084
Bassett, Harry J., Coldwater, Mich. 3176
Bassett Hotel, New Britain, Ct. 1314
Bassett House, Birmingham, Ct. 987
Batchelder, C. D., Lancaster, N. H. 307
Bates House, Indianapolis, Ind. 2304
Bates, J. R., Rutland, Vt. 2163
Bates, W. G., New York 1389
Batterfield, Arthur R., Hobart, *Tas.* 3211
Battersby, James, Philadelphia, Pa. 3265
Bawn, Chas. E., London, *Eng.* 2628
Baxter, Caleb G., Philadelphia, Pa. 1669
Bayer, J. E., Grinnell, Ia. 2947
Bayne, Geo. H., Halifax, *N. S.* 654
Beach, Geo. O., New York 3181
Beach, Leonard, Ojata, Dak. 3166
Beach, William, Orange, N. J. 2107
Beal, E. E., Ann Arbor, Mich. 676
Beal, Junius E., Ann Arbor, Mich. 323
Bean, Clarence H., Oshkosh, Wis. 2658
Beatty, H. W., Arlington, Minn. 1686
Beavis, Frank S., Peoria, Ill. 190, 2493
Beavis, Horatio S., Macomb, Ill. 2992
Beck, jr., Fred W., Baltimore, Md. 553
Beck, John A., Philadelphia, Pa. 370
Beck, W. L., Lockport, N. Y. 1815
Becker, T. M., Portsmouth, O. 2113
Beckwith, E. L., (Galveston, Tex.) 319
Beckwith, N. Mahlon, New York 512, 1601
Beckwith, T. S., Cleveland, O. 1916
Beddo, Horace, Louisville, Ky. 3010
Bedford Cycling Club, Brooklyn, N. Y. 2437
Bedford House, Bedford, Pa. 1618
Beebe House, Elyria, O. 2352
Beers & Co., J. B., New York 2567, 2568
Beers, Henry A., New Haven, Ct. 1215
Beers, Jas. L., New York 2275
Begg, W. M., London, *Ont.* 826
Beggs, Chas. N., St. Louis, Mo. 238
Beggs, W. F., Paterson, N. J. 479
Belden, David A., Aurora, Ill. 1642
Belden, F. E., Hartford, Ct. 790
Bell, Grant, Minneapolis, Minn. 1699
Bell, H. H., Halifax, *N. S.* 1499
Bell, jr., Henry H., New York 2148
Bell, Malcolm, Shrewsbury, N. J. 609
Benedict, A. J., Little Falls, N. Y. 2657
Benedict, Gilbert S., Stamford, Ct. 680
Benedict, J. G., Lebanon, O. 1229
Benjamin, Alfred, Lincoln Park, N. J. 399
Benjamin, B. S., San Francisco, Cal. 2354
Benjamin, T Eugene, New York 1967
Benjamin, W. R., New York 1324
Bennett, A. A., Cincinnati, O. 1121
Bennett, A. P., Jersey City, N. J. 1336
Bennett, Edgar R., Amherst, Mass. 2359
Bennett, G. W., London, *Eng.* 2941
Bennett, H. M., Manchester, N. H. 3312
Benninghofen, P., Hamilton, O. 1313
Benson, Clarence E , Great Falls, N. H. 2690
Benson, Ernest R., Cambridgeport, Mass. 266
Bergen, Frank, Elizabeth, N. J. 2347
Bergen, J. B., Red Bank, N. J. 45
Berger, L. J., St. Louis, Mo. 228
Bernard, Chas. E., Elgin, Ill. 1697
Bernhard, Percival J., Jamaica, N. Y. 1497
Berry, G. M., Columbia, S. C. 1296
Besserer, John W., Bozeman, Mont. 1360
Best, James B., Kinderhook, N. Y. 797
Beswick, Will, Auckland, *N. Z.* 1405
Bettison, P. R., Louisville, Ky. 1423
Betts, Frederick H., New York 1077
Bevin, Leander A., New York 1154
Bibb, Harry, Montgomery, Ala. 1945
Bick, Charles, Greenville, Pa. 1579
Bick, Eli, Greensburg, Pa. 1808
Bickford, L. M., Portland, Me. 2845
Bidwell, Geo. H., Utica, N. Y. 1553
Bidwell, G. R., New York 9-11
Bidwell & Co., Geo. R., New York 2715-2723
Bidwell, H. E., Pittsburg, Pa. 2244
Biederman, Chas., San Francisco, Cal. 2805
Biette, Harry, Woodstock, *Ont.* 935
Bily, J. G., 338
Binford, Fred, Pawtucket, R. I. 2937
Bingham, C. H., Utrecht, *Holland* 866
Bingham, Wm. W., Newark, N. J. 899
Binns, Henry, Angora, *Asia Minor* 3297
Binns, Walter, Salford, *Eng.* 2632
Bird, Rollin R., Waterbury, Ct. 530
Birdsall, Edward T., New York 298
Bishop, Phil. H., Sittingbourne, *Eng.* 2089
Bishop, Roland A., Hobart, *Tas.* 3039
Bissell, Frank C., Neenah, Wis. 2559
Bissell, W. S., Buffalo, N. Y. 1467
Bittinger, Geo. S., Leadville, Col. 1629
Bixby, James E., Dayton, N. Y. 499
Black, Owen J., Albion, Ind. 3245
Black, Wm. M., Halifax, *N. S.* 111
Blackham, Geo. E., Dunkirk, N. Y. 1809
Blake, Henry, New York 1602
Blair, G. H., Truro, *N. S.* 1038
Blasing, H. W., Henderson, Minn. 1685
Blenett, jr., Wm. E., Newark, N. J. 897
Block, J., Moscow, *Russia* 3148

Blogg, A. E., Toronto, *Ont.* 1272
Bloodgood, W. D , Brooklyn, N. Y. 954
Boak, W. C , Le Roy, N. Y. 2759
Boardman, C. E. C., Marshalltown, Ia. 187
Boehm, G , Hoboken, N. J. 2774
Boger, J. H , Findlay, O. 1905
Boland, J. A , Millville, N J. 1101
Bolton, Alfred M , Sydenham, *Eng.* 1182
Bond, Stephen D , Fort Wayne, Ind 1751
Bonnett, D. Blake, Elizabeth, N. J. 2051
Bonnett, L. B., Elizabeth, N. J. 1530
Book, W. H., New York 1603
Booth, Richard, Medford, Mass. 1857
Booth, jr., S. F., San Francisco, Cal. 2612
Booz, Washington B., Baltimore, Md. 316
Borst, Chas. A., Clinton, N. Y. 766
Borton, Fred S., Cleveland, O. 1589
Bosson, F. H., Boston, Mass. 265
Boston Athenæum Library, Mass. 2852
Bosworth, N. C., Cleveland, O. 3022
Boudrias, jr., L., Cohoes, N. Y. 2822
Bourn, A. W., Newark, N. J. 898
Bourne, Edgar K., New York 510
Bouttell, Thomas, York, *Eng.* 2995
Bowditch, I. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2902
Bowdoin Coll. Library, Brunswick, Me. 1333
Bowen, E. N., Buffalo, N. Y. 2263
Bowen, P. J., Hobart, *Tas.* 2881
Bower, D. H., Newburgh, N. Y. 1082
Bowerfind, Geo. J., Adrian, Mich. 699
Bowers, Ralph, Greenville, Pa. 1580
Bowker, G. H., Meriden, Ct. 2139
Bowler, F. W., Cleveland, O. 596
Bowles, R. J., Brighton, *Ont.* 1740
Bowles, Wm., Castlemartyr, *Ire.* 3066
Bowman, H. N., Springfield, Mass. 997
Bowtell, jr., S., Rutland, Vt. 2167
Boyce, Chas. S., Portland, Or. 2674
Boyd, Chas. H., Baltimore, Md. 557
Boyd, T. H., Ardmore, Pa. 269
Boyle, Samuel A., Philadelphia, Pa. 257
Brackett, F. H., Brattleboro, Vt. 1765
Bradeen, Fred J., Springfield, Mass. 769
Bradford, Edward A., New York 480
Bradford, William, New York 184
Bradley, E. K., Meriden, Ct. 1058
Bradley, Wm., Kinderhook, N. Y. 2894
Bradley, W. H., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3050
Brainard, J. E., Meriden, Ct. 1054
Braisted, Otis S., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2468
Brakeley, P. F. H., Bordentown, N. J. 95
Braman, W. M., Mariner's Harb., N. Y. 2085
Branch, E. E., Lawrence, Mass. 411
Brand, John B., New Haven, Ct. 918
Brangs, P. H., Newark, N. J. 2598
Bratt, Wm. S., Oxford, Md. 2149
Braunsdorf, E. J., New York 1193
Brayton, jr., Geo. B., Boston, Mass. 1286
Breck, Geo., Portland, Or. 2098
Breck, M. B., Springfield, Mass. 1012
Brereton, James I., Washington, D. C. 1116
Bresee, Winston, Baltimore, Md. 2731
Brewer, Sterling, Cleveland, O. 1902
Brewster, W. M., St. Louis, Mo. 2120
Bridgeman, Geo. S., Paignton, *Eng.* 3206
Bridgman, M. L., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2049
Briggs, F. W., Warrnambool, *Vict.* 2638
Brigham, C. Pliny, Baltimore, Md. 206
Brimer, Fred J., Toronto, *Can.* 3330
Bristol Library, Bristol, Pa. 2190
British Museum, London, *Eng.* 1142
Broadbent, G. R., Melbourne, *Vict.* 2882
Brock, Fred W., Bristol, *Eng.* 3029
Brooklyn Public Library, N. Y. 2707
Brooks, Benjamin, Holyoke, Mass. 3222
Brooks House, Brattleboro, Vt. 1764
Brown's Hotel, Newfoundland, N. J. 1572
Brown, B. F., Lock Haven, Pa. 3293
Brown, C. A., Genoa, Ill. 687
Brown, C. M., Greenville, Pa. 1581
Brown, Chas. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2042
Brown, C. Ross, Dansville, N. Y. 3219
Brown, C. W., London, *Eng.* 3346
Brown, Elmer E., Manchester, N. H. 3180
Brown, E. L., Rahway, N. J. 2478
Brown, Fred A., Philadelphia, Pa. 1790
Brown, Frank H., Rockville, Ct. 983
Brown, G. C., Elizabeth, N. J. 400
Brown, Geo. R., Philadelphia, Pa. 1983
Brown, Geo. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2041
Brown, Geo. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. 955
Brown, H. D., Weedsport, N. Y. 414
Brown, H. H., Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. 511
Brown, Herbert L., Harrisburg, Pa. 358
Brown, John G., Danville, Pa. 433
Brown, John W. M., Long Sutton, *Eng.* [2906, 3087-3089
Brown, Kenneth, Chicago, Ill. 1975
Brown, Louis H., Elmira, N. Y. 297
Brown, Morris, Baltimore, Md. 336
Brown, Orvon G., Cincinnati, O. 487
Brown, Rodney, Northampton, Mass. 2248
Brown, R. W., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3057
Brown, Thos. Case, Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3256
Brown, T. McKee, New York 1385
Brown, W. C., Cincinnati, O. 1915

Brown, W. J., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1676
Browne, John T., Paterson, N. J. 1216
Browne, William G., Orlando, Fla. 886
Brubaker, J. C. & P., Ashland, Ky. 3191
Brunswick Hotel, Titusville, Pa. 1535
Bryan, G. B., Philadelphia, Pa. 1978
Bryan, H. R., Hudson, N. Y. 758
Bryant, W. A., New York 2135
Bryce, Wm. E., Indianapolis, Ind. 2126
Buchanan, C. P., Newport, Ky. 2734
Buchanan, jr., James, Gateshead, *Eng.* 2753
Buchanan, W. H., Antigonish, *N. S.* 1322
Buck, Livy Jay, Emporia, Kan. 2506
Buckingham, Harry W., Pittsfield, Mass. 625
Budden, A. H., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3051
Budds, Geo. L., Sydney, *N. S. W.* 2886
Buehler, L. M., Gettysburg, Pa. 1255
Buell, Frank S., Buffalo, N. Y. 3326
Bull & Bowen, Buffalo, N. Y. 2256-2262
Bull, Sumner, Walden, N. Y. 2571
Bull, Wm. H., West Springfield, Mass. 2013
Bull, Will S., Buffalo, N. Y. 301
Bullock, Carl, Worcester, Mass. 3183
Bunner, H. C., New York 917
Burbank, J. P., Boston, Mass. 693
Burch, jr., John G., Albany, N. Y. 513
Burchell, John A., New York 1292
Burdekin, R. E., York, *Eng.* 2332, 2333
Burdett, J. B., Nashville, Tenn. 2387, 2395
Burkert, C. O., Ashland, Pa. 3269
Burklin, Wm. C. H., Portland, Or. 2673
Burley, C. F., Stamford, Ct. 1727
Burn, David W. M., Wellington, *N. Z.* 1882
Burn, Edgar Hine, Dunedin, *N. Z.* 1881
Burnett, J. G. D., New York 2810
Burnett, P., Dover, Del. 3009
Burnett, W. Kendall, Aberdeen, *Scot.* 841
Burnham, Edw. P., Newton, Mass. 3075
Burnham, W. H., Adrian, Mich. 431
Burns, D. C., Bedford, Pa. 1617
Burns, E. F., Smithville, N. J. 1512
Burpee, Herman N., Rockford, Ill. 683
Burr, T. S., New York 470-71
Burr, W. W., Rutland, Vt. 2168
Burrell, B. W., Weymouth, Mass. 602
Burrill, Charles, Weymouth, *N. S.* 889
Burrill, Frank H., Wakefield, Mass. 2546
Burroughs, Fred. C., Bridgeport, Ct. 2140
Burrowes, Chris F., Springfield, Mass. 3277
Burston, Geo. W., Melbourne, *Vict.* 1138
Burt, Geo. H., Hartford, Ct. 255
Burt, H. L., Rutland, Vt. 2169
Burt, Wm. Vinal, Boston, Mass. 2307
Burtis, C. W., Titusville, Pa. 1301
Burtis, E. H., Smithville, N. J. 1516
Bush, E. A., New York 240
Bush, jr., Geo. M., Peoria, Ill. 2490
Butcher, Joseph, Boston, Mass. 145
Butcher, Nelson R., Toronto, *Ont.* 1275
Butler, Augustus R., W. Brighton, N. Y. 1507
Butler, jr., John T., Richmond, Va. 3024
Butler, W. H., Olean, N. Y. 2701
Butt, W. L., Oamaru, *N. Z.* 1703
Buttle, George M., New York 2039
Buzby & Co., G. N., Philadelphia, Pa. 1982
Cabell, James B., Henderson, Ky. 2325
Cade, S. I., Brownsboro, Tex. 2412
Cain, George E., Lynn, Mass. 1620
Caldwell House, Caldwell, N. J. 1767
Caldwell, James, Elgin, Ill. 1476
Calkins, Chas. A., Tomah, Wis. 2953
Calkins, W. Scott, Millville, N. J. 1102
Callan, Hugh, Glasgow, *Scot.* 3196
Cameron, Alex., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1411
Cameron, G. D., London, *Ont.* 1175
Cameron, W. H., St. Joseph, Mo. 3036
Camp, S. P., Trenton, N. J. 1966
Campbell, A. B., Bradford, Pa. 2031
Campbell, D. R., Westville, *N. S.* 910
Campbell, M. F., New Haven, Ct. 923
Campbell, Neil, Niagara Falls, N. Y. 1823
Campbell, R. E., Florida, N. Y. 2968
Campbell. Thos. P., Howard, Kan. 1947
Canary, D. J., Meriden, Ct. 364
Candidus, E. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. 956
Candy, Chas. C., Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. [2203, 3107
Canedy, C. F., New Rochelle, N. Y. 2000
Caner, Edward A., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1712
Canfield, jr., F. D., Phila., Pa. 3358, 3359
Canfield, W. W., Randolph, N. Y. 518
Capell, Will H., Mansfield, Pa. 1781
Carberry, John, Westfield, N. J. 1136
Card, Eugene, Sherman, N. Y. 644
Carl, John C., Ansonia, Ct. 887
Carmansville Park Hotel, New York 2156
Carmichal, W. R., Belleville, *Can.* 565
Carney, L. J., Portland, Me. 1624
Carpenter, A. G., Providence, R. I. 831
Carpenter, Ed., Wilkesbarre, Pa. 3390
Carpenter, jr., Samuel, Oswego, Kan. 2602
Carpenter, jr., W. W., St. Louis, Mo. 2713
Carr, Frank, Elgin, Ill. 1477
Carter, C. G., Titusville, Pa. 1214, 1536
Carter, E. C., Melbourne, *Vict.* 1139
Carter, H. W., Worcester, Mass. 1227

Cartter, R. W., W. Springfield, Mass. 1064
Carver, J. Fred, Windsor, *N. S.* 912
Carwardine, Guy, Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3257
Carwardine, Hugh, Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3060
Carwardine, H. S., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3251
Cary, J. S., Cleveland, O. 2026
Cary, Rollin, Elyria, O. 2087
Case, Joe C., Peconic, N. Y. 706
Case, J. G., New York 1604
Case, W. S., New Britain, Ct. 1206
Casey, A. C., Amherst, *N. S.* 1502
Caskey, C. E., Akron, O. 1506
Casper, Louis, Meriden, Ct. 1403
Cayuga Bicycle Club, Weedsport, N. Y. 1870
Ceamond, D., Warrnambool, *Vict.* 2639
Central Hotel, Bardstown, Ky. 1930
Chadwick, John R., Boston, Mass. 2309
Chalmers, Thos., New York 32
Chalybeate Springs Hotel, Strasburg, Va. 1247
Chamard, F. J., Denver, Col. 1114
Chamberlain, A. H., Rahway, N. J. 584
Chamberlain, jr., Thos., Jersey City, N. J. 2534
Chambers, J. M., Auckland, *N. Z.* 2883
Champion, Chas., Coldwater, Mich. 144
Chance, Wade, Canton, O. 2538
Chandler, E. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2471
Chandler, Louis E., Palmer, Mass. 69
Chapman, C. E., New York 2406
Chase, Alfred, Haverford College, Pa. 1359
Chase, G. Harry, Rome, N. Y. 2511
Chase, Henry L., Westboro, Mass. 2826
Chase, John, Cheyenne, Wy. 1450
Chase, James A., Hazleton, Pa. 1715
Chase, J. A., Pawtucket, R. I. 227
Chatworthy, C. B., Baltimore, Md. 2038
Chesley, Fred L., Rochester, N. H. 2366
Cheyney, S. W., Philadelphia, Pa. 492
Chickering, C. H., Smithville, N. J. 1511
Chichester, R. Nelson, Brooklyn, N. Y. 2441
Childs, A. W., Brattleboro, Vt. 1559
Childs, Harvey, Pittsburg, Pa. 599
Chidsey, H. Alton, New Haven, Ct. 925
Chinn, George, Marblehead, Mass. 493
Chisholm, A. N., London, *Ont.* 3309
Choate, Harry E., Buffalo, N. Y. 2836
Christeson, L. P., Oamaru, *N. Z.* 1704
Church, Fred S., Washington, D. C. 874
Churchill, Chas. E., Pittsfield, Mass. 2867
Churchill, jr., C. P., Buffalo, N. Y. 1824
Cilley, John H., Lebanon, Pa. 378
Cincinnati Wanderers, The 1123
Citizens Bicycle Club, New York 2084
City Library, Springfield, Mass. 2816
Clapp, Knight L., New York 220
Clapp, Oliver A., Montgomery, Ala. 2269
Clapsadel, F. A., Jamestown, N. Y. 3302
Clark House, West Point, Ga. 934
Clark, Charles, Springfield, Mass. 1008
Clark, J. A., Halifax, *N. S.* 3264
Clark, R. B., Beloit, Wis. 1402
Clark, Samuel T., Baltimore, Md. 161-170
Clark, W. G., Greenville, Mich. 2558
Clarke, C. C., Cazenovia, N. Y. 823
Clarke, Chas. M., Pittsburg, Pa. 2876
Clarke, E. C., Holyoke, Mass. 408
Clarke, F. S., Portland, Me. 2843
Clarke, Maurice E., Derby, Ct. 988
Clarke, Robert, Ridgefield, N. J. 6
Clarke, Wm. C., New York 2-5
Clarkson, R. C., Beverly, N. J. 643
Clay, W. E., London, *Eng.* 2667
Clayton, Gilbert O., Aurora, Ill. 1503
Clewell, Harry E., Nazareth, Pa. 3224
Clough, Joseph L., Portland, Me. 449
Clum, Phil. A., Rochester, N. Y. 755
Clute, Jacob W., Schenectady, N. Y. 129
Cluth, Charles, Brooklyn, N. Y. 960
Cobb, A. Polhemus, Flushing, L. I. 191
Cobscook Hotel, Lubec, Me. 2096
Coburn, Thos. W., Springfield, Mass. 3363
Cock, Chas. S., Canton, O. 137
Cockburn, James, Mansfield, Pa. 1779
Coddington, Wilbur F., Newark, N. J. 744
Coe, S. W., Springfield, Mass. 1630
Coe, W. E., Peoria, Ill. 2580
Coffee, jr., W. F., New York 81-82
Cogswell, A. E., Sackville, *N. B.* 2798
Cogswell, A. W., Halifax, *N. S.* 1919
Colbath, D. W., Boston, Mass. 1465, 2542-2544
Colbath, James E., Boston, Mass. 2014
Cole, C. H., Rochester, N. H. 2389
Cole, Elwood A., Peoria, Ill. 2581
Cole, Ed. W., Scott Haven, Pa. 2312
Coleman, A. G., Canandaigua, N. Y. 171
Coleman, Fred A., New York 14
Coleman, G. Pembroke, London, *Eng.* 2683
Coles House, Wellsboro, Pa. 2413
Coles, J. Howard, Nashville, Tenn. 2386
Collier, W. F., London, *Eng.* 2007
Collins, G. R., Troy, N. Y. 1204, 1375
Collins, Geo. Stuart, Plainfield, N. J. 1156
Collins, H. T., Cleveland, O. 2834
Collins, John S., Dover, Del. 3104
Collins, William, Meriden, Ct. 2794
Collister, Geo., Cleveland, O. 1901
Collister, J. H., Cleveland, O. 1588

Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa. 1763
Colton & Co., New York, 2806, 2807
Colvin, Fred A., Philadelphia, Pa. 1311
Comes, Arthur N., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2047
Comley, William, Lincoln Park, N. J. 1108
Comstock, W. C., Cave City, Ky. 2093
Condon, T. G., Brooklyn, N. Y. 178
Conger, A. L., Adrian, Mich. 334
Conger, Kenyon B., Akron, O. 2466
Congress, The Library of, Washington, D. C.
Conklin, C. C., Scranton, Pa. 2199
Conklin, Wm. G., New York 2999
Conkling, Howard, New York 1328
Connell, W. L., Scranton, Pa. 2196
Conner, E. V., New York 2633
Connolly, B. P., Scranton, Pa. 36
Conover, Chas. A., Coldwater, Mich. 320
Continental Hotel, Newark, N. J. 745
Cook House, Ann Arbor, Mich. 1092
Cook, C. S., Hanover, N. H. 1310
Cook, Frank H., New Brunswick, N. J. 2105
Cook, Fred R., San Francisco, Cal. 2535
Cook, Geo. R., Simcoe, *Ont.* 1278
Cooke, Chas. D., Paterson, N. J. 189
Cookman, T. E., Philadelphia, Pa. 2444
Coolidge, E. L., Lowell, Mass. 1316
Coombe, F. E., Kincardine, *Ont.* 1741
Cooper, F., Christchurch, *N. Z.* 1886
Cooper, W. H., London, *Ont.* 825
Copeland, A. D., Springfield, Mass. 3278
Copland, James, Sydney, *N. S. W.* 2057
Copp, Wm. A., New York 462
Corbett, J. E., Whitehall, N. Y. 2467
Corbin, Albert F., New Britain, Ct. 1059
Corbin, G. E., St. Johns, Mich. 1653
Cordingly, C., London, *Eng.* 869, 3360
Corey, H. D., Boston, Mass. 2373
Corken, Chas H., Boston, Mass. 1239
Cormick, H. M., East Portland, Or. 2394
Corriveaut, A. J., St. Johnsbury, Vt. 2473
Corson, Elmer E., Rochester, N. H. 2316
Corson, E. H., East Rochester, N. H. 717
Corson, (Miss) Mabel E., East Rochester, [N. H. 2370
Cortlandt Wheelmen, Peekskill, N. Y. 542
Corthell, W. M., Springfield, Mass. 639
Corwin, Chas. E., Newburg, N. Y. 1172
Cosack, jr., H., Buffalo, N. Y. 1822
Cossum, C. F., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 702
Coster, Charles, St. John, *N. B.* 2054
Cotant, E. S., Des Moines, Ia. 1090
Cottrell, F., Oamaru, *N. Z.* 1705
Cottrell, M. Boardon, Friendship, N.Y. 1708
Conghenour, Will, Irwin, Pa. 2182
Coughlan, J. C., Christchurch, *N. Z.* 1888
Couser, M. W., Cornwall, N. Y. 971
Coveit, M. F., Flushing, L. I. 2800
Cowan, J. F., Pittsburg, Pa. 3033
Cowen, A. H., Petaluma, Cal. 1746
Cowhick, W. S., Cheyenne, Wy. 3354
Cowl, Clarkson, New York 300
Cox, Chas. M., Salem, Or. 2745
Coy, W. H., Kingston, *Ont.* 907
Craig, B. J., Springfield, Mass. 1034
Cramer, Geo. H., Lyons, N. Y. 2267
Cramer, W. P.. Albia, Ia. 3333
Crandall, C. L., Leonardsville, N. Y. 2655
Crane, A. S., Elizabeth, N. J. 2346
Crane, jr., J. E., Albany, N. Y. 2103
Crane, Samuel C., Elizabeth, N. J. 3284
Crapo, F. H., Concord, Mass. 3314
Craven, Geo. F., Philadelphia, Pa. 1363
Crawford, Edw., Ashland, Ky. 3188
Crawford, Geo. F., Kankakee, Ill. 1094
Crawford, Newton G., Louisville, Ky. 1361
Crawford, Wm. C., Baltimore, Md. 337
Craycroft, B. B., Philadelphia, Pa. 2445
Creagh, C., Brick Church, N. J. 1576
Cressman, N. F., Philadelphia, Pa. 47
Cresswell, A., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3063
Cressy, F., Brattleboro, Vt. 1560
Critchfield, E. E., Mt. Pleasant, Pa. 1986
Crichton, Thos. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2335
Crittenden, A. W., Canandaigua, N. Y. 588
Crofton, W. d'A., Welwyn, *Eng.* 1974
Cromwell, S. L., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2621
Crosby House, Defiance, O. 2343
Crosby, C. R., Brattleboro, Vt. 1557
Crosby, Frank, Elgin, Ill. 1478
Crosby, James, Bangor, Me. 1100
Crossman, Henry S., Springfield, Mass. 1191
Crossman, M. R., Springfield, Mass. 1188
Crossman, W. F., Washington 637, 873
Crothers, A. M., Springfield, O. 1911
Crouch, Thomas E., Branford, Ct. 801
Crumley, Harry, Mt. Vernon, O. 440
Crow, William, Dunedin, *N. Z.* 2767
Crowe, W., Halifax, *N. S.* 659
Crowle, John D., Staunton, Va. 1371
Crozer, W. M., Trenton, N. J. 1772
Cudworth, H. J., Brattleboro, Vt. 1564
Culver, J. Dana, Whitehall, N. Y. 2706
Cumming, Thomas, Stamford, Ct. 2507
Cummings, S. W., Truro, *N. S.* 1040
Cunningham, Arthur, Boston, Mass. 453
Cunningham, A. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. 463

Cunningham Co., The, Boston, Mass. 452
Curran, jr., John P., Philadelphia, Pa. 1426
Currier, A. F., New York 2080
Currier, Mahlon D., Lawrence, Mass. 1494
Curtice, W. J., Rochester, N. Y. 652
Curtis, Frank Z., Detroit, Mich. 673
Curtis, Howard, Waterbury, Ct. 1320
Curtis, J. Arthur, Reading, Pa. 450
Curtis, J. W., New York 2887
Curtis, Sam. J., Buffalo, N. Y. 3366
Curtis, Wm. B., Cazenovia, N. Y. 846
Cushing, D. Albert, Chicopee, Mass. 2732
Cushings & Bailey, Baltimore, Md. 3226, 3227
Cushman, A., Bridgewater, Mass. 2769
Cushman, W. H., Portland, Or. 2672
Cutter, Wilson, Bordentown, N. J. 2267
Daggett, Wm. H., Indianapolis, Ind. 2133
Dalton, Joseph G., Boston, Mass. 1648, 2108
Dalton, Wm. E., Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 2206
Daly, John J., Newark, N. J. 1574
Danell, Edward, London, *Eng.* 3291
Danforth, E. C., Providence, R. I. 110
Dangers, E., Windsor, *Vict.* 2920
Daniels, George S., New York 2405
Daniels, M. O., Ruggles, O. 577
Danielson, J. E., Buffalo, N. Y. 1830
Dan Sweeney's Saloon, Harlem, N. Y. 2157
Danziger, Samuel, Chicago, Ill. 2711
Darby, George B., Phila., Pa. 1368, 3274
Dare, Robert, Sandhurst, *Vict.* 2761
Darnell, W. W., Cumberland, Md. 1249
Dartmouth College Library, N. H. 2859
Dartt, Robert R., Wellsboro, Pa. 2415
Dausch, Pierre Geo., Baltimore, Md. 223
Davenport, Edgar L., Canton, Pa. 1491
Davenport, F. E., Auburn, Ind. 2409
Davenport, Harry B., Canton, Pa. 1492
Davidson, Frank E., New York 2489
Davidson, Henry, Woodstock, *Ont.* 1220
Davies, David, St. Louis, Mo. 366
Davies, H. C., Monmouth, Ill. 2072
Davies, Orel E., Springfield, Mass. 256
Davis, " Ben, Towanda, Pa. 270-279
Davis, Chas. J., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3059
Davis, Chas. S., Junction City, Kan. 3092
Davis, D. L., Salt Lake City, Utah 1137
Davis, E. C., Northampton, Mass. 340
Davis, Ed. L., Schenectady, N. Y. 130
Davis, F. C., Auburn, Ind. 2428
Davis, H. L., Wellsboro, Pa. 2418
Davis, J. W., Montreal, *Que.* 1145
Davison, C. B., Ann Arbor, Mich. 675
Davokins, R. J., Warrnambool, *Vict.* 2640
Davore, Gus., Indianapolis, Ind. 2132
Dawson, D. M. M., Newcastle, *Eng.* 2564
Day, Elmer A., Burke, N. Y. 2241
Day, Edw. P., Lancaster, Pa. 2465
Day, George H., Hartford, Ct. 809
Day, jr., James H., Ithaca, N. Y.
Day, S. H., East Greenwich, R. I. 99
Day & Raisbeck, Bradford, *Eng.* 3122, 3123
Daymond, A. G., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 2762
Dean, J. S., Boston, Mass. 94
Dean, Norman R., Philadelphia, Pa. 992
Deans, Frank A., Wellsboro, Pa. 858, 2423
Deats, G. C., Weissport, Pa. 3349
DeBaroncelli, A., Paris, *France* 1433
DeBlois, Wm. M., Annapolis, *N. S.* 1168
DeCamp, Frank E., Stamford, Ct. 1728
DeForest, H. G., New York 515
DeForest, Harry L., New York 1075
DeForest, Henry W., New York 516
DeForest, Johnston, New York 517
DeForest, Lockwood, New York 482
DeForest, R. W., New York 1068-74
DeGraaf, Wm. H., New York 1551
Deguire, Chas., Fredericktown, Mo. 3018
DeKlyn, John Q., Cincinnati, O. 1592
Delaware House, Port Jervis, N. Y. 1293
Demarest, J. A., Plainfield, N. J. 2017
Demorest, Wm. H., New York 13
Demphrey, Edwin R., Jamestown, N.Y. 3160
Demple, W. L., Halifax, *N. S.* 658
DeMunn, S. C., Providence, R. I. 380
Dennison, C., Newark, N. J. 741
Denslow, P. E., Cazenovia, N. Y. 855
Denton, S. S., Corning, N. Y. 690
Devon Inn, Devon, Pa. 1762
Dewell, Henry C., London, *Eng.* 2525
Dewey, O. E., Mansfield, Pa. 1783
Dewhurst, John, Bury, *Eng.* 2570
Dewitt, David, New York 1392
Dexter, F. B., New Haven, Ct. 455
Dezendorf, L. S., Cassadaga, N. Y. 753
Diamond, C. Herbert, New York 43
Dickerson, Wm. L., Walden, N. Y. 2905
Dickinson, C. H., Coldwater, Mich. 1968
Dickinson, F. Percy, Sheffield, *Eng.* 2838
Dietz, Frank, Woodland, Cal. 2059
Dietzman, A. S., Louisville, Ky. 1435
Dikol, J. W., Charleston, Ill. 3074
Dilks, P. Kenney, Elizabeth, N. J. 1600
Dimock, Clarence H., Windsor, *N. S.* 913
Disney, W. H., Mt. Vernon, O. 321
Ditterdirg, Wm., Chatham, N. Y. 2814
Diver, Ernest H., Pemberton, N. J. 1520

Dixon, Fred A., Oswego, N. Y. 1864
Dixon, Robert, Greenock, *Scot.* 3015
Dobbie, John, Thorold, *Ont.* 777
Dobbins, Edwin A., Middletown, N. Y. 752
Dobbins, Frank S., Allentown, Pa. 1183
Dockham, Chas. M., Rochester, N. H. 2365
Dodge's Hotel, Rochester, N. H. 2364
Dodge, Charles, Bloomington, Ill. 2513
Dodge, Chas. Richards, Boston, Mass. 1633
Dodge, jr., H. W., Austin, Tex. 356
Dods, A. Wilson, Silver Creek, N. Y. 1927
Dodson, J. S., Bethlehem, Pa. 1438
Doland, S. C., Newark, N. J. 1340
Dominion House, Annapolis, *N. S.* 1846
Donaldson, W. E., Buffalo, N. Y. 1813
Donly, A. W., Simcoe, *Ont.* 1277
Donly, Hal. B., Simcoe, *Ont.* 534, 535
Donough, C. R., Myerstown, Pa. 2077
Doolittle, Perry E., Toronto, *Ont.* 843
Dorion, Sévère, Cazenovia, N. Y. 844
Dorr, (Mrs.) J. C. R., Rutland, Vt. 2357
Dorsey, Frank, Glenwood, Md. 2980
Dortsch, J. R., Nashville, Tenn. 2464
Dotter, Will S., Reading, Pa. 976
Doty, W. H., Yonkers, N. Y. 2153
Doughty, Benj. W., Jamaica, N. Y. 1498
Douglas, F. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. 951
Douglas, H. C., East Orange, N. J. 1632
Dowling, G. T., Cleveland, O. 2833
Dowling, James D., Camden, N. J. 2397
Downey, S. B., Lancaster, Pa. 1264
Downey House, Waynesburg, Pa. 1806
Downing, C. H., Peoria, Ill. 2502
Downing, S. C., Yonkers, N. Y. 2775
Downing, jr., Wm. M., Bristol, Pa. 1788
Downs, A. O., Riverhead, L. I. 2375
Downs, James P., Newark, N. J. 396
Downs, M. H., Boston, Mass. 1747
Doyle, C. E., London, *Eng.* 1973
Drake, D. E., Newark, N. J. 1577
Drake, H. Scudder, Westboro, Mass. 100
Draucker House, Curwinsville, Pa. 2292
Drew, E. R., Boston, Mass. 496
Drew, Fred. M., Ansonia, Ct. 911
Drew, G. Fred, Great Falls, N. H. 2575
Driscoll, Cornelius T., New Haven, Ct. 1417
Driscoll, John, Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3258
Drown, J. W., Brattleboro, Vt. 52
Drullard, Frank E., Buffalo, N. Y. 1619
Dryer, J. B., Tuskegee, Ala. 1891
DuBois, F. E., W. Randolph, Vt. 241
Dubois, Frank G., New York 25
Ducker, Henry E., Springfield, Mass. 349
Dudley, Chas. B., Altoona, Pa. 2034
Dudley, Chas. E., Detroit, Mich. 668
Dudley, W. W., Whitinsville, Mass. 308
Duff, James C., Charlestown, Mass. 1084
Duffill, T. P., Great Falls, N. H. 2574, 2873
Dunahue, Will J., Sinclairville, N. Y. 522
Dunbar, A. D., Peekskill, N. Y. 544
Dunbar, P. H., Springfield, Mass. 1011
Dunbar, W. R., Cleveland, O. 2780
Duncan, A. T., Hamilton, *Ont.* 2754
Duncan, Bowman, Nashville, Tenn. 2379
Duncan, Wm., Allegheny City, Pa. 597
Dunn, A. P., Troy, N. Y. 1203
Dunn, James R., Massillon, O. 1914
Dunn, W. Ellis, Bloomington, Ill. 2119
Dunn, W. E., Noblesville, Ind. 1341
Dunnell, Alex. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1404
Dunnell, F. L., Brooklyn, N. Y. 357
Durham, J. S., Philadelphia, Pa. 2854
Durkee, Albert, Chicago, Ill. 1347
Durrie, John, Brick Church, N. J. 2911
Duryea, Charles E., Wyoming, Ill. 106
Dusenberry, Chas. S., Middletown, N. Y. 2339
Duston, John S., Newark, N. J. 382
Dutton, Wm., London, *Eng.* 3142
Dwyer, Thomas J., Cazenovia, N. Y. 853
Dyer, S. F., Christchurch, *N. Z.* 1887
Dyotte, E. J., Springfield, Mass. 1016
Eady, B. F., West Point, Ga. 932
Eagle Hotel, Gettysburg, Pa. 1254
Eakins, Arthur W., Yarmouth, *N. S.* 1892
Eakins, W. G., Toronto, *Ont.* 586
Earhart, M., Indiana, Pa. 1899
Eaton, Alfred, New York 1605
Eaton, A. L., Ottumwa, Ia. 244
Eaton, Will. E., Wakefield, Mass. 1847
Eberman, J. W., Baltimore, Md. 3267
Ebert, Horace M., Norristown, Pa. 2552
Eck, T. W., New York 2463
Eckert, W. F., Curwinsville, Pa. 1898
Edgar, E. A., Rutherford, N. J. 773
Edge, David, Newark, N. J. (d. June, '84) 387
Edgerton, C. W., Fort Wayne, Ind. 1749
Edman, G. A., Melbourne, *Vict.* 2637
Edmands, Wm. H., Boston, Mass. 3287
Edmans, Fred P., Troy, N. Y. 286
Edwards, Edward T., St. Gallen, *Switz.* 2566
Edwards, Thomas A., Melbourne, *Vict.* 1354
Egan, Frank A., Nashville, Tenn. 475
Ehrich, Louis R., Colorado Springs, Col. 3342
Ehrlich, Julius J., Buffalo, N. Y. 2802
Eldred, Fred C., Springfield, Mass. 1189
Eldred, Will., Springfield, Mass. 1190

Eldredge, Frank P., Chicago, Ill. 438
Ellingwood, Edward, Lowell, Mass. 1457
Elliot, H. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2442
Elliott, W. G., Toledo, O. 1400
Ellis, Charles B., Kansas City, Mo. 2733
Elmer House, Cornwall-on-Hudson 3169
Elmer, W. H., Winona, Minn. 884
Elmwood Hotel, Waterville, Me. 1802
Elwell, Frank A., Portland, Me. 446
Elwell, Frank D., San Francisco, Cal. 2758
Elwell, Isaac, Philadelphia, Pa. 1789
Ely, jr., Alfred, Cleveland, O. 636, 1900
E———, W. A., Cazenovia, N. Y. 852
Emerson, Charles S., Milford, N. H. 3120
Emmett, H. J., Seneca Falls, N. Y. 1623
Emmons, C. G., Hamilton, *Ber.* 2455
Emmons, George E., Washington, D. C. 1464
Empson, Fred. J., Melbourne, *Vict.* 1140
English, Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind. 2305
Ensign House, Stillwater, N. Y. 1859
Ensley, O. P., Auburn, Ind. 2429
Enslow, Linn B., Richmond, Va. 2959
Entler Hotel, Shepherdstown, W. Va. 1436
Escobal, Nestor, St. George's, *Ber.* 623
Escott, Frank H., Grand Rapids, Mich. 700
Estey, J. G., Brattleboro, Vt. 1561
Etherington, Harry, London, *Eng.* 1468
Eureka House, Suffern, N. Y. 1837
Evans, Hotel, Aurora, Ill. 1640
Evans, Clark W., Plainfield, N. J. 1157
Evans, David J., Llandyssul, *Eng.* 2938
Evans, Jonathan, Coal Dale, Pa. 3341
Evans, Lumley E., Newark, O. 521
Evans, Oscar E., New Castle, Ind. 2945
Evans, Walter H., Newark, O. 1787
Evans, W. Kingsley, London, *Ont.* 377
Evans, Wm. P., Columbia, Pa. 176
Evarts, Allen W., New York 3298
Everett, Arthur H., Allston, Mass. 2183
Everett, C. M., New York 1384
Everett, W. B., Boston, Mass. 7
Ewalt, Harry W., Mt. Vernon, O. 1840
Fairchild, O. A., Silver Creek, N. Y. 916
Falkenstein, Munro, San Francisco, Cal. 2804
Farley, G. P., Morristown, N. J. 464
Farmer, jr., E. G., Providence, R. I. 832
Farnell, A., Bradford, *Eng.* 3275
Farnsworth, E. D., Newark, N. J. 747
Farr, H. M., Holyoke, Mass. 2385
Farrally, Joe F., New Milford, Ct. 1845
Farrell, W. J., Peoria, Ill. 2491
Farrington, Willis, Lowell, Mass. 1446
Farroll, Walter G., Hamilton, *Vict.* 2035
Faulkner, W. H., Walden, N. Y. 2371
Fauquier, A. E., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. 514
Fay, Fred L., Hopedale, Mass. 2476
Fell, Benn, Bloomington, Ill. 2071
Fellowes, Fred S., Exeter, N. H. 3322
Fennessy, A. L., Springfield, Mass. 1025-9
Fennessy, jr., J. H., Springfield, Mass. 1019
Fenno, Herbert, Holyoke, Mass. 768
Fenstermaker, F. N., Brooklyn, N. Y. 959
Ferguson, W. M., Jefferson, Ia. 2915
Fichthorn, W. R., Reading, Pa. 974
Field, C. H., Greenfield, Mass. 1213
Field, F. F., West Philadelphia, Pa. 483
Field, W. R., Greenville, Pa. 1582
Fielding, Fred. A., Bozeman, Mont. 1130
Filbert, Charles L., Columbia, Pa. 283
Fillmore, Henry D., Bennington, Vt. 3345
Filmer, Herbert, New York 330
Finch, I. H., Adrian, Mich. 696
Finckel, Geo. M., Washington, D. C. 2480
Fink, Leon C., Detroit, Mich. 669
Finkler, H. C., San Francisco, Cal. 1713
Firzer, Wm. T., Washington, D. C. 629
Fischer, John B., New York 1234
Fish, Eben, Abington, Mass. 716
Fish, H. I., Chatham, N. Y. 2813
Fish, jr., Wm. H., So. Scituate, Mass. 2977
Fisher, Chas. H., Milford, Mass. 404
Fisher, Ed. D., Nashville, Tenn. 2235
Fisher, Fred., New Brunswick, N. J. 372
Fisher, Janon, Baltimore, Md. 3073
Fisk, Chas. A., Brightwood, Mass. 1015
Fisk, Ed. F., Brooklyn, N. Y. 945
Fiske, C. S., Springfield, Mass. 1022
Fiske, George F., Chicago, Ill. 719
Fiske, Willie H., Holliston, Mass. 181
Fitton, J., Christchurch, *N. Z.* 1890
Fitzgerald, Ed. A., Aurora, Ill. 1641
Fitz Gerald, J., New York 1153
Fitzgerald, J. L., London, *Ont.* 1179
Fitzpatrick, John J., Ft. Leavenworth, [Kan. 2204
Flack, Chas. L., So. Bethlehem, Pa. 2110
Flanders, Charles W., Malden, Mass. 1621
Fleming, H. M., Portland, N. Y. 1150
Fleming, J. N., Augusta, Ky. 989
Fleming, W. T., Philadelphia, Pa. 2426
Flint, Henry Warne, Cardiff, *Eng.* 2664
Flint, Herbert White, Cardiff, *Eng.* (2562)
Flister, jr., Herman, Boston, Mass. 2872
Flournoy, Chester, Pine Bluff, Ark. 2726
Floy, Harry, Elizabeth, N. J. 2700
Fly, Charles J., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3064

Flynn, John C., Macon, Ga. 2590, 2591
Fogg, Enoch S., Woodstown, N. J. 486
Folsom, Joseph R., New York 1990-1999
Folsom, W. Burt, Exeter, N. H. 3339
Foote, A. J., Warrnambool, *Vict.* 2641
Foote, jr., W. T., Port Henry, N. Y. 1186
Forbes, F. J., Oamaru, *N. Z.* 1706
Ford, Simeon, New York 1606
Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York 3329
Formalt, Elmer L., Columbia, Pa. 1646
Forney, Edward B., Washington, D. C. 1923
Forney, J. Wilson, Harrisburg, Pa. 2027
Forrest House, Scranton, Pa. 2201
Forrest, Andrew, Greenock, *Scot.* 3080
Forrest, John, Greenock, *Scot.* 2840
Forsythe, Geo., London, *Ont.* 1180
Foss, A. H. R., Springfield, Mass. 999
Foster, C. H., Middletown, N. Y. 1197
Foster, J. F., Buffalo, N. Y. 3364
Foster, J. R., Lancaster, Pa. 2557
Foster, S. Conant, N. Y. (d. Mar. 8, '85) 1490
Foulds, jr., J. H., Springfield, Mass. 1020
Fowler, jr., Nathaniel C., Boston, Mass. 261
Fox, C. J., London, *Eng.* 2665
Fox, Sidney Chester, Enfield, *Eng.* 2583
Francis, J. T., New York 1390
Franklin House, Columbia, Pa. 1261
Franklin, S. J., Corry, Pa. 419
Fraser, A. G., Toronto, *Ont.* 467
Fraser, John F., Carmi, Ill. 302
Frasse, H. F., New York 2281
Frazee, William C., New York 1607
Frazier, Chas. F., Smithville, N. J. 1519
Frazier, Edward, Aurora, Ill. 2243
Freatman, E. B., Rochester, N. Y. 649
Freeborn, Fred H., Jersey Shore, Pa. 445
Freeman, C. W., Peoria, Ill. 2501
Freeman, Henry V., Chicago, Ill. 1407
Freeman, S. H., Cleveland, O. 282
Freeman, jr., W. C., Needham, Mass. 614
Freidgeon, Geo., Columbus, Ind. 2124
Frishie, William M., New Haven, Ct. 926
Frissell, Glen. C., Merrick, Mass. 1420
Frost, R. T., West Point, Ga. 933
Fry, F., Ealing, *Eng.* 3037
Fulford, H. B., Clearfield, Pa. 2284
Fuller, E. W., McMinnville, Or. 2676
Fuller, Frank H., Springfield, Mass. 781, 782
Fuller, H. F., Chicago, Ill. 1622
Fuller, L. I., Halifax, *N. S.* 662
Fuller, W. J., Haydenville, Mass. 705
Fulton, J. M., Bloomington, Ill. 2482
Fulton, Wilbur, Irwin, Pa. 2311
Gabriel, John, Liverpool, *Eng.* 2681
Gage, Channing T., Detroit, Mich. 123
Gager, E. B., Birmingham, Ct. 2539
Gale, F. E., Concord, N. H. 3315
Gale, Jas. Alvord, Philadelphia, Pa. 1687
Gale, Wm. E., Millbury, Mass. 313
Gallie, Chas. R., Jamaica, L. I. 2871
Galway, Warner E., Cincinnati, O. 1125
Gamwell, Roland G., Providence, R. I. 2040
Gaonette, A. N., Rockville, Ct. 332
Gardner, B. W., Pawtucket, R. I. 335
Gardner, D. M., Calais, Me. 2090
Gardner, William, Cazenovia, N. Y. 856
Gardner, jr., W., Troy, N. Y. 1110
Gardner, Wm. L., Troy, N. Y. 1201
Garrett, Robert D., Dulaney, Ky. 3195
Garrison, Charles 764
Garrison, G. F., Garrison's, N. Y. 2079
Garrison, Lloyd McKim 763
Garrison, J. R., Memphis, Tenn. 1761
Garvey, Richard, New York 770
Garvin, M. T., Lancaster, Pa. 1430
Gastrock, John, Harrisburg, Pa. 205
Gaterin, W. R., Belleville, *Ont.* 566
Gates, Chas. E., Gerry, N. Y. 1544
Gay, T. E., Newark, N. J. 742
Gearhart, Wm. M., Clearfield, Pa. 2286
Geddes, Geo. S., Melbourne, *Vict.* 1141
Geery, Samuel W., Newark, N. J. 397
Geery, W. W., Newark, N. J. 398
Geil, John H., Philadelphia, Pa. 2686
Geisenheimer, Ed. G., Port Jervis, N. Y. 1293
Geisreiter, S., Pine Bluff, Ark. 2729
General Wayne Hotel, Academy, Pa. 787
Genesee House, Buffalo, N. Y. 2264
Genung, Arthur L., Newark, N. J. 748
Genung, Chas. H., Madison, N. J. 509
George, Will A., Orange, Ind. 3347
George, W. R., Sydney, *N. S. W.* 2500
Getty House, Yonkers, N. Y. 2153
Gibbs, L. H., Scranton, Pa. 116
Gibbs, William, Elizabeth, N. J. 1531
Gibson & Hart, Rockford, Ill. 537
Gibson, J. S., Rockford, Ill. 538
Giddings, A. H., Exeter, N. H. 3325
Gideon, Geo. D., Philadelphia, Pa. 1367
Giffin, jr., J. H., New York 1608
Gilbert, H. Win, Derby, Ct. 805
Gilbert, Melvin E., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3049
Gilbert, S. Eldred, Philadelphia, Pa. 1307
Gilchrist, Harry, Bedford, Pa. 1616
Gill, James D., Springfield, Mass. 2848, 2849
Gill, James F., Meriden, Ct. 1056

Gillett, M. D., Springfield, Mass. 552
Gilligan, J. J., Boston, Mass. 262
Gillingham, Harold E., Germantown, Pa. 46
Gilman, Wm. V., Nashua, N. H. 58, 1774-78
Gilmer, T. T., Charlotte, N. C. 1048
Gilmour, W. G., Melbourne, *Vict.* 1711
Ginn, C. H., Springfield, Mass. 134
Gitchell, Joe H., Hamilton, *Ont.* 1578
Given, John B., So. Boston, Mass. 2010
Glidden, Harry, Cleveland, O. 1591
Globe Hotel, St. George's, *Ber.* 2499
Glover, John S., Columbia, Pa. 1696
Glover, Thomas, Hartford, Ct. 531
Gobey, Geo. W., Cirencester, *Eng.* 2605
Godet, F. Lennock, Hamilton, *Ber.* 624
Goetze, Will. F., Lockland, O. 2004
Golder, Stephen, Coventry, *Eng.* 800, 2736
Gonzalez, G. G., Washington, D. C. 2141
Goodall, George, London, *Eng.* 2530
Goodhue, F., Brattleboro, Vt. 1764
Goodrich, E. P., New Britain, Ct. 1066
Goodsell, F. W., Newark, N. J. 388
Goodwin, Henry M., Philadelphia, Pa. 2842
Goodwin, H. R., Manchester, *Eng.* 2631
Goodwin, S. D. M., Albany, N. Y. 3299
Gordon, D. J., Plainfield, N. J. 3282
Gorgas, Geo. A., Harrisburg, Pa. 39
Gormully & Jeffery, Chicago, Ill. 2245, 2546
Gorrecht, W. Frank, Lancaster, Pa. 2868
Goss, Edward O., Boston, Mass. 1393
Gotwald, Geo. D., York, Pa. 1258
Gould, Chas. W., New York 2616, 2617
Gourley, N. R., Glens Falls, N. Y. 90, 91
Graf, E. P., Punxsutawney, Pa. 1897
Graham, jr., J. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1471
Graham, W. E., St. John, *N. B.* 3156
Graif, Philip, Athens, N. Y. 1187
Grand Central Hotel, St. Cloud, Minn. 2461
Grand Union Hotel, New York 2351
Grant, Jas. E., Liverpool, *Eng.* 2890
Grant, John C., Chicago, Ill. 3304
Graves, B. F., Shepherdstown, W. Va. 1436
Graves, C. B., Buffalo, N. Y. 1819
Graves, F. B., Rochester, N. Y. 648
Graves, Louis B., Minneapolis, Minn. 65
Graves, M. E., New York 172
Gray, H. P., Cortland, N. Y. 1315
Gray, John W., Hartford, Ct. 1063
Green, B. Oscar, West Chester, Pa. 150
Green, Charles, Columbus, Ind. 2123
Green, H. Martin, Havant, *Eng.* 3014
Green, Wm. O., Holyoke, Mass. 199
Greene, S. T., Belleville, *Ont.* 3233
Greenbaum, C. S., Laramie City, W. T. 253
Greenfield, J. H., Pittsfield, Mass. 3085
Greenleaf, A. F., Amesbury, Mass. 216
Greer, Robson C., Covington, Ky. 2116
Gregg, F. W., Tucson, Arizona 2381
Gregg, Geo. M., Kennett Square, Pa. 532
Gridley, Edward L., New York 60
Griesinger, C. L., Medina, O. 2453
Griggs, John B., Hartford, Ct. 3356
Griffin, Chas., Greenwich, N. Y. 136
Griffin, C. H., Ravenna, O. 1472
Griffin, Seth J., Ogden, Utah 2271
Griffith, M., Berryville, Va. 1248
Griffiths & Co., Coventry, *Eng.* 3117, 3118
Griffiths, H., Much Wenlock, *Eng.* 3260
Griffiths, J. B., Utica, N. Y. 984
Griscom, Joseph W., Jenkintown, Pa. 79
Griswold, Chas., Aurora, Ill. 1645
Grosch, August, Brooklyn, N. Y. 2046
Grover, T. L., Galveston, Tex. 2712
Grow, Arthur R., Summit, N. J. 2550
Gruse, A., Chicago, Ill. 3149
Gue, Joe, Montgomery, Ala. 876
Guerin, B. C., Morristown, N. J. 1784
Gulick, John C., New York 359
Gullen, W. F., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2524
Gulliver, Wm. C., New York 1981
Gump, A. W., Dayton, O. 785
Gunckel, E. W., Middletown, O. 1236
Gunnis, Russell H., Philadelphia, Pa. 484
Gunther, H. P., Louisville, Ky. 3178
Guy, Arthur W., New York 1674
Gwen, Robert, Carnarvon, *Eng.* 2940
Haas, J. Franklin, Summit, N. J. 2147
Haberbush, Chas. E., Lancaster, Pa. 1429
Hafer, John, Bedford, Pa. 1618
Hager, Stansbury, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1862
Hahne, August, Newark, N. J. 2060
Halifax Hotel, Halifax, *N. S.* 1500
Hall, A. M., Smithville, N. J. 1517
Hall, George O., Bangor, Me. 2005
Hall, jr., H. G., Brooklyn, N. Y. 957
Hall, jr., Harry J., New York 173
Hall, jr., Thos. J., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2043
Hall, jr., Wm. H., New York 2647
Hall, W. J., Boston, Mass. 2738
Hall, W. J., Reading, Mass. 2768
Hallam, Chas., Hobart, *Tas.* 3216
Hallam, Thos. F., Hobart, *Tas.* 3209
Hallett, F. B., Orange, N. J. 1768
Hallock, L. H., Portland, Me. 2979
Halsey, C. H. K., Elizabeth, N. J. 2345
Halsey, M. W., Elizabeth, N. J. 1527

Halstead, C. T., Morristown, N. J. 375
Haman, George E., Ellington, N. Y. 2069
Hamill, S. B., Springfield, Mass. 3205
Hamilton Hotel, Hamilton, *Ber.* 2455
Hamilton, Jay Benson, Providence, R. I. 2966
Hamilton, Robert A., Albany, N. Y. 1863
Hamlin, Arthur S., Canandaigua, N. Y. 489
Hamlin, George W., Canandaigua, N. Y. 488
Hamlin, H. B., Wadena, Minn. 2028
Hamm, J. J., Halifax, *N. S.* 664
Hammar, A. H., Worcester, Mass. 714
Hampton, jr., S. Wade, Memphis, Tenn. 2237
Hananer, Chas. W., Covington, Ky. 2118
Hananer & Myers, Covington, Ky. 2984-86
Hancock, B. P., Corpus Christi, Tex. 1954
Hand, Fred C., Scranton, Pa. 226
Hannon, G. E., Denver, Col. 1111
Hanson, Conrad R., Gloucester, Mass. 1976
Hanson, Linwood E., Great Falls, N. H. 2688
Hapgood, O. D., Orange, Mass. 2771
Haradon, C. R., Springfield, Mass. 996
Harberson, Ben, Augusta, Ky. 1160
Harder, J. E., Clearfield, Pa. 2247
Harding, Edward H., Philadelphia, Pa. 339
Harding, M. A., Chatham, N. Y. 2634
Hardy, T. S., Oakland, Cal. 2710
Hare, Thomas, Philadelphia, Pa. 3272
Harley, jr., Chas. R., Philadelphia, Pa. 1365
Harlow, Fred. M., Springfield, Vt. 2053
Harmon, John M., Meriden, Ct. 1053
Harmony, W. P., Sidney, O. 303
Harper, Wm. S., Philadelphia, Pa. 343
Harpster, J. W., Canton, O. 2959
Harriman, Smith A., New York 2401
Harriman, S. F., Vineyard Haven, Mass. 2981
Harrington, Chas. R., Lyons, N. Y. 891, 1149
Harrington, E. D., Newark, N. J. 1599
Harrington, George S., Malden, Mass. 1290
Harris, Frank L., Harrisonburg, Va. 3065
Harris, Frank S., Philadelphia, Pa. 1362
Harris, Howard P., Buffalo, N. Y. 2264
Harris, J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1391
Harris, P. M., New York 3294
Harris, Will. I., Boston, Mass. 53
Harris, W. M., Calumet, Mich. 2993
Harrison, F. H., Fredonia, N. Y. 2032
Harrison, Reginald Fairfax, New York 2174
Harrison, W. H., Mercer, Pa. 776
Hart, A. A., St. Louis, Mo. 3343
Hart, Amos W., Washington, D. C. 1117
Hart, E. Stanley & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. [3154, 3155
Hart, G. E., Pipestone City, Minn. 3292
Hart, George S., Rockford, Ill. 251
Hart, H. B., Philadelphia, Pa. 2249-2254
Hart, H. R., Croydon, *Eng.* 2896
Hartford, Willie M., Rochester, N. H. 2317
Hartshorn, A. E., Worcester, Mass. 2820
Hartshorn, E. E., Perth Amboy, N. J. 2828
Hartung, Henry, Nashville, Tenn. 2435
Hartwell, Edward M., Baltimore, Md. 2024
Harvard College Library, Mass. 1319
Harvey, E. W., Sparta, Wis. 315
Harwood, Henry, Ishpeming, Mich. 2951
Harwood, John, Paterson, N. J. 363
Hasbrouck, D. C., Peekskill, N. Y. 543
Hasbrouck, jr., R. S., New York 548
Hasking, C., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3254
Hastings, W. H., Elizabeth, N. J. 1528
Hatch, H. L., Portland, Or. 1663
Hatch, H. L., Salem, Or. 2743
Hathaway, A. A., Milwaukee, Wis. 715
Hathaway, A. S., Cleveland, O. 2778
Hathaway, D. J., Topeka, Kan. 231
Hathaway, S. T., St. Mary's, Kan. 2363
Haven, Harry B., Florence, Mass. 3367
Haviland, Thomas T., Newburgh, N. Y. 967
Hawkes, F. E., Greenfield, Mass. 3182
Hawley, C. E., Washington, D. C. 1425
Hawley, Harry W., Ann Arbor, Mich. 678
Hawley, John H., Washington, D. C. 1638
Hay, J. G., Woodstock, *Ont.* 1222
Hayden, H. A., Allentown, Pa. 1265
Haydock, R. R., New York 1325
Hayes, Alfred, London, *Eng.* 1550
Hayes, Chester C., Canandaigua, N. Y. 588
Hayes, Harry, London, *Eng.* 1943
Hayes, Herbert, London, *Eng.* 1944
Hayes, John Joseph, Hatfield, *Eng.* 1942
Hayes, William, London, *Eng.* 2793
Hayford, H. Hartley, Buffalo, N. Y. 708
Haynes, Fred. W., London, *Eng.* 2714
Haynes, Gideon, Boston, Mass. 2262
Haynes, Nelson T., Kansas City, Mo. 3263
Hays, A. A., Newark, N. J. 1799
Hayward, A. H., Greenville, N. J. 1107
Hayward, A. H., New York 2737
Hayward, F. H., Providence, R. I. 379
Hayward, J. E., St. Cloud, Minn. 2461
Hayward, T. A., Susquehanna, Pa. 2835
Hazelton, W. S., Melbourne, *Vict.* 2919
Hazlett, Charles A., Portsmouth, N. H. 1
Hazlett, (Mrs.) C. A., Portsmouth, N. H. 3000
Heales, H. C., Hamilton, *Vict.* 2036
Healy, Wm. F., Bridgeport, Ct. 1452
Heath, S. F., Minneapolis, Minn. 928

Hebard, F. S., Cheyenne, Wy. 789
Heberhart, Wm. G., Madison, Ind. 149
Heckman, J. W., Halifax, *N. S.* 657
Heermans, W. J., Corning, N. Y. 691
Hegeman, Thomas B., Brooklyn, N. Y. 958
Heming, A., New York 1120
Hemmenway, E. A., Dorchester, Mass. 1495
Hendee, George M., Springfield, Mass. 350
Henderson, E. C., Cleveland, O. 2653
Henderson, John, Ashland, Ky. 3190
Henderson, J. S., Elizabeth, N. J. 1533
Henderson, M. S., Elizabeth, N. J. 1532
Henderson, S., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2438
Henderson, S., New York 3243
Hendrickson, Blake, Medina, O. 2342
Hendrie, C. W., Stamford, Ct. 406
Henry, H. S., Pittsfield, Mass. 3109
Hentz, F. A., Boston, Mass. 2595
Hepinstall, C. H., St. Thomas, *Ont.* 1851
Herendem, F. Albert, Geneva, N. Y. 575
Herfurth, Paul, Elgin, Ill. 1479
Herrick, C. B., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 427
Herring, W. C., New York 1487
Hertz, W. H., Hazleton, Pa. 1668
Hetz, Lewis, Baltimore, Md. 186
Heweitzer, J. L., Reading, Pa. 977
Hewitt, E. H , Columbia, S. C. 1297
Heymer, F. W., Boston, Mass. 1374
Heyser, E. R., Huntingdon, Pa. 710
Hibbard, Angus S., Milwaukee, Wis. 1894
Hibson, Robert F., Brooklyn, N. Y. 941
Hichborn, C. S., Augusta, Me. 2875
Hickling & Co., Maidenhead, *Eng.* 3077
Hickman, J. R., New Castle, Ind. 3030
Hickok, Lester E., Birmingham, Ct. 804
Higdon, jr., John T., Owensboro', Ky. 2946
Higginbotham, C. T., Springfield, Mass. 133
Higgins, C. W., Smithville, N. J. 1504
Higgins, F. E., Worcester, Mass. 806
Higgins, Henry C., Cincinnatus, N. Y. 1690
Higgins, H. Stephen, Portland, Me. 2847
Higginson, T. W., Cambridge, Mass. 1800
Higham, H. W., Washington, D. C. 1246
Highberger, J. B., Clearfield, Pa. 1896
Highland House, Garrison's, N. Y. 2079
Highland Mills Hotel, High. M's, N.Y. 1866
Higlie, T. C., Canton, Ill. 2678
Hildreth, Charles D., Rome, N. Y. 2512
Hill, A. M., New Orleans, La. 1217
Hill, E. F., Peekskill, N. Y. 545
Hill, E. S., St. Cloud, Minn. 2458-2461
Hill, George F., Great Falls, N. H. 2576
Hill, Sterling, Eugene City, Or. 1210
Hill, Thos. L., San Francisco, Cal. 3071
Hill & Tolman, Worcester, Mass. 582
Hiller, F. J., Cohoes, N. Y. 201
Hillis, F. D., Halifax, *N. S.* 663
Hills, Arthur C., Brighton, N. Y. 213
Hinckcliffe, B., Derby, *Eng.* 2891
Hinds, C. G., San Louis Obispo, Cal. 3068
Hinman, J. A., Oshkosh, Wis. 3225
Hobart, C. H., East Portland, Or. 3023
Hobbs, C. A., Wilkesbarre, Pa. 197
Hoddick, A. E., Buffalo, N. Y. 1821
Hodges, E. C., Boston, Mass. 827
Hodges, F. B., Rome, N. Y. 2540
Hodgins, John G., Tralee, *Ire.* 2735, 3019
Hodgson, George, Northampton, *Eng.* 2839
Hodgson, T., Amherst, *N. S.* 991
Hoffman, jr., E. A., New York 17
Hoffman, J. C., Jefferson, Wis. 1459
Hogg, J. R., North Shields, *Eng.* 2748
Hogg, W. L., Belleville, *Ont.* 1321
Holcombe, John M., Hartford, Ct. 1415
Holden, W., Belleville, *Ont.* 567
Holland, Charles J., Medford, Mass. 1858
Holland, Lincoln, Worcester, Mass. 3281
Hollingsworth, Sam P., Russiaville, Ind. 3311
Hollister, Frank, Newburgh, N. Y. 970
Hollister, F. R., Greenfield, Mass. 355
Hollister, G. T., Rutherford, N. J. 772
Hollister, J. C., Portland, Or. 1664
Holloway, M. F., Henderson, Ky. 2328
Holloway, W. Dosh, Danville, Pa. 1449
Holman, C. F., Millbury, Mass. 1198
Holman, G. W., Willimantic, Ct. 2777
Holmes, G. C., Brockton, Mass. 2614
Holmes, Herbert, Rockville, Ct. 982
Holmes, S. J., Montclair, N. J. 2353
Holt, Arthur B., Kankakee, Ill. 232
Holton House, Portland, Or. 2391
Honiss, W. H., Hartford, Ct. 288
Honk, George W., Wellsboro, Pa. 2417
Honybun, W., London, *Eng.* 2935
Hooker, Thomas, New Haven, Ct. 1413
Horn, Charles A., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2299
Horne, Clark H., Chattanooga, Tenn. 1194
Horne, R. H., Stamford, Ct. 1730
Horton, G. H., Brattleboro, Vt. 1567
Horton, W. P., Cleveland, O. 3112
Hosford, E. B., Denver, Col. 1112
Hotchkiss, John B., Washington, D. C. 40
House, Edward S., Hartford, Ct. 1061
Hovey, C. F., Rochester, N. Y. 653
Howard, Chas., London, *Eng.* 3102
Howard, Chas. S., Boston, Mass. 1171

Howard, Chas. W., Boston, Mass. 1835
Howard, H. T., New York 1424
Howard, Leland, Washington, D. C. 1522
Howard, T., Salem, Or. 2746
Howe, A. A., Denver, Col. 1113
Howe, O. R., Brattleboro, Vt. 1562
Howe, H. E., Cheshire, Ct. 2075
Howe, W. L., Oskaloosa, Ia. 506
Howell, Alfred E., Nashville, Tenn. 2434
Howell, Charles D., Winterset, Ia. 2238
Howell, Edgar, Philadelphia, Pa. 341
Howell, Fred L., St. Thomas, *Ont.* 1332
Howell, H. V., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3047
Howell, Lewis, Millville, N. J. 1103
Howell, L. A., Millville, N. J. 2474
Howland, Wm. B., Cambridge, Mass. 312
Hoyt, Charles L., Stamford, Ct. 1729
Hubbard, Chas. P., Birmingham, Ct. 985
Hubbard, Lyle, Toledo, O. 1458
Hubbell, H., Norwich, Ct. 103
Hubbell, L. L., Danbury, Ct. 980
Huber, J. W., Ashland, Pa. 3270
Huber, Stanley B., Louisville, Ky. 1396
Huggins, James, New York 1231
Hughes, C. W., Shreve, O. 2052
Hughes, Isaac, Mt. Vernon, O. 1792
Hughes, J. E., Newmarket, *Ont.* 235
Hughes, T. J., Liverpool, *Eng.* 2443
Hughs, I. M., Bardstown, Ky. 1930
Hull, George S., Chambersburg, Pa. 96
Hull, H. H., Waynesburg, Pa. 1803
Hull, O. E., Chariton, Ia. 2272
Humber & Co., London, *Eng.* 3126, 3127
Humphrey, Eugene, Yarmouth, Me. 2694
Humphrey, Osman B., Bangor, Me. 3002
Humphreys, Henry, Philadelphia, Pa. 1447
Humphreys, R. E., Irwin, Pa. 2177
Hunt, E. P., Cleveland, O. 2832
Hunt, Riley, Orange, Ind. 3348
Huntington, C. G., Hartford, Ct. 2954
Huntington, J. T., Cleveland, O. 1593
Hurlbutt, Harry W., Stamford, Ct. 1731
Hurlbutt, Wm. A., Stamford, Ct. 1724
Hurxthal, jr., Benj., Mansfield, O. 152
Huss, George Martin, New York 1609
Huss, Theodore, East Saginaw, Mich. 3007
Husted, George W., Camden, N. J. 3289
Husted, Samuel G., New Haven, Ct. 920
Hutchins, C. W., Springfield, Mass. 1035
Hutchins, Lovell, Baltimore, Md. 563
Hutchinson, Chas. A., Elizabeth, N. J. 527
Hutchinson, F., Framingham, Mass. 3114
Hutchinson, jr., R. G., Montclair, N. J. 2255
Hutchinson & Myers, Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3253
Iddings, Frank A., Warren, O. 1913
Ideal Pen Co., The, New York 1758, 1759
Ingalls, D. W., Little Falls, N. Y. 2809
Ingham, Alfred M., Brattleboro, Vt. 1568
Ingram, T. L., Columbus, Ga. 1956
International Hotel, Boston, Mass. 595
Inter-Ocean Hotel, Cheyenne, Wy. 1450
Iredell, George S., Philadelphia, Pa. 1366
Ireland, J. E., La Chute Mills, *Ont.* 2967
Irving, Arthur B., Westfield, N. J. 1135
Irving, J. G., Danbury, Ct. 979
Irwin, A. B., Rushville, Ind. 373
Irwin, Wm. G., Columbus, Ind. 2121
Irwin, W. R., Emporia, Kan. 233
Irwin, W. T., Peoria, Ill. 2492
Isaacs, Chas. C., Baltimore, Md. 559
Isbell, W. H., Bridgeport, Ct. 2173
Isham, James H., Buffalo, N. Y. 679
Ixion Bicycle Club, New York 1155
Jackson, B. F., Lockport, N. Y. 1810
Jackson, C. L., Rutherford, N. J. 771
Jackson, Fred A., New Haven, Ct. 416
Jackson, H. H., Indianapolis, Ind. 2305
Jackson, jr., H. R., Rutherford, N. J. 328
Jackson, Schuyler B., Newark, N. J. 3303
Jackson, Thomas W., Newark, N. J. 386
Jacobi, G. N., Baltimore, Md. 3076
Jacobs, Albert P., Detroit, Mich. 1079
Jacobs, Chas. H., Detroit, Mich. 1344
Jacobsen, Peter N., Detroit, Mich. 2408
Jaffray, H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2175
Jagger, L. Courtlandt, Newburgh, N. Y. 968
James, Frank B., New York 2396
James, Mortimer E. O., London, *Eng.* 1745
James, Sam'l R., Schenectady, N. Y. 1225
Janes, Henry E., New York 2488
Jansen, L. W., Walden, N. Y. 2541
Jaques, J., Salt Lake City, Utah 1505
Jarvis, C. W., Port Arthur, *Ont.* 723
Jarvis, H., Oxford, Md. 2210, 3273
Jarvis, H. E., Burlington, Ia. 606
Jeffords, H. R., Cazenovia, N. Y. 993
Jenidon, W., Columbia, S. C. 1295
Jenkins, Chas. H., Louisville, Ky. 122
Jenkins, Fred, New York 119
Jenkins, F. M. S., Ottawa, *Ont.* 1854
Jenkins, H. J., Christchurch, *N. Z.* 1885
Jennings, A. F., Springfield, Mass. 2900, 2901
Jennings, George H., New Haven, Ct. 922
Jennings, Walter, Salt Lake City, Utah 1323
Jeralds, E. O., New Haven, Ct. 2497
Jessup, Nelson, Stamford, Ct. 1732

Jewell, L. W., Georgetown, D. C. 2808
Jewett, J. Waldo, New Haven, Ct. 1238
Jimenis, J. Oswald, New York 38
Johnson, A. A., Cazenovia, N. Y. 849
Johnson, A. B., New York 963
Johnson, B. F., Weymouth, Mass. 1958
Johnson, C. E., Salt Lake City, Utah 3034
Johnson, Elliott, New York 1387
Johnson, Eph., Brooklyn, N. Y. 950
Johnson, E. P., Marshall, Mich. 2982
Johnson, Fred H., Syracuse, N. Y. 757
Johnson, Frank M., Philadelphia, Pa. 2398
Johnson, Geo. H., Bridgeport, Ct. 2599
Johnson, Harold, London, *Eng.* 2666
Johnson, H. G., North Andover, Mass. 2898
Johnson, Henry J., Ashford, *Eng.* 1977
Johnson, Joseph L., Indianapolis, Ind. 2303
Johnson, J. Q. A., New York 964
Johnson, L. H., Orange, N. J. 1489
Johnson, William, Brisbane, *Queensland* 2880
Johnson, Will S., Newark, N. J. 743
Johnston, C. F., Louisville, Ky. 1880
Johnston, Paul S., Pittsburg, Pa. 2878
Johnston, Sam. B., Columbus, Miss. 1922
Johnston, W. H., Irwin, Pa. 2178
Jones, A. A., Williamstown, Mass. 1893
Jones, Clift W., Newark, N. J. 385
Jones, Edward Jas., London, *Eng.* 2682
Jones Hotel, Forbes, Weymouth, *N. S.* 890
Jones, Gerry, Binghamton, N. Y. 3184
Jones, H. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1670
Jones, Harry John, London, *Eng.* 2021
Jones, John, Jamestown, O. 285
Jones, O. M., Simcoe, *Ont.* 1279
Jones, P. W., Pittsfield, Mass. 2865
Jones, R. L., Charlotte, N. C. 1081
Jones, T. D., Henderson, Ky. 2321
Jones, Wm. A., Richmond Hill, L. I. 720
Jones, Walker J., Harrisburg, Pa. 1427
Jones, Wm. T., Coal Dale, Pa. 3351
Jordan, W. H., Springfield, Mass. 1031
Joslin, James T., Newburgh, N. Y. 965
Joslin, Joel A., Newburgh, N. Y. 969
Jouet, C. H., Roselle, N. J. 2277
Joy, Charles F., Boston, Mass. 264
Judd, H. A., London, *Eng.* 2569
Judge, Herbert E., Helena, Mont. 2529
Judge, Henry M., Adrian, Mich. 697
Judson, A. L., Albany, N. Y. 1470
Jullien, H., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3052
Kahler, Wm. S., Baltimore, Md. 553
Karn, W. A., Woodstock, *Ont.* 578
Katzentack, P., Trenton, N. J. 1965
Kauffman, Bruner, Columbia, Pa. 1694
Kaufman, Abe, Clarion, Pa. 195
Kaulbach, G. H., Greenfield, Mass. 1212
Kavanaugh, H. S., Cohoes, N. Y. 2837
Keam & Co., S., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3252
Kearsarge House, Portsmouth, N. H. 2383
Keck, George, Ann Arbor, Mich. 325
Keene, Chas. J., Easthampton, Mass. 2607
Keer, Frank, Newark, N. J. 2989
Keller, A. L., Elgin, Ill. 1480
Kelley, Wm. S., Smithville, N. J. 1510
Kellogg, Chas. A., Hartford, Ct. 793
Kells, W. S., Pittsfield, Mass. 2866
Kelly, H. P., Philadelphia, Pa. 331
Kelly, W. S., Lowell, Mass. 2918
Kelly & Ballard, Lebanon, Ky. 2088
Kemper, A. P., Harrisonburg, Va. 725
Kendall, F. P., Worcester, Mass. 762
Kendall, Hugh H., Corning, N. Y. 688
Kendall, W. G., Boston, Mass. 1521
Kenly, A. C., Baltimore, Md. 469
Kennard, J. B., Clearfield, Pa. 2285
Kennedy, C. C., Pittsfield, Mass. 3083
Kennedy, Erwin H., Pittsfield, Mass. 2864
Kent, G. W., Halifax, *N. S.* 660
Kent, Wm. Geo., Washington, D. C. 1639
Kenyon College Library, Gambier, O. 1285
Kern, L. S., Philadelphia, Pa. 592
Kerr, D. W., New Castle, Ind. 3031
Kerr, Henry H., Fort Worth, Tex. 1416
Ketcham, Reeve, Cornwall, N. Y. 972
Keyer, C. E., Elyria, O. 2352
Keystone House, Hawley, Pa. 2076
Kidder, H. S., Elmira, N. Y. 117
Kimball, Edward J., Minneapolis, Minn. 2811
Kimball, Fred. H., Bellows Falls, Vt. 2687
Kinderhook Hotel, Kinderhook, N. Y. 2894
King, A. B., Smithville, N. J. 1515
King, A. Foster, Flushing, L. I. 2799
King, A. J., Halifax, *N. S.* 655
Kings County Wheelmen, Brooklyn, N.Y. 940
King, Fred G., Corry, Pa. 87
King, John C., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1288
King, L. Stone, Baltimore, Md. 417, 418
King, Moses, New York 2858
King, Thomas Geo., London, *Eng.* 1941
Kingsbury, R. S., Xenia, O. 1904
Kinnamon, J. E., Tilghman's Island, Md. 2470
Kinch, Charles A., New York 1834
Kinch, jr., Fred. A., Westfield, N. J. 2308
Kipp, P. E., Schenectady, N. Y. 2974
Kirkham, LeRoy J., New Haven, Ct. 924
Kirkpatrick, Chas. R., London, *Eng.* 3261

Kirkpatrick, Sam. H., Middletown, Ct. 1098
Kirkpatrick, T. J., Springfield, O. 1910
Kirkwood, F. C., Baltimore, Md. 1658
Kirtley, jr., Wm., Defiance, O. 2343
Kitchell, H. N., Cincinnati, O. 1122
Kitchell, J. G., Cincinnati, O. 1935
Kitching, F. W., New York 127, 2382
Kittinger, Chas. H., Seattle, Wash. Ter. 1166
Klots, Walter, New York 1219
Kluge, Chas. E., Jersey City, N. J. 2100
Knapp, B. L., Boston, Mass. 1661
Knapp, C. P., Wyoming, Pa. 2903
Knapp, F. W., Rutland, Vt. 2164
Knapp, Lawrence, Portland, Or. 2671
Knapp, S. Norris, Peekskill, N. Y. 546
Knapp, W. F., Cleveland, O. 3021
Knauss, Chas. C., Bethlehem, Pa. 1439
Knight, Henry C., Silver Creek, N. Y. 1926
Knight, J. H., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3255
Knight, T., Eastbourne, *Eng.* 2585
Knowles, R., Gan (près Pau), *France* 2668
Knowlton, Chas. M., Cazenovia, N. Y. 845
Knox, C. D., Lime Rock, Ct. 2751
Knox, J. H., Portsmouth, N. H. 3244
Knox, Thos. W., New York 20
Koch Brothers, Peoria, Ill. 2349, 2350
Koch, John H., Peoria, Ill. 1045
Kohler, G. A. Edward, Philadelphia, Pa. 346
Kolp, A. J., Scranton, Pa. 34
Kostovitz, L. D., Budapest, *Austria* 3307
Krag, C. J., Columbus, O. 1907
Krank, J. W., Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 2205
Kreis, Harry P., Baltimore, Md. 374
Kroh, C. E., Hoboken, N. J. 2293
Kroppack, Otto, Burlington, Ia. 1959
Krug, Wm. B., Fordham, N. Y. 214
Kudner, Chas., Detroit, Mich. 671
Kügemann, E. E., Cincinnati, O. 1086
Kugler, John G., Pottstown, Pa. 2910
Kuhns, John M., Fort Wayne, Ind. 1752
Kumler, L. M., Berwick, Pa. 1259
Kusel, I. J., Springfield, Ill. 3328
Lafayette, Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa. 909
Lailey, C. E., Toronto, *Ont.* 1271
Lake House, Caldwell, N. Y. 1877
Lake, Edwin T., New York 2660
Lake, Frank L., Rockford, Ill. 684
Lakin, J. A. & Co., Westfield, Mass. 3331-2
Lamb, James, London, *Ont.* 1177
Lambert, F. P., York, *Eng.* 2897
Lamoreaux, D. A., High'd Ms., N. Y. 1866
Lamson, Chas. H., Portland, Me. 180, 447
Lamson, J. H., Portland, Me. 587
Landes, W. G., Springfield, Mass. 640
Landis, D. B., Landisville, Pa. 459
Landy, E. F., Cincinnati, O. 1934
Lane, A. T., Montreal, *Que.* 591
Lane, Chas. H., Templeton, Mass. 2411
Langdown, W. H., Christchurch, *N. Z.* 1883
Langley, Charles, Toronto, *Ont.* 1860
Langley, H. W., Dayton, Ky. 2019
Lanier, Henry & Frank, West Point, Ga. 931
Lansford, Thos. Coll, Coal Dale, Pa. 3340
Lansing, R. R., Detroit, Mich. 113
Larkin, W. L., Haydenville, Mass. 704
Lathrop, C. E., Armada, Mich. 202
La Touche, R. M., Scranton, Pa. 2200
Latta, A. G., Friendship, N. Y. 3027
Latta, E. G., Friendship, N. Y. 3026
Lauterbach, John, Birmingham, *Eng.* 2663
Lautz, Howard O., York, Pa. 1096
Lawrence, G. H., Milwaukee, Wis. 3321
Lawson, Orville W., Louisville, Ky. 645
Lawton, Sanford, Springfield, Mass. 222
Lazarus, S., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3045
Lear, Henry, Doylestown, Pa. 3301
Learned, D. W., Kioto, *Japan* 2627
Learned, W. H., Rochester, N. Y. 647
Leddell, C. S., Morristown, N. J. 750
Ledry, W. G., Fostoria, O. 503
Lee, N. DeRoy, Westmoreland, N. Y. 2510
Lee, R. E., St. Louis, Mo. 367
Lee, W. H. L., New York 2022
Leeson, Arthur J., Birmingham, *Eng.* 2930
Le Fevre, Lynn A., Belleville, O. 2278
Lefferts, L. E., New York 1940
Leffingwell, Geo. E., Hartford, Ct. 795
Leibert, Frank J., Bethlehem, Pa. 3146
Leisen, C. L., Philadelphia, Pa. 2912
Lemeris, A. O., Newark, N. J. 389
Lenox House, Greenwich, Ct. 1723
Lenox, J. G., Rochester, N. Y. 650
Leonard House, Clearfield, Pa. 1896
Leonard, E. F., Springfield, Mass. 1001
Leonard, O. R., Brattleboro, Vt. 1569
Leonard, Wm. D., New York 1326
Lesh, H. A., Auburn, Ind. 2427
Leslie-Lickley, Alex. Wm., Wandsworth-[Common, London, *Eng.* 3240
Lester, C. E., Miller's Falls, Mass. 3069
Letcher, jr., J. H., Henderson, Ky. 2323
Le Tournan, J. K., Baltimore, Md. 209
Letts, Son & Co., London, *Eng.* 3093-3101
Leve & Alden, New York 80
Levering, F. D., Champaign, Ill. 3032
Lewis, Arthur P., Philadelphia, Pa. 138

Lewis, Brandon, La Fayette, Ind. 2870
Lewis, D. B., Yonkers, N. Y. 2776
Lewis, E. G., Cazenovia, N. Y. 994
Lewis, Eugene H., New York 1657
Lewis, Henry A., Philadelphia, Pa. 139
Lewis, Harold R., Philadelphia, Pa. 410
Lewis, S. R., Otego, N. Y. 2329
Lewis, Wilbur E., Stamford, Ct. 1733
Lewis, W. H., Melbourne, *Vict.* 2037
Leypoldt, Rudolph G., New York 12
Libenow, F. E., Walden, N. Y. 2356
Lightfoot, F. S., Fort Wayne, Ind. 1753
Lighthouse, Benj., Rochester, N. Y. 1817
Lilley, George P., London, *Ont.* 1176
Lillibridge Brothers, Rockford, Ill. 540
Lincoln, L. J., Lubec, Me. 2096
Lindemuth, E. E., Wichita, Kan. 281
Lindenberg, Henry, Columbus, O. 868
Lindner, jr., John, Newark, N. J. 390
Lindquist, N. E., Menekanne, Wis. 2996
Lindsay, John S., Chattanooga, Tenn. 1195
Lindsey, Frank A., Lynn, Mass. 1628
Lindsley, jr., A. V., Nashville, Tenn. 1410
Linkfield, R. E., Elgin, Ill. 1481
Linonian Library, New Haven, Ct. 456
Lintz, W. D., New York 3185
Lippincott, Benj., Cinnaminson, N. J. 682
Lippincott, G. A., Mt. Holly, N. J. 1513
Littell, Hiram E., Newark, N. J. 392
Little, Arthur M., Roxbury, Mass. 615
Littlejohn, Edward, Chatham, N. J. 508
Livingston, H. S., Cincinnati, O. 135
Llewellyn Park Hotel, W. Orange, N. J. 900
Llewelyn, F., South Yarra, *Vict.* 2155
Lloyd, S. M., Goderich, *Ont.* 2691
Locke, Herbert E., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2044
Locke, W. S., City of Mexico, *Mex.* 1925
Lockwood, S. A., Red Bank, N. J. 85
Logan House, Altoona, Pa. 3236
Logan, John L., Harrisonburg, Va. 3175
Logan, John W., Merrimac, Mass. 2282
Logan, W. T., Glasgow, *Scot.* 2679
London Cycle Supply As's'n, *Eng.* 3128, 3129
Long, John, Irwin, Pa. 2180
Long, J. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. 948
Longenecker, C. B., Newark, N. J. 2061
Longood, S. S., Meadville, Pa. 1688
Lorber, L. J. E. J., Ithaca, N. Y. 112
Lord, Frank N., New York 2635
Lorenz, Wm. A., Hartford, Ct. 280
Loucks, A. C. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. 943
Lovell, George M., Southbridge, Mass. 429
Lowey, William, Brooklyn, N. Y. 961
Lowry, A., Christchurch, *N. Z.* 1353
Lucas, Burt G., Monmouth, Or. 740
Lucas, G. H., Springfield, Mass. 1005
Lucas, G. Loutrel, Baltimore, Md. 56
Lucas, Philip H., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. 839
Ludwig, Charles B., Baltimore, Md. 558
Lufkin, E. C., Titusville, Pa. 1537
Luke, J. H., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3053
Lunger, John B., Newark, N. J. 2923
Luse, Stephen W., Morristown, N. J. 1801
Lyman, Charles, Montreal, *Que.* 3320
Lyman, W. I., Springfield, Mass. 1013
Lyne, Lewis F., Jersey City, N. J. 2102
Lyon, Charles A., Bangor, Me. 775
Lyon, C. L., Meriden, Ct. 1052
Lyon, George A., Pittsburg, Pa. 2877
Mabbett, Edwin J., Baltimore, Md. 142
Mabie, Geo. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1678
McAuslan, John W., Providence, R. I. 242
McBride, R. H., Toronto, *Ont.* 618
McCarthy, John, London, *Ont.* 1181
M'Clintock, W. C., W. Philadelphia, Pa. 347
McClure, S. S., New York 497
McComas, W. E., Hagerstown, Md. 861, 862
McCormack, W. H., New York 41
McCoy, Wm. D., Wheeling, W. Va. 1850
McCreary, W. J., New York 1339
McCroskery, L. W. Y., Newburgh, N. Y. 966
McCulloch, Arch., Truro, *N. S.* 1041
McCullouch, W. G., Trenton, N. J. 2907
McCune, Jos., Columbus, O. 1912
Macdonald, Samuel J., Newark, N. J. 394
McDougall, Chas., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2045
Macduff, R. E., Cleveland, O. 3113
McElwain, J. S., Holyoke, Mass. 2020
McEwen, D. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. 576
McFadden, Walter C., Mt. Vernon, O. 1791
McFadden, Will. C., Mt. Vernon, O. 1839
McFarland, A., Corry, Pa. 2030
McGarrett, A. O., Springfield, Mass. 1007
MacGowan, G. P., New Haven, Ct. 1548
McGowin, J. W., Pittsburg, Pa. 2033
McGuire, Philip, Halifax, *N. S.* 1501
McIntire, John W., Salmon Falls, N. H. 2578
McIntire, W. W., Portsmouth, N. H. 439
McIntosh, H. A., Kincardine, *Ont.* 1742
McInturff, A. P., Strasburg, Va. 1247
Mack, F. O., Wahpeton, Dak. 2390
Mack, J. S., Warrnambool, *Vict.* 2642
McKay, G. W., Auburn, Ind. 2431
McKay, S. L., Woodstock, *Ont.* 1223
McKee, Chas. W., St. John, *N. B.* 2055
Mackee, H. E., Stamford, Ct. 1726

McKenna, Louis A., Annapolis, *N. S.* 1462
McKenney, C. F., Lake City, Col. 2376
McKenzie, Alf. E., Truro, *N. S.* 1042
Macklin, W. C., Frankfort, Ky. 767
McKnight, Chas. H., Springfield, Mass. 536
Macknight, J., Newry, *Eng.* 2937
McKnight, J. B., Brookville, Pa. 2786
McKnight, W. M., Clearfield, Pa. 2287
McLain, Chas. J., Fort Wayne, Ind. 1750
McLaren, James, Ft. William, *Ont.* 505
McLaughlin, J. R., Hagerstown, Md. 1251
McLindon, Wm., Schuylerville, N. Y. 1878
McN——, New Orleans, La. 2503
McNeil, G. C., Akron, O. 2608
MacOwen, Arthur H., Philadelphia, Pa. 520
MacOwen, Frederick, Philadelphia, Pa. 1345
McQueston, E. A., Manchester, N. H. 432
McRae, E. H., Sydney, *N. S. W.* 2212
McWorkman, Wm., Indianapolis, Ind. 2131
Maddux, J. H., Warrenton, Va. 1246
Magill, Frank, Irwin, Pa. 2179
Mahaffey, James, Clearfield, Pa. 2283
Maier, Geo. E., Rochester, N. Y. 322
Main St. House, Silver Creek, N. Y. 1926
Mains, Isaac N., Pleasant Gap, Mo. 2957
Mallalieu, S. M., Memphis, Tenn. 2086
Maltby, L. U., Philadelphia, Pa. 909
Malvern, Frank, Port Jervis, N. Y. 3198, 3199
Mammoth Cave Hotel, Cave City, Ky. 2093
Manaway, John, Uniontown, Pa. 1807
Mandell, A., Titusville, Pa. 1538
Mang, A. G., Buffalo, N. Y. 1812
Mann, Chas. A., Cazenovia, N. Y. 2154
Manning, David, Worcester, Mass. 1418
Manning, W. B., Kokomo, Ind. 3179
Mansfield, Geo. E., Springfield, Mass. 64
Mansfield, Howard, New York 1128
Mansion House, Morristown, N. J. 1784
Mansion House, Northampton, Mass. 2248
Mansion House, Williamstown, Mass. 1893
Mansion House, Yonkers, N. Y. 2775
Marblehead Bi. Club, Marblehead, Mass. 494
Marcy, Arthur D., Boston, Mass. 1358
Marion, Wm. C., New York 2739
Markell, Edward, Baltimore, Md. 2001
Marsden, G. F., Red Bank, N. J. 1534
Marsh, A. L. C., Plainfield, N. J. 2689
Marsh, Clarence, Chicago, Ill. 3262
Marsh, D. W., Coldwater, Mich. 1969
Marsh, Geo. E., Hartford, Ct. 794
Marsh, W. C., Springfield, Mass. 995
Marshall, A. S., Rutland, Vt. 2161
Marshall, N. S., Rutland, Vt. 2171
Martin, Alf. F., Clearfield, Pa. 2288
Martin, Frank P., Boston, Mass. 2094
Martin, George, Sydney, *N. S. W.* 2214
Martin, Geo. J., Elizabeth, N. J. 1525
Martin, James, Sydney, *N. S. W.* 2215
Martin, W. E., New Haven, Ct. 1226
Martin, W. W., Salem, Or. 2744
Martine, J. B., New York 2509
Marvin, Will C., Ovid, Mich. 1228
Maslin, G. William, Baltimore, Md. 1692
Mason, Crawford, New York 66
Mason, Elliott, New York 239
Mason, H. P., So. Kilvington, *Eng.* 2962
Mason, jr., Volney W., Providence, R. I. 1312
Massey, L. J., Charlotte, S. C. 1298
Matern, W. J., Bloomington, Ill. 2483
Mather, Geo. E., Mentor, O. 2824
Mathers, Hugh T., Sidney, O. 1865
Mathews, Albert, New York 2925
Matthews, Brander, New York 908
Matthews, J. R., Madison, Ind. 2597
Maurer, J. M., Washington, Pa. 2136
Mayer, Geo. L., Scranton, Pa. 2194
Mayer, V. F., Chicago, Ill. 2137
Maynadier, Henry D., Washington, D. C. 203
Maynard House, Solon, Me. 1831
Mead, jr., Frederick, New York 2209
Mead, Robert D., Newark, N. J. 395
Mead, S. Allen, Peekskill, N. Y. 754
Mealy, A. E., Baltimore, Md. 441
Meeker, James R., Newark, N. J. 894
Meeker, W. M., San Francisco, Cal. 2613
Meerhoff, Charles, Irwin, Pa. 2181
Meeteer, W. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1350
Mehring, H. W., Elgin, Ill. 1482
Menns, W. K., Burlington, Vt. 1970
Mellor, Wm. E., Philadelphia, Pa. 84
Mentzel, A. W., Baltimore, Md. 352
Mercereau, E. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1678
Mergenthaler, A. E., Fostoria, O. 442
Merrill, Edwin R., Yarmouthville, Me. 2645
Merrill, Fred. T., Portland, Or. 1573
Merrill's Restaurant, Hartford, Ct. 2138
Merritt, Henry K., Morristown, N. J. 246
Merritt, W. H., Woodstock, *Ont.* 936
Mersch, Herman, Appleton City, Mo. 2573
Merwin, jr., E. P., New Haven, Ct. 2273
Messer, Frank H., Stoneham, Mass. 1625
Messler, Leon B., Canton, Ill. 2677
Metcalf, H. J., So. Framingham, Mass. 2187
Metiver, C., St. Heliers, *Eng.* 2934
Meyer, Frank C., Canton, O. 104
Meyer, H. H., New York 1165

Meyer, H. J., Fort Wayne, Ind. 1754
Meyer, jr., Jos. A., Canton, O. 1849
Meyer, O. H., Richmond, Va. 3090
Meyers, Geo. M., Washington, D. C. 2684
Michels, Walter, Stamford, Ct. 1725
Mickey, H. E., Fostoria, O. 501
Middleton, W. H., Harrisburg, Pa. 194
Middletown Wheel Club, Middletown, Ct. 3200
Midgley, Thomas, Beaver Falls, Pa. 808
Mildrum, W. W., East Berlin, Ct. 153
Miles, Samuel A., Chicago, Ill. 2593
Miles, W. G., Cincinnati, O. 1938
Milhau, R. L., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2620
Milleman, W. H., New York 1773
Miller, A. E., Shepherdstown, W. Va. 1376
Miller, jr., B. K., Milwaukee, Wis. 147
Miller, C. Herbert, Huntington, Pa. 627
Miller, Chas. H., Springfield, Mass. 1169
Miller, Chas. M., Philadelphia, Pa. 345
Miller, Dayton C., Berea, O. 1460
Miller, D. E., Springfield, Mass. 998
Miller, E. C., Haydenville, Mass. 703
Miller, E. E., Canton, O. 550
Miller, Edw. H., Portland, Or. 2393
Miller, Frank A., Susquehanna, Pa. 1196
Miller, Frank S., Westfield, N. J. 1133
Miller, F. W., Ashland, O. 179
Miller, G. A., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3046
Miller, Geo. D., New Haven, Ct. 422
Miller, Geo. S., Springfield, Mass. 1009
Miller, Howard, Newark, N. J. 1596
Miller, H. G., Meriden, Ct. 3232
Miller, J. D., Montreal, *Que.* 1144
Miller, J. E., Troy, N. Y. 1202
Miller, Julius M., Emsworth, Pa. 2446
Miller, John P., Oswego, N. Y. 883
Miller, Stuart C., Cambridgeport, Mass. 1282
Miller, T., Ballarat, *Vict.* 3043
Miller, Wm. Allen, New York 1422
Miller, W. H., Columbus, O. 128
Mills, B. O., Camden, N. J. 121
Milner, W. E., London, *Eng.* 1924
Milner, Wm. N., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1659
Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. 3141
Milvin, Samuel, Waynesburg, Pa. 1806
Minton, Joseph C., Chatham, N. J. 507
Mirick, jr., Frank B., New York 1832
Misner, John S., Peoria, Ill. 2579
Mitchell, Alex., New Preston, Ct. 2314
Mitchell, C. T., Canandaigua, N. Y. 78
Mitchell, J. T., Bellows Falls, Vt. 2861
Mitchell, W. E., Portland, Or. 2392
Mitchell, W. L., Middletown, Ct. 2341
Mixer, Earl A., Van Hornesville, N. Y. 3355
Moessner, Thomas E., New York 156
Moffett, C. L., Newton, N. J. 1428
Monell, S. H., New York 3145
Monfort, W. L., Wapp'ger's F'lls, N.Y. 3143
Montrose Bicycle Club, Montrose, Pa. 1660
Moody, F. O., Springfield, Mass. 1021
Moody, M., Dennison, O. 3013
Moore's County Hotel, Somerville, N. J. 1241
Moore, Douglas G., Oamaru, *N. Z.* 1707
Moore, Frank C., New York 2825
Moore, Frank H., Calais, Me. 3192
Moore, H. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2472
Moore, J. L., Moorestown, N. J. 711
Moresby, W. H., Witham, *Eng.* 2963
Morgan House, Lee, Mass. 1868
Morgan, H. P., Providence, R. I. 604
Morgan, James, Bath, *Eng.* 2563
Morgan, J. Howard, Westerly, R. I. 612
Morgan, W. J., Chicago, Ill. 1242
Morrill, E. H., Rochester, N. H. 2318
Morrill, G. B., Portland, Me. 2846
Morris Bros., Pontypridd, *Eng.* 3208
Morris, G. W., Fort Wayne, Ind. 1755
Morris, Marriott C., Germantown, Pa. 570
Morris, Wm. M., Pontypridd, *Eng.* 3207
Morrison, W. J., Moorestown, N. J. 904
Morrow, J. F., New Orleans, La. 2917
Moses, Frank W., Portsmouth, N. H. 196
Moses, Howard B., Trenton, N. J. 2134
Moses, O. L., New York 1545
Mothersill, G. A., Ottawa, *Ont.* 1853
Mott, J. A., Scranton, Pa. 2198
Mott, J. C., New York 83
Moulton, F. O., Manchester, N. H. 3313
Moulton, F. W., Washington, D. C. 1463
Moultrie, Lloyd, San Jose, Cal. 3072
Mount, W. B., Red Bank, N. J. 610
Mountjoy, Chas. E., London, *Ont.* 1178
Mudd, Frank X., Montgomery, Ala. 783
Muger, jr., C., New York 158
Muirhead, J. A., London, *Ont.* 824
Mulford, Herschel, Millville, N. J. 1104
Mulford, W. S., Morristown, N. J. 465
Mumford, W. B., Adrian, Mich. 695
Mundy, H. L., (Williamsport, Pa.) 3004
Munsell, F., Albany, N. Y. 24
Munson, Arthur, Stamford, Ct. 1734
Murdock, J. M., Johnstown, Pa. 760
Murphy, John W., Oxford, Md. 2296
Murray, Wm. J., Truro, *N. S.* 1043
Murray, Seward H., Sewickley, Pa. 2855
Musser, John S., Columbia, Pa. 1260

Myers, Frank, London, *Eng.* 2964
Myers, Philip N., Covington, Ky. 208
National Hotel, Chambersburg, Pa. 2790
National Hotel, Waynesboro, Pa. 1253
Nedels, S. T., Groveport, O. 1199
Neill, Jas. W., Mine La Motte, Mo. 2310
Newby, Geo. Rayson, New York 126
Newcastle, C. C., Portland, Or. 1665
Newhall, Eugene P., Minneapolis, Minn. 200
New McClure House, Wheeling, W.Va. 2145
Newman, J. Ernest, Canton, Pa. 2626
Newman, W. G., New York 1379
New York Bicycle Club 2400
New York Toy Co., New York 2062-2064
Nichol, Robert W., Nashville, Tenn. 2436
Nicholas, Arthur I., Youngstown, O. 1049
Nichols, John W., Westfield, N. J. 1131
Nichols, W. C., Oxford, Md. 2295
Nicholson, A., St. Louis, Mo. 2948
Nicholson, John C., Cleveland, O. 2651
Nicholson, J. W., Philadelphia, Pa. 2791
Nickerson, H. C., Portland, Or. 2675
Niesley, C. M., Mechanicsburg, Pa. 681
Niles, Aaron R., Wellsboro, Pa. 2420
Nivling, Curtin, Clearfield, Pa. 2289
Nixon, Alfred, London, *Eng.* 842
Nixon, T. S., Stafford, *Eng.* 2531
Nixon, W. G., Chambersburg, Pa. 1127, 2747
Norman, Benj. M., Philadelphia, Pa. 284
Norman, C. W., Cleveland, O. 1587
Norman, Wescott, Philadelphia, Pa. 248, 249
Normecutt & Co., J. E., Pittsburg, Pa. 1980
Norris House, Lebanon, Ky. 2088
Norris, Albert A., Philadelphia, Pa. 59
Norris, J. Foxley, London, *Eng.* 1250
Norris, Will E., Helena, Mont. 2324
North, Wm., Teheran, *Persia* 3361
Northern, C. C., Nashville, Tenn. 2297
Northern, J. B., Nashville, Tenn. 2298
Northern, K., Nashville, Tenn. 2998
Northrop, C. W., Newark, N. J. 393
Norton, F. J., Wheeling, W. Va. 2145
Norton, M. J., Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 247
Norton, P. T., Elizabeth, N. J. 1526
Nourse, C. G. K., Whitby, *Ont.* 724
Nourse, W. H., Buffalo, N. Y. 607
Nunn, C. H., Bury St. Edmunds, *Eng.* 2562
Nutting, A. F., Lewiston, Me. 2970
Oak, H. C., Merrimac, Mass. 2300
Obreiter, S. H., Lancaster, Pa. 3239
O'Connell, jr., Colman, Limerick, *Ire.* 3028
O'Connor, Frank, London, *Eng.* 3324
O'Connor, jr., T. J., Portland, Or. 2097
Odell, Chas. H., Salem, Mass. 351
Odell, Chas. W., Cazenovia, N. Y. 1118
Odell, W. P., Pittsfield, Mass. 3082
Oeters, George C., St. Louis, Mo. 299
Oettinger, Jacob, Rochester, N. Y. 2095
Ogden, H. C., Middletown, N. Y. 759
Ogilvie, James, Dundee, *Scot.* 1842
Oglesbee, R. B., Plymouth, Ind. 18
Ohnhous, Louis, Fort Wayne, Ind. 1757
Okey, J., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3058
Oliver, E., Baltimore, Md. 1432
Oliver, Edwin, New York 120
Oliver, W. George, Edinburgh, *Scot.* 3121
Oliver & Co., W. N., New York 2696
Olmstead, W. W., Mt. Carmel, Ill. 872
Olney, Charles M., Mansfield, Pa. 1780
Ormsbee, James J., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1401
Orr, C. P., New Castle, Ala. 1047
Orr, G. H., Toronto, *Ont.* 2266
Osborn, George P., So. Boston, Mass. 2003
Osborne, G. N., Philadelphia, Pa. 125
Osborne, M. B., Philadelphia, Pa. 1335
Osgood, W. S., St. Joseph, Mo. 3139
Osterhout, W. E., Orange, Mass. 2772
Otis, Charles, New York 421
Ottman, A. B., Titusville, Pa. 1539
Otto, Frank R., Williamsport, Pa. 88
Oviatt, N. C., Waterbury, Ct. 2983
Ovid Bicycle Club, Ovid, Mich. 1474
Owen, O. L., Whitinsville, Mass. 3357
Owen, W. O., Laramie City, Wy. Ter. 252
Owens, J. E., Liverpool, *Eng.* 2662
Packard, W. D., Warren, O. 1906
Page, Arthur H., Boston, Mass. 2477
Page, Fred S., Willimantic, Ct. 1088
Page, Irvin N., Chicopee Falls, Mass. 2895
Page, W. B., Philadelphia, Pa. 3296
Paillard, Alf. E., New York 15, 16
Paine, Richmond P., Meriden, Ct. 1067
Painter, J. W., Christchurch, *N. Z.* 1884
Painter, R. S., Washington, D. C. 369
Painter, Will H., Williamsport, Pa. 541
Palen, Wm. W., Boston, Mass. 1738
Palmer, C. R., Burlington, Vt. 254
Palmer, jr., Robert, Noank, Ct. 2410
Palmer, Ralph H., Buffalo, N. Y. 1814
Paoli, M. G., New York 1377
Park House, Curwinsville, Pa. 1898
Park House, Morristown, N. J. 1801
Parker House, Latrobe, Pa. 2818
Parker, A. B., Norristown, Pa. 2619
Parker, Edwin C., New York 2208
Parker, Ed. F., Auburn, N. Y. 287

Parker, F. F., Chicopee, Mass. 1873
Parker, F. M., Chicopee Falls, Mass. 485
Parker, Will W., Meriden, Ct. 1055
Parkhill, Charles E., Belvidere, Ill. 838
Parks, C. W., Springfield, Mass. 1014
Parkyn, Chas. C., Boston, Mass. 1287
Parmelee, Edwin L., New Haven, Ct. 2874
Parmelee, G. L., Boston, Mass. 1126
Parmenter, Jas. S., Woodstock, *Ont.* 1221
Parris, J. W. L., Augusta, Ky. 1161
Parry, W. J., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 2766
Parshley, F. B., East Rochester, N. H. 2368
Parsons, Albert S., Lexington, Mass. 1218
Parsons, F. H., Washington, D. C. 2025
Parsons, Fred W., Buffalo, N. Y. 1811
Parsons, H. C., Natural Bridge, Va. 1185
Parsons, Walter H., Newark, N. J. 381
Partridge, W. H., Portland, Or. 1666
Patterson, Sam, Logansport, Ind. 2942
Pattillo, J. B., Halifax, *N. S.* 661
Pattillo, T. S., Truro, *N. S.* 1037
Pattison, Arthur E., Boston, Mass. 1327
Patton, Geo. E., Chatham, N. Y. 2611
Patton, J. Hervey, Harrisburg, Pa. 204
Patton, S. M., Holly Springs, Miss. 1796
Patton, T. M., Truro, *N. S.* 1044
Payfair, Jos. E., Scranton, Pa. 2201
Payne, Geo. S., Springfield, Mass. 3279
Payne, H. R., Cleveland, O. 2650
Payne, W. E., Rockville, Ct. 1961
Payne, William, London, *Ont.* 430
Pearce, W. J., London, *Eng.* 1972
Pearson, Geo. B., New York 1383
Peck, Albert F., Detroit, Mich. 2481
Peck, Wm. L., New Haven, Ct. 551
Peirson, E. E., Batavia, N. Y. 1816
Pelouze, Frank H., Washington, D. C. 107
Pendleton, J. Louis, Belfast, Me. 1743
Pendleton, Wm. H., Taunton, Mass. 3170
Penfield Hotel, Penfield, Pa. 2374
Penfield, Chas. H., Cleveland, O. 2831
Pennell, G. C., Elizabeth, N. J. 2698
Penney, Frank E., Meriden, Ct. 1555
Penniman, Yates, Baltimore, Md. 317
Pennsylvania Bicycle Club, Philadelphia 519
Pentecost, J. W., Scranton, Pa. 2193
Peoria Public Library, Peoria, Ill. 2908
Perego, Arthur W., New York 1610
Perham, Will L., Paris, Me. 880
Perkins, H. A., Genoa, Ill. 1635
Perkins, Howard L., Providence, R. I. 1351
Perkins, L. C., Philadelphia, Pa. 3241
Perley, Ward B., Columbus, O. 3286
Perry, Chas. S., Middletown, Ct. 3218
Peters, Wm. C., Buffalo, N. Y. 1825
Pettee, jr., J., S. Abington Station, Mass. 250
Pettengill, Edw. T., Washington, D. C. 473
Pettus, Edward, Brooklyn, N. Y. 942
Pferd, John A., Buffalo, N. Y. 1823
Pforr, Geo. J., Jersey City, N. J. 2091
Pharo, Charles, Newark, N. J. 1598
Pharr, Will L., Charlotte, N. C. 1167
Phelps, Henry G., Cleveland, O. 1989
Phi of Psi Upsilon, Ann Arbor, Mich. 730-39
Philadelphia Bicycle Club, 60 N. 13th st. 306
Philbrick, A. J., Salem, Mass. 155
Philips, Clayton, Waynesboro, Pa. 2708
Philips, Geo. & Son, London, *Eng.* 3334, 3335
Phillip, Frank, Scranton, Pa. 2508
Phillips, A. A., London, *Eng.* 1971, 3221
Phillips, A. L., Pottsville, Pa. 1716
Phillips, R. E., London, *Eng.* 2239, 3136
Photo-Electrotype Co., Boston, Mass. 2449
Pickard, Daniel, Northampton, Mass. 2536
Pierce, Ash, Butte, Mont. 1330
Pierrepont, J. Shepherd, New Haven, Ct. 921
Pierson, Arthur N., Westfield, N. J. 1132
Pierson, John V. L., Bloomfield, N. J. 2785
Pierson, Leopold, Romford, *Eng.* 2018, 2933
Pigman, J. R., Cincinnati, O. 2760
Pilling, Chas. J., Philadelphia, Pa. 1656
Pinkerton, Chas. E., Zanesville, O. 2158
Pitcher, Wilbert R., Portland, Me. 1627
Pitman, Will R., New York 1378
Pittenger, Wm., Haddonfield, N. J. 2975
Pittsburg Fire Arms Co., Pittsburg, Pa. 2879
Place, V. C., Pinos Altos, N. M. 1583
Platt, H. M., Jersey City, N. J. 1876
Plowe, C. Harold, Peoria, Ill. 2494
Plumb, Clarence, Indianapolis, Ind. 2127
Plumb, jr., Willie E., Birmingham, Ct. 986
Plummer, jr., W. E., Buffalo, N. Y. 1820
Poage, Ashland, Ashland, Ky. 3168
Polhill, J. H., Macon, Ga. 1957
Polk, J. Knox, Nashville, Tenn. 2348
Polk, R. H., Montgomery, Ala. 2082
Pomeroy, B. F., Meriden, Ct. 1057
Pomeroy, C. S., Cleveland, O. 3111
Pool, Frank J., New York 1317
Pool, Harwood R., New York 1611
Pool, S. E., West Newton, Pa. 2313
Pool, S. H., Rochester, N. Y. 54
Pope, Albert A., Boston, Mass. 154
Pope, Edward W., Boston, Mass. 260
Pope, George, Boston, Mass. 454
Pope, Louis A., Warren, R. I. 498

Porter & Baker, Bay City, Mich. 1093
Porter, E. R., Deerfield, Mass. 2360
Porter, John A., Washington, D. C. 1200
Porter, J. Madison, Hackettstown, N. J. 1267
Porter, Luther H., East Orange, N. J. 1493
Post Library, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 2207
Post, D. J., Hartford, Ct. 796
Potter, Charles H., Cleveland, O. 425
Potter, Howard W., Reading, Pa. 109
Potter, Samuel, Callan, *Ire.* 3197
Pound, Robinson, Plainfield, N. J. 901
Powell, Abr., Philadelphia, Pa. 2817
Powell, Joe, Smithville, N. J. 1518
Power, Chas., New York 2407
Powers, H. D., Tomah, Wis. 2803
Pratt, Arthur M., Chelsea, Mass. 1152
Pratt, Charles E., Boston, Mass. 311
Pratt, Ed., Rockville, Ct. 1962
Pratt, F. Alcott, Concord, Mass. 329, 1299
Pray, Chas. F., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1718
Pray, William E., Coldwater, Mich. 3327
Pray, W. P., Bristol, Pa. 49
Pray, W. S., Simcoe, *Ont.* 1277
Preble House, Portland, Me. 2279
Preece, A. E., Christchurch, *N. Z.* 3220
Preston, Frank, Portsmouth, N. H. 426
Price, C. A., Jamestown, N. Y. 3159
Price, Ed. A., Huntington, Ind. 2921
Prince, A. K., Elizabeth, N. J. 2699
Prince, John S., New York 1244
Pritchard, W. J., Elgin, Ill. 1483
Probst & Fisbeck, Terre Haute, Ind. 2231-33
Probst, J. F., Terre Haute, Ind. 1709
Procter, T. R., Utica, N. Y. 2104
Providence Bi. Club, Providence, R. I. 2789
Psi Upsilon Library, Ann Arbor, Mich. 19
Public Library, Bridgeport, Ct. 3150, 3151
Pugh, jr., J. D., New York 1590
Punderson, Samuel F., New Haven, Ct. 533
Purington, A. J., Boston, Mass. 2176
Putnam, Kingman, New York 2487
Putnam, L. R., Ashland, Ky. 3189
Putnam, S. G., Jersey City, N. J. 2693
Putnam, T. J., Washington, D. C. 878
Pyle, Geo. C., Dayton, O. 1342
Ragan, H. H., Syracuse, N. Y. 2755
Rahter, Chas. E., Lancaster, Pa. 1431
Rall, J. F., Iowa Falls, Ia. 3352
Ramage, Chas. W., Holyoke, Mass. 2068
Ramsay, John, Fife, *Scot.* 3017
Ramsey, Wm. Sidney, Danville, Pa. 1448
Randall, Howard E., Millersville, Pa. 1198
Randall, W. West, Philadelphia, Pa. 491
Rathbone, Wm. L., Randolph, N. Y. 420
Ray, Frank S., Battle Creek, Mich. 2601
Raymond, Samuel A., Cleveland, O. 2926
Rayl & Co., T. B., Detroit, Mich. 143
Raven, H. S., New York 2495
Read, Frank, Philadelphia, Pa. 2380
Read, Geo. T., Belfast, Me. 761
Read, John G., Detroit, Mich. 667
Redman, W. F., Henderson, Ky. 2320
Reed, Charles, Ansonia, Ct. 888
Reed, jr., C. C., New York 1380
Reed, Isaac D., Newton, N. J. 1921
Reese, James S., Baltimore, Md. 151
Reeser, Wm., St. Thomas, *Ont.* 1829
Reeve, A. B., Princeton, Ill. 3003
Reeve, Sidney A., Dayton, O. 33
Reid, C. V., Clarion, Pa. 371
Reid, F. F., Brattleboro, Vt. 1556
Reifold, Louis, Indianapolis, Ind. 2304
Reimbold, E. H., St. Paul, Minn. 2230
Reist, H. G., Florin, Pa. 2372
Remington, W. D., Springfield, Mass. 1871
Rennie, Will H., Truro, *N. S.* 1039
Renninger, John S., Marshall, Minn. 3305
Retallack, S. G., Belleville, *Ont.* 564
Revere House, Springfield, Ill. 3344
Reynolds, F. W., Mt. Pleasant, Pa. 2856
Reynolds, jr., H. R., London, *Eng.* 1356
Reynolds, Joshua, Stockport, N. Y. 50
Reynolds, (Mrs.) J., Stockport, N. Y. 1443
Reynolds, R. B., Stockport, N. Y. 51
Rheubottom, jr., J. R., Weedsport, N.Y. 1869
Ribble, George W., Harrisonburg, Va. 726
Rice, A., Columbus, Ind. 2125
Rice, Albert D., Boston, Mass. 504
Rice, Arthur W., Millbury, Mass. 1230
Rice, Dan., Girard, Pa. 3067
Rice, H. B., Cheyenne, Wy. 3353
Rice, Lewis C., Denver, Col. 626
Rice, Reuben, Meriden, Ct. 2795
Rich, A. C., Saratoga Springs, N. Y. 118
Richards, Charles M., New York 2185
Richards, Frank B., Chicago, Ill. 1348
Richards, Geo. O., E. Rochester, N. H. 3008
Richards, H. E., Toledo, O. 3228
Richardson, A. C., Buffalo, N. Y. 2781
Richardson, A. J., St. George's, *Ber.* 2499
Richardson, Harry, Westfield, N. J. 423
Richardson, W. H., Norristown, Pa. 2553
Richardson, T. J., Minneapolis, Minn. 929
Riddle, Robert M., Altoona, Pa. 3234
Rideout, E., San Francisco, Cal. 3070
Ridley, Henry E., Fairfield, *Ont.* 1717

Riggs, R., Suffern, N. Y. 1837
Riley, Alfred E., Goulburn, *N. S. W.* 2636
Ringer, Fred. C., New York 68
Ripley, Edwin, Sherman, N. Y. 2496
Ripley, F. E., Springfield, Mass. 1023
Roache, A. L., Indianapolis, Ind. 2129
Robbins, Bert. C., Auburn, Ind. 2432
Robbins, J. M., Lawrence, Kan. 1614
Roberts, C. A., Philadelphia, Pa. 140
Roberts, E. M., Ashland, Ky. 3186
Roberts, E. T., Titusville, Pa. 1540
Roberts, H. L., Philadelphia, Pa. 344
Roberts, J. E., Woburn, Mass. 1631
Roberts, James W., Harrisburg, Pa. 2008
Roberts, Lyman S., Wellsboro, Pa. 2419
Roberts, P. B., Ithaca, N. Y. 707
Roberts, R. P. Hampton, London, *Eng.* 2869
Roberts, Wm. H., Philadelphia, Pa. 437
Roberts, W. R., Bangor, Me. 217
Robertson, George M., St. John, *N. B.* 2056
Robertson, Robert C., Greenock, *Scot.* 3016
Robins, George H., Rochester, N. Y. 651
Robinson, George L., Garnett, Kan. 478
Robinson, J. A., Hamilton, *Ont.* 1224
Robinson, J. E., Ann Arbor, Mich. 674
Robinson, J. Norris, Wilmington, Del. 188
Robinson, Thomas, North Shields, *Eng.* 865
Rockwell, C. J., East Windsor Hill, Ct. 3283
Rockwell, G. F., Stamford, Ct. 1735
Rockwell House, Glens Falls, N. Y. 1879
Rodgers, Howard S., Covington, Ky. 207
Roe, jr., John F., Scranton, Pa. 594
Roether, Samuel, Port Elgin, *Ont.* 2479
Rogers, A. C., Cleveland, O. 2652
Rogers, A. W., Columbia, Pa. 1695
Rogers, H. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa. 304
Rogers, John S., St. Louis, Mo. 729
Rogers, John Z., Lowell, Mass. 1714
Rogers, S. Edgcumbe, London, *Eng.* 3135
Rogers, S. M., Ottawa, *Ont.* 1963
Rogers, W., New York 157
Rolfe, C. J., Cambridge, Mass. 1291
Romaine, Girard, New York 2404
Roorbach, A. S., Elizabeth, N. J. 401
Root, Fred P., Cleveland, O. 1662
Root, Geo. L., Birmingham, Ala. 3012
Ropes, C. J. H., Bangor, Me. 1099
Roques, jr., C. P. C., Edinburgh, *Scot.* 2532
Rose, B. S., Trenton, N. J. 67
Rose, Will, Ashmore, Ill. 443, 444
Ross, C. B., Holyoke, Mass. 2788
Ross, G. A., Fort Wayne, Ind. 1748
Ross, C. G., Rutland, Vt. 2162
Ross, Ira G., Mauch Chunk, Pa. 26
Ross, J. S., Nashville, Tenn. 2590
Ross, William, Rutland, Vt. 71
Rossberg, C. C., New Britain, Ct. 646
Rossman, jr., Wm. F., Hudson, N. Y. 44
Rothe, Theodore, Boston, Mass. 436
Rourke, Edward, London, *Eng.* 1984
Rouse, C. A., Greenville, Pa. 1584
Rouse & Son, Geo. W., Peoria, Ill. 2526, 2527
Rouse, H. G., Peoria, Ill. 314
Rowland, Howard J., Rome, N. Y. 2504
Rowland, John, Dublin, *Ire.* 3115
Rowland, T. W., Chicago, Ill. 1078
Roy, F. Austin, New York 327
Roy, J. B., New York 2402
Ruck, Robert, Cleveland, O. 2015
Rudd, W. C., Cleveland, O. 2830
Ruddle, Richard S., Mauch Chunk, Pa. 2704
Rudy, H. S., Henderson, Ky. 2327
Rudy, Martin, Lancaster, Pa. 1173, 1917
Rugg, Jas. F., West Sydney, *N. S. W.* 2885
Ruggles, Edwin D., Westfield, N. J. 1134
Rumney, A. W., Cambridge, *Eng.* 2561, 3235
Rumsey, C. S., St. Mary's, *Ont.* 1720
Runyon, D. M., Plainfield, N. J. 1158
Runyon, J. F., Morristown, N. J. 77
Ruoff, George F., Washington, D. C. 2111
Rushworth, G. H., Frizinghall, *Eng.* 3116
Russell, E. L., Blossburg, Pa. 3266
Russell, Howard H., Oberlin, O. 2973
Russell, Talcott H., New Haven, Ct. 859
Russum, T. B., Elizabeth, N. J. 2697
Rust, T. S., Meriden, Ct. 353
Rutland Bicycle Club, Rutland, Vt. 2160
Ryder, E. J., Waynesboro, Pa. 1698
Ryle, Reuben, Paterson, N. J. 428
Ryrie, Harry, Toronto, *Ont.* 1270
Sackett, Henry W., New York 2469
Sadlier, C. W., Walden, N. Y. 2355
Saffer, G. C., New York 1381
Sagendorf, H. W., Hoboken, N. J. 1769
St. Cloud Hotel, Canton, O. 1931
St. Cloud Hotel, Washington, N. J. 1268
St. Elmo Hotel, Punxsutawney, Pa. 1897
St. George's Hotel, St. George's, *Ber.* 623
St. James Hotel, Corry, Pa. 2030
Saker, S., Eastbourne, *Eng.* 2586
Salem Bicycle Club, Salem, Mass. 183
Salsbury, Frank, London, *Eng.* 2889
Salsbury, J. E., Cazenovia, N. Y. 847
Salter, Wesley B., New York 424
Sanders, W. H., Columbus, Ind. 2122
Sanders, W. H., Indianapolis, Ind. 2306

Sanderson, jr., Geo., Scranton, Pa. 2192
Sanderson, S. F., Rochester, N. H. 2319
Sanford, Ben. G., New York 212
Sanford, Pardon B., Greenville, S. C. 230
Sansom, Francis J., Portsmouth, *Eng.* 2927
Sargeant, S. H., Newark, N. J. 746
Sargent, F. L., Cincinnati, O. 1937
Sargent, John R. W., Chicago, Ill. 779
Saunders, W. E., London, *Ont.* 1693
Savell, J. E., Roxbury, Mass. 2010
Sawtell, Everett E., Springfield, Mass. 3203
Sawyer, E. L., Faribault, Minn. 2952
Sawyer, Jos. H., Easthampton, Mass. 2853
Sawyer, Will. T., Akron, O. 1085
Saxe, John W., Troy, N. Y. 1097
Saxman, S. A., Allegheny City, Pa. 598
Saxton, Will. G., Canton, O. 3202
Sayles, Wm. H., Corning, N. Y. 692
Scates, John R., Paducah, Ky. 3288
Scearce, Frank P., Lexington, Ky. 905
Schaeffer, T. A., Philadelphia, Pa. 458
Schaufelberger, Curt E., Fostoria, O. 502
Schauher, Joe, Negaunee, Mich. 3366
Scherer, C. J., Memphis, Tenn. 1654
Schieser, jr., G., Bristol, Pa. 1838
Schlegel, Adolfo, Milan, *Italy* 3308
Schmitt, N. B., Woodstock, Va. 3268
Schnauber, F. W., London, *Eng.* 2006
Schneider, Louis H.,Washington, D. C. 1115
Schofield, James S., Penfield, Pa. 2374
Schooley, Frank, Indianola, Ia. 3165
Schoonmaker, H. D., New York 1232
Schroeter, H. M., Watertown, Wis. 2654
Schumacher & Co., A., Baltimore, Md. 1691
Schuylerville House, Schuylerville, N.Y. 1878
Schwalbach, Charles, Brooklyn, N. Y. 944
Scott, Austin W., New Brunswick, N. J. 2301
Scott, C. W., Portland, Or. 1667
Scott, Julius, Hawley, Pa. 2076
Scott, Jonathan F., New Brunswick, 580
Scott, Truman H., Morristown, N. J. 1797
Scott, W. E., Lockport, N. Y. 1818
Scoville, W. L., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2236
Scranton Bicycle Club, Scranton, Pa. 2191
Scribner, Wm. C., Washington, D.C. 630-635
Scrimgeour, C. M., Galveston, Tex. 2756
Scroggs, C. J., Bucyrus, O. 1095
Scudder, Townsend, Glen Head, L. I. 2801
Seabrook, Wm. L., Westminster, Md. 1256
Searle, F., Springfield, Mass. 1065
Sears, Proctor E., Orrville, O. 3295
Seaver, James H., Sheldon, Ill. 1549
Seaver, Nate B., Newark, N. J. 895
Seccombe, S. H., Santee Agency, Neb. 709
Seely, L. W., Washington, D. C. 1542
Segur, W. B., Andover, Mass. 525
Seibert, E. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2336
Seigle, T. B., Charlotte, N. C. 1257
Seiler, A. P., Mansfield, O. 1681
Selden, R. C., Titusville, Pa. 1303
Selvey, W. H., West Springfield, Mass. 1003
Serrell, Harold, Plainfield, N. J. 177
Service & Fitton, Auckland, *N. Z.* 1889
Shafer, Harris T., Chicago, Ill. 601
Shaffer, A. N., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 1951
Shaffer, jr., F. L., Baltimore, Md. 613
Shakespeare, Wm., Waltham, Mass. 611
Shannon, R. T., Pittsburg, Pa. 2841
Shannon, W. J., Cambridgeport, Mass. 622
Share, W. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1673
Sharp, Arthur D., Amherst, *N. S.* 1146
Sharp, Edward F., Chicago, Ill. 780
Sharpe, J. Henry, Philadelphia, Pa. 3147
Sharpe, jr., T. H., Helena, Mont. 2944
Shaw, Edgar C., Clearfield, Pa. 2290
Shepard, C. H., Orange, Mass. 2773
Shepard, Fred. J., Buffalo, N. Y. 860
Shepard, Geo. G., Niagara Falls, N. Y. 2600
Sherburne, F. W., Barre, Vt. 3133
Sherman House, Jamestown, N. Y. 3223
Sherman, Geo. C.,Watertown, N. Y. 833-837
Sherriff, Edgar J., Mortlake, *Eng.* 1985
Shillaber, C. F., Little Rock, Ark. 234
Shimmin, G. H., Ballarat, *Vict.* 3044
Shimmin, H. P., Ballarat, *Vict.* 3042
Shipton, Ernest R., London, *Eng.* 1357
Shirley, P. Howard, Marblehead, Mass. 1208
Shoemaker, George A., Bristol, Pa. 1785
Sholes, Fred T., Cleveland, O. 1125
Shriver, Edward J., New York 495
Shrom, C. B., Greenville, Pa. 1585
Sibbald, E. W., Belleville, *Ont.* 568
Sibell, H. Gardner, Brooklyn, N. Y. 628
Sieweke, L. W., Ashland, Ky. 3187
Sikes, Leroy H., Suffield, Ct. 2152
Silkworth,W. W., E. Long Branch,N. J. 1395
Simmons, W. H., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3054
Simons, John F., Philadelphia, Pa. 407
Simpers, Harry H., North East, Md. 415
Simpson, H. L., Passaic, N. J. 774
Simpson, H. P., Scranton, Pa. 2197
Sinclair, Eugene, Nashville, Tenn. 2378
Sinclair, James A., Liverpool, *Eng.* 2606
Sinclair, Percy L., Sayre, Pa. 2545
Sinclaire, jr., H. P., Corning, N. Y. 689
Sisley, Chas. P., Catford Hill, *Eng.* (2931)

Sizer, Henry D., Cleveland, O. 2829
Skinner, Elmer, Brooklyn, N. Y. 37
Skinner, R. H., Hamilton, *Ont.* 1874
Slade, John A., Columbia, Pa. 1261
Slanter, F. S., New Haven, Ct. 927
Slater, F., New Britain, Ct. 1207
Slater, Sam A., Genoa, Ill. 686
Slegel, Samuel E., Reading, Pa. 973
Sleight, E. H., Moline, Ill. 2560
Slocum, Chas. E., Defiance, O. 1496
Slocum, Winfield S., Boston, Mass. 1488
Slocumb, Jesse E., Macon, Ga. 2454
Sloper, F. G., Sydney, *N. S. W.* 2213
Slosson, T. M., Minneapolis, Minn. 2819
Small, Chas. H., Harrisburg, Pa. 114
Smillie, G. Clifford, Newark, N. J. 2922
Smith, A. Grant, Amity, Or. 1151
Smith, A. P., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2724
Smith, C. A., La Crosse, Wis. 1946
Smith, C. F., Indianapolis, Ind. 1636
Smith, C. H., Detroit, Mich. 672
Smith, C. Shillard, Philadelphia, Pa. 342
Smith, C. T., Bethlehem, Pa. 1440
Smith, D. Sherman, Lancaster, Pa. 3217
Smith, Ernest B., East Brimfield, Mass. 3231
Smith, Edward C., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2184
Smith, E. D., Allegheny City, Pa. 290
Smith, Eugene L., Springfield, Mass. 638
Smith, Eugene M., Jersey City, N. J. 1875
Smith, Frank J., Brooklyn, N. Y. 949
Smith, Frank W., Beech Cliff, Pa. 1979
Smith, Gordon F., New York 1442
Smith, George L., Little Falls, N. Y. 2630
Smith, Howard A., Newark, N. J. 391
Smith, H. B., Smithville, N. J. 1509
Smith, Horace E., Philadelphia, Pa. 571
Smith, H. Kessler, Cincinnati, O. 2991
Smith, Harry S., Martinsburg, W. Va. 3280
Smith, J. Chas. V., Washington, D. C. 2685
Smith, J. Edwards, Cleveland, O. 1918
Smith, J. E., St. Louis, Mo. 3020
Smith, J. W., Orange, N. J. 2106
Smith, L. Logan, Germantown, Pa. 572
Smith, Robert A., New Haven, Ct. 2787
Smith, Reuben G., Ardmore, Pa. 268
Smith, Sigma, London, *Eng.* 2604
Smith, Thompson, Cheboygan, Mich. 3001
Smith, T. C., New York 1386
Smith, W. E., Lynn, Mass. 193
Smith, Willard P., Jersey City, N. J. 92, 93
Smith Machine Co., The H. B., mfrs. of [Star bicycle, Smithville, N. J. 1508
Snare, Frederick, Huntington, Pa. 115
Snedecker, C. D., New Brunswick, N. J. 243
Snow, Charles F., Worcester, Mass. 877
Snow, H., Oamaru, *N. Z.* 1701
Snow, J. W., Orange, N. J. 1575
Snyder, A. A., Caldwell, N. J. 1767
Snyder, A. M., Baltimore, Md. 561
Snyder, J. W., Belleville, *Ont.* 569
Solyom, Charles J., New York 1461
Solyom, Louis C., Washington, D. C. 879
Somers, Thos. B., Millville, N. J. 1105
Soper, B. W., High Wycombe, *Eng.* 2929
Sorzano, jr., J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. 952
Soule, George T., New Milford, Ct. 1844
Sourbeer, Chas., Columbia, Pa. 1647
Southard, Wm. B., Newark, N. J. 896
Southern Cycler, The, Memphis, Tenn. 2388
Southworth, George C. S., Gambier, O. 1284
Spalding, George M., Wellsboro, Pa. 2416
Sparling, Fred J., Toronto, *Ont.* 1274
Sparrow, John P., Portland, Me. 450
Spaulding, W. D., Jackson, Mich. 2914
Spead, J. A., So. Newmarket, N. H. 2070
Spenceley, J. Winfred, Boston, Mass. 2703
Spencer, I. A., Scranton, Pa. 74
Spencer, J. B., Hartford, Ct. 2770
Spencer, Lee, St. Louis, Mo. 368
Spillane, P. H., Cohoes, N. Y. 2821
Spindler, Frank L., Mt. Vernon, O. 2066
Spindler, Frank N., Mt. Vernon, O. 1793
Spinning, L. N., Summit, N. J. 2548
Spohn, Frank M., Ardmore, Pa. 788
Spooner, A. L., Springfield, Mass. 1030
Spooner, C. W., Bridgeport, Ct. 98
Spooner, D. M., Lawrence, Mass. 718
Spooner, H., London, *Eng.* 2932
Spottsylvania Hotel, Uniontown, Pa. 1807
Spranger, jr., F. X., Detroit, Mich. 2702
Sprigg, W., Edgar, Baltimore, Md. 361
Springfield Bicycle Club, Mass. 348
Sprinkel, C. C., Harrisonburg, Va. 727
Spurgeon, Wm., Baltimore, Md. 1119
Spurrier, W. J., Birmingham, *Eng.* 3172
Squier, Burt O., Bellville, O. 3035
Staates, C. F., Washington, N. J. 1268
Stadelman, S. F., Ardmore, Pa. 267
Stadelman, W. A., Ardmore, Pa. 131
Stafford & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. 2265
Stahl, Henry A., Buffalo, N. Y. 402
Stairs, J. Wiseman, Halifax, *N. S.* 656
Staley, E. T., Portland, Or. 2099
Staley, Paul A., Springfield, O. 1908
Stall, Sylvanus, Lancaster, Pa. 1262
Stamford Depot Restaurant, Ct. 1087

Stamford House, Stamford, Ct. 1722
Stamm, Alex. Carson, Harrisburg, Pa. 1089
Standish, Chas. D., Detroit, Mich. 215
Stanton, A. N., Bridgeport, Ct. 903
Stanton House, Cazenovia, N. Y. 851
Stanwix Hall, Chatham, N. Y. 2634
Staples, S., Morristown, N. J. 466
Stark, Jas. H., Boston, Mass. 2448
Starr, John T., Coldwater, Mich. 3177
Starr, R. West, Wichita Falls, Tex. 906
Stearns, Charles W., Elgin, Ill. 1484
Stebbins, W. K., Worcester, Mass. 2742
Stedman, Frank B., Cleveland, O. 1684
Steel, R. G., St. Johns, Mich. 2603
Steele, Allen D., Elmira, N. Y. 2705
Steele, T. Sedgwick, Hartford, Ct. 791
Stephens, E. V., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3259
Stephens, Frank L., Riverton, Ct. 1554
Stephenson, A. H., Buffalo, N. Y. 2537
Stephenson, Fred J., Belfast, Me. 840
Stephenson, John V., Greensburg, Pa. 526
Stergus, J. J., New Tacoma, Wash. Ter. 1719
Stetson, A. L., Sioux City, Ia. 882
Stevens, Chas. A., Cincinnati, O. 434
Stevens, C. S., Millville, N. J. 2143
Stevens, David M., Chicago, Ill. 1281
Stevens, Geo. Thaddeus, New York 2796, 2797
Stevens, John C., Portland, Me. 451
Stevens, L. W. P., New York 1547
Stevens, Thomas, Laramie City, Wy. 1689
Stevenson, E. P., Pittsfield, Mass. 3110
Stevenson, John M., Pittsfield, Mass. 1409
Steves, R. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1760
Stewart, Chas. E., Chatham, N. Y. 2609
Stewart, R. L., Roselle, N. J. 2987
Stickney, E. R., Springfield, Mass. 3204
Stiles, P. H., Great Falls, N. H. 2692
Stiles, Wm. H., Henderson, Ky. 2326
Stimson, W. F., Ann Arbor, Mich. 677
Stine, W. C., Sycamore, Ill. 2916
Stippick, H. B., Aurora, Ill. 1949
Stites, W. Scott, Wyoming, Pa. 2976
Stoddard, S. R., Glens Falls, N. Y. 2850, 2851
Stokes, F. C., Moorestown, N. J. 61, 62
Stone, C. E., St. Louis, Mo. (d. Sept., '85) 621
Stone, Henry D., Westboro, Mass. 1948
Stone, W. C., Springfield, Mass. 694
Stone, W. E., Concord, Mass. 3316
Stone, W. F., Bangor, Me. 2083
Storey, B. W., Smithville, N. J. 1514
Story, Will. J., Goldendale, Wash. Ter. 2331
Stover, H. E., Altoona, Pa. 3237
Strait, H. N., Troy, N. Y. 3131
Stran, Chas. S., Baltimore, Md. 72
Strong, A. Warren, Brooklyn, N. Y. 946
Strong, E. L., Cleveland, O. 1594
Stubblefield, Smith, Pine Bluff, Ark. 2727
Stults, H. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2049
Sturdevant, H., Philadelphia, Pa. 132
Sturmey, Henry, Coventry, *Eng.* 870
Sturtevant, A. F., Concord, Mass. 3317
Sturtevant, James, Madison, N. Y. 1211
Styles, Fred W., New York 1306
Sullivan, R. E., Harrisonburg, Va. 728
Sumner House, Akron, O. 1786
Surprise, W. L., Memphis, Tenn. 1543
Surrey Machinists Co., London, *Eng.* 3124
Sutton, E. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2857
Swain, Fremont, Cambridge, Mass. 2589
Swain, S. H., London, *Eng.* 2661
Swaine, Seorim, Rochester, N. H. 2367
Swallow, Francis O., Westboro, Mass. 603
Swan, Cameron, Bromley, *Eng.* 2565
Swarthout, Fred, Aurora, Ill. 1643
Sweeley, Frank L., Adel, Ia. 778, 1091
Sweet, F. Grant, Carpenters, Pa. 2023
Sweetser, M. F., Boston, Mass. 937
Swift, Samuel, Chatham, N. Y. 2893
Swinden, S., Scarborough, *Eng.* 2936
Sylvester, (Miss) Annie, Chicago, Ill. 1466
Symonds, Frank P., Salem, Mass. 182
Tabor, E. S., Schuylerville, N. Y. 70
Talbot, J. D., Nashville, Tenn. 892
Tate, Henry, Verplank's Pt., N. Y. 547
Tatnall, Richard P., Wilmington, Del. 1308
Taylor, Edgar A., Buffalo, N. Y. 2202
Taylor, Edie, Preston, Minn. 2159
Taylor, E. Howard, New Britain, Ct. 1205
Taylor, G. Burton, Newark, N. J. 749
Taylor, Geo. J., Salt Lake City, Utah 1399
Taylor, H. L., Augusta, Ky. 1162
Taylor House, Augusta, Ky. 1163
Taylor, Joseph H., Philadelphia, Pa. 30
Taylor, Lewis D., Ann Arbor, Mich. 324
Taylor, Robt. E., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 617
Taylor, Theodore E., Norristown, Pa. 2618
Taylor, Will G., Birmingham, Ct. 642
Teames, H. H., Thomaston, Ct. 2783
Tears, Erwin, Walden, N. Y. 2572
Teetzel, J. J., St. Thomas, *Ont.* 1854
Tegetmeier, E., London, *Eng.* 1355
Temple, Herbert, Halifax, *N. S.* 309
Tenlon, Arthur M., Boston, Mass. 1744
Terry, A. B., New York 21
Terry, H. Warren, New Castle, Pa. 1445
Terry, Stephen, Hartford, Ct. 23

Thalimer, A. G., Greenville, Pa. 1588
Thayer, Francis, New York 413
Thayer, Glenroy A., Amherst, Mass. 2151
Thayer, Geo. B., Vernon Depot, Ct. 192
Thayer, Herbert A., So. Boston, Mass. 864
Thayer, John M., Norwich, Ct. 3300
Thayer, Willard A., Amherst, Mass. 2186
Theberath, T. E., Newark, N. J. 2505
Thieme, T. F., Fort Wayne, Ind. 1756
Thomas, Aaron S., New York 1414
Thomas, Elmer I., Lewiston, Me. 807
Thomas, Fred. C., New York 1331
Thomas, P. S., Harrisonburg, Va. 3173
Thomas, W., Cazenovia, N. Y. 848
Thomas, Wm. A., Conway, Mass. 2302
Thomas, W. E. P., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 2763
Thomas, jr., Wm. H., Baltimore, Md. 556
Thomas, Wm. H., New Haven, Ct. 919
Thompson, Alfred C., Baltimore, Md. 55
Thompson, A. E., Rockford, Ill. 539
Thompson, Arthur L., Louisville, Ky. 1397
Thompson, James, Baltimore, Md. 185
Thompson, J. F., New York 2276
Thompson, John M., Watkins, N. Y. 2587
Thompson, Robt., Rochester, N. Y. 1827
Thompson, R. A., Ballarat, *Vict.* 3041
Thompson, W. B., Bound Brook, N. J. 722
Thorburn, Alban, Uddevalla, *Sweden* 1637
Thorn, John T., Bristol, Pa. 1895
Thorne, Wm. C., Chicago, Ill. 2909
Thowe, Robert, Hartford, Ct. 1406
Thrasher, J. M., Elgin, Ill. 1485
Thurber, Harry J., Newark, N. J. 1597
Thurston, A. E., N. Adelaide, *S. Austr.* 3132
Tibbs, Horace S., Montreal, *Que.* 1143
Ticknor & Co., Boston, Mass. 1649-1651
Tiffany, J. K., St. Louis, Mo. 579
Tiffany, M. L., Bristol, Ct. 3250
Tift House, Buffalo, N. Y. 2265
Tillinghast, L. M., Brattleboro, Vt. 1766
Tillman, Chas. J., Baltimore, Md. 362
Timberlake & Co., Maidenhead, *Eng.* 3078
Tisdale, D. R., Simcoe, *Ont.* 1280
Titchener, Chas. E., Binghamton, N.Y. 799
Titus, George F., Norwalk, O. 2749
Todd, Fred J., Detroit, Mich. 666
Tolles, E. N., Birmingham, Ct. 802
Tomlinson, J. H., Birmingham, Ct. 803
Tonkin, J. W., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 2765
Towne, Frank B., S. Hadley Falls, Mass. 28
Townsend, H. C., Wallingford, Vt. 2924
Townsend, Wm. K., New Haven, Ct. 1419
Tracy, A. E., Chatham, N. Y. 2610
Travers, L. C., So. Gardner, Mass. 2009, 2109
Trego, Albert, Baltimore, Md. 3157
Tremere, Francis H., Boston, Mass. 978
Trenton House, Trenton, N. J. 1965
Trigswell, James, London, *Eng.* 2240
Trimmer, Daniel K., York, Pa. 1444
Tripp, S. H., Peoria, Ill. 2528
Troth, Henry, Philadelphia, Pa. 593
Trotter, Frederick, Philadelphia, Pa. 574
Troup, Montague L., London, *Eng.* 2582
Trowbridge, John M., New Haven, Ct. 2827
Truslow, John K., Amherst, Mass. 2362
Tryon, James M., Toledo, O. 3130
Tubby, C. A., Toronto, *Ont.* 1273
Tucker, George, Smiths, *Ber.* 1080, 2498
Tucker, H. M., Portsmouth, N. H. 2112
Tukesbury, Charles C., Portland, Me. 1626
Tulane, V. B., Jersey City, N. J. 2101
Tullis, W^m J., Montgomery, Ala. 863
Turner, W. J., Hamilton, *Ont.* 3167
Turpin, W. A., Rochester, N. Y. 1826
Tuttle, Chas. A., Holyoke, Mass. 2067
Tuttle, F. G., Rutland, Vt. 2172
Tuttle, Geo. J., Aurora, Ill. 1644
Tyler, Morris F., New Haven, Ct. 1408
Tyler, N. P., Jersey City, N. J. 221
Tyson, Robert, Toronto, *Ont.* 2073
Tytus, John B., Middletown, O. 1237
Ulbrich & Kingsley, Buffalo, N. Y. 3368
United States Hotel, Easton, Pa. 1266
United States Hotel, Newburgh, N. Y. 1867
Unseld, B. C., New York 712
Updegraff, George, Hagerstown, Md. 1252
Upham, Chas. J., Dorchester, Mass. 1856
Valentine, John, Chicago, Ill. 1304
Valentine, Sterling G., Lebanon, Pa. 616
Vanaman, Ellsworth, Millville, N. J. 1106
Van Doorn, J. W., Cleveland, O. 3249
Van Horn, Lyman, Chicopee, Mass. 2456
Van Liew, H. A., New York 962
Van Nort, John J., Scranton, Pa. 35
Van Pelt, J. C., Harrisonburg, Va. 3174
Vanschoick, Walter M., Shrewsbury, N.J. 608
Van Sicklen, Norton H., Chicago, Ill. 1541
Van Tuyl, F. R., Monmouth, Ill. 460
Varney, G. G., East Rochester, N. H. 2369
Veeder, Curtis H., So. Bethlehem, Pa. 2330
Vendome, Hotel, Boston, Mass. 2074
Verhoeff, Harry, Louisville, Ky. 3193
Verhoeff, John M., Louisville, Ky. 1129
Verhoeff, (Miss) Mattie, Louisville, Ky. 3194
Vermilya, Irving, Tuckahoe, N. Y. 1164
Veysey, Walter H. P., New York 1655

Victoria Hotel, Windsor, *N. S.* 914
Vincent, Harry B., Philadelphia, Pa. 2971
Vincent House, Tarrytown, N. Y. 2211
Vino, Monroe L., New York 409
Vinton, W., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 2764
Virginia Hotel, Staunton, Va. 1371
Von Brandis, G. A., Los Angeles, Cal. 1953
Voorhees, jr., Geo. E., Morristown, N.J. 354
Voorhees, James D., Morristown, N. J. 1798
Wachusett House, Princeton, Mass. 915
Wade, B. F., Cleveland, O. 1903
Wade, jr., J. H., Cleveland, O. 1346
Wady, C. S., Fall River, Mass. 2815, 2823
Wagner, Chas. W., Ann Arbor, Mich. 326
Wagner, H. A., Laramie City, Wy. 2425
Wainwright, L. M., Noblesville, Ind. 174
Wakefield, Frank A., Springfield, Mass. 3276
Wakefield, J. L., Preston, O. 1932
Walcott, J. W., Boston, Mass. 2074
Walker, D., Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. 3144
Walker, Geo. R., West Randolph, Vt. 236
Walker & Co., G. H., Boston, 2782, 2792
Walker, T. H. S., Berlin, *Ger.* 786
Walker, V. G., Cleveland, O. 2779
Walker, W. F., Brattleboro, Vt. 1570
Walkley, A. B. A., Plantsville, Ct. 1524
Wallace House, Cheshire, Ct. 2075
Wallace, H. C., Scranton, Pa. 2195
Walley, Joseph H., Chester, Pa. 461
Walter, Geo. W., Washington, D. C. 2141
Walter, T. A., Hyde Park, Mass. 73
Walton, Cyrus, Latrobe, Pa. 2818
Walworth, A. W., Collamer, O. 2972
Wanner, Ellwood J., Norristown, Pa. 2554
Ward, Harry C., Middletown, Ct. 1928
Warder, Chas. B., Philadelphia, Pa. 2328
Wardwell, J. F., Stamford, Ct. 1736
Waring, E. J., Plainfield, N. J. 305
Warner, D. D., Bloomington, Ill. 2475
Warner, F. Howard, Redditch, *Eng.* 939
Warner, Russell D., Greenfield, Mass. 2361
Warren, F. E., Portland, Me. 2844
Warren, Henry J., Stamford, Ct. 2242
Warren, Henry P., Lawrenceville, N.J. 2659
Warren, H. W., Jamaica Plain, Mass. 101
Warren, W. E., Astoria, Or. 1652
Warren Green Hotel, Warrenton, Va. 1246
Warrnambool Mechanics' Institute, *Vi.* 2644
Washburn, H., Solon, Me. 1831
Washington House, York, Pa. 3338
Wassall, J. W., Chicago, Ill. 148
Wasserman, Ben, (St. Louis, Mo.) 175
Wassung, A. B., Springfield, Mass. 1018
Wassung, Charles P., Rock Springs, Wy. 641
Waterbury, Lyle, Denver, Col. 1398
Waterman, L. E., New York 1552
Watkins, W. W., Cazenovia, N. Y. 854
Watson, H., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2048
Watson, James, New York 549
Watson, J. H. H., Boston, Mass. 2594
Watson, Perry S., New York 159
Watt & Lanier, Montgomery, Ala. 1988
Watters, J. H., Cincinnati, O. 1939
Watts, Frank D., Scranton, Pa. 48
Way, Robert F., Hartford, Ct. 1062
Way, T. B., Troy, N. Y. 2334
Weaver, Harry P., Norristown, Pa. 2555
Webb, Arthur N., Salem, Mass. 259
Webber, jr., J. S., Gloucester, Mass. 528
Webber, W. S., Cazenovia, N. Y. 850
Webster, A. F., Toronto, *Ont.* 1269
Webster, B. A., Jackson, Mich. 3119
Webster, J. W., Dublin, *Ire.* 3038
Webster, Ralph D., Schenevus, N. Y. 2629
Weed, Edw. O., Chicago, Ill. 585
Weed S. M. Co., The, Hartford, Ct. 810-821
Weekes, R. H., Detroit, Mich. 885
Weeks, Francis H., New York 2615
Weeks, Jos. H., Norristown, Pa. 2556
Weir, Ross W., New York 1329
Welch, Woodbury, Yarmouthville, Me. 2695
Weller, John A., St. Louis, Mich. 1051
Welles, A. J., Hartford, Ct. 792
Wells, Channing M., Southbridge, Mass. 3247
Wells, F. E., Corpus Christi, Tex. 1955
Wells, Geo. A., New York 1612
Wells, Geo. H., St. Albans, Vt. 3091
Welter, Frank T., Hoboken, N. J. 2649
Wendell, Harmon, Detroit, Mich. 670
Wentworth, Nathan, Great Falls, N. H. 2577
Wesley, E. L., Chambersburg, Pa. 2790
Wessels, C. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1523
Wessels, E. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1679
West, H. G., Pittsfield, Mass. 3108
Westboro' Hotel, Westboro, Mass. 2826
Westervelt, F. W., Springfield, Mass. 1004
Weston, Edward B., Highland Park, Ill. 1334
Weston, F. C., Bangor, Me. 3248
Weston, Frank W., Boston, Mass. 291-295
West Springfield (Mass.) *Town Library* 1737
Westwood, William H., Newark, N. J. 893
Wetmore, John C., Elizabeth, N. J. 1529
Wetzel, C. J., Chicopee, Mass. 1010
Wetzel, jr., Wm., Elgin, Ill. 1486
Wharlow, Henry T., London, *Eng.* 3137
Whatton, A. B. M., Cambridge. *Eng.* 2862

Whatton, J. S., London, *Eng.* 3106
Whedon, Chas. C., New York 22
Wheeler, Edw. S., Boston, Mass. 2741
Wheeler, jr., J. R., Baltimore, Md. 57
Wheeler, Joseph H., Medford, Mass. 2730
Wheeler, L. B., Leonardsville, N. Y. 2656
"*Wheeling's*" *Library*, London, *Eng.* 1469
Wherrett, Chas., Hobart, *Tas.* 3215
Wherry, F. P., St. Louis, Mo. 237
Whipple, C. E., Springfield, Mass. 1000
Whipple, O. N., Springfield, Mass. 1032
Whitaker, Geo. E., Somerville, Mass. 1349
White, Arthur E., Westfield, Mass. 2669
White, E., Warrnambool, *Vict.* 2643
White, Geo. R., Wellesley Hills, Mass. 468
White, Nathan, Los Angeles, Cal. 1952
White, Robert D., W. Springfield, Mass. 1017
White, Stokes & Allen, New York 1473
Whitehead, B. S., Newark, N. J. 2457
Whitehead, John, Trenton, N. J. 1770
Whitehead, Robert V., Trenton, N. J. 1771
Whitehouse, Henry W., Hartford, Ct. 1148
Whiteside, Wm., New York 2315
Whiting, Homer J., Worcester, Mass. 2757
Whiting, John H., New Haven, Ct. 30
Whiting, W. A., New York 146
Whitman, Fred W., Baltimore, Md. 562
Whitner, Harry K., Reading, Pa. 721
Whitney, jr., Eli, New Haven, Ct. 600
Whitney, E. G., Boston, Mass. 310
Whittemore, Chas. E., New York 474
Whittemore, Jas. O., Fairfield, Me. 3103
Whittlesey, J. C., Rockville, Ct. 124
Whysall, George, Beaver Falls, Pa. 3382
Wickersham, J. E., Beaver Falls, Pa. 3380
Wickham, Edd C., Port Jervis, N. Y. 76
Wiegel, Wm., Indianapolis, Ind. 2709
Wiese, Fred. G., Bordentown, N. J. 2268
Wiese, H. Benson, Bordentown, N. J. 2291
Wiese, Louis W., Bordentown, N. J. 403
Wiesenfeld, Joseph, Baltimore, Md. 619
Wiesinger, Chas. G., Adrian, Mich. 698
Wight, Fred G., Springfield, Mass. 524
Wilcox, Ed. H., Genoa, Ill. 198, 685
Wilcox, Fred. A., Malden, Mass. 2150
Wilcox, Julius, New York 42
Wilder, A. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2338
Wilder, Edward P., New York 1412
Wilder, W. R., Pittsfield, Mass. 3086
Wilhelm, W. I., Reading, Pa. 210
Wilkins, jr., Benj. F., Washington, D. C. 472
Wilkins, C. H., Manchester, N. H. 412
Wilkins, E. M., Springfield, Mass. 1033
Wilkinson Co., The J., Chicago 2514-2523
Wilkinson, T. K., Syracuse, N. Y. 229
Wilkinson, Will W., Mt. Vernon, O. 1794
Willard, W. C., Brattleboro, Vt. 1563
Willburn, F. W., Doncaster, *Eng.* 2994
Willever, J. C., Newark, N. J. 383
Williams, Chas. D., Philadelphia, Pa. 2399
Williams, jr., D. E., Montgomery, Ala. 784
Williams, Edward H., Bethlehem, Pa. 2955
Williams, Edwin S., Minneapolis, Minn. 3306
Williams, F. J., So. Boston, Mass. 2596
Williams, G. P., Newark, N. J. 1571
Williams, Geo. W., Wellsboro, Pa. 2414
Williams, H., Level, O. 289
Williams, H. D., Johnstown, Pa. 523
Williams, Henry W., Boston, Mass. 581
Williams, J. Ellsworth, Delaware, O. 1841
Williams, Ramon V., New York 1372
Williams, Walter, Boonville, Mo. 1634
Williams, Wm. C., Taunton, Mass. 2956
Williams, Winslow T., Yantic, Ct. 1170
Williams, W. L., Ridgeway, Pa. 3318
Wills, jr., Thos., Calumet, Mich. 2978
Willson, Chas. G., Reading, Pa. 975
Willson, John I., Winona, Wis. 2949
Willson, T. E., New York 500
Wilmarth, H. C., Mansfield, Mass. 3242
Wilson, A. J., London, *Eng.* 867
Wilson, A. L., Rockland Lake, N. Y. 1337
Wilson, Chas. E., Troy, N. Y. 2547
Wilson, D. R., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3056
Wilson, E. A., Niles, O. 857
Wilson, Geo. A., Fitchburg, Mass. 65
Wilson, Geo. T., New York 1613
Wilson, jr., James, Rockville, Ct. 1960
Wilson, J. E., Newburgh, N. Y. 1083
Wilson, L. S., Syracuse, N. Y. 1300, 1595
Wilson, Samuel E., Montgomery, Ala. 2270
Wilson, T. J., Pine Bluff, Ark. 2728
Wilson, W. W., Leytonstone, *Eng.* 3337
Winans, H. J., Springfield, Mass. 1006
Winans, Wilbur N., Springfield, Mass. 1002
Winans, jr., W. S., Katonah, N. Y. 141
Winberg, J. C., Macon, Ga. 2625
Winchell, M. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. 583
Windsor Hotel, Clearfield, Pa. 2283
Windsor Hotel, Kingston, *Ont.* 881
Windsor Hotel, Montgomery, Ala. 1988
Windsor House, Howard Lake, Minn. 2234
Winfield, H. W., Jersey City, N. J. 2950
Winslow, G. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1680
Winter, Percy, New York 2092
Winterle, Chas. J., Baltimore, Md. 560

Winterrowd, Ed. O., Shelbyville, Ind. 605
Wintersteen, W. S., Bethlehem, Pa. 1441
Winthrop Hotel, Meriden, Ct. 2139
Wintringham, C. V., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1283
Wiseman, A., Auckland, *N. Z.* 2884
Wistar, Dillwyn, Germantown, Pa. 1046
Wocher, Wm. F., Indianapolis, Ind. 2130
Wombaker, H. Z., Pipestone, Minn. 3323
Wood River Bi. Club, Hailey, Idaho, 3401
Wood, Corey, West Springfield, Mass. 2899
Wood, C. J., Hackensack, N. J. 1233
Wood, H. M., Worcester, Mass. 713
Wood, H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. 435
Wood, jr., John, Beverly, Mass. 871
Wood, N. H., Aurora, Ill. 1640
Wood, O. F., Auburn, Ind. 2433
Wood, Wm. B., New York 1964
Woodburn, S. M., Towanda, Pa. 1050
Wooden, W. H., Greensburg, Ind. 3285
Woodman, C. M., Omaha, Neb. 360
Woodman, F. W., Portland, Me. 481
Woodruff, Chas. B., Duluth, Minn. 1352
Woodruff, I. O., New York 3319
Woods, Chas., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3048
Woodside, W. M., New York 1243
Woodward, E. W., Owosso, Mich. 3011
Woodward, R. W., Elizabeth, N. J. 2280, 2344
Woolworth, C. C., New York 1861
Woolworth, jr., C. C., Brooklyn 224, 1453-56
Woolworth, Chas. M., Ottumwa, Ia. 2081
Worcester Free Public Library, Mass. 1209
Worley, N. J., Cleveland, O. 1739
Worrell, H. B., Philadelphia, Pa. 105
Worth, F. E., Indianola, Ia. 2961
Worthington, Arthur, Springfield, O. 1909
Worthington, C., Baltimore, Md. 3336
Worthington, L. W., Winona, Minn. 1987
Wotherspoon, W., Sandhurst, *Vict.* 3055
Wright, Albert J., Montclair, N. J. 2860
Wright, C. F., Richmond, Ind. 3171
Wright, Chas. G., Philadelphia, Pa. 1364
Wright, J. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2440
Wright, J. Bidmead, Brooklyn, N. Y. 2888
Wright, John H., So. Boston, Mass. 2002
Wright, J. H., Hanover, N. H. 1309
Wright, Sam. B., Oscaloosa, Ia. 930
Wright, T. Houard, Philadelphia, Pa. 258
Wright, Wm. S., Bristol, Pa. 529
Yale College Library, New Haven, Ct. 1235
Yates, Frank E., Chicago, Ill. 1451
Yates, Walter F., Memphis, Tenn. 2058
Yerkes, Chas. E., Philadelphia, Pa. 457
Yesbera, G. H., Auburn, Ind. 2430
Yingling, H., Gettysburg, Pa. 1254
Yopp, James L., Wilmington, N. C. 3391
Young Men's Library, Norwalk, O. 2750
Y. M. C. A. Library, Nashville, Tenn. 2943
Young, Arthur, St. Louis, Mo. 365
Young, C. Dwight, Mt. Vernon, O. 1795
Young, Harrie, Aurora, Ill. 1950
Young, John J., Braceville, Ill. 3246
Young, Mason, New York 2146
Young, Philip, Upper Montclair, N. J. 751
Young, S., Dublin, *Ire.* 1855
Young, Wm. H., Peoria, Ill. 2892
Youngman, Will B., (Lancaster, Pa.) 1263
Youngs, A. J., Summit, N. J. 2549
Zacharias, Charles R., Newark, N. J. 384
Zacharias, Frank R., Harper, Kan. 3138
Zacharias & Smith, Newark, N. J. 2188, 2189
Zern, E. G., Coal Dale, Pa. 3310
Zern, John F., Weissport, Pa. 3350
Zimmerman, Joshua, Indianapolis, Ind. 2128
Zuchtmann, L. E., Springfield, Mass. 1024

The foregoing list contains 3196 names, as may be readily proved by showing that it covers 11 lines (22 names) more than an even 30 pages of 106 names to the page, except that 6 names must be subtracted for taking double space. These subscribers have pledged for 3370 copies of the book; and the largest single order, from the 80 of them who ordered more than one, came, oddly enough, from the man whose name was placed by the alphabet at the very head of the list. He took 16; the second highest order was for 12; there were seven orders for 10, and fewer for 6, 5, 4 and 3 copies; while "2" was the order of about 40 subscribers. The "enrollment numbers" for these duplicate copies have been omitted from the printed list in some cases, where their insertion would have caused a blank line in the column.

The supplementary list of 200 later subscribers, enrolled between Feb. 23 and Oct 28, 1886, may be found on pp. 794-6. Following this is a directory of 122 subscribing tradesmen, at whose offices the book may be consulted,—their names being arranged alphabetically on pp. 796-7, and geographically on pp. 798-9.

XL.

DIRECTORY OF WHEELMEN.

THE names of the 3000 subscribers, which have just been exhibited alphabetically, are here repeated geographically. They are grouped under residence-towns, which are alphabetized by States; and the order of these, from Maine to California, is given at the head of the previous chapter. Libraries, hotels and clubs are italicized, and are named in advance of private subscribers. The double asterisk (**) denotes insertion in "Trade List of Agencies where this book may be bought or consulted"; which list forms the conclusion of the present chapter, and which agencies belong for the most part to dealers in bicycles, who are otherwise designated by the single asterisk (*). Clergymen are marked by †, lawyers by ‡, physicians by ¶, dentists by ‖ and druggists by §; while small-capitals are used as follows: LC, League consul; LCC, League chief consul (the president of a State Division); LR, League representative; LS, League secretary-treasurer (of a State Division); L applied to a club means that all its members belong to the League; L applied to a hotel means that the League recommends it; TC and TCC mean consul and State consul, respectively, of the English "C. T. C."; WC, WCC and WR mean consul, chief consul and representative, respectively, in the Canadian Wheelmen's Association; O means a non-rider and N a non-member of club. Capital letters designate club officers thus: B, bugler; C, captain; F, flagman (color-bearer); L, lieutenant; P, president; S, secretary; T, treasurer; and they are used as follows in the title-lines (the town's name being understood when no other is given): B. C., bicycle club; C. C., cycle club; T. C., tricycle club; W. C., wheel club; W'l'n, wheelmen. The parenthesis, when around a club's name, means that those grouped below are presumed to be members; when around a man's name, it means that he has left the town or club; when around the official letters, it means that he has left the office. As official terms are all the while ending, by resignation or limitation, the parenthesis should doubtless be used in many cases where the "ex" has not been called to my notice; while, on the other hand, many active officers are left unmarked because of my ignorance as to their election or appointment. Likewise in regard to club-membership, the mistakes must be numerous, as so large a proportion of my subscribers have neglected to inform me of their status. In the short lists, where a single club is supposed to have a claim on all names not excepted by "N" or "O" or the parenthesis, I probably have failed to make exceptions enough; while, in the large towns, where the club-members and unattached are grouped in separate alphabets, it is almost certain that several of the former should be wrongly classed among the latter. In fine, I do not ask any one to accept this Directory as a piece of perfection. I the rather warn all concerned to be reconciled in advance to its inevitable shortcomings and errors. Yet, with all its faults, it represents an enormous amount of painstaking; and I therefore trust it may be admired by some, in the same spirit which ensured praise to the performing dogs of Dr. Johnson's time—"not that they danced well; the wonder was they danced at all."

MAINE.

Augusta: (*Kennebec County W'l'n*),
Augusta House, C. S. Hichborn.

Bangor: (*Pine Tree W. C.*, Oct. 22, '83),
James Crosby, W. R. Roberts, VP,
Geo. O. Hall, C. J. H. Ropes, †N,
O. B. Humphrey, ‡L, W. F. Stone,
Charles A. Lyon,* F. C. Weston.

Belfast: J. Louis Pendleton,
Geo. T. Read,* Fred J. Stephenson.

Brunswick: *Bowdoin College Library*.

Calais: (*Calais B. C.*, 1885),
American House, by D. M. Gardner,
Frank H. Moore, S.

Dexter: W. A. Small.

Fairfield: James O. Whittemore.

Lewiston:
A. F. Nutting, Elmer I. Thomas.

Lubec: *Cobscook Hotel*, by T. J. Lincoln.

Paris: Will. L. Perham.

Portland : (*P.W.C.*, org. as *P.B.C.*, Mar. '80),
Preble House, C. H. Lamson,** LR,
Herbert M. Bailey, J. H. Lamson,
L. M. Bickford, G. B. Morrill,
L. J. Carney, (LR), 1L, Wilbert R. Pitcher, B,
F. S. Clarke, 1L, John P. Sparrow,
(J. L. Clough), J. C. Stevens, (C), P,
F. A. Elwell, LCC, C. C. Tukesbury, S-T,
L. H. Hallock, †N, F. E. Warren, (S-T),
H. S. Higgins, (2L), C, F. W. Woodman.

Solon : *Maynard House*.

Waterville : *Elmwood Hotel*.

Yarmouth : Eugene Humphrey.

Yarmouthville : J. H. Adams,
Edwin R. Merrill, Woodbury Welch.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord : (*Manchester B. C.*, Mar. 22, '82),
F. H. Crapo, W. E. Stone,
F. E. Gale, A. F. Sturtevant.

East Rochester : (*Star W. C.*, Oct. 6, '82),
Mabel E. Corson (Miss), G. O. Richards,
F. B. Parshley, P, G. C. Varney.

Exeter : A. H. Giddings,
Fred S. Fellowes, W. Burt Folsom.

Fitzwilliam : Edwin W. Annable.

Great Falls : (*Crescent C. C.*),
Clarence E. Benson, Geo. F. Hill, S-T,
G. Fred Drew, P. H. Stiles,
Thos. P. Duffill,** Nathan Wentworth.
L. E. Hanson, P, C,

Hanover : *Dartmouth Coll. Library*,
C. S. Cook, J. H. Wright.

Lancaster : C. D. Batchelder,* LR.

Manchester : (*M.B.C.*), H. M. Bennett, LCC,
Elmer E. Brown, F. O. Moulton,
E. A. McQueston, (LS.), C. H. Wilkins (LCC).

Milford : Chas. S. Emerson.*

Nashua : Wm. V. Gilman, LC, TCC, (LT).

Portsmouth : (*Rockingham B.C.*, May 8, '80),
Kearsarge House, W. W. McIntire, C,
C. A. Hazlett, (LCC), P, Frank W. Moses.
Mrs. C. A. Hazlett, Frank Preston,
J. H. Knox, H. M. Tucker, S-T.

Rochester : (*Star W. C.*, Oct. 6, '82),
Dodge's Hotel, T, C. M. Dockham,
Fred L. Chesley, Willie M. Hartford,
C. H. Cole, E. H. Morrill,
E. H. Corson,** TC, S. F. Sanderson, §
Elmer E. Corson, Seorim Swaine.

Salmon Falls : John W. McIntire.

South Newmarket : J. A. Spead, *LC.

VERMONT.

Barre : F. W. Sherburne.

Bellows Falls : Geo. F. Ball,
Fred H. Kimball, LC, J. T. Mitchell.

Bennington : Henry D. Fillmore.

Brattleboro : (*Vermont W.C.*, May 6, '84), L,
Brooks House, LT, C. R. Crosby, L, LC,
F. H. Allen, J. W. Drown, LR, S-T,
E. H. Atherton, O. R. Leonard,
A. W. Childs,* (C), F. F. Reid, C.
The following are not club members :
M. Austin, O, G. H. Horton, O,
F. H. Brackett, O, O. R. Howe, O,
F. Cressy, Alfred M. Ingham, O,
H. J. Cudworth, (L. M. Tillinghast),
J. G. Estey, W. F. Walker, O,
F. Goodhue, O, W. C. Willard.

Burlington: W. K. Menns, C. R. Palmer., L.C.

Rutland : *Rutland Bi. Club*, L, Nov. 12, '81,
Bardwell House, L, F. W. Knapp, L,
W. J. Bagley, A. S. Marshall, P,
N. R. Bardy, (P), N. S. Marshall,
O. M. Barton, C. G. Ross, LCC, C,
J. R. Bates, S, LC, TC, William Ross,
S. Bowtell, jr., F. G. Tuttle, (T),
W. W. Burr, LC, H. L. Burt, (B), N.

St. Albans : Geo. H. Wells.

Springfield : Fred M. Harlow, LC.

Wallingford : H. C. Townsend, LC.

Waterbury : Fred E. Atkins, LC.

West Randolph :
F. E. DuBois, LC, Geo. R. Walker.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington : Eben Fish, LC, Charles Reed.‡

Allston : (*A.B.C.*, Mar. 14, '85), A. H. Everett.

Amesbury : A. F. Greenleaf, LC.

Amherst :
Edgar R. Bennett, Willard A. Thayer,
Glenroy A. Thayer, John K. Truslow.

Andover : W. B. Segur.

Beverly : (*Thorndike B. C.*), J. Wood, jr.*

Boston : *State Library*, State House,
Boston Athenæum Library, Beacon st.,
Hotel Vendome, L, Commonwealth av.,
International Hotel, 623-625 Washington st.
Abbot Bassett, LR, (ed. *Cycle*), 22 School st.,
John R. Chadwick, 75 State st.,
Joseph G. Dalton, 87 Boylston st.,
J. S. Dean, † (LC, C), 1 L, 28 State st.,
Wm. H. Edmands, (C), 87 Boylston st.,
W. B. Everett, (T), 338 Washington st.,
Willis Farrington, (L C), T C, (Lowell),
E. C. Hodges, P., 28 State st,
Chas. S. Howard, 48 Chester sq.,

W.G.Kendall, ‖ LC, LR, TC, 176 Tremont st.,
B. L. Knapp, 161 Tremont st.,
Theodore Rothe, 623 Washington st.,
Frank W. Weston, (TCC), Savin Hill,
Edw. S. Wheeler, 45 High st.,
E. G. Whitney, LC, 2L, 106 Dartmouth st.

The 14 names above given belong to members of the Boston B. C., the oldest in America, now at 36 St. James avenue,—*not* as noted on p. 105. The 28 names following, arranged in double-column, represent the Massachusetts B. C., whose house is at 152 Newbury st. (also described on p. 105), and whose membership of 250 exceeds that of any other similar club in the world. The 26 names in the third list are those of unattached riders, or men whose club connections have not been reported to me. Total for Boston, 82.

John S. Ballou, Frank P. Martin,
F. H. Bosson, Stuart C. Miller,
J. P. Burbank, Arthur H. Page,
Wm. Vinal Burt, A. S. Parsons, (P),
Daniel W. Colbath, Arthur E. Pattison,
H. D. Corey, A. A. Pope, (P), **
Chas. H. Corken, Edward W. Pope,
(E. R. Drew), George Pope, (C,S),
N. C. Fowler, jr., Chas. E. Pratt, ‡ LR,
J. J. Gilligan, F. A. Pratt, TCC, S,
W. I. Harris, LC, LR, W.S. Slocum,(VP,S),
F. W. Heymer, Arthur M. Tenlon,
T. W. Higginson, P, F. J. Williams,
Charles F. Joy, H.W. Williams,‡(P),
Geo. B. Brayton, jr., 143 Tremont st.,
W. D. Ball,¶ 674½ Tremont st.,
Joseph Butcher, 6 & 8 Berkeley st.,
D. J. Canary, care of Pope Mfg. Co.,
James E. Colbath, 381 Northampton st.,
Charles R. Dodge, (175 Tremont st.),
M. H. Downs, o, 23 Water st.,
Henry Parker Fellows, ‡o, 28 School st.,
Herman Flister, jr., 16 Fayette st.,
Edward O. Goss, 43 Bowdoin st.,
W. J. Hall, 11 Mt. Vernon st.,
F. A. Hentz, 2 Kenilworth st.,
Chas. W. Howard, LC, 21 Milk st.,
Arthur D. Marcy, 453 Blue Hill av.,
Wm. W. Palen, 72 South st.,
Chas. C. Parkyn, 143 Tremont st.,
Pope Mfg. Co., ** 597 Washington st.,
A. J. Purington, 88 W. Newton st.,
Albert D. Rice, 65 Blackstone st.,
J. Winfred Spenceley, 700 Shawmut av.,
W. K. Stebbins, 70 Winter st.,
M. F. Sweetser, o, 211 Tremont st.,
Ticknor & Co., ** 211 Tremont st.,
F. H. Tremere, 30 Alaska st., (Highlands),
Geo. H. Walker & Co., ** 160 Tremont st.,
J. H. H. Watson, 499 Dudley st.

Bridgewater: A. Cushman.
Brightwood: Chas. A. Fisk.
Brockton: (*City B. C.*, May 24, '81),
G. C. Holmes, (F. H. Johnson, C).
Cambridge: *Harvard Coll. Library*,
T. W. Higginson, C. J. Rolfe,
W. B. Howland, Fremont Swain.¶
Cambridgeport: Ernest R. Benson,
Stuart C. Miller, W. J. Shannon.
Charlestown: (*C. B. C.*), Jas. C. Duff.
Chelsea: (*C. B. C.*, 1879), Arthur M. Pratt.
Chicopee: D. Albert Cushing,
F. F. Parker, ¶ o, C. J. Wetzel.
Chicopee Falls: Irvin W. Page,
F. M. Parker, Corey Wood.
Concord: F. Alcott Pratt, LC, TCC.
Conway: Wm. A. Thomas,† o.
Deerfield: E. R. Porter.
Dorchester: (*T.B.C.*,'82), W.S. Doane, TC,
E.A.Hemmenway,S, C. J. Upham, P.
East Brimfield: Ernest B. Smith.
East Cambridge: W. C. Dillingham.
Easthampton: *Adelphi Library of W. S.*,
Chas. J. Keene, J. H. Sawyer,† o.
Fall River: (*B. C.*), C. S. Wady, S-T.
Fitchburg: (*F. B.C.*,'79), G. A. Wilson, LC.
Florence: (*F.C.C.*), Harry B.Haven, jr., 1L.
Framingham: Franklin Hutchinson.†
Gardner: W. C. Axtell.
Greenfield: (*G. B. C.*, July 14, '82),
(Hollis B. Bagg, P), F.R. Hollister, LC,C,
C. H. Field, 2L, G. H. Kaulbach, S,
F. E. Hawks, LR, R. D. Warner.
Gloucester: Conrad R. Hanson,
J. S. Webber, jr., LR, TC.
Haverhill: (*H. B. C.*), J. F. Adams, (S), LC.
Haydenville: W. J. Fuller,
W. L. Larkin, E. C. Miller.
Holliston: Willie H. Fiske, LC.
Holyoke: (*H. B. C.*, Sept. 1, '81),
Benj. Brooks, o, J. S. McElwain, o,
E. C. Clarke, LC, C, C. W. Ramage,
H. M. Farr, 1L, C. B. Ross,
Herbert Fenno, (1L), (F. B. Towne),
Wm. O. Green, LR, P, Chas. A. Tuttle, B.
Hopedale: Fred L. Fay.
Hyde Park: T. A. Walter, LC.
Jamaica Plain: H. W. Warren.

Lawrence: (*L. B. C.*, '79), E. E. Branch, M. D. Currier, (LCC), P, D. M. Spooner, B.
Lee: *Morgan House.*
Lexington: Albert S. Parsons, LC, (LR, LCS).
Lowell: (*L.B.C.*, Apr., '82), E. L. Coolidge, § Edw. Ellingwood, LC, J. Z. Rogers, Willis Farrington, TC, W. S. Kelly.
Lynn: (*Star B. C.*, Nov. 5, '79; *L. C. C.*, and *Boscobel B. C.*), Geo. E. Cain, F. A. Lindsey, (P), S, W. E. Smith, LC, (VP).
Malden: (*M.C.C.*, July, '84), C. W. Flanders, Geo. S. Harrington, Fred. A. Wilcox.
Mansfield: H. C. Wilmarth.
Marblehead: (*M. B. C.*, May 21, '81), *Marble'd Bi. Club*, cor. School and Pleasant, Geo. Chinn, LR, P, P. Howard Shirley, S.
Medford: Richard Booth, C, Chas. J. Holland, 1L, 17 Park, Joseph H. Wheeler.
Merrick: Glen. C. Frissell, o.
Merrimac: (*M. B. C.*, July, '84), John W. Logan, C, H. C. Oak, LC, 1L.
Milford: (*B.C.*, May, '80), C. H. Fisher, LC.
Millbury: (*M. B. C.*), Wm. E. Gale, P, C. F. Holman, S, T, Arthur W. Rice, L.
Miller's Falls: C. E. Lester.
Milton: Arthur Cunningham.
Needham: W. C. Freeman, jr.
Newton: (*Nonantum C.C.*), E. P. Burnham.
Northampton: (*N. B. C.*, March 1, '82), *Mansion House*, (W. J. Fuller), E. C. Davis, C, Daniel Pickard, ¶ P.
North Andover: H. G. Johnson.
Orange: (*O. W. C.*, Sept., 84), O. D. Hapwood, (S, P), C. H. Shepard, C, W. E. Osterhout, L, (M. R. Winchell).
Palmer: Louis E. Chandler, LC.
Pittsfield: (*Berkshire Co. W'l'm*), L. L. Atwood, § LC, C. C. Kennedy, (1L), C, C. F. Bassett, E. H. Kennedy, P, H. W. Buckingham, W. P. Odell, Chas. E. Churchill, E. P. Stevenson, VP, J. H. Greenfield, (2L), J. M. Stevenson, o, H. E. Henry, H. G. West, (C), T, P. W. Jones, (S), W. R. Wilder, W. S. Kells, S, (Org. as *P.B.C.*, May, '79.)
Princeton: *Wachusett House* (*Beamans'*).
Reading: W. J. Hall.
Roxbury: Arthur M. Little, J. E. Savell, LC.
Salem: *Salem Bicycle Club*, 252 Essex st., Chas. H. Odell, F. P. Symonds, P, A. J. Philbrick, Arthur N. Webb.
Somerville: (*S. C. C.*), Geo. E. Whitaker.
South Abington Station: F. V. Ames, Joseph Pettee, jr.
South Boston: John B. Given, Geo. P. Osborn, F. J. Williams, Herbert A. Thayer, John H. Wright.
Southbridge: G. M. Lovell, LC, C. M. Wells.
South Framingham: H. J. Metcalf.
South Gardner: (*Knockabout W. C.*, 1884), Lewis C. Travers, LC, (P), 41 Broadway.
South Hadley Falls: F. B. Towne.
South Scituate: Wm. H. Fish, jr. †
Spencer: James Aldrich. **
Springfield: (*S. B. C.*), L, *City Library*, *Springfield Bicycle Club*, L, May 6, 1881, H. N. Bowman, W. I. Lyman, M. B. Breck, A. O. McGarrett, C, Charles Clark, C. H. McKnight, B. J. Craig, W. C. Marsh, T, Henry S. Crossman, C. H. Miller, F, M. R. Crossman, D. E. Miller, (Orel E. Davies), Geo. S. Miller, H. E. Ducker, LCC, P., F. O. Moody, P. H. Dunbar, C. W. Parks, E. T. Dyotte, F. E. Ripley, Fred. E. Eldred, 2L, Everett E. Sawtell, Will Eldred, W. H. Selvey, VP, (A. L. Fennessy, S, T), Eugene L. Smith, J. H. Fennessy, jr., A. L. Spooner, Chas. A. Fisk, (T), W. C. Stone, C. S. Fiske, A. B. Wassung, A. H. R. Foss, B, (Chas. P. Wassung), J. H. Foulds, jr., F, C. J. Wetzel, M. D. Gillett,* F. W. Westervelt, C. R. Haradon, C. E. Whipple, (C), LC, George M. Hendee, O. N. Whipple, (C. T. Higginbotham), Robt. D. White, C. W. Hutchins, Fred G. Wight, W. H. Jordan, (VP), E. M. Wilkins, Sanford Lawton, LR, S, H. J. Winans, 2L, E. F. Leonard, 1L, W. N. Winans, (C), G. H. Lucas, L. E. Zuchtmann.

These 54 names are outnumbered by only one club-representation upon my list; and, as 20 non-club subscribers are named below, the total representation of Springfield is much larger than that of any other town having 35,000 people, and is only exceeded by a few of the great cities.

John S. Bagg, ¶ o, A. D. Copeland, Fred J. Bradley, W. M. Corthell, Chris. F. Burrowes, Frank H. Fuller, o, Thos. W. Coburn, J. D. Gill, ** o, S. W. Coe, C. H. Ginn,

S. B. Hamill, Geo. S. Payne,
A. F. Jennings,** o, W. D. Remington,
W. G. Landes, F. Searle,‖ o,
G. E. Mansfield, E. R. Stickney,
M. Bradley Co.,** F. A. Wakefield.

Stoneham: (*S.B.C.*,'81), F. H. Messer, (S).

Taunton: (*T. B. C.*),
Wm. H. Pendleton, Wm. C. Williams, C.

Templeton: Chas. H. Lane.

Vineyard Haven: S. F. Harriman.†

Wakefield: (*W. B. C.*, July, '83),
Geo. P. Aborn, C, Frank H. Burrill, (C),
E. D. Albee, LC, (S-T), Will E. Eaton, (VP),

Waltham: Wm. Shakespeare,* O.E. Davies.

Wayland: Chas. C. Parkyn.

Wellesley Hills: Geo. R. White.

Westboro: (*W.B.C.*, Apr.'82), *West'o Hotel*,
Henry L. Chase, Henry D. Stone,
H. Scudder Drake,¶ F. O. Swallow, LC. §

Westfield: (*Woronoco W'l'n*, Aug. 14, '84),
J. A. Lakin & Co.,** Arthur E. White.

West Springfield: *W. S. Town Library*,
Harvey D. Bagg, o, Maurice Connell, o,
Winthrop S. Bagg, W. H. Selvey,
Wm. H. Bull, o, Robert D. White,
Richard W. Cartter, o, Corey Wood.

Weymouth: (*W. B. C.*, May 4, '83),
B. W. Burrell, (S), P, B. F. Johnson, LC.

Whitinsville: W. W. Dudley, O. L. Owen.

Williamstown: *Mansion House*.

Woburn: J. E. Roberts.

Worcester: (*W.B.C.*, consolid'd with *Æolus W'l'n*, Nov. 10, '82; incorp., July, '85),
Free Public Library, *Bay State House*,
Walter H. Adams, Lincoln Holland,* T,
Carl Bullock, F. P. Kendall, LR, LT, P,
H. W. Carter, David Manning, ‡o,
A. H. Hammar, Chas. F. Snow,
A. E. Hartshorn, W. K. Stebbins,
F. E. Higgins, Homer J. Whiting,
Hill & Tolman,** H. M. Wood.

RHODE ISLAND.

East Greenwich: S. H. Day.†

Pawtucket: (*P.B.C.*), L, Fred Binford, (C),
J. A. Chase,¶ LCC, P, B. W. Gardner.

Providence: (*P. B. C.*, July 7, '79),
Providence B. C., R. G. Gamwell, N,
W. P. Anthony, TC, J. B. Hamilton, †N,
F. B. Armington, 1L, F. H. Hayward,
A. G. Carpenter, TCC, P, J. W. McAuslan, F,
E. C. Danforth, (C), V. W. Mason, jr.,
S. C. De Munn, H. P. Morgan,
E. G. Farmer, jr., H. L. Perkins, (S), VP.

Warren: Louis A. Pope. †

Westerly: J. Howard Morgan. ¶

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia: Louis F. Auschutz,
John C. Carl, Fred. M. Drew.

Birmingham: (*Derby W. C.*),
Bassett House, by Wm. Kellogg, o,
E. B. Gager, Willie E. Plumb, jr.,
(H. W. Gilbert), Will G. Taylor,
Lester E. Hickok, E. N. Tolles,
Charles P. Hubbard, J. H. Tomlinson.

Branford: Thomas E. Crouch, LC.

Bridgeport: (*Pequonnock W.C.*, July 15,'80),
Public Library, Geo. H. Johnson, P,
Fred. C. Burroughs, C. W. Spooner, (LR),
Wm. F. Healy, (LC), A. N. Stanton, (C).

Bristol: M. L. Tiffany.

Cheshire: (*C. W. C.*, March 27, '85),
Wallace House, by H. E. Howe.

Danbury: (*Pahquioque B. C.*, 1883, merged in the *Danbury W. C.*, Mar. 5, '85),
L. L. Hubbell, LR, (LC), S-T., J. G. Irving, LC, C.

Derby: (*DWC*), M. E. Clarke, H. W. Gilbert.

East Berlin: W. W. Mildrum, LC.

East Windsor Hill: C. J. Rockwell.

Greenwich: *Lenox House*.

Hartford: (*Connecticut W.C.*, Oct. 20,'79), L,
Merrill's Restaurant, Geo. E. Leffingwell,
F. E. Belden, S-T, Geo. E. Marsh,
G. H. Burt, (LT), LC, D. J. Post,
G. H. Day, (LR),** T. Sedg'ck Steele, (P),
John W. Gray, S. Terry, ‡P, LR, VP, (LT),
C. G. Huntington, LCC, (2L), A. J. Welles.
C. A. Kellogg, LS, Robt. F. Way, (LC), 1L.

The following are not club members:
Thomas Glover, Wm. A. Lorenz,
John B. Griggs, J. B. Spencer,
John M. Holcombe, o, Robert Thome,
W. H. Honiss, Weed S. M. Co.,**
Edward S. House, H. W. Whitehouse.

Lime Rock: C. D. Knox.

Meriden: (*M. W. C.*, May 17, '82),
The Winthrop, by G. H. Bowker,
E. K. Bradley, H. G. Miller, S,
J. E. Brainard, T, Richmond P. Paine,
Louis Casper, Will W. Parker, F,
William Collins, C, Frank E. Penney, N,
James F. Gill, B. F. Pomeroy,
J. M. Harmon, (S), Reuben Rice,
C. L. Lyon, (P), T. S. Rust, ‖ (C), P.

Middletown: *Middletown W. C.*, May, '84,
(S. H. Kirkpatrick), (Elmer I. Thomas),
Chas. S. Perry, H. C. Ward, P.

New Britain: (*N. B.W. C.*, Feb. 15, '84),
Hotel Bassett, E. P. Goodrich, § N,
H. B. Arnold,(S), 2L, C.C. Rossberg, (C), P,
W. S. Case, (1L), F. Slater, (P), 1L,
A. F. Corbin, (2L), E. H. Taylor.

New Haven: (*N. H. B. C.*, Jan. 24, '80),
Yale Coll. Library, *Linonian Library*,
James B. Brand, LeRoy J. Kirkham,
M. F. Campbell, Wm. L. Peck, 2L,
H. A. Chidsey, J. S. Pierrepont,
W. M. Frisbie, P, LR, Sam F. Punderson,
Samuel G. Husted, F. S. Slanter,
F. A. Jackson, TC, W. H. Thomas, (LS),
G. H. Jennings, M. F. Tyler, ‡ (P),
J.W. Jewett, ¶(T), 2L, John H. Whiting. ‡

The following are not club members:
Wyllys Atwater, o, G. P. MacGowan,
Henry A. Beers, o, (Geo. D. Miller, o),
F. B. Dexter, o, E. L. Parmelee,
C. T. Driscoll, ‡o, T. H. Russell, ‡
Thomas Hooker, o, Robert A. Smith,*
W. E. Martin, W. K. Townsend, ‡o,
Ed. P. Merwin, jr., J. M. Trowbridge,
E. O. Jeralds, Eli Whitney, jr., o.

New Milford: (*Cornetia W. C.*),
Joe F. Farrally, S, George T. Soule, C.

New Preston: Alexander Mitchell.

Noank: Robert Palmer, jr.

Norwich: (*N. London Co. W'l'n*, Jun., '84),
H. Hubbell, John M. Thayer, ‡o.

Plantsville: A. B. A. Walkley.

Riverton: Frank L. Stephens.

Rockville: (*R. B. C.*, Oct. 23, '84),
Frank M. Adams, W. E. Payne, LR,
Frank H. Brown, Edw. R. Pratt, LC, S,
A. N. Gaonette, J. C. Whittlesey,
Herbert Holmes, James Wilson, jr.

Stamford: (*S. W. C.*, Jan. 10, '84),
Stamford House, L, Harry W. Hurlbutt,
Depot Restaurant, L, W.A. Hurlbutt, LR, P,
W.L. Baldwin, LC, S-T, Nelson Jessup,
Gilbert S. Benedict, Wilbur E. Lewis,
C. F. Burley, ‖ H. E. Mackee, VP,
Thos. Cummings, Walter Michels, C,
Frank E. DeCamp, Arthur Munson, N,
C. W. Hendrie, G. F. Rockwell,
R. H. Horne, J. F. Wardwell,
Chas. L. Hoyt, Henry J. Warren.

Suffield: Leroy H. Sikes, LC.

Thomaston:
C. T. Higginbotham, H. H. Teames.

Vernon Depot: Geo. B. Thayer, LC.

Waterbury: (*W. W. C.*, April, '81),
Hollis B. Bagg, (P), N, Howard Curtis,
Rollin R. Bird, 1L, N. C. Oviatt, S-T.

West Ansonia: Wm. G. Brown.

Willimantic: Horace A. Adams, LC,
G. W. Holman, † Fred S. Page.

Yantic: Winslow F. Williams, ‖LR.*

NEW YORK.

Albany: (*A. B. C.*, Aug. 25, '80),
J.G. Burch, jr, LR, (S)C, H. Gallien, S-T, LR,
J. L. Clough, N, Robert A. Hamilton,
J. E. Crane, jr., A. L. Judson,
S.D.M. Goodwin, ‡o, F. Munsell.

Athens: N. G. Allen, Philip Graif. †

Auburn: (*A.B.C.*, June, '82), E. F. Parker, LC.

Batavia: (*B.B.C.*, June 15, '83), E. E. Peirson.

Binghamton: (*B. B. C.*, June, '82),
G. Jones, (LC), LR, C, C.E. Titchener, (C, P).*

Brighton: Arthur C. Hills.

Brooklyn: (*B. B. C.*, June 21, '79),
Brooklyn Public Library, Montague st.,
Wm. Adams, Wm. F. Gullen, (P),
George Bancroft, VP, Frank B. James,
A. B. Barkman, LC, W. H. Meeteer,
H. R. Elliott, C, Elmer Skinner.

The rooms of the Brooklyn B. C., to which the above 8 belong, are at 112 St. Felix st. The following 6 are members of the Heights Wheelmen, 159 Montague st. The 6 representatives of the Bedford C. C. stand next; then the 44 of the Kings County W'l'n; then the 15 of the Long Island W'l'n; and finally the 21 unattached. (See p. 97 for further details; also, N.Y. City list.)

T. G. Condon, (C), 64 Livingston st.,
Alex. R. Dunnell, C, 159 Montague st.,
F. L. Dunnell, S, 186 Joralemon st.,
John C. King, 132 Montague st.,
R. L. Milhau, 291 Henry st.,
C. V. Wintringham, 73 Willow st.

Bedford C. C., 729 Bedford avenue,
Geo. Babcock, VP, S. Henderson, (P),
E. A. Bradford, P, Chas. M. Richards, (S)
R. N. Chichester, C, J. B. Wright, ¶ (T).

Kings Co. Wheelmen, L, 159 Clymer st., E.D.,
(org., Mar. 17, '81; incorp., May 7, '84),
W. I. Amerman, 240 Lafayette av.,
E.K. Austin, (LR), LS, (S, B), 593 Willoughby av.,
W. H. Austin, (B), 268 S. Fourth st.,
(F. G. F. Barlow, (T), 170 Lee av.),
W. D. Bloodgood, 101 Wilson st.,
I. S. Bowdish, 100 Patchen av.,
M. L. Bridgman, LR, 1L, 212 Adelphi st.,
Chas. R. Brown, 232 Powers st.,

(Geo. T. Brown, (P), 111 Reid av.),
(Geo. W. Brown, 195 Penn st.),
E. W. Candidus, 228 S. Ninth st.,
(Charles Cluth, 400 Grand st.),
Arthur N. Comes, 106 Hancock st.,
Thos. C. Crichton, 70 S. Sixth st.,
F.H.Douglas, (S, sub C), 25 Bedford av.,
Frank N. Fenstermaker, 81 S. Ninth st.,
Ed. F. Fisk, (1L), 96 Lee av.,
August Grosch, ¶ 223 Grand st.,
H. J. Hall, jr., 437 Classon av.,
Thos. J. Hall, jr., 707½ Myrtle av.,
Thos. B. Hegeman, VP, 139 Sumner av.,
Robt. F. Hibson, P, LR, 64 S. Tenth st.,
Eph. Johnson, (sub C), 156 Bedford av.,
Robert J. Knox, F, 274 S. 5th st.,
Herbert E. Locke, 44 S. Ninth st.,
J. H. Long, (F), 356 Kosciusko st.,
A. C. D. Loucks, S, 181 McDonough st.,
F. W. Loucks, 181 McDonough st.,
William Lowey, 72 Cumberland st.,
Chas. McDougall, 67 Lee av.,
F. H. Meeker, 844 Bushwick av.,
J. D. Miller, 2L, 218 Ross st.,
R. W. Muns, 121 McDonough st.,
Edward Pettus, C, LC, 49 S. Tenth st.,
Chas. Schwalbach,* T, LR, 121 Penn st.,
E. S. Seibert, 206 Penn st.,
(Frank J. Smith, (P, C), 195 Division av.),
J. M. Sorzano, jr., (T), 246 Carlton av.,
(A. Warren Strong, 2L, 171 Fourth st.),
H. H. Stults, 1234 Fulton st.,
E. Valentine, (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.),
H. Watson, 103 Division av.,
L. P. Weber, 36 Bedford av.,
(A. D. Wilder, 81 S. Ninth st.),
Ramon V. Williams, 35 Cambridge Place.

L. I. W'l'n, cor. Flatbush av. and Ninth av., (org. Nov. 23,'82), G.W. Mabie, (F), VP, S.W. Baldwin, (S), T, D. C. McEwen, 2L,

Henry H. Bell, jr.,	E. W. Mercereau,
W. J. Brown,	S. H. Monell,
Edw. A. Caner, (LR),	W. W. Share, P,
H. F. Frasse,	C. T. Wessels,
Arthur W. Guy, (C),	E. T. Wessels,
James Huggins,	G. B. Winslow, LR.

The following are not club members:
Wm. E. Atwater, 276 Madison st.,
Alex. Cameron, ‡o, (62 Wall st., N. Y.),
S. L. Cromwell, 188 Columbia Heights,
A. M. Cunningham, ‡o, 189 Montague st.,
J. S. Graham, jr., 435 Classon av.,
Stansbury Hager, (Box 532, N. Y. P. O.),
J. M. Harris, 7 Halsey st.,
Chas. A. Horn, Brooklyn Library,
H. S. Jaffray, 194 Carroll st.,
H. C. Jones, 39 Quincy st.,
Edwin T. Lake, 229 Hamilton av.,
Wm. N. Milner,
Jas. J. Ormsbee, 183 Joralemon st.,
Chas. F. Pray, 93 Quincy st.,
W. L. Scoville, 90 Amity st.,
H. Gardner Sibell, 217 Franklin av.,
Edw. C. Smith, 221 Washington av.,
R. W. Steves, 448 Van Buren st.,
E. S. Sutton, 134 Willoughby av.,
M. R. Winchell, 139 Maple av.,
C. C. Woolworth, jr., 582 Washington av.

Buffalo: (*B.B.C.*, Feb.'79), L, *Genesee House*, *Tift House*, 465 Main st.,
G. F. H. Bartlett, ¶ 323 Delaware av.,
E. N. Bowen,* 371 Pennsylvania st.,
Will S. Bull,* LR, TC, 587 Main st.,
Harry E. Choate, 75 W. Tupper st.,
C. P. Churchill, jr.,
H. Cosack, jr., 202 Clinton st.,
Samuel J. Curtis, 204 Seneca st.,
J. E. Danielson, P, 754 Main st.,
W. E. Donaldson, 973 Delaware av.,
Frank E. Drullard, (2L), TC, 82 Hodge av.,
Julius J. Ehrlich, 688 Elliott st.,
J. F. Foster, 68 Main st.,
C. B. Graves, 200 N. Division st.,
H. Hartley Hayford, 235 Conicut st.,
A. E. Hoddick, 222 Eagle st.,
James B. Isham,* 14 E. Seneca st.,
A. G. Mang, 212 Main st.,
Ralph H. Palmer, 163 College st.,
Fred W. Parsons, 490 Delaware av.,
Wm. C. Peters,
John A. Pferd, 150 West av.,
W. E. Plummer, jr., 41 Lloyd st.,
Fred. J. Shepard, *Courier* office,
Henry A. Stahl, 73 W. Huron st.,
A. H. Stephenson, F, 254 Fifteenth st.,
Edgar A. Taylor, 22 White Building.

The following are not club members:
Wilson S. Bissell, ‡o, 276 Main st.,
Bull & Bowen,** 587-589 Main st.,
Frank S. Buell, o, 192 Niagara st.,
L. W. Gay, 184 Franklin st.,
W. J. H. Nourse, 22 West Eagle st.,
Ulbrich & Kingsley,** 365 Main st.

Burke: Elmer A. Day.

Caldwell (Lake George):
Lake House, by F. G. Tucker.

Canandaigua: (*C. B. C.*, June, '81),
A. G. Coleman, ‖LR, TCC, Geo. W. Hamlin,
A. W. Crittenden, LC, Chester C. Hayes,
Arthur S. Hamlin, N, C. T. Mitchell.¶

Cassadaga: L. S. Dezendorf.

Cazenovia: (*C. B. Tour. C.*, May 10, '82),
Stanton House, C. M. Knowlton, C,
C. C. Clarke, Chas. A. Mann, O,
Wm. B. Curtis, (T), Chas. W. Odell,
P. E. Denslow, N, J. E. Salsbury, ¶
Sèvére Dorion, P, **§ (Jas. Sturtevant),
Thos. J. Dwyer, N, W. Thomas, B,
W. A. Emerick, N, W. W. Watkins, N,
A. A. Johnson, W. S. Webber.

Chatham: *Stanwix Hall*, (*C. C. C.*, Jul. 3, '84),
Wm. Ditterding, Chas. E. Stewart,
H. I. Fish, Samuel Swift,
Geo. E. Patton, ** S, A. E. Tracy.

Clinton: Chas. A. Borst, LC.*

Cincinnatus: Henry C. Higgins.

Cohoes: (*C. B. C.*, Nov. 1, '84),
L. Boudrias, jr., ‖ H. S. Kavanaugh,
F. J. Hiller, P. H. Spillane.§

Cold Spring Harbor, L. I.: H. G. De Forest, ‡o.

Corning: (*C. B. C.*), S. S. Denton, S, LC,
W. J. Heermans, Wm. H. Sayles,
H. H. Kendall, P, H. P. Sinclaire, jr., C.

Cornwall: M. W. Couser, Reeve Ketcham.

Cornwall-on-Hudson: *Elmer House.*

Cortland: H. P. Gray.

Croton Falls: Edwin H. Abrams.

Dansville: C. Ross Brown.

Dayton: James E. Bixby, LC.

Dunkirk: (*B. C.*), Geo. E. Blackham, ¶LR.

Ellington: Geo. E. Haman, LC.

Elmira: (*E. B. C.*), Lou. H. Brown, P, LT,
H. S. Kidder, C, (LR), Allen D. Steele.

Florida: R. E. Campbell,†

Flushing, L. I.: (*Mercury W. C.*, Apr. 10, '84),
A. P. Cobb, LC, C, A. Foster King, ‖P,
(M. F. Covert, S-T), Townsend Scudder.

Fordham: Wm. B. Krug.

Fredonia: F. H. Harrison.

Friendship: (*Allegany Co. W'l'n*, June, '83),
M. Bourdon Cottrell, ¶ A. C. Latta,
Latta Brothers, ** E. G. Latta.

Garrison's:
Highland House, by G. F. Garrison.

Geneva: F. Albert Herendem.

Gerry: C. E. Gates, P *Jamestown B. C.*

Glens Falls: *Rockwell House*, by C. L. Rock'l,
N. R. Gourley, S. R. Steddard.**

Greenwich: (*G. B. C.*), Chas. Griffin, C.

Harlem: (*H. W'l'n*, 104 W. 124th st.),
Dan Sweeney's Saloon, 500 E. 133d st.,
(Edgar K. Bourne), Fred W. Styles,
Wm. H. Degraaf, P, Frank N. Lord,
C. H. Diamond, Ed. C. Parker, (C), T.
See fourth list of New York City for full addresses of the above, and for 20 later subscribers from the same club. The following Harlem subscribers are not members of it:
Geo. O. Beach, Walter Klots,
J. G. D. Burnett, Frank C. Moore,
E. V. Conner, J. FitzGerald.

Highland Mills: *Highland Mills Hotel.*

Hudson: (*H. B. C.*, Jn. 1, '82), *Worth House*,
H. R. Bryan, LC, TC, C, *Wm. F. Rossman, jr.

Ithaca: (*Corn. Univ. B. C.*), J. H. Day, jr.,
L. J. E. J. Lorber, (C), P. B. Roberts.

Jamaica: Percival J. Bernhard,
Benj. W. Doughty, LC, Chas. R. Gallie.

Jamestown: (*J. B. C.*, Oct. 4, '84),
Sherman House, E. R. Demphrey, LC,
F. A. Clapsadel, C. A. Price, T.

Katonah: W. S. Winans.†

Kinderhook: *Kinderh'k Hotel*, by W. Br'dl'y,
James B. Best, (C. *Amherst Coll. B. C.* 1884).

Lake George: *Lake House*, by F. G. Tucker.

Leonardsville: (*Unadilla Val. B. C.*, Jn. '84),
C. L. Crandall, T, L. B. Wheeler, P, C,

Le Roy: (*L. B. C.*), W. C. Boak, P.

Little Falls: A. J. Benedict,
D. W. Ingalls, Geo. L. Smith.

Lockport: (*Lock City W'l'n*, May, '84),
W. L. Beck, B. F. Jackson, C.

Lyons: G. H. Cramer,* C. R. Harrington, LC.

Madison: James Sturtevant.

Mariner's Harbor, S. I.: W. M. Braman.

Middletown: (*M. B. C.*, Aug. 15, '82),
Wm. Clemsen, C. H. Foster,
C. S. Dusenberry, H. C. Ogden, LC, C.*

Mt. Vernon: (*Mt. V. B. C.*, Aug. 8, '81),
A. E. Fauquier, (P, LR), Chas. E. Nichols,
Philip H. Lucas, S, E. Valentine.

Newburgh: (*N. B. C.*), T, *U. States Hotel*,
A. J. Barton, L. Courtlandt Jagger,
D. H. Bower, J. T. Joslin, §** TC,
Chas. E. Corwin, Joel A. Joslin, §
Thos. T. Haviland, L. W. Y. McCroskery‡
Frank Hollister, J. E. Wilson.

New Rochelle: Chas. F. Canedy.†

New York City: (*N. Y. B. C.*, Dec. 18, '79),
Grand Union Hotel, L, 4th av. at 42d st.,
N. Y. Bicycle Club, L, 302 W. 58th st.,
Edwin W. Adams, LR, (S), 114 Wall st.,

W. R. Anthony, 312 Produce Exchange,
(Walter R. Benjamin, *Sun* office),
C. E. Chapman, 7 Wall st.,
Howard Conkling, (C), 27 E. 10th st.,
Clarkson Cowl, 412 Produce Exchange,
George Daniels, 140 Nassau st.,
(Frank E. Davidson, 610 Lexington av.),
Edward L. Gridley, 328 W. 28th st.,
Smith A. Harriman, 46 W. 26th st.,
R. R. Haydock, T, 83 Chambers st.,
Edw. F. Hill, LR, (LCC), (Peekskill, N.Y.),
Henry E. Janes, Broadway at 36th st.,
J. Oswald Jimenis, (2L), 1L, 113 Wall st.,
F. W. Kitching, 94 Reade st.,
(Thos. W. Knox, Lotos Club),
H. H. Meyer, (T), 38 Exchange Place,
J. C. Mott, 118 Warren st.,
Charles Power, 312 Produce Exchange,
Kingman Putnam,‡ (S,LCS), 54 Wall st.,
H. S. Raven, 15 Wall st.,
Girard Romaine, 84 Beaver st.,
J. B. Roy, (1L), C, 312 Produce Exchange,
E. J. Shriver, S, N. Y. Metal Exchange,
Ross W. Weir, 105 Front st.,
W. A. Whiting, Grand Central Hotel,
Citizens Bi. Club, (June 1,'82), 328W.60th st.,
Chas. K. Alley (LCS), 33 W. 23d st.,
H. G. Barnard, 9 Clinton Place,
W. G. Bates, 254 Madison av.,
N.M.Beckwith,‖(C,LCC,LP),21 W. 37th st.,
VP, LR [C, June, '82, to March,'85; LP, May, '83, to May, '86],
Chas. M. Benedict, 94 Beekman st.,
G. R. Bidwell, (LR), LCC, ** 315 W. 58th st.,
Henry Blake, 7 Beekman st.,
W. H. Book, P. O. Box 1147,
Fred G. Bourne, (VP), 25 W. 23d st.,
Chas. F. Bouton, 225 E. 60th st.,
Irving P. Boyd, Produce Ex. Building,
T. McKee Brown, (P), 226 W. 45th st.,
Wm. A. Bryant, (2L), 12 Maiden Lane,
S. H. Byron, Union League Club,
J. G. Case, S. W., 301 Sixth av.
Robert Center, 18 W. 21st st.,
Knight L. Clapp, LR, S, 280 Broadway,
Fred A. Coleman, Windsor Hotel,
W.G.Conklin,Frank.Sav.B'k, 8 av. & 42 st,
Atherton Curtis, 16 W. 53d st.,
J. W. Curtis, 1 E. 53d st.,
Frank G. Dubois, 512 W. 30th st.,
Geo. E. Dunlap, 228 E. 60th st.,
Alfred Eaton, 206 W. 39th st.,
John B. Fischer, 339 W. 83d st.,
J. FitzGerald, 494 E. 133d st.,
Simeon Ford, (F), C, Grand Union Hotel,
J. T. Francis, 20 E. 41st st.,
Wm. C. Frazee, T, 156 Broadway,
G. Benedict Frisbie, 43 South st.,
J. H. Giffin, jr., 156 Broadway,
James G. Gulick, 371 W. 83d st.,
John C. Gulick, ‡LR, P, 132 Nassau st.,
Harry J. Hall, jr., 61 W. 56th st.,
Frank L. Handlen, Produce Ex. Building,
E. A. Hoffman, jr., B, 426 W. 23d st.,
W. E. Howell, 120 Broadway,
Geo. Martin Huss, 1285 Broadway,
Fred Jenkins, (LCS), 45 W. 35th st.,
A. B. Johnson, 4 Warren st.,
J. Q. A. Johnson, 4 Warren st.,
Harry S. Jones, Fifth Avenue Hotel,
W. B. Krug, No. River Savings Bank,
L. E. Lefferts, 6 W. 33d st.,
Wm. D. Leonard, 32 Nassau st.,
A. W. Lozier, 339 W. 46th st.,
W. H. McCormack, F, 236 W. 52d st.,
J. B. Martine, Naval office,
Elliott Mason, ** 12 Warren st.,
Wm. Allen Miller, 805 Broadway,
E. A. Morrison, jr., 893 Broadway,
Chas. E. Nichols, (Mt. Vernon, N. Y.),
John Nightingale, 525 W. 83d st.,
Alf. E. Paillard, 680 Broadway,
Geo. A. Paillard, 680 Broadway,
Arthur W. Perego, 128-130 Fulton st.,
Frank J. Pool, TC, (T), 3 Broad st.,
Harwood R. Pool, 2L, Produce Exchange,
F. Austin Roy,‖ 165 W. 53d st.,
M. Schachtel, jr., 153 W. 16th st.,
James Simpson, 426 W. 35th st.,
S. W. Simpson, 426 W. 35th st.,
A. P. Smith, *Tribune* Office,
T. C. Smith, (T,S), 1L, LC, 40 Warren st.,
T. C. Stratton, 310 W. 83d st.,
Chas. F. Terhune,* 89 Liberty st.,
A. B. Terry, 248 W. 24th st.,
Fred C. Thomas, 2B, 26 E. 41st st.,
Wm. Ford Upson, ‡ 59 Wall st.,
George A. Wells, 1067 Madison av.,
Wm. Whiteside, 110 E. 36th st.,
Geo. T. Wilson, P. O. Box 555,
John S. Wood, ‡ 39 Nassau st.,
Wm. B. Wood,¶ Union League Club,
W. J. Yuengling, 128th st., at 10th av.,
(E. A. Bradford), (M. E. Graves),
(E. A. Dobbins), (Edwin Oliver),
Chas. F. Joy, Arthur E. Pattison,

Albert A. Pope, F. Alcott Pratt,
Edward W. Pope, H. W. Williams.

The four in parenthesis resigned from the club after subscribing, and the six next named subscribed from the *Mass. B. C.*, though associate members of this one also. Another such is Chas. H. Potter, of Cleveland; so that the total representation of the *Citizens B C.* is 86, or by far the largest on my list.

Ixion Bi. Club, (Mar. 1, '82), 351 W. 59th st.,
W. A. Anderson, 18 W. 9th st.,
Frank A. Egan, (LR, P), 351 W. 59th st.,
Thos. Chalmers, 25 W. 17th st.,
C. M. Everett, P. O. Box 452,
P. M. Harris, (1L), 351 W. 59th st.,
W. C. Herring, 342 W. 58th st.,
Rudolph G. Leypoldt, S, 964 Sixth av.,
O. L. Moses, Cor. S, 122 E. 41st st.,
W. G. Newman, Niblo's Garden,
M. G. Paoli, (VP), C, 25 E. 74th st.
G. B. Pearson, (1L), Homer Lee B'k Note Co.,
Will R. Pitman, (C), 351 W. 59th st.,
C. C. Reed, jr., 47 W. 9th st.,
Fred C. Ringer, 112 E. 22d st.,
G. C. Saffer, (2L), 318 E. 23d st.,
Ben G. Sanford, (S, LS), P. O. Box 2425,
Francis Thayer, 353 W. 22d st.,
Walter H. P. Vesey, 31 Nassau st.,
Chas. C. Whedon, 85 E. 53d st.

Harlem W'l'n, (Nov., '82), 104 W. 124th st.,
F. L. Bingham, 409 E. 143d st.,
(Edgar K. Bourne, 309 E. 124th st.),
H. D. Cochrane, B, 2086 Madison av.,
G. S. Curtis, 157 W. 130th st.,
Wm. H. Degraaf, 47-49 W. 14th st.,
C. Herbert Diamond, 102 Franklin st.,
Wm. Dutcher, VP, 231 W. 128th st.,
W. D. Edwards, C, 144th st, at 4th av.,
E. J. Halstead, 1L, 705 Sixth av.,
Geo. A. Hill, 149 E. 127th st.,
P. S. Jones, 10 E. 126th st.,
A. A. Knowles, 166 W. 130th st.,
Geo. Lane, jr., 102 W. 130th st.,
J. A. Lefferts, 176 Alexander av.,
C. H. Leggett, 24 W. 128th st.,
Frank N. Lord, 249 E. 128th st.,
E. C. Parker, (C), T, 241 E. 124th st.,
C. M. Phelps, 2L, 331 E. 124th st.,
W. C. Phelps, 331 E. 124th st.,
F. A. Phillips, jr., 220 E. 124th st.,
J. W. Powers, jr., 34 Mt. Morris av.,
A. Rauchfuss, F, 111 E. 77th st.,
F. A. Ryer, S, 336 E. 124th st.,
C. P. Sackett, 1406 Sixth av.,
A. Steiner, 48 E. 124th st.,
Fred. W. Styles, 262 W. 129th st.

Page 96 may be consulted for details concerning the four clubs whose subscribing members (26+86+19+26) are listed above. The following 117 subscribers are supposed to be outside the membership of those clubs, but the names of some of them will be found catalogued again with the clubs at Brooklyn, Harlem, Jersey City and elsewhere. It is to be noted that there are many non-riders on this list, and that many of the addresses need to be verified. The last 26 names are alphabetized separately, without addresses:

P. J. Amory, 70 Reade st., (*Mass. B. C.*),
Grosvenor Atterbury, 7 E. 33d st.,
Lyman H. Bagg, Washington Square,
Geo. O. Beach, 63 E. 125th st.,
J. B. Beers & Co.,** 36 Vesey st.,
Jas. L. Beers, 36 Vesey st.,
T. Eugene Benjamin, 654 Broadway,
Frederick H. Betts, ‡o, 78 Irving Place,
Geo. R. Bidwell & Co.,** 315 W. 58th st.,
Edward T. Birdsall, 107 E. 70th st.,
Edward A. Bradford, ‡P, *Times* office,
Wm. Bradford, ‡ 55 Broadway,
E. J. Braunsdorf, 223 W. 10th st.,
H. C. Bunner, *Puck* Building,
John A. Burchell, 1143 Park av.,
J. G. D. Burnett, 138th st., betw. 3d & 4th avs.,
T. S. Burr, 24 Thomas st.,
E. A. Bush, prof. fancy bi. rider, (234 E. 35th),
Geo. M. Buttle, 310 W. 32d st.,
Carmansville Park Hotel, 155th st.,
Central Press and Pub. Co., 12 Vesey st.,
Wm. C. Clarke, o, 75 Maiden Lane,
G. W. & C. B. Colton & Co.,** 182 William st.,
E. V. Connor, 129 W. 33d st.,
Wm. A. Copp, ‡o, 206 Broadway,
A. F. Currier, ¶o, 38 W. 36th st.,
Frank E. Davidson, 610 Lexington av.,
Harry L. DeForest, 7 Washington Sq., N,
Henry W. DeForest, ‡o, 15 W. 30th st.,
Lockwood DeForest, o, 9 E. 17th st.,
Johnston DeForest, 7 Washington Sq., N,
Robert W. DeForest, ‡o, 120 Broadway,
Wm. H. Demorest, 25 Catherine slip,
David Dewitt, 82 Br'dway, (*H. C. W'l'n*),
Allen W. Evarts, ‡o, 52 Wall st.,
Herbert Filmer, 318 Broadway,
Joseph R. Folsom,**o, 751 Broadway,
Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 39, 40 P'k R'w

H. F. Frasse, 62 Chatham st., (*L. I. W'l'n*),
Charles W. Gould, ‡o, 2 Wall st.,
W. F. Gullen, 37 Broadway, (*B'kl'n B.C.*),
Wm. C. Gulliver, ‡o, 120 Broadway,
Wm. H. Hall, jr., 61 W. 56th st.,
Reg. Fairfax Harrison, 11 Lexington av.,
R. S. Hasbrouck, jr., 91 Liberty st.,
A. Heming, 18 Cedar st.,
S. Henderson, 56 Worth st., (*Bedf. C.C.*),
Ideal Pen Co.,** 155 Broadway,
Fred. D. Ives, 52 White st.,
Elliott Johnson, ‖C, 212 Br'dway, (*H.C.W.*),
Henry E. Jones, 19 E. 17th st.,
Charles A. Kinch, ‖ 256 W. 54th st.,
Moses King, o, 279-283 Broadway,
Walter Klots, 162d st.,
W. H. L. Lee, ‡o, 20 Nassau st.,
Leve & Alden,** 207 Broadway,
Eugene H. Lewis, ‡o, 120 Broadway,
W. D. Lintz, 315 W. 42d st.,
W. J. McCreary, 801 Broadway,
Howard Mansfield, ‡o, 15 Broad st.,
Wm. C. Marion, 126-130 Nassau st.,
Albert Mathews, ‡o, 31 Pine st.,
Brander Matthews, o, 121 E. 18th st.,
Frank B. Mirick, jr., 457 W. 43d st.,
Thos. E. Moessner, 107 Liberty st.,
S. H. Monell, 2 Maiden Lane, (*L. I. W'l'n*),
Frank C. Moore, 59 W. 130th st.,
C. Muger, jr., 23 E. 37th st.,
Geo. Rayson Newby, 247 W. 52d st.,
New York Toy Co.,** 14 Howard st.,
Charles Otis, 313 Greenwich st.,
Pope Manufacturing Co.,** 12 Warren st.,
John S. Prince, prof. rider, *Clipper* office,
W. Rogers, 107 Liberty st.,
Wesley B. Salter, 314 E. 79th st.,
Gordon F. Smith, P. O. Box 3640,
Geo. Thad. Stevens, 37 E. 20th st.,
L. W. P. Stevens, 20 Warren st.,
Dan Sweeney's Saloon, 500 E. 133d st.,
B. C. Unseld, 76 E. 9th st.,
H. A. Van Liew, 21 E. 73d st.,
L. E. Waterman, o, 155 Broadway,
Perry S. Watson, 520 W. 43d st.,
Francis H. Weeks, ‡o, 120 Broadway,
White, Stokes & Allen,** 192 Fifth av.,
Chas. E. Whittemore, 579 Broadway,
Julius Wilcox,* 15 Park Place,
T. E. Willson, o, *World* office,
I. O. Woodruff, o, 88 Maiden Lane,
W. M. Woodside, prof. rider, *Clipper* office,
Mason Young, ‡o, 35 Wall st.,

Geo. F. Allison, o,
James W. Auten,
A. W. Baird,
E. P. Baird,
G. D. Baird, o,
R. B. Baird,
Wm. R. Baird, ‡o,
W. T. Baird,
Leander A. Bevin, o,
W. F. Coffee, jr.,
T. G. Condon,
(Richard Garvey),
A. H. Hayward,
Monroe Le Vino,
S. S. McClure,
(Crawford Mason),
Fred. Mead, jr., o,
J. D. Pugh, jr.,
H. D. Schoonmaker,
Chas. J. Solyom,
(Thomas Stevens),
Aaron S. Thomas, o,
(James Watson, o),
Edw. P. Wilder, ‡o,
Percy Winter, TC,
C. C. Woolworth.

Niagara Falls: (*N. F. B. C.*, Aug. 29, '85), Neil Campbell, LC, C, Geo. G. Shepard, S-T.
Norwood: L. L. Ashley.
Olean: (*O. B. C.*, Aug., '83), W. H. Butler.
Oswego: (*O. W. C.*), Fred A. Dixon, VP, (Geo. F. Allison, o), John P. Miller, LC.
Otego: S. R. Lewis.
Parkville, L. I.: W. F. Gullen, Wash'n av.
Peconic: Joe C. Case.
Peekskill: *Cortlandt Wheelmen*, Feb. 22, '82, A. D. Dunbar, S-T, S. Norris Knapp, D. C. Hasbrouck, (C), LC, S. A. Mead, L, R. S. Hasbrouck, jr., Henry Tate. Edward F. Hill, (LR, LCC), LR, (*N. Y. B. C.*),
Plattsburg: Curtis H. Veeder.
Port Henry: Wallace T. Foote, jr.
Port Jervis: (*Delaware B.C.*, May 20, '83), *Delaware Hotel*, by J. E. Wickham, *Clarendonian Hotel*, by Ed. G. Giesenheimer, Frank Malvern,** Edd C. Wickham, (S).
Portland: H. M. Fleming.
Poughkeepsie: *Ariel Wheel Club*, Dec., '83, J. R. Adriance, P, LR, A. N. Shaffer,* C. F. Cossum, S-T, TC, Robt. E. Taylor, ‡o, C. B. Herrick, ‡o,
Randolph: (*R. B. C.*), D. C. Adams, C, W. W. Canfield, *(S), C, W. L. Rathbone, P.
Richmond Hill, L.I.: Wm. A. Jones, o.
Riverhead, L.I.: A. O. Downs.†*
Rochelle (New): Charles F. Canedy, ‡o, N. P. Tyler, ¶TC, (LCC), L has dicapper.
Rochester: (*R. B. C.*, Feb. 6, '80), Phil A. Clum, J. G Lenox, W. J. Curtice, C, George E. Maier, E. R. Freatman, Jacob Oettinger, F. B. Graves, (T), LC, S. H. Pool, P, (C, S, T), A. C. Hills, Geo. H. Robins, C. F. Hovey, S, Robert Thompson, W. H. Learned, (P), W. A. Turpin.
Rockland Lake: A. L. Wilson.†

Rome: (*R.B.C.*, Jan. 29, '84), J. M. Barton,* G. Harry Chase, F. B. Hodges, Chas. D. Hildreth, H. J. Rowland, LC, S-T.
Saratoga: (*S.B.C.*, Jan. 29, '80), A. C. Rich.‖
Schenectady: (*S. B. C.*, Nov. 13, '83), *Carley House*, by L. Sickler, Jacob W. Clute,‡ C, LR, Sam. R. James, Ed. L. Davis, LC, P. E. Kipp, †N.
Schenevus: Ralph D. Webster.
Schuylerville: *Schuylerville House*, Wm. McLindon, O, E. S. Tabor.
Seneca Falls: H. J. Emmett.
Sherman: Eugene Card,* Edwin Ripley, LC.
Silver Creek: *Main Street House*, (Knight's) A. Wilson Dods,¶ O. A. Fairchild.
Sinclairville: W. J. Dunihue, H. C. Sloan.
Stillwater: *Ensign House*, by T. S. Ensign.
Stockport: (*Columbia W'l'n*, June 19, '83), J. Reynolds, LC, P, R. B. Reynolds, S. Mrs. Josh. Reynolds, (*Hudson B. C.*, '82.)
Suffern: *Eureka House*, by R. Riggs.
Syracuse: (*S. B. C.*, Feb. 8, '81), C. W. Bardeen, (P), H. H. Ragan, O, William Gardner, T. K. Wilkinson, Fred H. Johnson, L. S. Wilson, C.
Tarrytown: *Vincent House*, by Z. Carpenter.
Troy: (*T. B. C.* and *Trojan W'l'n*), G. R. Collins, (C), VP, J. E. Miller, 2L, A. P. Dunn, 1L, John W. Saxe, Fred P. Edmans,* H. N. Strait, N, W. Gardner, jr., T. B. Way, P, Wm. L. Gardner, TC, F, Chas. E. Wilson, T.
Tuckahoe: Irving Vermilya.
Utica: (*Fort Schuyler Wheelmen*, June, '83), *Bagg's Hotel*, by T. R. Procter, Geo. H. Bidwell, (S), J. B. Griffiths.
Van Hornesville: Earl A. Mixer.
Verplank's Point: Henry Tate.
Walden: (*W.B.C.*), Sumner Bull,* S-T, Wm. L. Dickinson, F. E. Libenow, W. H. Faulkner, ¶P, C. W. Sadlier, C, L. W. Jansen, Erwin Tears.
Wappinger's Falls: (*W.W. C.*, Jan. 2, '84), Harry H. Brown, P, C, LC, Walter L. Monfort, Daniel Walker.
Watkins: (*The Glen Cyclers*, June, '85), John M. Thompson, § C.
Watertown: Saml. F. Bagg, O, G. C. Sherman.
Weedsport: *Weedsport B. C.*, Dec. 16, '84, H. D. Brown, P, LR, J. R. Rheubottom, jr., C.
West Brighton, S. I.: Augustus R. Butler.
Westmoreland: N. DeRoy Lee.
Whitehall: J. Dana Culver.
Yonkers: *Getty House*, by W. H. Doty, *Mansion House*, D. B. Lewis.

NEW JERSEY.

Beverly: R. C. Clarkson, LC.
Bloomfield: John V. L. Pierson.
Bordentown: (*Owl B. C.*, July 10, '82), C. Franklin Adams, F. G. Wiese, **C, LC, Phil. F. H. Brakeley, 1L, H. Benson Wiese, Wilson Cutter, Louis W. Wiese.
Bound Brook: W. B. Thompson, LC.
Brick Church: C. Creagh, John Durrie.
Caldwell: *Caldwell House*, by A. A. Snyder.
Camden: (*Camden B. C.*, 1881), G. R. Brown, S, Geo. W. Husted, G. N. Buzby, P, LR, C. L. Leisen, Jas. B. Dowling, B. O. Miller, LC.
Chatham: (*Morris Wanderers*, June, '83), Edw. Littlejohn, C, Jos. C. Minton, (C).
Cinnaminson: Benj. Lippincott.
East Long Branch: Wm. W. Silkworth.
East Orange: (*O. Wanderers*, Nov. 11, '80), H. C. Douglas, (C, P), LR, L. H. Johnson,** W. W. Geery, L. H. Porter, (C), P, TC.
Elizabeth: (*E. W'l'n*, L, June 7, '83. Headquarters, 116 Broad st.), Frank Bergen,‡, D. Blake Bonnett, J. S. Henderson, L. B. Bonnett, (F), 2L, M. H. Henderson, G. C. Brown, ‖LCC, P, Chas. A. Hutchinson, A. S. Crane, T, Geo. J. Martin, C, Samuel C. Crane, P. T. Norton, P. Kenney Dilks, G. C. Pennell, S, Harry Floy, A. K. Prince, William E. Gibbs, A. S. Roorbach, B, C. H. K. Halsey, VP, T. B. Russum, M. W. Halsey, J. C. Wetmore, (S-T), W. H. Hastings, (P), R. W. Woodward, P.
Greenville: A. H. Hayward.
Hackensack: (*H. B. C.*, Mar. 17, '82), C. J. Wood.
Hackettstown: J. Madison Porter.
Haddonfield: Wm. Pittenger.†
Hoboken: G. Boehm, 37 Hudson st., C. E. Kröh, H. W. Sagendorf, LC, J. V. L. Pierson, Frank T. Welter.
Jersey City: (*Hudson County W'l'n*), E. P. Baggot, H. M. Platt, A. P. Bennett, S. G. Putnam, Thos. Chamberlain, jr., H. W. Sagendorf, 1L, David Dewitt, Eugene M. Smith, E. W. Johnson, ‖C, LR, W. P. Smith, LC, Chas. E. Kluge, V. B. Tulane, Lewis F. Lyne, (N. P. Tyler, ¶(LCC), TC), Geo. J. Pforr, H. W. Winfield.‡

Lawrenceville: Henry P. Warren,o.
Lincoln Park:
Alfred Benjamin, William Comly.
Madison: C. H. Genung.
Millville: (*M. B.C.*, Nov. 20,'82, see p. 520),
J. A. Boland,¶LR, T. B. Somers, LC,C,
W. Scott Calkins, C. S. Stevens,
Lewis Howell, E. Vanaman, 2L.
Herschel Mulford, P,
Montclair: (*M. W'l'n*, June,'83), Phil. Young,
S. J. Holmes, Ross W. Weir, C,
R.G.Hutchinson, jr., A. J. Wright,‖ S-T,
Moorestown: J. L. Moore, LC,
Wm. J. Morrison, LS, F. C. Stokes, TC.
Morristown: (*Morris Wanderers*, May,'83),
Mansion House, by B. C. Guerin,
Park House,L, by Stephen W. Luse,
Ira Ayer, (Jos. C.Minton,(C),),
Geo. W. Collis, P, W. S. Mulford,
G. P. Farley, J. F. Runyon, (L),
C. H. Genung, Truman H. Scott,
C. T. Halstead, L, S. Staples,
C. S. Leddell, G.E.Voorhees, jr.,LC,
(Edw. Littlejohn, C), James D. Voorhees.
Mt. Holly: G. A. Lippincott.
Newark: *Contin'l Hotel*, L, opp. D. L.&W.,
New Jersey W'l'n, (Oct.,'83), Oraton Hall,
J. E. Baker, 748 Broad st.,
P. H. Brangs, 32 Rowland st.,
D. E. Drake, VP, 15 Mt. Pleasant av.,
John S. Duston, (VP), 60 Fifth av.,
T. E. Gay, B, 297 New st.,
F. W. Goodsell, 114 Commerce st.,
Arthur R. Grow, (Summit, N. J.),
August Hahne, 649 Broad st.,
Thomas W. Jackson, 11 Myrtle av.,
Clift W. Jones, (2L), 275 Broad st.,
Frank J. Keer, 2L, Broadway,
A. O. Lemeris, 1L, 880 Broad st.,
John Lindner, jr., 149 S. Orange av.,
Hiram E. Littell, P, 460 Broad st.,
C. B. Longenecker, 289 Washington st.,
Howard Miller, 48 Webster st.,
C. W. Northrop, (1L, F), VP, 25 Cedar st.,
W. H. Parsons, P, LR, 119 Belleville av.,
Howard A. Smith,** 494 Broad st.,
Louis N. Spinning, (S), (Summit, N. J.),
T. E. Theberath, Clifton and Fifth avs.,
Wm. H. Westwood, 42 Eighth av.,
J. C. Willever, S, 494 Broad st.,
G. P. Williams, C, 390 Washington av.,
Harry J. Thurber, 149 Fourth st.,
C. R. Zacharias, (C),** 494 Broad st.

The *Essex B. C.* (Mar. 8, '79) claims the following 12, and the rest are not members of either club, though one or two belong to the *Atalanta W'l'n*, (org. Mar. 11,'86):
E. D. Farnsworth, Charles Pharo,
Arthur L. Genung, S. H. Sargeant, 1L,
Will S. Johnson, Nate B. Seaver,
John B. Lunger, G. Clifford Smillie,
Robert D. Mead,(C), Wm. B. Southard,
J. R. Meeker, G. Burton Taylor,
F. Adams, 784 Broad st.,
Wm. W. Bingham, 212 S. Sixth st.,
Wm. E. Blenett, jr., 186 Washington av.,
A. W. Bourn,† 67 Sherman av.,
Wilbur F. Coddington, 24 Taylor st., S-T,
John J. Daly, 593 Broad st.,
C. Dennison, 107 Pacific st.,
S. C. Doland, 140 Union st.,
James P. Downs, N. Seventh st.,
Samuel W. Geery, 769 Broad st.,
A. H. Hayes, 25 Walnut st.,
E. D. Harrington, 153 Orange st.,
Schuyler B. Jackson,‡o, 756 Broad st.,
Samuel J. Macdonald, 75 Liberty st.,
N. T. Slee, Oraton Hall, 494 Broad,
Howard A. Smith & Co.,** Oraton Hall,
B. S. Whitehead, 94 Market st.,
New Brunswick: (*B. B. C.*, May 19,'81),L,
Frank H. Cook, J. French Scott, N,
A.Wakeman Scott,N, C.D.Snedecker,(LT).
Newton: C. L. Moffett, Isaac D. Reed.
Newfoundland: *Brown's Hotel.*
Orange: (*O. Wanderers*, Nov. 11, '80),
Mansion House, F. B. Hallett, LC,
R. H. Atwater, o, J. W. Smith, (C),
William Beach, J. W. Snow,
H. A. Smith & Co.,**opp. Mansion House.
Orange Valley: Harry Seymour Barnes.
Passaic: J. D. Pugh, H. L. Simpson.
Paterson: (*Æolus W. C.*), W. F. Beggs, S-T,
John T. Browne, John Harwood, jr.,
Chas. D. Cooke, C, Reuben Ryle.
Pemberton: Ernest H. Diver.
Perth Amboy: (*Perth Amboy Cyclers*),
E. W. Barnes, TC,P, E. E. Hartshorn, C.
Plainfield: (*P. B. C.*), D. C. Adams,
Robt. W. Anderson,‖ A. L. C. Marsh,
Geo. Stuart Collins, Robinson Pound,(S),
J. A. Demarest, D. M. Runyon,
Clark W. Evans, Harold Serrell, LS,
D. J. Gordon, E. J. Waring, TC.
Princeton: (*Princeton College B. C.*, 1880),
Thomas Chalmers, (N. Y. City).

Rahway: (*Monmouth County W'l'n*),
E. L. Brown, A. H. Chamberlain, LC.
Red Bank: (*Monmouth County W'l'n*),
J. B. Bergen, G. F. Marsden, ¶(P, LC),
S. A. Lockwood, §LC, C, W. B. Mount.
Ridgefield: Robert Clarke, W. C. Clarke, o.
Roselle: (*Roselle Ramblers*, 1885),
C. H. Jouet, R. L. Stewart, C.
Rutherford: (*Passaic Co. W'l'n*, Nov. 15, '83),
E. A. Edgar, T, C. L. Jackson, S,
G. T. Hollister, H. R. Jackson, jr., (C), L, LC.
Seabright: Johnston DeForest, (N.Y. City).
Shrewsbury: M. Bell, W. M. Vanschoick.
Smithville: The H. B. Smith Mach. Co.,**
E. F. Burns, LC, Wm. S. Kelley,
E. H. Burtis, A. B. King,
C. H. Chickering, G. A. Lippincott,
Chas. F. Frazier, Joe Powell,
A. M. Hall, H. B. Smith,
C. W. Higgins, B. W. Storey.
Somerville: *County Hotel*, by Austin Moore.
Summit: (*New Jersey W'l'n*, Newark),
Arthur R. Grow, L. N. Spinning,
J. Franklin Haas, A. J. Youngs.
Trenton: (*T. B. C.*, Mar. 15, '80),
Trenton House, by P. Katzentack,
S. P. Camp, S, W. P. Pray, (Bristol),
W. M. Crozer, F., B. S. Rose, LC, VP, 1L,
W. G. McCullough, *PLR¶ John Whitehead,
Howard B. Moses, R. V. Whitehead, B.
Upper Montclair: Philip Young.
Washington:
St. Cloud Hotel, by C. F. Staates.
Westfield: (*Bellerophon W'l'n*, Dec. 2, '85),
John Carberry, F, John W. Nichols,
Arthur B. Irving, Arthur N. Pierson, C,
F. A. Kinch, jr., ¶P, TC, H. Richardson, N.
F. S. Miller, S-T,
West Long Branch: J. W. Curtis, (N.Y.)
West Orange: *Llewellyn Park Hotel.*
Woodstown: (*B. C.*, '83) E. S. Fogg, ‡ (LR).

PENNSYLVANIA.

Academy: *Gen. Wayne Hotel*, by J. Baird.
Allegheny City: W. Duncan, S. A. Saxman.
Allentown: *Am. Hotel*, by H. A. Hayden,
Frank S. Dobbins, † 607 Chew st.
Ashland: C. O. Burkett, J. W. Huber.
Altoona: *Logan House*, by W. R. Dunham,
Chas. B. Dudley, o, Robert M. Riddle,
H. E. Stover, 2312 Broad st.
Ardmore: *Ardmore House, Red Lion Hotel*,
T. H. Boyd, W. C. McClintock, §
R. G. Smith, S. F. Stadelman, §
Frank M. Spohn, W. A. Stadelman, LC
Beaver Falls: (*B. Valley W'l'n*, May 7, '85),
A. B. Chalfant, Will. H. Leigh, P,
J. M. Critchlow, Thomas Midgley, C,
S. H. Dawson, S, J. E. Wickersham,
W. H. Hubbard, Geo. Whysall.
Bedford: *Bedford House*, by John Hafer,
D. C. Burns, Harry Gilchrist.
Beech Cliff: Frank W. Smith.
Berwick: L. M. Kumler. †
Bethlehem: (*Alpha W. C.*, Mar. 16, '83),
J. S. Dodson, P, C. T. Smith, S,
C. C. Knauss, C, LC, Edw. H. Williams, jr.,
Frank J. Leibert, W. S. Wintersteen, B.
Blossburg: E. L. Russell.
Bristol: *Bristol Library*,
W. M. Downing, jr., Geo. A. Shoemaker,
W. P. Pray, LC, John T. Thorn,
G. Schieser, jr., Wm. S. Wright.
Brookville: J. B. McKnight.
Brownsville: *Bar House*, L, by Eli Bar.
Canton: (*C. W. C.*), E. L. Davenport,
H. B. Davenport, TC, J. Ernest Newman.
Carpenters: F. Grant Sweet.
Chambersburg: (*C. W. C.*),
National Hotel, by E. L. Wesley,
Geo. S. Hull, ¶ P, W. G. Nixon, C.**
Chester: Joseph H. Walley.
Clarion: (*C. B. C.*), A. Kaufman, C. V. Reid.
Clearfield: (*C. B. C.*), *Leonard House,*
Hotel Windsor, L, J. B. Kennard,
H. B. Fulford, W. M. McKnight,
W. M. Gearhart, VP, 1L, Alf. F. Martin,
J. E. Harder, *P, C, LR, Curtin Nivling, S,
J. B. Highberger, N, Edgar C. Shaw, T, 2L.
Coal Dale: Jona. Evans, Wm. T. Jones,
T. C. Lansford, E. G. Zern.
Columbia: (*C. W'l'n*), *Franklin House*,
Wm. P. Evans, †N, Bruner Kauffman,
Chas. L. Filbert, John S. Musser, C,
Elmer L. Formalt, L, A. W. Rogers, ‖P,
John S. Glover, Chas. Sourbeer.
Corry: *St. James Hotel*, L,
G. H. Barlow, Fred G. King, LC.
S. J. Franklin,
Curwinsville: *Draucker House,*
Park House, L, by W. F. Eckert.
Danville: John G. Brown,
W. Dosh. Holloway, Wm. Sidney Ramsey.
Devon: *Devon Inn*, by H. J. & G. R. Crump.
Doylestown: Henry Lear, ‡o.
Easton: *U. S. Hotel*, by Kershaw & Brandon.

Florin: H. G. Reist.
Germantown: (for *G. B. C.*, see "Phila.")
M. C. Morris, Dillwyn Wistar,(LT).
Gettysburg: *Eagle Hotel*, by H. Yingling,
L. M. Buehler,§ (T. B. Seigle).
Girard: Dan Rice, jr.
Glenfield: E. D. Smith, (Pittsburg).
Greensburg: E. Bick, J. V. Stephenson,*LR.
Greenville: (*Victor B. C.*, Nov. 14, '82),
Charles Bick, V. C. Place,
Ralph Bowers, C. A. Rouse,
C. M. Brown, C. B. Shrom, TC,
W. R. Field, C, A. G. Thalimer.
Harrisburg: (*Harrisburg Cycling Club*),
Herbert L. Brown,B, W. H. Middleton,
J. Wilson Forney, J. Hervey Patton,*
Geo. A. Gorgas,§S-T, Jas. W. Roberts, L,
John Gastrock, C. H. Small, LC, TC,P,
Walker J. Jones, Alex. C. Samm.
Haverford College P. O.: Alfred Chase.
Hawley: *Keystone House*, by Julius Scott.
Hazleton: J. A. Chase, W. H. Hertz.‖
Homestead: C. H. Alter.
Huntingdon: (*B.C.*,Oct.,'84),E. R. Heyser,
C. Herbert Miller,C, Frederick Snare, P.
Indiana: *American House*, by M. Earhart.
Irwin: Will Coughenour,
Wilbur M. Fulton,LC, John Long,
R. E. Humphreys, Frank Magill,
W. H. Johnston, C. Meerhoff, (mayor).
Jenkintown: Joseph W. Griscom.
Jersey Shore: Fred H. Freeborn, LC.
Johnstown: (*Mountain B. C.*, May 8, '82),
J. M. Murdock, H. D. Williams.
Kennett Square: George M. Gregg.
Lancaster: (*L. B. C.*, Dec. 7, '81),
E. P. Day,‖(L), P, S. H. Obreiter,
S. B. Downey, VP, Chas E. Rahter,
J. R. Foster, Martin Rudy,**(C),
M. T. Garvin, D. Sherman Smith,
W. F. Gorrecht, B, Sylvanus Stall,†N,LR,
C. E. Haberbush,LR,(W. B. Youngman,S-T).
Landisville: D. B. Landis, LC, ed. *Vigil.*
Latrobe: *Parker House*,L, by Cyrus Walton.
Lebanon: (*Lebanon Wheelmen*, 1884),
John H. Cilley, P, Sterling G. Valentine.
Lock Haven: B. F. Brown.
Mansfield: (*M. Ramblers*, Aug. 28, '84),
C. M. Adams, S, O. E. Dewey,
Will H. Capell, Chas. M. Olney.
James Cockburn, LC.
Mauch Chunk: (*M. C. B. C.*, Dec. 1, '83),
Ira G. Ross,S-T,LC, Richard S. Ruddle.
Meadville: S. S. Longood.
Mercer: W. H. Harrison.
Mechanicsburg: C. M. Niesley.
Milford: Robert M. Aylsworth.†
Millersville: Howard E. Randall.
Montrose: *Montrose Bi. Club*, (Oct. 17, '83),
Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Co.:
E. E. Critchfield, F. W. Reynolds.
Myerstown: *Baney House*,byC. R. Donough.
Nazareth: Harry E. Clewell.
New Castle: H. Warren Terry, LC.
Norristown: (*N. B. C.*, Dec., '83), L,
W. Wallace Acker,C, Theo. E. Taylor,
H. M. Ebert, (S), B, Elwood J. Warner,
A. B. Parker, Harry P. Weaver,
W. H. Richardson, T, Jos. H. Weeks.
Orwigsburg: H. S. Albright.
Penfield: *Penfield Hotel*, by J. S. Schofield.
Philadelphia: *Colonnade Hotel* (Crumps'),
Hotel Lafayette, by L. U. Maltby,
Philadelphia Bi. Club, L, (May 22,'79), house
at cor. of 26th and Perot sts.,
S. Eldred Gilbert, 1237 Arch st.,
H. B. Hart,** 811 Arch st.,
H. P. Kelly, 132 S. 3d st.,
Harold R. Lewis, (B), LR, 115 N. 2d st.,
G. N. Osborne,LR, 115 N. 2d st.,
Melmoth M. Osborne, 1025 Arch st.,
F. C. Stokes, (Moorestown, N. J.),
Joseph H. Taylor, 1924 Green st.,
Chas. B. Warder, 1212 N. Broad st.
Germantown Bi. Club, (Sept. 5, '79), L,
rooms at 2314 Fairmount av.,
John A. Beck, 1331 Race st.,
Geo. F. Craven, 1440 N. 7th st.,
John P. Curran, jr., 1451 N. 14th st.,
Geo. B. Darby, 231 Arch st.,
Geo. D. Gideon,*S, (LR), 6 S. Broad st.,
Harold E. Gillingham, 4664 Knox st.,
Chas. R. Harley, jr., 223 N. 20th st.,
Frank S. Harris, C,TCC, 718 Arch st.,
Geo. S. Iredell, 227 Chestnut st.,
J. W. Nicholson, P, 410 Race st.,
Westcott Norman, Chestnut and 12th sts.,
Abr. Powell, 1539 Race st.,
W. West Randall,
Frank Read, VP,LR, 400 Chestnut st.,
H. Taylor Rogers, 1015 Vine st.,
John F. Simons, 2105 Venango st.,
L. Logan Smith, 4653 Main st.,
H. S. Wood, LC, 310 Chestnut st.,
Chas. G. Wright, 1028 New Market st.,
T. Houard Wright, LS, 232 Walnut st.

Pennsylvania Bi. Club, (Aug. 3, '82), L, club-house at 41st st. and Elm av.,
Eugene M. Aaron, LS-E, LCC, 29 S. 4th st.,
Jas. Leslie Alvord, 435 Chestnut st.,
Fred. A. Brown, (T), 2346 St. Albans Pl.,
S. W. Cheyney, S, 654 N. 43d st.,
Isaac Elwell,‡ (C,S), P, 229 S. 6th st.,
W. T. Fleming, 1327 N. Broad st.,
Wm. S. Harper, 233 S. 4th st.,
Edgar C. Howell, (VP), 3435 Lancaster av.,
Frank M. Johnson, 1713 Jefferson st.,
G. A. Edward Kohler, 1339 Parish st.,
Arthur P. Lewis, 1909 Green st.,
Henry A. Lewis, 1909 Green st.,
Arthur H. MacOwen, S, 216 S. 3d st.,
Frederick MacOwen, LR, (P),
Chas. M. Miller, (C), 1600 Hamilton st.,
C. A. Roberts, LR, (C), 1203 Arch st.,
H. L. Roberts, 211 Arch st.,
T. A. Schaeffer, 216 S. 3d st.,
C. Shillard Smith, 125 Market st.,
W. A. Stadelman, LC, (Ardmore Station),
Chas. D. Williams, (P), LR, 222 S. 11th st.,
H. B. Worrell, LR, (VP), 560 N. 17th st.

For early history of the three clubs above catalogued (10+21+23), see H. B. Hart's illustrated sketch in the *Wheelman* (July, '83, pp. 257-265). The following 40 are presumed to be unattached riders, though there are a half-dozen lesser clubs in Philadelphia to which some of them may belong:

J. Howe Adams, LR, 1901 Chestnut st.,
Geo. H. Atkinson, 162 N. 2d st.,
H. Ayers, 527 Arch st.,
James Battersby, 879 N. 30th st.,
Samuel A. Boyle,‡ 733 Walnut st.,
Geo. R. Brown, Front and Market sts.,
G. B. Bryan, 36 N. 4th st.,
G. N. Buzby, LR, 517 Market st.,
F. D. Canfield, Mt. Airy av.,
Fred A. Colvin, 3906 Fairmount av.,
N. F. Cressman, Chestnut Hill,
H. J. & G. R. Crump, *Colonnade Hotel*,
J. S. Durham, Univ. of Penn., ed. *Maga.*,
Edward H. Harding, 28 N. 6th st.,
Jas. Alvord Gale, 6 Chestnut st.,
John H. Geil,‡ 30 N. 5th st.,
Henry M. Goodwin, 1119 N. 4th st.,
Russell H. Gunnis, n.w.cor. 21st & Chestnut,
Thomas Hare, 2045 N. 13th st.,
E. Stanley Hart & Co.,** 321 Chestnut st.,
Henry Humphreys, 1315 Mt. Vernon st.,
J. W. Johnson, 3600 Market st.,
L. S. Kern, 425 N. 3d st.,
C. L. Leisen, Putnam and Mascher sts.,
L. U. Maltby, O, *Hotel Lafayette*,
Wm. E. Mellor, 2030 N. 11th st.,
Benj. M. Norman, 831 Arch st.,
Albert A. Norris, 1525 S. Broad st.,
W. B. Page, 281 S. Fourth st.,
L. C. Perkins, 1818 E. Lehigh st.,
Chas. J. Pilling, 3412 Sansom st.,
Wm. H. Roberts, 127 Catherine st.,
J. Henry Sharpe, 4006 Pine st.,
Horace E. Smith, 1213 Walnut st.,
H. Sturdevant, Wissahickon Station,
Henry Troth, 150 N. 20th st.,
Frederick Trotter, 255 S. 3d st.,
Harry B. Vincent,† 4087 Locust st.,
Charles E. Yerkes, 1535 Girard av.,

Pittsburg: (*Keystone B. C.*, Dec. 14, '79),
O. H. Allerton, jr., Paul S. Johnston,
H. E. Bidwell, LR, C, G. A. Lyon, (P),
Harvey Childs, O, J. W. McGowin,
C. M. Clarke, LC, P, (S-T), R. T. Shannon,
J. F. Cowan, E. D. Smith.
J. E. Normecutt & Co.,** 94 Fifth av.,
Pittsburg Fire Arms Co.**

Pottstown: (*P. B. C.*, Aug. 1, '84), J. C. Kugler.

Pottsville: A. L. Phillips.

Punxsutawney: *St. Elmo Hotel*, by E. P. Graf.

Reading: (*R. B. C.*), J. Arthur Curtis,
Will S. Dotter, (B), Samuel E. Slegel,
W. R. Fichthorn, H. K. Whitner, S, LR,
J. L. Henreitzer, (S), W. I. Wilhelm, LC, (P, C),
Howard W. Potter, Chas. G. Willson.

Ridgway: W. L. Williams, ¶LC.

Sayre: Percy L. Sinclair.

Scott Haven: Ed. W. Cole.

Scranton: (*S. B. C.*, Jun. 20, '81), *Forest Ho.*, *Scranton Bicycle Club*, L, 121 Wyoming av.,
C. C. Conklin, J. W. Pentecost, (VP),
W. L. Connell, Frank Phillip,
B. P. Connolly, (F), 1L, John F. Roe, jr.,
L. H. Gibbs,¶ G. Sanderson, jr., (P, LCC),
Fred C. Hand, LC, H. P. Simpson, F,
A. J. Kolp,* C, J. A. Spencer, 1L,
R. M. La Touche, John J. Van Nort, S,
Geo. L. Mayer, C, H. C. Wallace,
J. A. Mott, Frank D. Watts, T.

Sewickley: Seward H. Murray.

South Bethlehem: (*Lehigh Univ. B. C.*),
Charles L. Flack, C. H. Veeder, (LC).
H. G. Reist,

Susquehanna: (*S. B. C.*, 1881),
T. A. Hayward, LC, F. A. Miller, ed. *Trans.*

Titusville: (*T. B. C.*), *Hotel Brunswick*, L,
E. H. Ames, P, LC, A. Mandell,
C. W. Burtis, S, A. B. Oltman,
C. G. Carter, E. T. Roberts,
E. C. Lufkin, R. C. Selden, C.
Towanda: *Ward House*, S. M. Woodburn. ¶
Uniontown: *McClelland House*, L.
Washington: J. M. Maurer. ¶
Waynesboro: *National Hotel* (Wheler's),
Clayton Philips, E. J. Ryder.
Waynesburg: *Downey House*, by S. Milvin,
H. H. Hull, LC, W. S. Pipes.
Weissport: G. C. Deats, John F. Zern.
Wellsboro: (*Wellsboro W'l'n*, May 12, '84),
Coles House, by James S. Coles,
Robt. R. Dartt, (1L), VP, A. R. Niles, ‡S-T,
H. L. Davis, ¶ Lyman S. Roberts, F,
F. A. Deans, LR, (P), C, Geo. M. Spalding, §P,
Geo. W. Honk, (C), Geo. W. Williams, N.
West Chester: B. O. Green, (C), 300 S. Ch. st.
West Newton: S. E. Pool.
W. Philadelphia: J. S. Durham, Univ. of Pa.,
F. F. Field, s.e. cor. 36th and Powelton av.,
W. C. McClintock, § Brown and Preston sts.
Wilkesbarre: (*W. B. C.*),
E. Carpenter, C. A. Hobbs.
Williamsport: (*W. W. C.*, June 10, '83),
Frank R. Otto, ‡ Will H. Painter.
Wyoming: C. P. Knapp, ¶ W. S. Stites. †
York: *Washington House*, G. D. Gotwald, †
Howard O. Lautz, Daniel K. Trimmer, ‡LR.

DELAWARE.

Dover: P. Burnett, John S. Collins.
Wilmington: J. N. Robinson, R. P. Tatnall.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore: *Pratt Library*, *Hotel Rennert*,
Maryland Bi. Club, (Mar. 14, '82), club-
house opp. Mt. Royal Reservoir, cor.
Reservoir st. and Mt. Royal av., Druid
Hill Park (dedicated Oct. 29, '85),
O. H. Balderston, 125 Park av.,
S. T. Clark, ** LC, TC, (P), 2 and 4 Hanover st.,
Albert C. Kenly, (S), 92 Carey st.,
N. A. S. Keyser, ¶1L, 375 Madison av.
L. Stone King, LC, (C), 68 Exchange Pl.,
Edward Markell, 133-135 W. Lombard st.,
G. William Maslin, B. & O. Building,
Yates Penniman (LR),
W. H. Perkins, jr., 22 N. Charles st.,
William Spurgeon, 233 W. Baltimore st.,
John W. Taylor, 3 Lennox st.,
Alfred C. Thompson, S, 47-49 German st.,
James Thompson, LCC, 219 W. Baltimore st.,
Albert Trego, (LCC), B. & O. Building.
Baltimore Cycle Club, (org. as *Lafayette Wheelmen*, July 11, '83), at 727 Madison av.
C. W. Abbott, VP, 642 W. Fayette st.,
J. F. Baetjer, (T, C), 341 W. Baltimore st.,
W. S. Bayley, (S, VP, P), LS, 366 North av.,
Fred W. Beck, jr., S, 117 Harlem av.,
Chas. H. Boyd, 86 St. Paul's Extended,
W. B. Brown, 1L, 2 N. Charles st.,
J. E. Davidson, P, 177 W. Baltimore st.,
C. C. Isaacs, T, cor. Carey st. and Edm'sn av.,
G. N. Jacobi, C, 648 Druid Hill av.,
Wm. S. Kahler, (P), 285 N. Gilmer st.,
Harry P. Kreis, 2L, 318 Myrtle av.,
R. M. Lockwood, jr., S, 22 Second st.,
Chas. B. Ludwig, (C), 150 N. Howard st.,
A. E. Mealy, (LR, C, P), 452 Mulberry st.,
A. W. Mentzel, B, 240 Lanvale st.,
A. M. Snyder, 2L, 136 N. Howard st.,
W. Edgar Sprigg, (F),
Wm. H. Thomas, jr., 100 S. Charles st.,
Fred W. Whitman, 281 McCulloh st.,
Chas. J. Winterle, 61 Park av.,
C. Worthington, F, 6 Rialto Building.
(*Whirling W'l'n of Md.*, disbanded Jan., '86),
Washington B. Booz, C, LR, 40 Jackson sq.,
Pierre G. Dausch, ¶P, 325 E. Baltimore st.,
Lewis Hetz, F, 14 Water st.,
J. K. Le Tournan, B, 38 N. Ann st.,
G. Loutrel Lucas, 14 Water st.,
E. J. Mabbett, LR, T, cor. Fayette & Front sts.,
F. L. Shaffer, jr., 421 E. Baltimore st.,
J. R. Wheeler, jr., (S), P. O. Box 485,
Joseph Wiesenfeld, F, 143 N. Gay st.

The first three following belong to the *Junior Wheelmen of Balt.*, (org. Nov. 3, '82), and the next five to the *Druid Cyclists of Balt.*, (org. March, '84), while the remainder are presumed to be unattached.

C. P. Brigham, (S, C), McCulloh & Presstman
C. B. Chatworthy, 184 McCulloh st., [sts.,
Wm. C. Crawford, (S), 469 Eutaw Pl.,
L. Herbert Bailey, 361 Madison av.,
J. Kemp Bartlett, C, LR, 41 Lexington st.,
F. C. Kirkwood, P. O. Box 364,
James S. Reese, B, 366 W. Baltimore st.,
Chas. S. Stran, (LT), 16 Eastern av.,
W. J. Atkinson, N. E. cor. Lex'gton & Liberty
Morris Brown, 199 Hoffman st., [sts.,
S. T. Clark & Co., ** 2 and 4 Hanover st.,
Cushings & Bailey, ** 262 Baltimore st.,
J. W. Eberman, 161 Riggs av.,

Janon Fisher, 39 Cathedral st.,
M. Hartwell,o, Johns Hopkins University,
Lovell Hutchins, 141 W. Pratt st.,
E. Oliver, 378 Eutaw Pl.,
A. Schumacher & Co.,** 9 S. Gay st.,
Chas. J. Tillman, 2 Block st.,

Cumberland: E. H. Baker,¶, W. W. Darnell.

Glenwood: Frank Dorsey.

Hagerstown: (*H. B. C.*, May 26, '84),
Baldwin House, by James R. McLaughlin,
W. E. McComas, P, Geo. Updegraff, C.

North East: Harry H. Simpers.

Oxford:
Wm. S. Bratt, John W. Murphy,
H. Jarvis,¶§** W. C. Nichols.

Tilghman's Island: J. E. Kinnamon.

Westminster: (*W. B. C.*), W. L. Seabrook,‡S.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Georgetown: L. W. Jewell, 3260 First st.

Washington: *Library of Congress*,
Willard's Hotel, by O. G. Staples,
Penn. av., at 14th st.
Capital B. C., (Jan. 31,'79), club-house, 15th
C. M. Barrick, (sub C), 213 8th st., [st.,
Fred S. Church,(C),sub C,1127 17th st. n.w.,
Wallace F. Crossman, 708 9th st. n. e.,
Edw. B. Forney, Penn. av. & 12th st. n.w.,
C. E. Hawley, 1353 Conn. av.,
Leland Howard, (P), 1407 15th st.,
L. W. Seely,‡(LC,S,C), 56 Pacific Building,
Benj. F. Wilkins, jr., 923 23d st.
Washington C. C., L, (Mar. 31, '83),
club-house, 1023 12th st. n. w.,
(James I. Brereton, (C), A st. n. e.),
A. P. Crenshaw, jr., T, 621 19th st.,
(Geo. E. Emmons, (LR), 602 E st. s. e.),
Wm. T. Fizer,¶T, 1819 15th st. n. w.,
W. B. Hardy, 25 Lafayette sq.,
Amos W. Hart,(P), 1112 N. Y. av.,
John H. Hawley,S, (Chicago),
Wm. Geo. Kent, 1117 Penn. av.,
G. M. Meyers,(L,S-T),S, Citizens Nat. B'k,
F. W. Moulton, 1420 N. Y. av.,
F. H. Pelouze,(P), 314-316 8th st.,
E. T. Pettengill,§P,(S), LCC, 1713 N. Y. av.,
T. J. Putnam,(S), Library of Congress,
L. H. Schneider,†(LCC), 611 20th st. n. w.,
J. Chas. V. Smith,*(C,VP), 1206 Penn. av.,
Louis C. Solyom, Library of Congress.

The rest are supposed to be unattached:
Winston Bresee, 1324 F st. n. w.,
Geo. M. Finckel, H. W. Higham,
John B. Hotchkiss, John A. Porter,o,
Henry D. Maynadier, Geo. F. Ruoff,
R. S. Painter, (Wm. C. Scribner),
F. H. Parsons, Geo. W. Walter.

WEST VIRGINIA

Martinsburg: H. S. Smith, 195 Front st.

Shepherdstown: A. E. Miller,
Entler Hotel, by B. F. Graves.

Summit Point: Add. S. Allen.

Wheeling: (*W. W'l'n*, Sept. 22, '80),
New McClure House, by F. J. Norton,
William D. McCoy.

VIRGINIA.

Berryville: M. Griffith.§

Harrisonburg: (*Star B. C.*, Oct. 10, '84),
Frank L. Harris,‖P, Carter C. Sprinkel,N,
John L. Logan, S, P. S. Thomas, (S),
Geo. W. Ribble,**C, J. C. Van Pelt.

Natural Bridge: *Natural Bridge Hotel*,
[by H. C. Parsons.

Norfolk: (*Seaside B. C.*, May, '80),
C. A. Field, jr., P.

Richmond: (*Old Dominion W'l'n*, June,'85),
J. T. Butler, jr., VP, L, O. H. Meyer, S-T.
Linn B. Enslow,

Staunton: *Virginia Hotel*, by J. D. Crowle.

Strasburg: *Chalybeate Springs Hotel*,
[by A. P. McInturff.

Warrenton: *Warren Green Hotel*,
[by J. H. Maddux.

Winchester: Lewis N. Barton, Union B'nk.

Woodstock: N. B. Schmitt.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Charlotte: (*C. B. C.*, Mar. 15,'82), T. T. Gilmer,
R. L. Jones, S-T, Will L. Pharr,(F),sub C,
L. J. Massey, T. B. Seigle.

Wilmington: (*W. B. C.*, Nov. 9, '83),
James L. Yopp, P, LC.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Columbia: (*C. B. C.*, Aug. 9,'82), G. M. Berry, C,
E. H. Hewitt, W. Jenidon.

Greenville: Pardon B. Sanford.

GEORGIA.

Columbus: (*C. B. C.*), T. L. Ingram,*C.

Macon: (*M. B. C.*, May 13, '83),
John C. Flynn, 1L, Jesse E. Slocumb, 2L,
J. H. Polhill,§C, Jas. C. Winberg, S.

Thomasville: W. F. Moss.

West Point: (*W. P. B. C.*),
Clark House, by R. S. Clark
B. F. Eady, Frank Lanier,
R. T. Frost, Henry Lanier.*

FLORIDA.

Fernandina: W. J. Farrell (*Peoria B. C.*).
Orlando: William G. Brown.

ALABAMA.

Birmingham: (*B. B. C.*), Geo. L. Root.
Montgomery: (*M. B. C* 1884),
The Windsor, by Watt & Lanier,
Harry Bibb, R. H. Polk,
Oliver A. Clapp, W. J. Tullis,
Joe Gue, D. E. Williams, jr.,
Frank X. Mudd,* Sam. E. Wilson.
New Castle: C. P. Orr.
Tuskegee: (*T. B. C.*), J. B. Dryer, C.

MISSISSIPPI.

Columbus: Sam. B. Johnston.
Holly Springs: S. M. Patton.
Vicksburg: James Purvis Bruce,
Washington Hotel, by Welch & Co.

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans: (*N.O.B.C.*), G. G. Gonzalez,
A. M. Hill, (P), J. F. Morrow,
W. C. Macklin, John M. Parker.

TEXAS.

Austin: H. W. Dodge.
Brownsboro: S. I. Cade.
Corpus Christi: (*Victor B. C.*, May 7, '84),
B.G. Barnes,C, B.P. Hancock, F.E.Wells.
Fort Worth: Henry H. Kerr,o.
Galveston: (*G. B. C.*),
(J. G. Allison,C), T. L. Grover,
(E.L.Beckwith,(LCC,S),), C.M.Scrimgeour.
Wichita Falls: R. West Starr.

ARKANSAS.

Little Rock: Charles F. Shillaber.
Pine Bluff: *Amis House*, by Sam. H. Amis,
Jos. P. Angell,* Smith Stubblefield,
Chester Flournoy, T. J. Wilson.
S. Geisreiter,

TENNESSEE.

Chattanooga: (*Crescent B. C.*, 1883),
Clarke H. Horne,C, John S. Lindsay, S.
Memphis: (*M. B. C.*, June 23, '84),
J. R. Garrison, C. J. Scherer,*
S.Wade Hampton,jr.,B, W.L.Surprise,LCC,
S.M.Mallalieu,C, W.F.Yates,1L, [S-T,
The Southern Cycler, pub. at 209 Main st.

Nashville: *Library of the Y. M. C. A.*,
(*Nashville Bicycle Club*, Sept. 14, '80),
J. B. Burdett,**C, A.E.Howell,(C,P,LCC),
J. Howard Coles, J. Knox Polk, B,
Ed. D. Fisher, J. S. Ross, F.
(*Rock City Bicycle Club*, Feb., '84),
Bowman Duncan, C. C. Northern, VP,
Henry Hartung, P, J. B. Northern, B,
Adrian V. Lindsley,jr.,O,K. Northern,N,
Henry Morris,T, Eugene Sinclair,
Robert W. Nichol, J. D. Talbot, S.

KENTUCKY.

Ashland: (*Park City W'l'n*, Apr. 10, '84),
J. C. Brubaker,P, Ashland Poage, S-T,LC,
P. Brubaker, L.R.Putnam,
Edw. Crawford, E. M. Roberts, (P),
John Henderson, L. W. Sieweke.
Augusta: (*A. B. C.*),
Taylor House, L, by F. S. Andrews,
R. L. Armstrong, Ben Harbesson, T,
T. H. Armstrong, S, J. W. L. Parris,
J. N. Fleming, LC, H. L. Taylor.
Bardstown: *Central Hotel*, by I.M.Hughs.
Cave City: *Mammoth Cave Hotel*,
[by W. C. Comstock.
Covington: (*Kenton W. C.*, Oct. 15, 83),
R. B. Baldwin, Hananer & Myers,**
Robson C.Greer,(C), P.N. Myers,(S-T,LC),
Chas. W. Hananer, H. S. Rodgers, B.
Dayton: H. W. Langley.
Dulaney: Robert D. Garrett.
Henderson: (*H. B. C.*),L, *Barrett Hotel*,
R. G. Adams, J. H. Letcher, jr.,
Jas. B. Cabell, W. F. Redman, B,
M. F. Holloway, H. S. Rudy, S-T,
T. D. Jones, Wm. H. Stiles.
Lebanon: *Norris House*,by Kelly & Ballard.
Lexington: (*L. B. C.*, May 15, '80),
Frank P. Scearce.*
Louisville: (*Falls City B. C.*, Feb., '81),
P.R.Bettison,(2L),B, Hugo Helburn,1 L,
A. S. Dietzman, S-T, (LS),
C. F. Johnston, LS,(P,S), C.
The last-named belongs to the Louisville W. C. (org. 1884), and perhaps some of the following do also, as some were members of the Kentucky B. C. (org. 1881), which disbanded early in '85:
Horace Beddo, *LR, Orville W. Lawson,
Newton G.Crawford, Arthur L.Thompson,
H. B. Gunther, Harry Verhoeff,
Stanley B.Huber,*(1L), John M. Verhoeff,
Chas. H. Jenkins, (Miss) Mattie Verhoeff.

Newport: C. P. Buchanan, jr.
Owensboro: John T. Higdon, jr., LC.
Paducah: John R. Scates.
Princeton: John M. Verhoeff (Louisville).

OHIO.

Akron: (*Akron Wheelmen*, May 15, '82),
Sumner House, G. C. McNeil,
C. E. Caskey, LC, Will. T. Sawyer.
Ashland: F. W. Miller, LC.
Avondale: (*A. B. C.*), C. A. Stevens, P, (Cin.).
Belleville: Lynn A. LeFevre, B. O. Squier.†
Berea: Dayton C. Miller, LC.
Bucyrus: C. J. Scroggs.
Canton: (*C. B. C.*), *St. Cloud Hotel*,
E. Barnet, N, F. C. Meyer, LC, VP,
Wade Chance, Jos. A. Meyer, jr., L,
C. S. Cock, S-T, (LC), E. E. Miller,
J. W. Harpster, †N, Will G. Saxton.
Cincinnati: (*C. B. C.*, Sept. 2, '80),
A. A. Bennett, *P, 166 Main st.,
H. N. Kitchell, (S), 345 Race st.,
E. F. Landy, 1L, 208 W. 4th st.,
H. S. Livingston, (LCC, C), 443 W. 7th st.,
W. G. Miles, 244 Clark st.,
J. R. Pigman, 2L,
F. L. Sargent, 90 W. 3d st.,
J. H. Watters, Queen City Nat. Bank.
Cincinnati Wanderers, (June 9, '82), Madison Road, E. Walnut Hills,
Chas. A. Stevens, P, Bigelow st., Mt. Auburn.
Brighton B. C., (Nov. 15, '82), 70 McLean av.,
Wm. Bahman, (S), 264 Findlay st.,
John Barclay, C, 269 Vine st.,
H. Kessler Smith, (T), 168 York st.
The following are not club members:
Chas. W. Allen, jr., s.w.cor. Main and 5th sts.,
Warner E. Galway, 125 W. Seventh st.
Cleveland: (*C. B. C.*, Sept., '79, 927 Euclid av.),
T. S. Beckwith, (1L), 974 Euclid av.,
Fred. S. Borton, (S), 743 Euclid av.,
F. W. Bowler, 208 Superior st.,
Sterling Brewer, 14 Champlain st.,
Geo. Collister,
J. H. Collister, 147 Ontario st.,
John Q. De Klyn, 41 Euclid av.,
W. R. Dunbar, 2530 Sawyer st.,
Alfred Ely, jr., LR, TCC, S, 873 Prospect st.,
S. H. Freeman,
Harry Glidden, Weddell House,
A. S. Hathaway, 2578 Broadway,
J. T. Huntington, 106 Summit st.,
John C. Nicholson, 21 Standard Block,
C. W. Norman, (S), 68 Root st.,
H. R. Payne, (C), P, 21 Standard Block,
C. H. Potter, (B), TCC, 99 Superior st.,
A. C. Rogers, 2L, 21 Standard Block,
Fred P. Root, (1L), C, 579 Prospect st.,
Fred T. Sholes, (C, LCS),
Frank B. Stedman, (P), 323 Cedar av.,
E. L. Strong, Euclid av.,
B. F. Wade, 17 Cheshire st.,
J. H. Wade, jr., 986 Euclid av.,
U. G. Walker, 2586 Broadway.
Cleveland T. C., (Mar. 23, '85), 1032 Willson av.,
H. T. Collins, 1100 Willson av.,
J. H. Collister, S-T, 147 Ontario st.,
G. T. Dowling,† 965 Euclid av.,
E. P. Hunt, 425 Woodland av.,
R. E. Macduff,† 1252 Slater av.,
Chas. H. Penfield, 66 Ontario st.,
Chas. H. Potter, C, TCC, 99 Superior st.,
W. C. Rudd, L, 33 Cheshire st.,
Henry D. Sizer, P, 1032 Willson av.
The following are not club members:
N. C. Bosworth, Euclid av.,
J. S. Cary, 655 Euclid av.,
E. C. Henderson, O, 21 Standard Block,
W. P. Horton, jr., 177 Euclid av.,
W. F. Knapp, 959 Woodland st.,
Henry G. Phelps, 145 Ontario st.,
C. S. Pomeroy,† 961 Prospect st.,
Samuel A. Raymond, 1 Cushing Block,
Robert Ruck, 192 Superior st.,
J. Edwards Smith, ¶ 33 Euclid av.,
J. W. Van Doorn, 1348 Willson av.,
N. J. Worley, 21 Standard Block.
College Hill: (*B. C.*), W. H. Aiken, LC.
Columbus: (*Buckeye B. C.*, Oct. 21, '80),
C. J. Krag, (S), Jos. McCune, (C),
Henry Lindenburg, Ward B. Perley, (S).
W. H. Miller, P, LR, (LP, LVP),
Dayton: (*D. B. C.*, 1881), A. W. Gump, ** S,
Geo. C. Pyle, Sidney A. Reeve.
Defiance: *Crosby House*, by Wm. Kirtley, jr.,
Charles E. Slocum.¶
Delaware: (*Rovers C. C.*, Aug. 20, '83),
J. Ellsworth Williams, (C).
Dennison: Maurice Moody, LR.
Elyria: (*E. B. C.*, Sept., '83), *Beebe House*, L.
Findlay: J. H. Boger, LR.
Fostoria: (*F. B. T. C.*, May 18, '82),
W. G. Ledry, H. E. Mickey, (S, C),
A. E. Mergenthaler, LC, C. E. Schaufelberger.
Gambier: *Kenyon College Library*,
Geo. C. S. Southworth, †o.

Groveport: S. T. Needels.
Hamilton: P. Benninghofen,* LC.
Jamestown: John Jones.
Lebanon: J. G. Benedict.
Level: H. Williams, LC.
Lockland: Will F. Goetze.
Mansfield: (*Mercury W. C.*, Aug. 30, '84),
Benj. Hurxthal, jr., A. P. Seiler.*
Massillon: (*M. W. C.*, June 1, '84),
Geo. S. Atwater, C, James R. Dunn, LR.
Medina: (*Medina Co. W'l'n*, July 4, '84),
Blake Hendrickson, LC, Phœnix Nat. B'nk.
Mentor: Geo. E. Mather.
Middletown: E. W. Gunckel, J. B. Tytus.
Mount Vernon: (*Mt. V. W'l'n*, Feb. 19, '84),
Harry Crumley, S, Will. C. McFadden,
W. H. Disney, LC, (T), Frank L. Spindler,
Harry W. Ewalt, Will W. Wilkinson,
Isaac Hughes, C. Dwight Young.
W. C. McFadden, 1L,
Newark: (*Valley B. C.*, June, '82),
Lumley E. Evans, Walter H. Evans.
Niles: E. A. Wilson.
Norwalk: *Young Men's Library*,
G. F. Titus.‡
Oberlin: H. H. Russell,† Oberlin College.
Orrville: Proctor E. Sears.
Portsmouth: (*P. B. C.*, Nov. 8, '82),
T. M. Becker, LC.
Preston: J. L. Wakefield.
Ravenna: C. H. Griffin.
Ruggles: M. O. Daniels.
Shreve: C. W. Hughes, LC.
Sidney: (*Valley City W. C.*, March 1, '83),
W. P. Harmony, P, Hugh T. Mathers, B.
Springfield: (*Champion City B.C.*, Jun., '81),
E. G. Barnett, S, Paul A. Staley, LS,
A. M. Crothers, LT, Arthur Worthington.
T. J. Kirkpatrick, LCC,*
Toledo: (*T. B. C.*, Dec., '80), L,
W. G. Elliott, James M. Tryon, S-T,
Lyle Hubbard, H. E. Richards, C.
Warren: (*Trumbull B. C.*),
Frank A. Iddings, W. D. Packard, LC.
Xenia: (*X. B. C.*, Mar., '82), R. S. Kingsbury.
Youngstown: (*Y. B. C.*), A. I. Nicholas, S, LC.
Zanesville: (*Z. B. C.*, May 3, '82),
Chas. E. Pinkerton.

MICHIGAN.

Adrian: (*A. B. C.*), Geo. J. Bowerfind,
W. H. Burnham, S-T, Henry M. Judge, VP,
A. L. Conger, W. B. Mumford,* P,
I. H. Finch, C, C. G. Wiesinger, 1L.

Ann Arbor: (*A. A. B. C.*, '82), *Cook House*, *Psi Upsilon Library*, Geo. F. Keck, S, LC,
E. E. Beal, J. E. Robinson,
Jun. E. Beal, P, LCC, W. F. Stimson,
C. B. Davison, B, Louis D. Taylor, C,
Harry W. Hawley, Chas. W. Wagner.*
Armada: C. E. Lathrop, LC.
Battle Creek: E. C. Adams, Frank S. Ray.
Bay City: (*B. C. B. C.*, '83),
Porter & Baker.*
Calumet: W. M. Harris, Thos. Wells, jr., LC.
Cheboygan: Thompson Smith, LC.
Coldwater: (*C. B. C.*, July 11, '83),
Harry J. Bassett, F, D. W. Marsh,
C. A. Conover, (C, P), C, LC, Wm. E. Pray,
C. H. Dickinson, John T. Starr.
Detroit: (*D. B. C.*, Sept. 2, '79),
C. E. Alvord, R. R. Lansing, (P),
Frank Z. Curtis, (L), A. F. Peck, LC, S-T,
Chas. E. Dudley, T. B. Rayl & Co.,**
W. H. Elmer, (S-T), John G. Read,
Leon C. Fink, (S-T), C. H. Smith, (C),
Channing T. Gage,§ F. H. Spranger, jr.,
Albert P. Jacobs, 1o, C. D. Standish, (P),
Chas. H. Jacobs, 0, Fred T. Todd,
Peter N. Jacobsen, R. H. Weekes,
Chas. Kudner, (C), Harmon Wendell.
East Saginaw: (*E. S. B. C.*, May 24, '84),
Theo. Huss, P.
Grand Rapids: Frank H. Escott, LC.
Greenville: W. G. Clark.
Ishpeming: Henry Harwood.
Jackson: (*J. B. C.*, July 21, '85),
W. D. Spaulding, B. A. Webster, P.
Lansing: —— B., LC.
Marshall: E. P. Johnson.†
Negaunee: Joe Schauher.§
Ovid: *O. B. C.*, (Apr., '82), W. C. Marvin, (S).
Owosso: E. W. Woodward.
St. Johns: G. E. Corbin,¶ R. G. Steel, LC.
St. Louis: (*St. L. B. C.*), John A. Weller.

INDIANA.

Albion: Owen J. Black.
Auburn: (*A. B. C.*, Sept., '84),
F. E. Davenport,§* G. W. McKay,
F. C. Davis,* Bert. C. Robbins, S,
O. P. Ensley, O. F. Wood,
H. A. Lesh, G. H. Yesbera.
Columbus: (*Indiana B. C.*), G. Freidgeon,
Charles Green, A. Rice,¶
Wm. G. Irwin, LC, W. H. Sanders,
(C. F. Smith, Indianapolis).

Fort Wayne: (*Ft. Wayne B.C.*, Apr. 9,'84),
Stephen D. Bond, L, H. J. Meyer,
C. W. Edgarton, *C, VP, G. W. Morris,
John M. Kuhns, Louis Ohnhous,
F. S. Lightfoot, G. A. Ross, ¶ P,
Chas. J. McLain, S, T. F. Thieme.
Greensburg: W. H. Wooden, ¶LC.
Huntington: Ed. A. Price, LC.
Indianapolis: (*I. B. C.*, Sept. 24, '84),
Bates House, by Louis Reifold,
Hotel English, L, by H. H. Jackson,
Wm. E. Bryce, S-T, 13 E. South st.,
Wm. H. Daggett, 100 S. Meridian st.,
Gus. Davore, 320 E. Vermont st.,
Joseph L. Johnson, 24 Kentucky av.,
Wm. McWorkman, 35 S. Alabama st.,
C. Plumb, (S-T), LC, 18 N. Meridian st.,
A. L. Roache, Ind. Bridge Works,
W. H. Sanders, 142 N. Mississippi st.,
C. F. Smith, ** C, 59 S. Illinois st.,
Wm. Wiegel, 10 W. Louisiana st.,
Wm. F. Wocher, 179 E. St. Mary's st.,
Joshua Zimmerman, (S), 39 S. Alabama st.
Irvington: *Library of Butler University.*
Kokomo: W. B. Manning, LC.
La Fayette: (*L. B. C.*, '79), B. Lewis, (S).
Logansport: Sam Patterson.
Madison: W. G. Heberhart, J. R. Matthews.
New Castle: Oscar E. Evans,
J. R. Hickman, D. W. Kerr.
Noblesville: (*N. B. C.*, March 11, '85),
W. E. Dunn, LC, L. M. Wainwright, *LCC.
Orange: Will A. George, Riley Hunt.
Plymouth: R. B. Oglesbee, O.
Richmond: C. F. Wright.
Rushville: (*Rush Co. W'l'n*), A. B. Irvin, LC.
Russiaville: Sam. P. Hollingsworth, LC.
Shelbyville: E. O. Winterrowd.*
Terre Haute: (*T. H. B. C.*), J. F. Probst,
Probst & Fisbeck, ** 23-25 S. Fourth st.

ILLINOIS.

Ashmore: Will Rose. **
Aurora: (*A. W'l'n*, May,'84), *Hotel Evans*,
David A. Belden, H. B. Stippick,
G. O. Clayton, *(S-T), Fred. Swarthout,
E. A. Fitzgerald, (C), S-T, G. I. Tuttle, C, VP,
Edward Frazier, P, Harrie Young,
Chas. Griswold, N. H. Wood, N.
Belvidere: Charles E. Parkhill.
Bloomington: (*B. B. C.*,'83),
Chas. Dodge, C, J. M. Fulton, ¶P,
W. Ellis Dunn, (C), B, W. J. Matern, †N,
Benn Fell, F, D. D. Warner.
Braceville: John J. Young.
Canton: T. C. Higbie, Leon B. Messler.
Carmi: (*C. B. C.*), John F. Fraser.
Champaign: F. D. Levering.
Charleston: J. W. Dikol.
Chicago: (*C. B. C.*, Sept. 1, '79),
Chicago Bicycle Club, 189 Michigan av.,
Burley B. Ayers, 54 Clark st.,
J. O. Blake, P, LCC, 68-70 Wabash av.,
L. W. Conkling, S, TCC, 108 Madison st.,
H. F. Fuller, † 470 N. State st.,
John R. W. Sargent, C, 1720 Ind. av.,
Edward F. Sharp, (S), 1L, 1243 Wabash av.,
Harrie T. Slafer, 5836 Division st.,
David M. Stevens, 477 W. Madison st.,
Wm. C. Thorne, S-T, 227 Wabash av.,
John Valentine, 80 Taylor st.,
N. H. Van Sicklen, C, 2 Adams st.,
J. W. Wassall, 208 Dearborn av.,
E. O. Weed, n.w.cor. Madison st. & Mich. av.,
F. E. Yates, (VP, LC), 84 La Salle st.
The following are not club members:
Clarence W. Ballard, 124 La Salle st.,
Kenneth Brown, 289 Erie st.,
Sam'l Danziger, 10 N. Jefferson st.,
Albert Durkee, 157 Dearborn st.,
Frank P. Eldredge, Woodruff Hotel,
Geo. F. Fiske, ¶ 789 Fullerton av.,
Henry V. Freeman, ‡
Gormully & Jeffery, ** 222-224 N. F'klin st.,
John C. Grant, 2101 Indiana av.,
A. Gruse, 133 E. Pearson st.,
J. H. Hawley, cor. Wabash av. & Adams st.,
Clarence Marsh, 4900 Washington av.,
V. F. Mayer, 95 Fifth av.,
Sam Miles, 125 S. Clark st.,
W. J. Morgan, (*Clipper* office, N. Y.),
Edwin Oliver, 222 N. Franklin st.,
Pope Mfg. Co., ** 291 Wabash av.,
Frank B. Richards,
A. G. Spalding & Bros., ** 108 Madison st.,
(Miss) A. Sylvester, prof. rider, 2501 Ind. av.,
The J. Wilkinson Co., ** 68-70 Wabash av.
Elgin: (*E. B. C.*, June, '84), F. C. Avery,
Chas. E. Bernard, LC, R. E. Linkfield, (C),
James Caldwell, VP, H. W. Mehring, F,
Frank Carr, W. J. Pritchard,
Frank Crosby, (S), C. W. Stearns, (P),
Paul Herfurth, J. M. Thrasher, C,
A. L. Keller, Wm. Wetzel, jr., S-T.
Genoa: (*Kirwaukee B. C.*),
C. A. Brown, Sam A. Slater,
H. A. Perkins, Ed. H. Wilcox.

Highland Park: Edward B. Weston.¶
Kankakee: (*K. B. C.*, June 14, '82),
Geo. F. Crawford, Arthur B. Holt, VP.
Macomb: Horatio S. Beavis.†
Moline: E. H. Sleight, LC.
Monmouth: H. C. Davies, F. R. VanTuyl, LC.
Mount Carmel:
W. W. Olmstead, (P) *Carmi B. C.*
Peoria: (*P. B. C.*, Jan., '81), *Pub. Library*,
Frank S. Beavis, John H. Koch, C,
Geo. M. Bush, jr., Koch Bros.,**
W. E. Coe, John S. Misner,
Edw. A. Cole, C. Harold Plowe,
C. H. Downing, G. W. Rouse & Son,**
(W. J. Farrell), H. G. Rouse, S, LR,
C. W. Freeman, F. J. Soldan, N,
(T. C. Higbie), S. H. Tripp,
W. T. Irwin, P, Wm. H. Young.
Princeton (*P. B. C.*), A. B. Reeve.
Rockford: (*R. B. C.*, 1882),
E. J. Andrews, Geo. S. Hart, S, TC,
Frank J. Ashton, Frank L. Lake, P,
H. L. Burpee, F, Freem'n Lillibridge,*
J. S. Gibson, A. E. Thompson, LR,
Gibson & Hart,** (E. H. Wilcox).
Sheldon: James H. Seaver.
Springfield: *Revere House*, I. J. Kusel.
Sycamore: W. C. Stine.
Wyoming: Chas. E. Duryea, LC.

MISSOURI.

Appleton City: Herman Mersch.
Boonville: Walter Williams, ed. *Topic*.
Fredericktown: (*Madison County W'l'n*), L,
Chas. Deguire, C, (Jas. W. Neill, L).
Kansas City: (*K. C. W'l'n*), C. B. Ellis,* C,
Nelson T. Haynes, 1L, (F. S. Ray, C).
Mine La Motte: Jas. W. Neill, LC.
Pleasant Gap: Isaac W. Mains.
St. Joseph: W. H. Cameron, W. S. Osgood.
St. Louis: The *Missouri B. C.* (org. July 24, '81), has a club-house on the w. of Cardinal av., between Pine and Olive sts. *Eurota B. C.* (Oct., '82), *Ramblers B. C.* and *St. Louis Star B. C.* are also represented among the following 16 subscribers, of whom 6 belonged to *Frisco W'l'n* ('84):
Chas. N. Beggs, R. E. Lee, C,
L. J. Berger, LS, A. Nicholson,
W. M. Brewster, (C), G. C. Oeters, (P, LR),
W. W. Carpenter, jr., (S-T), J. S. Rogers, LR, P
David Davies, (L), J. E. Smith,
A. A. Hart, Lee Spencer,
J. K. Tiffany, ‡o, F. P. Wherry, (P),
(Ben Wasserman), Arthur Young, (C), S.

IOWA.

Adel: Frank L. Sweeley, LC.
Albia: W. P. Cramer, LC.
Burlington: H. E. Jarvis, Otto Kroppack.
Chariton: O. E. Hull.
Des Moines: (*Met. B. C.* of Ia., May 1, '84),
E. S. Cotant.
Grinnell: S. G. Barnes,† J. E. Bayer.
Indianola: (*I. B. C.*), J. O. Baker,
Frank Schooley, F. E. Worth, LC.
Iowa Falls: J. F. Rall, LS.
Jefferson: W. M. Ferguson, LCC.
Marshalltown: C. E. C. Boardman.
Oskaloosa: (*O. W. C.*, Feb., '85), L,
W. L. Howe, (LCC), P, C, S. B. Wright, TCC.
Ottumwa: (*O. B. C.*, Feb. 16, '85), L,
A. L. Eaton, S-T, (LT), C. M. Woolworth, P.
Sioux City: A. L. Stetson, LC.
Winterset: Chas. D. Howell, (LCC).

WISCONSIN.

Beloit: R. B. Clark.
Jefferson: J. C. Hoffman.¶
La Crosse: (*La C. B. C.*, '84), C. A. Smith, P.
Menekanne: N. E. Lindquist.
Milwaukee: (*M. B. C.*, April 19, '80),
A. A. Hathaway, LCC, G. H. Lawrence, O,
Angus S. Hibbard, B. K. Miller, TCC.
Neenah: Frank C. Bissell.
Oshkosh: Clarence H. Bean, J. A. Hinman.
Sparta: (*B. C.*, Mar. 25, '82), E. W. Harvey, S.
Tomah: Chas. A. Calkins, H. D. Powers.
Watertown: Herman M. Schroeter.
Winona: (*W. B. C.*), John I. Wilson, S-T.

MINNESOTA.

Arlington: H. W. Beatty.
Duluth: Chas. B. Woodruff.
Faribault: (*F. B. C.*, July 7, '84), E. L. Sawyer.
Henderson: H. W. Blasing.
Howard Lake:
Windsor House, by H. C. Brackett.
Marshall: John S. Renninger.¶
Minneapolis: (*Mercury W. C.*), H. A. Alm,
Grant Bell, Eugene P. Newhall,
Louis B. Graves, LC, T. J. Richardson, (LCC),
S. F. Heath,** LCC, T. M. Slosson,
Edw. J. Kimball, Edwin S. Williams, †N.
Pipestone City: G. E. Hart, H. I. Wombaker.
Preston: Edie Taylor.
St. Cloud: (*St. C. B. C.*, March, '85),
Grand Central Hotel, by J. E. Hayward.

St. Paul: E. H. Reimbold, 670 De Soto st.
Wadena: H. B. Hamlin.
Winona: L. W. Worthington.

DAKOTA.

Grand Forks: (*Dakota B. C.*, May 13,'82),
Griggs House, by F. W. Boardman,
G. A. Batchelder, C, Joe E. Clifford, S-T.
Ojata: Leonard Beach.
Wahpeton: F. O. Mack.

NEBRASKA.

Omaha: (*O. W. C.*, Mar. 19, '81),
C. M. Woodman, S-T.
Santee Agency: Samuel H. Seccombe.

KANSAS.

Dulaney: Robert D. Garrett.
Emporia: (*E. B. C.*, 1882),
Livy Jay Buck, W. R. Irwin,* P.
Fort Leavenworth:
The Post Library, John J. Fitzpatrick,
Chas. C. Candy, Joseph W. Krank,
William E. Dalton, M. J. Norton.
Garnett: George L. Robinson.
Harper: Frank R. Zacharias.
Hazleton: W. M. Fulton, (LC), S. E. Pool.
Howard: Thos. P. Campbell.
Junction City: Chas. S. Davis.
Lawrence: (*L. B. C.*, Dec., '82), J. M. Robbins.
Oswego: Sam'l Carpenter, jr.
Ottawa: Clarence N. Brown.
St. Mary's: S. T. Hathaway.
Topeka: D. J. Hathaway.
Wichita: E. E. Lindemuth.

NEW MEXICO.

Pinos Altos: V. C. Place (Greensburg, Pa.).

COLORADO.

Colorado Springs:
L. R. Ehrich, o, 219 N. Nevada av.
Denver: (*Colorado W. C.*, Sept. 26, '83),
F. J. Chamard, A. A. Howe,
G. E. Hannon, (C), Lewis C. Rice, (S),
E. B. Hosford, S, Lyle Waterbury.
Lake City: C. F. McKenney.
Leadville: Geo. E. Bittinger, TCC.

WYOMING.

Cheyenne: (*C. B. C.*, Nov. 2, '82),
Inter Ocean Hotel, by John Chase,
F. H. Clark, S, LCC, F. S. Hebard,* P,
W. S. Cowhick, H. B. Rice, C.
Laramie City: (*L. B. C.*, Aug. 26, '82),
C. S. Greenbaum, LC, (Thomas Stevens),
W. O. Owen, LR, H. A. Wagner.
Rock Springs: Chas. P. Wassung, TCC.

MONTANA.

Bozeman: J. W. Besserer, F. A. Fielding,* LCC.
Butte: Ash Pierce.
Helena: (*H. B. C.*), Herbert E. Judge,
Will E. Norris,* S, T. H. Sharpe, jr., C.

IDAHO.

Boise City:
Overland Hotel, by Eastman Brothers.
Hailey: (*Wood River B. C.*, Feb.,'86), L,
Hailey Hotel, by Don McKay,
Merchants' Hotel, P. A. Reagan,
H. Z. Burkhart, Norman M. Ruick,
E. C. Coffin, LCC, C, Chas. J. Selwyn, VP,
Scott Keiper, Fred B. Tinker,
J. A. McCloud, John J. Tracy,
Lyttleton Price, S-T, Wm. H. Watt, P.

WASHINGTON.

Goldendale: Will J. Story.
New Tacoma: J. J. Stergus.¶
Seattle: Chas. H. Kittinger.

OREGON.

Amity: A. Grant Smith.
Astoria: W. E. Warren.
E. Portland: H. M. Cormick, C. H. Hobart.
Eugene City: Sterling Hill.
McMinnville: E. W. Fuller.
Monmouth: Burt G. Lucas, LCC.
Portland: (*Oregon B. C.*, Nov. 17, '83),
Holton House, by David Holton,
Chas. S. Boyce, Edw. H. Miller,
George Breck, P, W. E. Mitchell,
Wm. C. H. Burklin, C. C. Newcastle, S-T,
(H. M. Cormick), H. C. Nickerson, (P),
W. H. Cushman, T. J. O'Connor,
H. L. Hatch, W. H. Partridge, sub. C,
J. C. Hollister,* C. W. Scott, B,
Lawrence Knapp, E. T. Staley,
Fred T. Merrill,*C, (W. E. Warren).
Salem: (*Chemeketa B. C.*, Nov. 27, '84),
Chas. M. Cox, L, T. Howard,
H. L. Hatch, C, W. W. Martin, P.

UTAH.

Ogden: Seth J. Griffin.
Salt Lake City: (*Salt Lake B. C.*, May,'81),
Barnes & Davis,** W. Jennings, S-T,
D. L. Davis, LCC, C, C. E. Johnson,
J. Jaques, Geo. J. Taylor, P.

ARIZONA.

Tucson: F. W. Gregg.

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles: (*Centaur B. C.*, 1883), Nathan White, C, G. A. Von Brandis, S.
New Almaden: E. R. Abadie.
Oakland: (*O. B. C.*, Aug., '80), J. D. Aekison, T. S. Hardy.
Petaluma: A. H. Cowen.
Riverside: P. L. Abel.
San Francisco: The *S. F. B. C.* (Nov. 28, '78) is one of the very oldest, and its absorption of the *California C. C.*, in Jan., '86, will doubtless give it increased prosperity. The *Bay City W'l'n* (Sept., '84) boasts a membership of nearly 100, and supports the League. The *Golden City B. C.* (Nov. 30, '84) was organized by professional racers. See pp. 489-494. Subscribers from all these clubs, and from the unattached, are arranged below:
B. S. Benjamin, 518 Van Ness av.,
Milton Berolzhime, 7 and 8 Battery st.,
Chas. Biederman, (C), 818 Sutter st.,
Melville A. Bley, 905 Ellis st.,
S. F. Booth, (VP), S, 512 Shotwell st.,
Fred R. Cook, C, 415 Market st.,
Frank D. Elwell, 316 California st.,
Munro Falkenstein, 300 Battery st.,
H. C. Finkler, (C, P), 121 Post st.,
Thos. L. Hill, ¶P, 146 Eddy st.,
W. M. Meeker, 813 21st st.,
E. Rideout, 804 Filbert st.
San Jose: (*Garden City B. C.*, Aug. 10, '84), Lloyd Moultrie, L.
San Louis Obispo: C. G. Hinds.
Woodland: Frank Dietz.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

ONTARIO.

Belleville: (*Ramblers W. C.*),
W. R. Carmichal, W. Holden,
W. R. Gaterin, S.G. Retallack,(C),N,
S. T. Greene, VP, E. W. Sibbald,†
W. L. Hogg, J. W. Snyder.
Brighton: R. J. Bowles, WR, WC.
Fairfield: Henry E. Ridley.
Fort William: James McLaren.
Goderich: (*G. B. C.*, Apr., '83), S. M. Lloyd.
Hamilton: (*H. B. C.*, Aug. 23, '81),
A. T. Duncan, B, J. A. Robinson,
Joe H.Gitchell,(S-T),2L, R. H. Skinner,
W. J. Turner, N, Mountain Top.
Kincardine:
F. E. Coombe, WC, H. A. McIntosh.
Kingston: (*K. B .C.*, Aug., '83),
Windsor Hotel, by Martin O'Brien,
W. H. Coy, S-T.
La Chute Mills: J. E. Ireland.
London: *Ariel Touring Club.*, W, (Aug. 9, '83), Albion Block,
W.W. Begg,(S),WC, James Lamb, 2L,
G. D. Cameron, (P), Geo. P. Lilley, 1L,
W. H. Cooper, John McCarthy,
J. L. Fitzgerald, Chas. E. Mountjoy,B,
Geo. Forsythe, J. A. Muirhead.
(*Forest City B.C.*, W, Oct., '82, Victoria B'ld'gs),
A. N. Chisholm, 2L, William Payne,*
W. K. Evans, WC, W. E. Saunders.
Newmarket: J. E. Hughes.
Ottawa: (*O. B. C.*, Aug. 4, '82), W,
F.M.S.Jenkins,C,WC,S.M.Rogers,(2L),1L.
G. A. Mothersill, (P), WCC,
Port Arthur: C. W. Jarvis.
Port Elgin: (*P. E. B. C.*), W,
Samuel Roether, S-T, WR.
St. Mary's: (*St. M. B. C.*), W,
C. S. Rumsey, C, WC.
St. Thomas: (*St. T. B. C.*, Aug. 14, '82), W,
Jas. S. Brierley, (WCC),WP, Wm. Reeser,
C.H. Hepinstall,C,WC,WR, J. J. Teetzel.‖
Fred L. Howell,
Simcoe: (*S. B. C.*, Sept. 8, '82), W,
Geo. R. Cook, F, O. M. Jones,
A. W. Donly, L, W. S. Perry, P, WC,
Hal. B. Donly,W,S-T, D.R.Tisdale,S-T,WR.
Thorold: John Dobbie,*WR.
Toronto: (*T.B.C.*, Apr. 13, '81; Adelaide st.),
A. E. Blogg, S, Chas. Langley, (1L),
Fred J. Brimer,1L, R.H.McBride,(C,WP),
N.R.Butcher,(S), Harry Ryrie, (2L),WR,
P.E.Doolittle,(WVP), Fred J. Sparling,
W. G. Eakins, C. A. Tubby,
A. G. Fraser, Robert Tyson,
C.E.Lailey,(T,VP,WR),A.F.Webster,(C),P
G. H. Orr, 1L, (*Wanderers B. C.*, Oct., '82).
Whitby: C. G. K. Nourse.
Woodstock: (*W. B. C.*), Harry Biette, 2L,
Henry Davidson, S. L. McKay,
J. G. Hay, C, W. H. Merritt,
W.A.Karn,1L,WCC, Jas. S. Parmenter.

MANITOBA.

Winnipeg: (*W. B. C.*),
W. H. Nourse, (Buffalo, N. Y.).

QUEBEC.

Montreal: (*M. B. C.*, Dec. 2, '78; rooms, Burnside Place), J. W. Davis, A. T. Lane,*WR, J. D. Miller,(S-T,VP),B,WR Chas. Lyman, o, H. S. Tibbs,(P,WP,LCC).

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Sackville: A. E. Cogswell.
St. John: (*St. J. B. C.*), J. M. Barnes, Charles Coster, 2L, Chas. W. McKee, W. E. Graham, Geo. W. Robertson.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Amherst: A. C. Casey, T. Hodgson,* Arthur D. Sharp.
Annapolis:
Dominion Hotel, by A. H. Riordan, W. M. De Blois,†TC, Louis A. McKenna.
Antigonish: W. H. Buchanan, pub. *Aurora*.
Halifax: *Halifax Hotel*, by H. Hesslien, (Geo. H. Bayne), A. W. Cogswell, H. H. Bell, W. Crowe, Wm. M. Black, L. I. Fuller, J. A. Clark, J. J. Hamm, J. W. Heckman, (J. B. Pattillo), F. D. Hillis, J. Wiseman Stairs, G. W. Kent,† Herbert Temple, A. J. King, W. L. Temple. Philip H. McGuire,
Truro: (*T. B. C.*), G. H. Blair, S-T, Wm. J. Murray, S. W. Cummings, T. S. Pattillo, C, Arch. McCulloch, T. M. Patton, Alf. E. McKenzie, Will. H. Rennie, L.
Westville: D. R. Campbell.
Weymouth: *Forbes Jones's Hotel*, C. Burrill.
Windsor: *Victoria Hotel*, by T. Doran, J. Fred Carver, C. H. Dimock.
Yarmouth: Arthur W. Eakins.

BERMUDA.

Hamilton: *Hamilton Hotel*, by W. Aikes, F. Lennock Godet.
St. George's:
St. George's Hotel, by N. Escobel,
Globe Hotel, by A. J. Richardson.
Smith's: George Tucker.†

MEXICO.

City of Mexico: (*El Club Nacional Velocipedista*, 1883),
W. S. Locke,** 1A Cinco de Mayo No. 4.

EUROPE, ASIA AND AUSTRALIA.

ENGLAND.

Ashford (*Kent C. C.*): H. J. Johnson, C.
Bath: James Morgan, 26 Union st.
Beeston: Humber & Co.**
Birmingham:
John Lauterbach, 338 New John st., w.,
Arthur J. Leeson, Florence Villa, Albert rd., Aston, sec. *Birchfield B. C.*,
W. J. Spurrier, 3 Queengood rd., Moseley.
Bradford: Day & Raisbeck,** 1 E. Parade,
A. Farnell, 51 Cross Lane, Great Horton.
Frizinghall: G. H. Rushworth.
Bristol: Fred W. Brock, Belle Vue House.
Bromley (*Kent*): Cameron Swan, Lauriston.
Bury: John Dewhurst, 21 Market st.
Bury St. Edmunds: C. H. Nunn.
Cambridge: A. B. M. Whatton, *C. U. B. C.*
Cardiff: Henry Warne Flint, 36 Park Pl., Herbert White Flint, St. John's Square.
Carnavon (*N. Wales*): R. Gwen, St. David's
Catford Hill (*Kent*): [rd.
Charles P. Sisley, 15 Exbury rd.
Cirencester: Geo. Wm. Gobey, 72 Castle st.
Coventry: (*C. C. C.*), S. Golder, 65 Butts, Griffiths & Co.,** Priory Mill, Henry Sturmey, 12 Smithford st., ed. *Cyclist*.
Croydon: H. R. Hart, Beachley, Chichester rd.
Derby (*Derbyshire*): Ben Hinchcliffe.
Diss: Edward G. Abbott, Mere st.
Doncaster: F. W. Willburn, Linden View.
Ealing: F. Fry, Wyvenhoe, Castle Bar Hill.
Eastbourne (*Sussex*):
L. Adams, Brooklyn House, capt. *E. B. C.*,
T. Knight, 36 Terminus rd.,
S. Saker, 35 Terminus rd.
Enfield (*Middlesex*):
Sidney Chester Fox Bush Hill Park.
Gateshead-on-Tyne:
James Buchanan, jr., 2 Osborne Terrace,
Robert Affleck, 10 Osborne Terrace.
Hatfield (*Herts*): John Joseph Hayes.
Havant: H. Martin Green, Southbrook.
High Wycombe (*Bucks*):
B. Watson Soper (Londwater).

Keswick:
A. W. Rumney, TCC, (ex-sec. *C. U. B. C.*).
Leeds: J. Ardill & Co.,** St. George's W'ks.
Leytonstone: W. W. Wilson.
Liverpool: A. Alexander, The Gymnasium, John Gabriel, 2 Priory rd., Everton,
Jas. E. Grant, 5 Parkfield rd.,
W. J. Hughes, 123 Whitefield rd.,
J. E. Owens, 69 Sowther st. (Crown st.), bugler of *Sefton and Dingle C. C.*; hon. sec. and treas. of *Liverpool Cycle Buglers' Club*,
Jas. A. Sinclair, 55 Whitechapel.
Llandyssul (*S. Wales*): David J. Evans.
London: *Library of the British Museum*,
Joseph Badcock, 270 Victoria Park rd., e.,
Chas. E. Bawn, 418 Old Ford rd., e.,
G. W. Bennett, 71 St. Peter's st., Mile End, e.,
A. M. Bolton, Penge Lane, Sydenham, n.,
C. W. Brown, 2 Oak Villas, Feyern Park,
W. E. Clay, 66 Turnpike Lane, Hornsey, n.
G. Pembroke Coleman, Craig's ct., Charing Cross, ex-official handicapper N. C. U.,
W. F. Collier, 47 Weedington rd., n. w.
Charles Cordingly, pres. *W. Kensington T. C.*, and pub. *Tricycling Journal*, The Grove, Hammersmith, w., also 6 Marlborough rd., Bedford Park, w.,
Edward Danell, 22 Barbican, e. c.,
Henry C. Dewell, 21 Arlington sq., Islington, n., hon. sec. *N. London Harriers*,
C. E. Doyle, 14 Osbaldeston rd., Stoke Newington,
William Dutton, Penrhyn Lodge, Amesland rd., Wandsworth,
Harry Etherington, publisher of *Wheeling*, 152 Fleet st., e. c.,
C. J. Fox, ed. *Cycling Times*, East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars st., e. c.,
G. Goodall, 1 Evering rd., Stoke Newington,
H. R. Hart, Chichester rd., Croydon,
Alfred Hayes, 114 Malden rd., n. w., capt. *Haverstock B. C.*,
Harry Hayes, 97 Pemberton rd., Kilburn Rise, n. w.,
Herbert Hayes and William Hayes, 2 Whittington Terrace, Highgate Hill, n. w.,
Fred. W. Haynes, 122 Albany st, Regent's Park, hon. sec. *Swallows C. C.*,
W. Honeybum, jr., 204 Uxbridge rd., Shepard's Bush, w.,
Mortimer E. O. James, 19 St. Swithin's Lane, e. c.,
H. Johnson, 10 Harvest rd., Holloway, n.,
Edw. J. Jones, 116 Stoke Newington rd., n.,
Harry John Jones, 19 Gillies st., Kentish Town, n. w., (*Haverstock, B. C.*),
H. A. Judd, ed. *Wheel World*, 98 Fleet st.,
Thos. Geo. King, 1 Lancaster rd., Upper Tollington Park, n., (*Canonbury B.C.*),
C. R. Kirkpatrick, Wandsworth Common,
Alex. Wm. Leslie-Lickley, 43 Strathblaine rd., Wandsworth Common,
London Cycle Supply Ass'n,** 57 Queen Victoria st.,
Mason & Payne,** 41 Cornhill, e. c.,
W. E. Milner, 47 Park rd., Haverstock Hill, n. w. (*Belsize B. C.*),
F. Myers, 1 Testerton st., Notting Hill, w.,
Alfred Nixon, (capt. *London T.C.*), Beacondale, Rockmont rd., Central Hill, Upper Norwood, s. e.,
J. Foxley Norris, 1 Wenlock st., Hoxton, n.,
Frank O'Connor, 108 Crofton rd., s. e.,
W. J. Pearce, 18 St. John's Wood Terrace, n. w.,
Geo. Philip & Son,** 32 Fleet st.,
Alfred A. Phillips, Hope Cottage, Hill st., Upper Clapton,
Robert E. Phillips,‡** 70 Chancery Lane, (also Rochelle, Selhurst rd., s. e.),
H. R. Reynolds, jr.,‡ 31 Craven st., w. c.,
R. P. Hampton-Roberts, 170 Alexandra rd., St. John's Wood, s. w.,
S. Edgcumbe Rogers, Rockley, Champion Park, s. e.,
Edward Rourke, 13 Bow Lane, Cheapside,
Frank Salsbury, 80 Albert st., Regent's Park, n. w.,
F. W. Schnauber, Spanish Patriots, White Conduit st., Pentonville, n., (*Haverstock B. C.*),
E. R. Shipton, ed. *C. T. C. Gazette*, 139-140 Fleet st., e. c.,
Sigma Smith, Hornsey, n., (River Cottage),
H. Spooner, 18 Royal av., Chelsea, s. w.,
Surrey Machinists Co.,** "Invincible" Cycle Works, 128-129 Gt. Suffolk st., Borough, s. e.,
S. H. Swain, 193 Carlton rd., Kilborn,
E. Tegetmeier, *Field* office, 346 Strand,
James Trigwell,** 49 Boston Pl., Dorset Square, n. w.,
Montagu L. Troup, St. Stephen's Club, s. w.,
Henry T. Wharlow, 9 Nightingale Villas, Wood Green,

J. S. Whatton and A. B. M. Whatton, 9 Somers Pl., Hyde Park Square,
"*Wheeling*" *Library*, 152 Fleet st., e. c.,
A. J. Wilson, Powerscroft House, Clapton.
Lutton, Long Sutton: J.W. M. Brown, TC.
Maidenhead: Hickling & Co., 39 King st.
Manchester: H. R. Goodwin, 6 Swan st.
Mirfield (*Yorks*): John Barker.
Mortlake (*Surrey*):
Edgar J. Sherriff, TCC, Holly House.
Much Wenlock: H. Griffiths, The Laurels.
Newcastle-on-Tyne:
D. M. M. Dawson, 17 Warden st.
Newry: J. Macknight, 26 Barrack st.
Northampton: G. Hodgson, 8 St. Edmundsrd.
North Shields: J. R. Hogg, Union st.,
Thos. Robinson, TCC, 36 Waterloo Pl.
Paignton: Geo. Soudon Bridgeman.
Pontypridd: Morris Bros., Wm. M. Morris.
Portsmouth: F. J. Samson, 36 Fleet st.
Redditch:
F. H. Warner, C, TCC, Laburnum Villa.
Romford (*Essex*):
Leopold Pierson, Stanford River.
St. Heliers (*Jersey, Channel Islands*):
C. Metiver, 60 King st., VP, *J. B. & T. C.*
Salford: Walter Binns, 235 Chapel st.
Scarborough: S. Swinden, 70 Oxford st.
Sheffield: F. Percy Dickinson, Farm Bank.
Sittingbourne: (*S. C. C.*),
Phil. H. Bishop, Station st.
South Kilvington: H. P. Mason.
Stafford: T. S. Nixon, 69 Marston rd.
Stanford River:
Leopold Pierson, The Wayletter.
Sydenham: Alfred Bolton, Penge Lane.
Wandsworth Common (*Surrey*):
Chas. R. Kirkpatrick, Fernhill, Bolingbroke Grove,
Alex. W. Leslie-Lickley, 43 Strathblaine rd.
Welwyn (*Hertfordshire*):
W. d'A. Crofton,† Hillside.
Witham: W. H. Moresby.
York: Thomas Bouttell, 14 Feasegate,
R. E. Burdekin,**
F. P. Lambert, 5 St. Clements Pl.

SCOTLAND.

Aberdeen:
W. Kendall Burnett,‡ TCC, 123½ Union st.
Dundee: James Ogilvie, 86 High st.
Edinburgh: W. Geo. Oliver, 9 S. E. Circus Pl.,
C. P. C. Roques, jr., 16 George st.
Fife: John Ramsay, Balmalcolm, Ladybank.
Glasgow: Hugh Callan, 6 Wilton Terrace,
W. T. Logan, 72 Buchanan st.
Greenock: (*Amateur B. C.*),
Robert Allison, 43 Esplanade,
Robert Dixon, Dempster st.,
Andrew Forrest, Fairmount, 40 Esplanade,
John Forrest, C, Fairmount, 40 Esplanade,
Robert C. Robertson, 68 Union st.

IRELAND.

Callan: Samuel Potter, Bank of Ireland.
Castlemartyr: Wm. Bowles, TC, Springfield.
Dublin: John Rowland, 30 Westland Row,
J. W. Webster, 23 Geraldine, Berkley rd.,
S. Young, 43 Portland Row.
Limerick: Colman O'Connell, jr.
Tralee: J. G. Hodgins, Castle st.

SWEDEN.

Uddevalla: Alban Thorburn, TC.

HOLLAND.

Utrecht: C. H. Bingham, TCC, pres. N.V.B.

SWITZERLAND.

St. Gallen: E. T. Edwards, Zur Alten Bank.

FRANCE.

Gan près Pau (*Basses Pyrenees*):
R. Knowles, TC.
Paris:
A. de Baroncelli, 18 Rue Roquepine, ed. "Annuaire de la Vélocipédie Practique."

ITALY.

Milan:
Adolpho Schlegel, jr., *Via Filodrammatici 8.

GERMANY.

Berlin: T. H. S. Walker, TCC, 18 Kransen str., editor of *Der Radfahrer*.

AUSTRIA (HUNGARY).

Budapest: L. D. Kostovitz, TC.

RUSSIA.

Moscow: J. Block,* capt. *M. B. C.*

TURKEY.

Constantinople: *Chamber of Commerce Hotel*, William V. Shelton, (Bey), o.
Angora (Asia Minor): Henry Binns, o.

PERSIA.

Teheran:
Wm. North, o, Indo-European Tel. Co.

JAPAN.

Kioto: D. W. Learned, †o.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

North Adelaide: (*N. A. B. C.*),
Albert E. Thurston, S-T, 6 Connell st.

QUEENSLAND.

Brisbane: (*Brisbane Amateur Cycling Club*),
Wm. Johnson, C, 91 Edward st.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Goulburn: Alfred E. Riley.

Sydney: (*Sydney Bicycle Club*),
Geo. L. Budds, 252 Elizabeth st.,
James Copland, 85 Market st.,
W. R. George, T,
E. H. McRae, S, 60 Wynward Sq.,
George Martin,† Cleveland st.,
James Martin, pres. "N. S. W. Cyclists' Union," 389 George st.,
F. G. Sloper, Oxford st.

West Sydney: Jas. F. Rugg, Kent Brewery.

VICTORIA.

Ballarat: (*B. B. & T. C.*, 1879),
T. Miller, H. P. Shimmin, VC,
G. H. Shimmin, R. A. Thompson, C.

Hamilton: (*H. B. C.*),
Walter G. Farroll, C, 11 Gray st.,
H. C. Heales, Colonial Bank.

Melbourne: (*M. B. C.*, Aug. 15, '78),
W. E. Adams, Lonsdale st., (hon. sec. *Normamby B. C.*),
H. C. Bagot, VC, 100 Bourke st., w.,
Geo. R. Broadbent, Crowle Villa, Flemington Bridge, Hotham Hill (C, B, *Eureka B. C.*),
Geo. W. Burston, C, 123 Flinders st., e.,
E. C. Carter, 58 Russell st.,
E. Dangers, 156 Chapel st. (Windsor), (capt. *Pilot C. C.*),
Thos. A. Edwards, 11 Little Collins st., w.,
G. A. Ekman, 100 Victoria st., w.,
Fred. J. Empson, Little Collins st.,
George S. Geddes, 11 La Trolle st.,
W. G. Gilmour, Collins st., west, (capt. *Albert B. C.*),
W. S. Hazleton, T, Whitehall st.,
W. H. Lewis, 47 Queen st., ed. *Australian Cycling News*,
F. Llewelyn, 60 Collins st.,

Sandhurst: (*S. B. C.*, June 21, '80; reorganized as *S. C. C.*, June 12, '84),
W. H. Bradley, Pall Mall,
A. H. Budden, B, Williamston st.,
John Driscoll, Honeysuckle st.,
Melvin E. Gilbert, George Terrace, Bull st.,
H. V. Howell, C, Bank of Australia,
H. Jullien, Charing Cross,
S. Keam & Co.,*
S. Lazarus, West End Hall,
J. H. Luke, Police Station,
G. A. Miller, S, Kent Brewery,
W. J. Parry, (C,S), Kenfig Villa, Wills st.,
W. H. Simmons, (C), Pall Mall,
D. R. Wilson, Hargreaves st.,
Chas. Woods, Mitchell st.,
W. Wotherspoon, Barnard st.

The following 16 belong to the *Ramblers B. C.* (org. Dec. 21, '84), and the final 4 to the *Eaglehawk United B. C.* The whole 35 were pledged for the list by the energy of W. J. Parry, consul of the Victorian Cyclists' Union, one of the earliest enthusiasts and organizers of cycling in the city, where he has resided since '75. Sandhurst is 100 m. distant from Melbourne, the capital, and has a population of about 35,000; though, as late as '53, it was a mere camp of calico-tents in the wild bush, and was then called Bendigo by the gold-miners who inhabited them. No city of the same size in America, excepting Springfield (founded in 1636, and supplying 75 subscribers to this book), has given anything like as liberal a support to my scheme; and no other incident in this round-the-world canvass has seemed so unequivocally to demonstrate "the brotherhood of the wheel" as Mr. Parry's easy pledging of these many patrons in "the golden city of Australia." The Boston B. C.—"the oldest in the United States," and one of the richest—did not put up as much money to encourage the publication of the American road-book as did each of two clubs of this extemporized mining town at the Antipodes! (See pp. 558-70).

D. Anderson, Viewpoint,
Richard Andrews, Golden Square,
R. W. Brown, S, Bull st.,
T. Case Brown, Crystal Palace, Pall Mall,
Guy Carwardine, Charlston rd.,
H. S. Carwardine, Charlston rd.,
Hugh Carwardine, Charlston rd.,
Robert Dare, Viewpoint,
Chas. J. Davis, Kangaroo Flat,
A. G. Daymond, Viewpoint,
C. Hosking, 2B, Olinda st.,
Hutchinson & Myers, Mitchell st.,

J. H. Knight, Myers st.,
J. Okey, C, Kangaroo Flat,
E. V. Stephens, Kangaroo Flat,
W. E. P. Thomas, (C), Bailey st.,
A. Cresswell, VC, California Gully,
Chas. J. Fly, Barnard st.,
J. W. Tonkin, S, Bailey st.,
W. Vinton, C, California Gully.

South Yarra: F. Llewelyn, 37 Lang st.

Warrnambool: (*W. C. C.*),
Warrnambool Mechanics' Inst. Library,
F. W. Briggs, S, A. J. Foote,
D. Ceamond, J. S. Mack,
R. J. Davokins, E. White, C,B.

TASMANIA.

Hobart: (*Marmion C. C.*, 1883),
A. Adcock, Hampden rd.,
J. Andrews, Hill st.,
G. A. Arming,(C), Liverpool & Harrington [sts.,
Chas. Barlow, B, Coolley's Hotel,
Roland A. Bishop,*(C), 58 Elizabeth st.,
P. J. Bowen, VC, 112 Argyle st.,
Arthur R. Butterfield, S, Elizabeth st.,
Chas. Davis.
Chas. Hallam, Glenorchy,
Thos. F. Hallam, C, Glenorchy,
Chas. Wherrett, New Town.

NEW ZEALAND.

Auckland: (*A. B. C.*, Nov., '81),
Will Beswick, C,
J. M. Chambers, (S-T *Waitemata B. C.*),
J. Fitton, 35 Grey st.,
Service & Fitton,** 35 Grey st.,
A. Wiseman, L.

Christchurch: (*Pioneer B. C.*, April, 1879),
F. Cooper, Tuam st.,
J. C. Coughlan, Bank of N. Z.,
S. F. Dyer, High st.,
H. J. Jenkins, Bank of N. Z.,
[W. H. Langdown, 134 St. Asaph st.],
A. Lowry, S, Coshel st.,
[J. Foxley Norris, 226 Hereford st. (S, T, New Zealand Cyclists' Alliance). Returned in 1885 to London (1 Wenlock st., Hoxton)],
J. W. Painter, Church rd., St. Albans,
A. E. Preece,* sub. C, Cyclists' Exchange.

Dunedin: (*D. C. C.*, Aug., '79),
Edgar Hine Burn, William Crow.

Oamaru: (*North Otago C. C.*, 1881),
Kenneth Bain, S,
W. L. Butt, Ure st.,
L. P. Christeson, Thames st.,
F. Cottrell, Thames st.,
F. J. Forbes, North School st.,
Douglas G. Moore, Union Bank,
H. Snow, C, Borough Engineer's office.

Wellington: (*W. Cyclists' Ass'n*, Oct., '81),
David W. M. Burn.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

After the main list (Chap. 39) was electrotyped, the following 200 subs. were enrolled,—three-fourths of them during the two months ending Apr. 24, '86. The price was then advanced to $1.50, and Nos. 3520 to 3571 were pledged at that rate, during the next six months. Almost all the names up to No. 3500 may be found in the geographical directory just preceding.

Abbott, C. W., Baltimore, Md.	3415	Bouton, Chas. F., New York.	3457
Amerman, W. I., Brooklyn, N. Y.	3478	Boyd, Irving P., New York.	3458
Balderston, O. H., Baltimore, Md.	3469	Brown, Clarence N., Ottawa, Kan.	3386
Baltimore Cycle Club, Baltimore, Md.	3413	Brown, W. B., Baltimore, Md.	3416
Barker, C. L., Pittsfield, Mass.	3515	Bruce, Jas. P., Vicksburg, Miss.	3490
Barkman, A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.	3502	Burkhart, H. Z., Hailey, Id.	3407
Barnard, H. G., New York.	3441	*Butler Univ. Library*, Irvington, Ind.	3525
Barnes, J. W., Newark, N. J.	3549	Byron, S. H., New York.	3443
Barton, A. J., Newburgh, N. Y.	3383	Campbell, A. H., St. Louis, Mo.	3548
Batchelder, Geo. A., Grand Forks, Dak.	3495	*Carley House*, Schenectady, N. Y.	3489
Bayley, W. S., Baltimore, Md.	3412	Case, Chas. V., San Francisco, Cal.	3534
Belmont Hotel, Gloucester, Mass.	3519	*Cataract House*, Niagara Falls, N. Y.	3497
Benedict, Chas. M., New York.	3442	Center, Robert., New York.	3464
Bennett, A. A., Cincinnati, O.	3503-4	Chalfant, A. B., Beaver Falls, Pa.	3376
Bingham, F. L., New York.	3421	Cilley, Geo. B., Kingston, N. H.	3568
Boardman, F. W., Grand Forks, Dak.	3496	Clemson, Wm., Middletown, N Y.	3393

Clifford, Joe E., Grand Forks, Dak. 3494
Cochrane, H. D., New York. 3422
Coffin, Edwin C., Hailey, Id. 3394
Collamer, N. L., Washington, D. C. 3564
Collis, Geo. W., Morristown, N. J. 3414
Connell, Maurice, West Springfield, Ms. 3369
Cooney, R. L., Atlanta, Ga. 3570
Cooper, jr., Jas., Red Bank, N. J. 3531
Cordingley, jr., Chas., London, *Eng.* 3360
Cossins, E. R., London, *Eng.* 3538
Crenshaw, jr., A. P., Washington, D. C. 3500
Critchlow, J. M., Beaver Falls, Pa. 3377
Crocker House, New London, Ct. 3541
Curtis, Atherton, New York. 3444
Curtis, G. S., New York. 3423
Darrow, P. C., Indianapolis, Ind. 3547
Davidson, J. E., Baltimore, Md. 3417
Davis, Chas., Hobart, *Tas.* 3561
Davis, Fred M., Madison, Wis. 3565-6
Dawson, Sam., Beaver Falls, Pa. 3381
Detroit Public Library, Detroit, Mich. 3540
Dillingham, W. C., E. Cambridge, Ms. 3373
Doane, W. S., Dorchester, Mass. 3384
Dunlap, Geo. E., New York. 3459
Dutcher, Wm., New York. 3424
Edwards, W. D., New York. 3425
Exchange Hotel, Lehighton, Pa. 3536
Field, C. A., Norfolk, Va. 3419
Fraser, Ed., Red Bank, N. J. 3528
Frisbie, G. B., New York. 3445
Gallien, Henry, Albany, N. Y. 3482
Gay, L. W., Buffalo, N. Y. 3402
Gibson, J. W., San Francisco, Cal. 3571
Goodman, Henry, Hartford, Ct. 3481
Gulick, Jas. G., New York. 3446
Hailey Hotel, Hailey, Id. 3406
Halstead, E. J., New York. 3426
Hammond, J. H., St. Paul, Minn. 3552
Handlen, Frank B., New York. 3447
Hardy, W. B., Washington, D. C. 3501
Harris, C. M., Red Bank, N. J. 3529
Hartley, W. G., Kingston, Tenn. 3569
Hawthorne, The, Brookline, Mass. 3542
Henry, Patrick, Vicksburg, Miss. 3512
Hill, E. F., Pittsfield, Mass. 3513
Hill, Geo. A., New York. 3427
Holland, Lincoln, Worcester, Mass. 3508-3511
Hotel Rennert, Baltimore, Md. 3472
Howe (Miss) Jennie M., Springfield, Ms. 3370
Howell, W. E., New York. 3448
Howland, Chas. H., Providence, R. I. 3551
Hubbard, Louis B., Hartford, Ct. 3522
Hubbard, W. H., Beaver Falls, Pa. 3375

Hudson Bicycle Club, Hudson, N. Y. 3493
International Hotel, Niagara Falls, N.Y. 3498
Ives, Fred D., New York. 3372
Johnson, J. W., Philadelphia, Pa. 3378
Johnson, L. H., East Orange, N. J. 3483-8
Jones, Harry S., New York. 3463
Jones, P. S., New York. 3428
Judd, Edwin Y., Hartford, Ct. 3520
Keiper, Scott, Hailey, Id. 3409
Keyser, N. A. S., Baltimore, Md. 3470
Knowles, A. A., New York. 3429
Knox, Robt. J., Brooklyn, N. Y. 3473
Lane, jr., Geo., New York. 3430
Latham, Calhoun, Bridgeport, Ct. 3563
Lefferts, J. A., New York. 3431
Leggett, C. H., New York. 3432
Leigh, Will H., Beaver Falls, Pa. 3379
Livermore, F. H., Pittsfield, Mass. 3516
Lockwood, jr., R. M., Baltimore, Md. 3418
Loucks, F. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. 3474
Lozier, A. W., New York. 3449
McCloud, J. A., Hailey, Id. 3398
McCurdy, I. P., Philadelphia, Pa. 3556
Magill, S. E., Athens, Tenn. 3545
Mansion House, Greenfield, Mass. 3526
Maryland Bicycle Club, Baltimore, Md. 3404
Mass. State Library, Boston, Mass. 3388
Meeker, F. H., Broo[illegible]n, N. Y. 3479
Merchants' Hotel, Hailey, Id. 3405
Midgley, Thos., Beaver Falls, Pa. 3374
Milford Wheel Club, Milford, Mass. 3544
Millard, J. A., Dinard les Baines, *Fr.* 3533
Miller, J. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. 3477
Millikin, Wm. H., Plainfield, N. J. 3535
Morrison, jr., E. A., New York. 3450
Moss, W. F., Thomasville, Ga. 3390
Mumford, W. B., Adrian, Mich. 3522-23
Muns, R. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. 3475
Nichols, Chas. E., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. 3389
Nightingale, John, New York. 3451
Overland Hotel, Boisé City, Id. 3411
Parker, John M., New Orleans, La. 3387
Perkins, W. H., Baltimore, Md. 3468
Phelps, W. C., New York. 3433
Phillips, jr., F. A., New York. 3435
Potter, B. W., Worcester, Mass. 3562
Powers, jr., J. W., New York. 3436
Price, Lyttleton, Hailey, Id. 3400
Rauchfuss, A., New York. 3437
Reagan, P. A., Hailey, Id. 3410
"*Recreation*," Pub. of, Newark, N. J. 3550
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Ryer, F. A., New York. 3438
Sackett, C. P., New York. 3439
Schachtel, jr., M., New York. 3403
Schott, W. C., Ft. Leavenworth, Kan. 3561
Selwyn, Chas. J., Hailey, Id. 3397
Shelton, W. V., Constantinople, *Turkey.* 3392
Sheriden, W. H., Pittsfield, Mass. 3514
Simpson, Jas., New York. 3452
Simpson, S. W., New York. 3453
Slee, N. T., Baltimore, Md. 3466
Sloan, Henry C., Sinclairville, N. Y. 3456
Small, W. A., Dexter, Me. 3385
Sneeden, R. H., Red Bank, N. J. 3530
Snyder, A. F., Weissport, Pa. 3537
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Stratton, T. C., New York. 3460
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Terhune, Chas. F., New York. 3461
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Tinker, Fred B., Hailey, Id. 3408
Totten, R. J., New Wilmington, Pa. 3559
Tracy, John J., Hailey, Id. 3396
Tracy, W. C., Rockville, Ct. 3518
Tuck, Fred B., Kingston, N. H. 3567
Upson, Wm. F., New York. 3454
Valentine, E., Brooklyn, N. Y. 3480
Washington Hotel, Vicksburg, Miss. 3491
Washington House, Bordentown, N. J. 3546
Watt, Wm. H., Hailey, Id. 3395
Weber, L. I., Brooklyn, N. Y. 3476
Whysall, Geo., Beaver Falls, Pa. 3378
Wickersham, J. E., Beaver Falls, Pa. 3380
Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C. 3499
Windsor Hotel, Holyoke, Mass. 3507
Wood, John S., New York. 3455
Wood River Bi. Club, Hailey, Id. 3401
Worth House, Hudson, N. Y. 3492
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XLI.

THE LAST WORD.

[My response in behalf of "The Unattached," chanted after the fashion of The Boatswain in "Pinafore," at the conclusion of the first annual banquet of the League of American Wheelmen, Aquidneck House, Newport, R. I., Monday evening, May 31, 1880.]

FOR he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit,
That he is a Bi-cy-*cler!*
That he is a Bi-cy-CLER!
For he might have played at base-ball,
Or at ten-nis, or at foot-ball,
Or per-haps at po-lo!
Or per-haps at po-lo!
But, in spite of all temptations,
Towards other recreations,
He remains a Bi-cy-CLER!
HE REMAINS A BI-CY-CLER!

Electrotyped, printed and bound by the SMALLFIELD PRINTING COMPANY, Jan., 1885, to Apr., 1887.